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MEDITATIONS ON MOUNTAINS.

*Part Second.—*ANGUS GILCHRIST.

WELL, what was your entertainment, and how did you sleep, in the turf castle under the coppice? Charming;—and you care not though there were not a city or a town on the face of the earth. In these, all is toil; amusement is labour, and pleasure itself is fatigue. Is it in private?—there you must keep up your dignity—must sink the man, in order to exhibit the statue. With your own sex, you must cram and swill till you are in a fever; stupify yourself with cigars or opium; drop into a disturbed and painful sleep; and, when you have wearied all your bones in that, you must—turn the wheel again. With the fair sex, if single, you must worship; and if tied, you must serve;—young, you must hold light colloquy about forms and feet, the fascinations of bunches of hair, and tatters of taffety; or be in ecstasies when some dowdy lass macadamizes the King's English, misplaces all the fragments, and, as she slides from *l'Allegro* of her own charms and conquests to *il Penseroso* of the more sadly successful ones of her cousin Jane, you are by turns choked with dust and covered with mud, worse than if you were in the midst of that *chef-d'œuvre* of the great man of mud, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars;—old, you must make your election between the notable and the *bas bleu*, and have your mind stored with the bitter of dentition, or the sweets of poesy, according as the "link-boy god" may or may not have crossed the path of your charmed and charming confabulatrix. Escape you upon the water?—Faugh! the Thames runs coal-tar and sopers'-waste; the oar splashes you with oil, or the wheel of the steam-boat stirs you up a hell-broth, worse than weird sister ever messed together for the purpose of stenching the devil out of his spiritual invisibility, and giving him a visible, tangible, and credible shape.

Then the reaches and the retchings:—O how catching example is! and how the loves leap away across the waves—no, the ripple—as that erst lovely creature hangs over the gunwale, wan and sickly, as if she were seen through the flame and smoke of sulphur, and lets all on board know that—she is no chameleon. When you land, what is it? Do you get the pure atmosphere? No such thing; for just as you have ensconced yourself in the inmost parlour, and are throwing up the casement to catch the odour of a rose that hangs temptingly by, a juvenile Jew—gentleman for the day, but, at other times, vender of *treasure trove*, in the shape of sealskin-caps—snaps your flower from the stem, and envelops you in the foul cloud of his filthy cigar and filthier breath. This goes to every cranny and crevice of your inner man, and so paralyzes every cavity, and tube, and nerve, that you lose all relish for the only thing that you can get—eating and drinking. Then the little man with the cadaverous face, the long, hooked nose, with the vulgar point, and the abominably prurient septum, worries you to death upon the effect that the massacre of all the Christians in Constantinople, or the final overthrow of the Ottoman empire, may have upon the price of Chilian bonds, or of shares in the Thames Tunnel; and the waddling mountain of purpled grease, as he shovels load after load of white-bait down his œsophagus—or, rather, his Bosphorus—wastes all the transient remains of his breath in muttered and mingled curse and lamentation at the state of total misery and starvation into which this once fat and flourishing country has unhappily fallen—since the war was at an end, and an honest man could not turn a penny for a contract that cost him nothing but his vote. Disgusted with a day's "pleasuring," you wend your way home, eschewing the water, and preferring the thick and burning whirlwind of the dust-enveloped coach; but, in the whole chaos, there is not a point upon which the eye can light with pleasure, or the mind dwell with satisfaction.

Walk you forth into the moral menagerie; visit you the lions of the age, or of the season—and you fare never a bit the better. They, no doubt, consume your time and your life—the latter faster, far faster, than you are haply aware of; but the only pleasure that they give you is the pleasure of being a little nearer your grave. Go you to the Opera: your ribs are punched, your shins kicked, your clothes torn, your pocket emptied, and your lungs invaded by the most offensive *malaria*, that comes reeking from the "rotten fens" of ruined reputation and stagnant health. Even with the keenest wind that blows, those places are more offensive and fell than the *Maremma* of Tuscany and the Campagna; but then, when the dog-star brings the depth of fashionable winter, and the fires of earth combine with the fervour of the air, they are the very "Grotto del Cani:" even a dog could not live in them. And what have you in return for all this? The classic song of Germany—quavers, whipped up into syllabubs—crotchets, pulverized to dust; and you marvel at it, as a man of real literature marvels at a German commentary of ten volumes, folio, upon ten pages of text. It puts one in mind of foul weather: first, a growl or two of the thunder; and then, patter, patter, comes the hail—till, in the midst of your physical broiling, your spirits run cold as the ice-brook. *Sontag*, "und alle Tag," let them gash and mangle the body of music as much as ever they please; but, O, for heaven's sake!—of which music is the charm—kill not, mangle not, the

soul! Do have a little feeling, for the sake of those whose hearts have not yet evaporated off by their ears, and left nothing but a hollow shell, in which idle and untouching sounds may rattle and reverberate, and mere din assume the name and usurp the throne of delight.

The exhibition-shops, again?—Bah! An angel made out of a spoiled child—a goddess out of a very vixen—and the effigies of the most venerably-wigged wisdom in the land, literally converted into a sign-board—speaking as plainly as if in the largest letters that ever lied—

> "If you can afford the price,
> I paints your effigies so nice."

Even the senate-houses, how dull and disagreeable they are, after the weather is such as to exact the forfeiture of the pound of flesh from every one who launches and loses his argosy on the sea of politics.

By day or by night—in the world, or in your own chamber—all is pain and exhaustion; and, unless it be a tombstone, which records the death of one just at your own age, there is not an object within the city upon which you can look with any satisfaction and hope.

How different are your feelings in the turf castle! It is so simple, so rustic, that it harmonizes with the situation, and looks a thing of nature and growth as much as any of the rest. The sun had sunk behind the clump of trees, as you approached it; but his last level beam found its way to the single-glazed pane in the structure, and gave you a more glorious welcome than the most gaudy lamp at the portal of nobility. Then there was no surly and sotted porter to take your card and the measure of your quality, and "pass the word," as you passed mute through the gaping, or, if they liked not your grade or your bearing, the grinning and deriding menials. To a man whose mind will not bend to that degradation, by which the mansion of a man that is great only in his greatness must be approached, and sometimes is acquired, there is nothing more offensive than the gape of those beef-eating trappings that have "two bodies apiece, and not one mind to the dozen;" and, therefore, the absence of them makes you feel toward the cottage that glow of the heart with which its master comes forth to meet you. The cup of welcome is in his hand; and when he and you have once put the same little chalice of the fragrant juniper to your lips, you are sworn brothers, and he will be your protector to the verge of life, even though his occupation should be rapine and plunder. Of that you have no reason now to be afraid in this country; for, since the great men were pensioned into peace, and gave over worrying one another, vice has fled from the mountaineer; and Angus Gilchrist, into whose hand you are now returning the cup, has far more of the real saint in him than a hundred of the old fixtures or modern moveables.

Instinctively you sit down, side by side, on the settle of sods beside the little porch; and, after your walk—even before it—the surface of moss and wild thyme feels softer and more grateful than the ottoman of down and velvet in the most luxurious saloon. Rely upon it, that, let man make for his enjoyment what he will, Nature has something better, if he would but find it out.

Many are his questions—of you, of your residence, your journey, your business, the business of the world; and you are apt to be astonished at the shrewdness and pertinence of his remarks, and the power that he has

over you in concatenation and reasoning, while you are so much superior to him in facts. But though to you it may seem singular, the cause is by no means either deep or unnatural. We men of the town have a world before us every day, and a new one the next; and before we have had time to think of one object, a hundred new ones are assailing us on all quarters. We cannot, therefore, think, if we would; and, as we have occupation and excitement without thought, the will in us soon dies; and if there were no other proof of existence save the "*cogito*" of Descartes, none of us would be able to establish the fact of our being.

While Angus is getting his lesson, and turning that which with you is mere memory into rude philosophy, his better half is adding the stranger's share and the stranger's dainty to the evening. A youth of fourteen or fifteen, of short stature, but firm and well-built, with his bare feet on the sward, and his storm-bleached hair about his ears, shoots past you with the light and bounding step of a fawn; and, with a rude fishing apparatus, begins to thrash the stream just where it takes its first eddy and ripple, after leaving the lake. Short space is he gone, ere he again returns with a dozen of excellent trout, as the reward of his skill; and, pulling his top-lock to the stranger, with that half-inquiring, half-askance air, which is the indication of talent in a rustic of middle boyhood, Donald glides into the house, to add the produce of his sport to the supper store; and then he is off like lightning, to aid in the folding of the herds and flocks.

The younger branches of the family have heard the glad tidings that there is a stranger; and they come to take you with all the wariness of a besieging army. The first parallel is in the midst of the trees, and each fires its observation and wonder from behind one which shall cover it from your notice. You are engaged in answering the queries, and wondering at the inferences of the father; you do not, therefore, "open your fire" at all, which, at this stage of the attack, would in all probability drive the assailants away. Emboldened, they run their second parallel at the very foremost of the trees; and, before they have been long there, little Angus, who is his father's favourite, and spoken of as to be made a doctor, because he is the seventh son, boldly appears upon the glacis of the sward, and anon takes a position on the other side of his father. The "colley dog" comes also, and, after "the usual compliments" to his master, lays his rough nose on your lap, wagging his tail, and offering to shake hands. Then the rank of the children closes in; and, though they still keep at a respectful distance, they have not in their air much of that sheepishness which you would expect in so lonely and isolated a situation.

The arrival of the faithful dog is a signal that the cows and ewes are in the milking-pens; and Angus Gilchrist, with some of the pride of "a man of substance," and an apology for the trouble he gives you (he has no idea that, within reasonable hours, any man could be tired with walking), invites you to walk with him to the evening survey; and, though your joints may be a little stiff, you cannot refuse. You make way by the little path which winds among the birches, as the masses of stone will allow it; and, as the dew has now began to fall, the canopy over you is delightfully fragrant. There are no nightingales or even linnets in such situations; but the heath-cock raises his voice on the height, and is answered by the bittern from the hollow; yet the

sounds of both are distant and low. Upon the night air, however, there comes a sound, clear, sweet, and unbroken, without one shake of art, or trill of ornament, and with no accompaniment save the echo of mead or of rock, according as the pitch and volume of the note suits the reverberation of the one or the other:—

> "Up among yon cliffy rocks,
> Sweetly sings the rising echo,
> To the maid that tends the goats,
> Lilting o'er her native notes.
> Hark! she sings,—young Sandy's kind;
> An' he's promised ay to lo'e me."

The sound comes from the ewe-pen under the cliff; you have it just as nature makes it—unfit for manufactured ears, of course; but true to youth, innocence, and love; and though he be so concealed as that he cannot be seen by Mr. Gilchrist, Sandy, the betrothed of the lively Jane, listens and loses his heart more and more to the lay.

Hark again! Another voice from the other hand, more soft and mellow—it comes moaning, as though the true love of the singer lay expiring at her feet, and she were essaying to soften the flinty heart of the angel of death:—

> "I've heard a lilting at our eve's milking,
> Lasses a lilting before break o' day;
> But now there is moaning in ilka green loaning:
> The flowers of the forest are wended away."

That is Morag Douglas, with the raven hair and the dark blue eye, who used to be the most lively lass in the whole district; but her lover perished last winter in attempting to ford the river amid the flood and ice-brash of a thaw; and poor Morag has ever since been the true descendant of her clan, "Douglas of the bleeding heart."

You have, however, seen the stock of the mountain grazier—at least the home portion of them; they are abundant and choice; and that messenger comes to announce supper. The cloth is laid in the best room—a modern addition to the rear of the house, and far better than from the front you would have expected; the cloth is white as snow, and the feast is plentiful. Trout, fresh from the river, and simply broiled—its best dressing, stewed mutton, broiled chickens, and goat ham, with (though it has been kept waiting him for a week) the stranger's loaf of wheaten bread. The smell of the viands is savoury, and your appetite is keen; you, therefore, in spite of its solemnity, and your own politeness, inwardly grumble at the length of Angus Gilchrist's grace, which contains certainly more varied matter, and nearly as many words as one of your fashionable sermons.

The party consists of only four persons, though the house contains a little colony, who all mess together except upon great occasions, such as that produced by your presence. Mrs. Gilchrist, though plain and matron-like, has an air of superiority—a feeling of her own dignity about her, which, even though nobody should tell you, would lead you to suppose that she is the daughter of a proprietor or laird; that, in spite of their pride, she would, and did, have Angus Gilchrist; and that she blesses herself at the having, as also do her family, since they found out how very thriving a man he has become. You are seated on her right; and

but that she presses her cheer upon you with more earnestness and repetition than you are accustomed to, she acts the lady, or rather she is the lady, without any acting at all. On her left sits a thin young man, with a look wavering between bashfulness and confidence. He goes by the name of the master; is a student in divinity; and, during the long vacation of his college, acts as tutor to the boys that you have already seen. There is a respect for the learning and occupation of the master which are probably new to you; and Mrs. Gilchrist considers that she is paying attention to the interests of her children, when she shews kindness to the young man to whom the formation of their minds is entrusted. Gilchrist himself is not a man of many words; but those that he does make use of are to the purpose; and though "the master" does not obtrude his lore upon you, he shews that consciousness of its possession and its worth, which is so becoming, and even promising, at his years.

After supper, the whole family assemble, the "bigh ha' bible" is taken out of its goat-skin case, and the simple people perform their nightly devotion to their Maker, with an earnestness in which you cannot trace either bigotry or fanaticism. Men and ages differ in their customs and opinions; but the man who would not feel pleasure in witnessing the piety of such a family as this, performed in the wilderness, and with no view to gain the approbation of men, would not have very strong claims to rank as the ornament of any age.

The devotions being ended, the domestics, and such of the young people as are able to keep awake during the service, retire to their repose, while the mistress of the house produces the favourite bowl, which is kept sacred for family events and instances of hospitality; and by its appearance you may judge that you are a favourite of the first class—for had you been one of the second, the jug, of less honour and smaller dimensions, would have been substituted.

Conscious of having discharged his duty to God and man according to the best of his knowledge and ability, Angus Gilchrist sets himself to the mixing of his bowl of punch with a science and a glee, which the former gravity of the man would not have led you to expect; and, as the glass circulates, license of omission being given to "the master," both on account of his youth and his profession, Angus Gilchrist gradually uncoils and comes out; and you discover why "the fair maid of Moulindervan" should have adhered to her choice of him in spite of the proud hostility of her kinsfolks. Under all his steadiness in the conducting of his business, under all his regularity in his devotion, Angus Gilchrist was (and why should he not be?) what is usually called a glorious fellow. He loved his friend, and could afford to entertain him; his glass, and well could he stand it; his joke, and he could give it point; and his story, and he could tell it with exquisite humour or deep pathos, according to the tenor of the incidents. Those who have not seen prudence and good sense united to a warm heart and a glowing imagination —those who have been in the habit of mistaking hypocrisy, which turns human life into gloom, for religion, which makes it all sunshine—those who, ignorant of the true spirit of religion, are foolish enough to suppose that a proper feeling of the bounty of the Creator, and a proper reverence for his power and gratitude for his goodness, should make men enjoy with less zest the good things which he gives, or display in a less attractive form the powers which he implants—may lose their senses in

the mazes of their own errors—fancy that virtue must go sorrowing and in tears—and imagine that, without the destruction of all moral restraint, there can be no volume of enjoyment. But that which mocks in a crowd what it trembles at in secret—that which supposes that the edge of wit consists in the rust of licentiousness with which it is covered—that which concludes that there can be no humour, if innocence do not turn away the head—is the very extreme of error and fatuity. A sound heart swells the laugh—a good conscience gives sparkle to the anecdote—and the tale, in admiration of which all may join, runs the most glibly from the tongue.

Thus you found it with Angus Gilchrist: as the generous bowl exhilirated him—as those powers of giving pleasure, which had lain dormant till the proper occasion and circumstances called them into play, gave fascination to his humble but happy board, as they crept over you like an inspiring spell, and even made the young divine draw upon the anecdotes of his professors, and the adventures of himself and his companions—the current run more rapidly, but it run equally pure as in the most tranquil moments; and because it ran pure, it sparkled as it ran.

As the mother of the "seven braw sons" came, and went, and came, in order to see that the hospitality of her house was not improperly or laggingly sustained, her presence shed over the scene a new lustre; and there cannot be a more certain test that mirth is in the proper channel than when the presence of a modest and matronly female lights it up.

The choicest hour on earth must, however, have an end; and as both your mountain journey, and your hospitable, and (as you now found him) your intelligent and delightful mountain host's labours were to commence with the dawn—the early dawn of a summer's morn, you address yourself to your pillow. It is a comfortable one; but you have no time to examine its comforts; for the moment your head is down you are in a profound, balmy, and dreamless sleep, which lasts only for three hours, and yet you rise from it more refreshed and invigorated than if you had tossed and tumbled upon a city bed, until the sun had been declining in the west. You feel altogether a new man; and are quite surprised to find that you are well-slept, though the sun be not up, and that there is no parching in your throat, or throbbing in your temples—not one fiery pulse in your whole body, though Angus and you, with but scant aid from "the master," and but a sip or two from Mrs. Gilchrist, drained the half gallon bowl, and once, though filled to the flowers on the rim.

Wonder not at this. The nectar that you were quaffing was nowise allied to the "swipes," adulterated in all its ingredients, with which you are poisoned where all is art. The spirit is clear from grains of Paradise (sad prostitution of the name), and all the other abominations of the London peculiar: it is pure mountain dew, fresh from the native grain; and the flavour and aroma which shed forth such a perfume, and gave such delight to the palate, were not communicated by limes and lemons, pulled in an unripe, and therefore unwholesome state, and only mellowed by fermenting in the hold of a ship, while stewing for months in a warm climate—they are all from the rare and racy berries of the mountain, and fermentation of any kind—acetous or putrid—they have never undergone. Something, too, must be attributed to the

keen freshness of that mountain air, which played over you while you slept, and bathed you in perfume, pure and uncontaminated from the living plants.

Whatever may have been the causes, there you are—dressed, hale and buoyant, just as the approaching sun tints with gold the under edge of the lowest streaky cloud in the east. But, early though you be, you are not the first; the shepherds and herds are on the hills and the meadows, and, as you cross the threshold, Angus Gilchrist stands ready to bid good morning, and pledge you the matin cup. Do not refuse or linger, for Angus intends to take you to the top of that knoll, which you would worship as a mountain, if you had it at home, there to show you the most exciting sight in nature—the first smile of the sun upon a wide landscape. Thus you have not much time for observation; and the strength of your lungs is pretty well tried as you trot in *echelon* from terrace to terrace. At last, however, you gain a point some eight or ten hundred feet above the lake; and you gain it before the sun makes his appearance; there is a stone seat, "rest, and be thankful," and look about you. The lake below—the patch of green that follows the windings of the little river—the clumps of trees—the little huts, from each of which a column of smoke twines upward in the calm morning air—the brown heath, over which you came the preceding day—the lowland valley, filled with the soft white cloud of night, with only the trees appearing like little islets in an arm of the sea, and all as gay and fresh as if newly awakened into growth and life. Anon, the sunbeams come dancing in; the earth glows, the water glitters, and, as the dew around you evaporates, the mountain side is painted with rainbows. Even the irrational creation (as we call them, without knowing much about the matter) feel the genial ray: and in lowing, bleating, chirping, and chattering, send up their mingled matin song. Here you sit and meditate for a while, and then fetching a circuit of a mile or two, return to the farm-house, to victual yourself for the arduous part of your journey. I need not wish you a good appetite; you will find a glorious breakfast; eat away, and then we start.

VIATOR.

DON ALONSO.*

The example of Sir Walter Scott, in works of fiction, has exercised as powerful an influence in France as in England. If that great man has consigned to everlasting slumber, on the shelves of our circulating libraries, the Smiths, the Lewis's, the Radcliffes, the Roches, and the other innumerable caterers for the public taste, and has stimulated writers of higher powers to follow him—*sed non æquis passibus*—in the splendid career on which he was the first to enter, he has also cast, into a temporary oblivion, at least, the equally numerous host of French novelists. With his soporific wand he has touched the Châteaubriands and the Genlis, whose mawkish sentimentality had long disgusted their readers; and he has raised the dormant energies of their countrymen to labour for fame in an untried field.

But though France has lately produced authors of respectable talents, and justly esteemed for their efforts in other paths of literature, we are not aware that one of them has equalled—we do not say Sir Walter, but his imitators in this country. Their works, for the most part, are neither natural nor probable; the descriptions they contain are neither animated nor just; they are conversant with art, not nature—with the accidental forms of society, not with the everlasting springs of human action; and they are as destitute of strong, vigorous imagination, as of true taste. Add to this, that there is something in the national mind not very favourable to the recondite pursuits of the antiquary—that the colouring of existing habits and manners is applied to those which prevailed in former ages—and we shall cease to be surprised that our neighbours have failed in that most difficult path, the historic novel. Yet if such productions, considered as *a whole*, are lamentably deficient in the requisite qualities, some *portions* of them are worthy of all praise: they contain scenes which, in graphic truth, are little inferior to the admired ones in the author of *Waverley*, and which, in ease of dialogue and natural simplicity of manners, are certainly equal.

The popularity which the work before us enjoys in France, induces us to make it partially known to our readers. It has already reached a *fourth* edition—a thing very unusual on either side the Channel. Its professed object is to give us a faithful picture of Spanish manners and Spanish politics, from the administration of the infamous Godoy to the restoration of Ferdinand. The unbridled ambition of the former; the means which he adopted to strengthen his party; the open contempt with which he was regarded by the ancient nobility of the kingdom; his fall; the subsequent domination of Joseph Buonaparte; the indignation which the unprincipled aggressions of Napoleon roused in every patriotic Spaniard; the almost supernatural efforts which the nation made to recover its independence; the ultimate success of the allies; the return of the "Beloved Ferdinand" to the palace of his ancestors; and the state of parties, both before and after that remarkable event, are described with considerable effect, though too minutely—so much so, indeed, as greatly to weaken the interest. In this country we have had quite enough of the subject: the public appetite is more than satisfied—it is satiated with

* Don Alonso, ou l'Espagne, Histoire Contemporaine. Par N. A. Salvandy. *Quatrième Edition.* 4 tom. 12mo. Paris; 1828.

interminable relations of the Peninsular war. We shall not, therefore, even advert to the battles and sieges which accompanied that desperate struggle for usurpation on the one hand, and existence on the other. Neither can we advert to the plot of this novel: plot, indeed, it cannot be said to possess. The incidents are so closely interwoven with the political events, as to be inseparable from them. Besides, they are neither natural nor connected. The characters, too, are so numerous, that the interest is continually divided and weakened; and they have little originality. Some of them are manifest imitations of Scott. It is solely as a picture of modern Spanish manners, that we think the book worth consulting. The author was himself in Spain, and he has imparted to many of his descriptions a life and an animation, which could come from no other than an actual observer. Of these, we proceed to extract two or three, which we know to be substantially correct. In wandering among the Pyrenees,—

"You sometimes encounter a Basque maiden, with large black eyes, and slender form, who sings as she moves along. With naked feet, and her head bearing a burden which not even the men of our cities could carry, she flies through the precipitous paths, and, in her rapid course, she knits the many-coloured garment destined for her aged father. Sometimes you see a man seated on the enormous bales which cover the mule that carries them. With an immensely-brimmed hat on his head, and a brown cloak over his shoulders, he is proudly smoking his Havanna cigar. You are struck by the expression and nobleness of his countenance: his eye is motionless. To see his hand leaning on a blunderbuss, you would take him for a warrior meditating heroic deeds: to see his guitar hanging at his side, you would think him a poet absorbed by the inspiration of the muse;—he is only an *arriero*.* He is followed by twenty mules, heavily laden, all of which keep pace to the 'drowsy tinkling' of a bell, borne by the last in the line. France is approaching that period of improvement when commerce abandons highways for canals: Spain is not yet arrived at the simple cart; she is waiting until a government shall arise to give her public roads and bridges. More fierce closely follows the smuggler of the Basque provinces. To protect him in his occupation—the only industrious one, in the most fertile of countries—he carries a shining musket. The wool of Arragon and the two Castiles, which he is conveying to our towns, he will soon return with across the frontier, after it has been converted into rich stuffs in the French looms."—"A bridge, half-broken down, appears: your horse passes boldly over the tottering arch—more boldly, perhaps, than yourself. But if your heart beats strongly, it is not from fear: you have crossed the chasm, and you look behind you with something like trepidation. You see a little stone cross, which time has covered with moss and ivy—the only solid thing on this tumble-down bridge. Why this emotion at the sight of a despicable stone cross? This is the boundary between the Catholic and Most Christian Kingdoms. The *modest* monument tells you, that the soil you now tread is not that of France."

We now approach the first Spanish village, situated at the foot of a deep ravine—the first, we mean, which the traveller meets with, when, instead of entering Navarre by Yzun and the Guipuzcoa, he takes the road to Pampeluna, through the French villages of Ainhoa and Ustaritz:—

"Urdax does not contain fifty cottages: it is overlooked by a convent, which ornaments the place, and imparts animation to the country. Not far

* A muleteer.

distant from the church, and close by the burial-ground, where so many generations of simple and peaceful men repose, undisturbed by the soft murmur of the Ugarana, is a rustic house of entertainment, kept by the alcalde of the place. Above the entrance, I observed an escutcheon, rudely sculptured, which, from time immemorial, has denoted the importance of the inmates. A young villager, apparently about fifteen years of age, was leaning against one of the pillars of the porch, as if gravely watching the progress of time. I wished him to hold my horse: he remained immovable; and I should have concluded he had not understood me, had not an expression of equal anger and disdain been reflected from his countenance in that of a crowd of children, which my foreign garb had gathered around. I was, therefore, obliged to fasten my courser to a post of this rustic porch; and by a ladder, which trembled under my feet, I ascended into a room that possessed no other furniture than a few worm-eaten tables. On entering, I perceived a man, seated, with a huge hat on his head, one leg thrown over the other, and regaling himself with a cigar. From the dignity of his appearance, I knew that he must be the owner of the house. I asked what refreshment I might expect? 'Whatever you bring with you!' was the reply; and he puffed away. I persisted in demanding if bread and wine at least were not in the house? 'To be sure—I have bread of the very best kind, and red Tudela wine in abundance.' I hoped that eggs, which are so plentiful in every village, would be added to my frugal repast: 'Look for them in the country!' replied Don Jeronimo, who immediately relapsed into his usual silence.

"The young Navarrese had followed me, and was standing at the threshold. Though his large eyes were fixed on me, he looked like one asleep. I again ventured to solicit his services; when a woman, bearing some domestic utensil, appeared. 'You are surely not so bad to please as that comes to,' exclaimed she, with amazing volubility. 'You must know that my son, the Señhor Don Francisco de Paula, is not made for your service, but for God's: he is about to take the habit of the Dominicans. He will then be respected by every body; and some day, perhaps, God will be so gracious as to give Spain a saint of our blood and name. God be praised! he can count among his ancestors one of the colonels who, in the great battle near Roncevaux, were the chief means to drive the powerful Emperor Charlemagne beyond the mountains.' The torrent stopt short. This modern Cornelia had no other clothing than a woollen corset, and a coarse stuff petticoat, which reached no lower than the knees, and shewed how her bare legs and feet had been begrimed by constant exposure to dust and sun. Her husband, mine host and alcalde, took care, however, to give her the pompous appellation of Senora Dona Urraca."

The stranger begins to fear, and not without reason, that, unless he deport himself with all due respect to the members of this illustrious family, short commons are likely to be his portion. He accordingly made known, with proper humility, the cravings of his appetite to the said Senor Don Geronimo, who, disdaining to apply himself to so ignoble an office as providing for travellers, called aloud, "Francisca!" She at length entered the room, accompanied by a monk:—

"I ventured to address myself to the pretty Spaniard. She listened to me, and shewed, both by her eyes and mouth, how my French accent diverted her. At this moment, Dona Urraca entered, as indignant as on the former occasion. 'Do you know,' demanded she, 'to whom you are talking? This young lady (Senorita) is as noble as the Senor Don Francisco de Paula, who will soon be called *Fray* (Brother) Francisco, if it please the Holy Mother of God to protect his vocation. She is the daughter of my brother, assistant-adjutant-general in the king's service: and, though the general is enrolled amongst the enemies of God, his dignity still remains."

The expression, "*enemies of God,*" is to be understood as applying to all who, in 1820, the time when the author crossed the Spanish frontier, supported the constitution of the Cortes against absolute monarchy.—At length, Francisca promises to procure him some refreshment; but she is diverted from the task by the arrival of her lover, a jolly muleteer, who, notwithstanding his occupation, can boast of good blood in his veins. A conversation then commences between the alcalde, the monk, and the arriero. The subject, as may readily be supposed, was *politics*—the only one which had then any interest. The following extracts (sometimes abridged) afford a pretty fair specimen of the feeling then existing:—

"'Most reverend father,' asked the arriero, 'are you then of opinion that all will end ill?'—'Friend,' replied he, 'I know not what Providence destines for unhappy Spain; but I do know, that, when a people imprisons and outrages its king, the rebellion is always followed by a dreadful punishment.'—'Reverend father, you are beyond the mark. Who can ever think of injuring Don Ferdinand? They who would attempt it well know how we defended him *once*. Myself, for example, with the assistance of St. Anthony, and Our Lady of Atocha, felled great numbers of the invaders.' A stranger (who had hitherto sat unnoticed in an obscure corner of the room), hearing the words *Cortes, constitution, revolt*, afterwards uttered by the monk, asked the landlord what was meant by the terms. 'Señor Basque,' answered the latter, 'the nation is in rebellion against its king. It has compelled me to take the heretical title of Constitutional Alcalde: instead of being head of the village by hereditary right, according to the privilege obtained by my ancestors in 1684, I must in future, it appears, be elected by the people. This is not all: I must also send in my accounts.'—'But,' interrupted the stranger, 'what constitute now governs the kingdom? Who has made it? who has granted it?'—'Republicans,' replied the monk, turning round for the first time—'that is to say, enemies of God and the king, have fashioned it; and, lastly, some soldiers and pedlars have imposed it on the king our lord. It is called the *Constitution of Cadiz.*' At these words, the stranger threw down a piece of money on the table, and disappeared. The Spaniards looked at each other. 'I am much deceived,' said the monk, 'or this gentleman has not always been accustomed to the names of the Pyrenees.'—'I recognized him,' cried the muleteer, 'notwithstanding his strange costume, and long absence.' The latter then suddenly arose: 'I could not be mistaken; I will run after him.'—'Beware of that!' thundered the monk, who seemed transported with anger: 'do you not know this man? a wretch, sullied with the greatest crimes!'—'Reverend father, I should prefer a wretch, such as he is, to a thousand servants of God such as I could name. I must follow him; happy shall I be if I can trace his footsteps.'—'By all the saints, fellow, I forbid thee to leave the house! Remain, I say, or be excommunicated!' The arriero seemed highly indignant; fury shone in his eyes; but the crucifix, extended before him, rivetted him to the place."

This stranger was well known to the muleteer, and, doubtless, to the monk, as one of the most powerful supporters of the constitutional cause. On the suppression of the charter, and the restoration of despotism, he had been exiled from the court, and sought a retreat from the fury of his enemies in the heart of the Pyrenees. He afterwards turns out to be DON ALONSO, the hero of the novel.

"At this moment, a man, with importance in his looks, entered the room. He scarcely deigned to honour the alcalde with the precipitate motion of his fingers, as he protruded his hand from beneath his blue cloak—the usual form of salutation throughout the Peninsula. The whole family rose to receive him with respect. He approached the monk, and presented his reverence with some papers, the sight of which appeared to give pleasure to the circle: there was a list of names enrolled for the military service. 'I hope,' said Dona

Urraca, looking up to heaven, 'that my two sons will increase the number of heroes—the elect of the Queen of Angels!'—'The defenders of the faith must use all possible dispatch,' rejoined the intendant (for such was the important personage who had last entered); 'for I have bad news to announce. Some troops are arriving, headed by your brother, Dona Urraca.'

"The sound of trumpets was now heard; a squadron appeared, preceded by a general officer; the village drum joined in the flourishes; the inhabitants gathered together to increase the cries of *Viva la Constitucion! Viva el Rey Constitucionel!** Equally surprised and indignant, the monk and the intendant shewed themselves at the window. On seeing them, the villagers, somewhat intimidated, either held their peace, or retired. Some women, whose opposition had been manifested by a mournful silence, recovered courage: but the curate appeared; his parishioners rallied round him; reassured by his example, and the presence of the dragoons, they no longer feared to display on their hats the yellow and red ribbon. The phrases '*Sacred Code!*' and '*Well-beloved Ferdinand!*' were uttered by all. The monk and the intendant saw themselves defeated; they left the field to the conquerors, and escaped by a door which opened to the mountains."

Some of our readers are not, perhaps, aware that the constitutional code was as much supported by the regular clergy as it was opposed by the monastic orders. To secure the former, the Cortes had decreed the abolition of the onerous pensions which weighed on most of the ecclesiastical benefices; but, convinced that the number of monasteries was injurious to the national prosperity, they had also resolved either greatly to reduce, or entirely to abolish, those religious establishments. No wonder, then, that the church should range itself under the banners of both parties—that it should be divided by the opposition of interest. But to proceed—

"In the meantime Francisca, filled with joy and affection, hastened to meet her father. The general kissed his daughter's forehead, gently touched the tresses of her dark hair which fell to the ground, and said, with emotion: —'Thou hast thy mother's beauty, her very figure, her hair;' but, raising his head at this moment, and discovering that the constitutional stone no longer occupied its accustomed place, he hastily disengaged himself from his daughter's embrace, and severely reprimanded the inhabitants for neglecting to re-erect the sign of the public regeneration. They attempted to excuse themselves for the omission, alleging their fear of the alcalde, the monastery, and the intendant: but all now hastened to collect the fragments of the constitutional table, which had been thrown down in 1814. Most of the pieces had been preserved in the presbytery, the remainder by the peasants; soon there arose before the escutcheon of Don Geronimo, amidst the applause of the crowd, and the stifled curses of Dona Urraca, the restored monument, which bore this incription, in letters of gold—'*Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy, sanctioned March 19th*, 1812.'

"The general entered his sister's house: she had been praying ever since his arrival. He had a savage appearance; he was tall and stout; his scarf trailed on the ground; he had a fierce dignity of mien; a menacing look shot from behind his long eyelashes; his eyes were half concealed by his bushy brows; his enormous whiskers, his disordered hair, and several deep scars covered the remainder of his face. He received almost unnoticed the obsequious attentions of his brother-in-law the alcalde:—'Fewer compliments and bows,' said he, as he sat down on the long bench by the wall; '*my excellency*, if you will call me so, wants only one thing—obedience to the laws to which Don Ferdinand has sworn. You are not greater than he: imitate him, that this hut may bless you, as all Spain blesses her magnanimous prince.'

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* The Constitution for ever! Long live the Constitutional King!

The alcalde bowed his head to the ground to answer—'Certainly;' but the word appeared to stick in his throat; and Dona Urraca, shaking her rosary, observed, with indignation, the humbled air of her husband.—'Sister,' said the general, 'thou dost not look on me with the eyes of a Christian—what is the matter?'—'No concern of yours; if I wanted a confidant, he should not be selected from those who are given to innovation.'—'Sister, thou dost not speak like one of Arragon; if the wine of Navarre had not turned thy head, thou wouldst know that the Cortes are not an innovation. The states of the crown of Arragon were always free, and would remain so, were it not for the *Camarillas*,* whom God and his saints curse! Sister, I am in earnest! the king has sworn to the system, and it was high time he should; the nation and he went on badly enough. They are now reconciled; and may the foul fiends seize on the man who would attempt to interrupt the concord which exists between them! Were it brother, sister, or nephew, I would hang the culprit on the highest oak in the country—not even our Lady of the Pillar should protect the wretch!' Here an officer whispered in his ear, that, by the terms of the constitution, the military authority could not hang citizens. 'Simpleton,' replied he, 'your articles are not designed for the d—d scoundrels who trample on the sacred code. They stand aloof: so much the worse for them. Let them complain at the day of judgment if they like.'

"During this discussion, Francisca was serving the numerous aides-de-camp of her father with wine and chocolate. They were for the most part very young, and superior in birth to their chief; to their red cockade was attached the famous green ribbon worn by the soldiers of the Isle of Leon, on which was inscribed, *Constitucion o Muerte!*† At first they regarded the daughter of their general with great respect; but her condition and beauty soon emboldened them; so much so, that one among them threw his arms around her waist, and attempted to snatch a kiss. She gave him so hearty a box on the ear, that the whole house rang with it. 'Well done,' exclaimed the general, lighting his cigar: 'her mother could not have done better.' This recollection brought an emotion into his countenance which nothing had seemed able to effect."

We shall not dwell on the noisy acclamations which were afterwards raised in favour of the new order of things; nor on the applause lavished on the general, for his late glorious efforts in support of freedom. We continue the personal narrative of our author:—

"I had remained two whole hours in the house, but no one had time to serve me. I therefore resolved to return to a French village, where a repast might be procured with less difficulty. I called for the reckoning. Dona Urraca asked little for corn and hay; and I was surprised at her moderation when she demanded a *real* more for the stable. My poor horse had remained all the time in the street—the only place I could procure for him. I ventured to remind her of this, and, in return, I had to sustain a deluge of furious curses; I satisfied the noble lady, and was glad to be so easily quit of her abuse, and of the battle of Roncevaux. But this was not all: three reals more were required for the *noise* that had been made *(para el ruido)*. I thought it hard that I should be compelled to pay for the noise which I had heard; she indignantly told me it was for that which I had made myself. 'One may see,' continued she, 'that you have never travelled in the dominions of his Catholic Majesty; otherwise, you would bless your stars for guiding you among us: any where else, you must have paid much more.' I gave her the reals, and prepared to leave. For the first time Don Francisco de Paula,

* *Camarilla* is applied, without distinction of rank or birth, to all who enjoy the privilege of being continually with the king. They are his intimate friends, or favourites, among whom he passes his evenings. In an absolute government their influence must be all-powerful.

† The constitution or death!

touching his hat, and advancing from the post at which he had continued immoveable, descended so far from his future dignity as to ask, first humbly, then more loudly, for *his* perquisite as ostler. On my refusal, his mother followed me with imprecations: she took care to call me *cursed Frenchman!* in the hope of exciting the mob against me. Some dragoons then hastened to hold my stirrup as I mounted. A brigadier offered me an escort through the mountains, infested, he said, with banditti and wolves. The ornaments on their helmets were broken; and their clothes were ragged. The diversity of materials, colours, and fashion, increased their uncouthness; some wore old tattered French uniforms, stripped from the dead ten years before. These miserable defenders of a great nation, when they saw that I did not accept their proposal of escorting me, informed me that they had received no pay during the eighteen months preceding. The constitution, said they, was about to discharge the debts of the country, but hitherto it had not had time to do so; and the Holy Virgin would reward me for what I might give them. I blushed as I relieved each modern Belisarius; and I set out compassionating Spanish liberty for the melancholy inheritance which absolute power had left it."

The colouring in the preceding descriptions is doubtless overcharged; but not so much as might be supposed. No man who has travelled in Spain will soon forget the inns at which he has called. Not only are the inmates too idle or too proud to serve him, but his accommodations are of such a description that he envies the poorest peasant in the bog huts of Ireland. Yet he is obliged to pay as much for his sorry cheer, as he would were he in the comparatively comfortable inns in the southern provinces of France.

The zeal with which a great portion of the regular clergy promoted the constitutional cause, and inculcated the most violent hatred against the French invaders, would really surpass belief, did not the very catechism exist that was put into the hands of almost every child in the Peninsula. We have not, indeed, been able to see a copy of it; but, from what we have heard of its contents, we do not think the questions which our author professes to have extracted from it, in the least degree exaggerated.* We are much mistaken if the following specimen do not both surprise and divert the reader. A curate, in one of the wildest parts of Spain, is examining some rustics in this national catechism. He first addresses a little boy:—

"'*Q.* Tell me, my dear, what art thou?'—'*A.* A Spaniard, by the grace of God.'—'*Q.* How many duties has a Spaniard?'—'*A.* Three To be a Roman Catholic; to defend his holy religion, country, and king; to die rather than be defeated.'—'*Q* How many natures has the emperor?'

"Here Zacharias looked confused; he had forgotten his answer, and none around him could prompt him. 'Two,' said the curate: 'the devil's and man's.' All the Castilians present devoutly repeated what most of them had forgotten.

"The curate then addressed himself to a young man who was playing on a musical instrument.

"'*Q.* Angel, who is the enemy of our happiness?'—'*A.* The French Emperor,' replied the musician, without raising his eyes, or ceasing to beat the measure with his hands and feet.—'*Q.* Who are the French?'—'*A.* Anciently, Christians, but now, heretics.'—'*Q.* How many emperors are there?'—'*A.* One in three perfidious persons.'—'*Q.* Who are they?'—'*A.* Napoleon, Murat, and Godoy.'—'*Q.* Is one more wicked than another?'—'*A.* No, father, they are all equally so.'—'*Q.* From whom does Napoleon proceed?'—'*A.* From

* See the Memoir of M. de Naylics on the Spanish War.

sin.'—'*Q.* Murat?'—'*A.* From Napoleon.'—'*Q.* Godoy?'—'*A.* From both together.'—'*Q.* What characterises Napoleon?'—'*A.* Pride and despotism.'—'*Q.* Murat?'—'*A.* Robbery and bloodshed.'—'*Q.* Godoy?'—'*A.* Covetousness, treason, and ignorance.'"

The curate turned again to little Zachary, and put another string of questions; but we can only afford room for the last:—

"'*Q.* Is it a sin to kill a Frenchman?'—'*A.* No; it is meritorious to deliver our country from her hateful oppressors.'"

Stern as is the last maxim, it was continually put in practice during the war of independence. If a French soldier strayed from his companions to implore the hospitality of the cottage, he seldom found mercy: from some unperceived quarter, a musket-ball reached his heart:—

"I was about to turn into the highway leading to Bribiezca, when a French lancer appeared, and took his stand on an eminence near me: he looked to see if any enemies were in the valley: a gun sounded, and he lay without life. I sought for the hand which had killed him; but there was not a rush which could conceal the assassin, and the plain was uninhabited; nothing was to be seen but a labourer who was peacefully ploughing with his oxen at some distance from this sad scene. I walked on; another lancer appeared on the height, who was surprised at the sight of his dead comrade. The labourer, towards whom I was advancing, took up a musket from the ground, pointed it from behind his oxen, brought down the horsemen, threw the weapon into a furrow, and went on with his plough as if nothing were the matter. I spoke to him with indignation of his cold-blooded cruelty. 'I do not understand you,' replied he; 'I am doing a soldier's duty, and attending to my labour at the same time.'"

We fear that not only the French invaders, but the English allies, occasionally, fell victims to the political hatred or religious bigotry of the Spanish peasantry. Whatever was the reason, we have but too much cause to know that our gallant countrymen were often found dead in places far remote from the common enemy:—

"One day, as a military friend was halting in the environs of a town which had not witnessed an engagement during the whole continuance of the war, he perceived some mounds of earth; 'What are these?' inquired he of a peasant.—'The graves of Frenchmen whom we surprised and slew,' was the reply. 'And those farther on?'—'Oh, they contain a few of our allies.' 'Whom you served in the same manner?' An intelligent look was the only answer."

The work before us contains many other good descriptions of Spanish manners and opinions; but they are so mixed up with the political events of the period, that we should not translate them if even our limits would permit their insertion. In attentively perusing four rather thick volumes, we have been often pained to perceive that a writer of some powers should bear so strong an antipathy to our countrymen. He cannot forgive us for the humiliating reverses which attended the French arms before the genius of Wellington. But, in denying bravery to our troops, and attributing the splendid successes of the war to Spanish valour alone, he seems to forget that he is passing a severe censure on those of his own country—that vast, well-disciplined armies were dispossessed of the strongest forts in the kingdom, and pursued into France, by a few thousand ill-clothed, ill-fed, and undisciplined peasants. Perhaps some French author will be sagacious enough to discover that the triumph at Waterloo was achieved by Dutchmen alone!

"Hence, then, proud scorner of the power of Urfred! hence to unknown seas, where thy pennon shall droop idly on the mast, and thy sail hang loose and quivering; where the dauntless riders of the ocean shall sink, powerless and unresisting, before an unseen enemy! Hence, and learn how swiftly comes the vengeance of the gods on those who mock their favoured servants!"

Such were the accents which pursued the young and valiant Harold Harrung, as he launched his gallant ship, in those far-distant days when the children of Norway were rulers and dwellers on the deep. The betrothed husband of the beauteous Ulla, the favourite leader of a bold and numerous crew, he had vowed to undertake a distant voyage, and to return with spoils sufficient to render his bridal splendid, as became that of Odin's lineal offspring. But the imprudence of Harold was, alas! as pre-eminent as his valour; and, in his recklessness of danger, he neglected to propitiate, by gifts or flattery, the favour of the sorceress, Urfred—the most powerful of those who were then universally believed to direct the elements at will. He made no prayer to her for prosperous winds; he even treated with scorn her prophetic warnings, and thus drew upon himself those maledictions which filled the bravest of his followers with dread, and caused Harold himself to wish in secret that the hour of his return to the embraces of Ulla were now come, notwithstanding his ardent anticipation of a successful descent upon the shores of Spain. But he carefully concealed such feelings as he cheered his drooping warriors to spread their broad canvass to the wind; and a favourable breeze from the north-east soon bore them far away from the Norwegian coast, till the cloudlike hills melted into air, and the sinking sun gleamed only on a world of waters.

It was high morning, and the young hero still rested half-slumbering on his couch of reindeer-skins, when the aged pilot roused him to point out the tokens of an impending storm, which his experience warned him would be violent. But the bold sea-kings of those days were too much accustomed to brave the utmost fury of the elements, in their small and fragile barks, to tremble at the coming of the tempest; and the delay of a few days, which might result from driving out of their course, was all that Harold feared. But there were some among that crew, who, while they remembered the threatenings of the sorceress, could not, without some sinking of the heart, mark cloud upon cloud piling in awful accumulation toward the south, or watch the rapidly-increasing swell that came from that quarter, though the vessel now lay rolling heavily, without a breath to fill her flapping canvass. Suddenly, the cry of the steersman was heard to take in every sail; and, ere this could be more than partially accomplished, a blast, that swept off the whole surface of the sea into a mist of foam, snapt the stout mast in twain, and the vessel was in a moment driving northward with portentous swiftness. Four days and nights did that resolute crew in vain expect the lulling of the gale; though its violence abated, it still drove them powerless before it, unable to use oar or sail. On the sixth morning, it grew calm; and all snatched a brief space of delicious slumber, before they gathered round their leader, to consult on their perilous situation. The land was not in sight, and in what direction any lay, the most experienced of the crew were ignorant; but the intense cold which benumbed their hardy limbs, and

the vast fragments of ice that floated on all sides round the ship, both proved that the power of the tempest had driven them farther to the north than any, perhaps, of their countrymen had ever ventured to penetrate before. What was their horror and astonishment, when, after wasting the dubious twilight of those arctic nights in troubled slumber, they woke to find themselves encompassed on all sides by rough fields of ice, to which the swell from the south, yet unsubsided, was each minute adding in extent. Hour after hour, as it passed, only increased the dangers of their position; yet the bolder still talked hopefully of escape, and their chieftain went from man to man to cheer, by exhortation and example, their fast drooping spirits. But when a discoloured fog gathered round the ship, and the thick-falling snows reminded them too surely that autumn was advancing—when their provision, though scantily doled out, began to fail—then dismay and despair fell on all but the firm soul of Harold Harrung.—"Warriors and friends!" he exclaimed, as they stood with stern and anxious looks around him, "fear not for yourselves; curse me not, that I disdained to purchase the favour of a loathsome witch! Can ye believe that the mighty Odin would permit his descendant, hitherto so favoured, to die the death of a dog in a wreath of snow? No, friends! if it had seemed fitting to the gods to bid me thus, in early youth, to the banquets of Valhalla—the battle-field, the deck running deep with foemen's blood, would have been my appointed place of summons. The gods, who only can, will aid us yet." They answered not; for they loved their chief too well to curse him, even in such extremity of misery. Meanwhile, the snow gave place to a frost of the bitterest intensity; the last morsel of food was gone; and, one by one, yet without a reproachful glance or word, Harold beheld his gallant followers expire around him, till he was left the only living thing in that dark and icy desert. It was, in truth, a dreadful doom to linger thus alone among the dead—to gaze upon their glassy eyeballs and withered lips, that seemed to glare and smile in scorn!—many, too, still standing, as the frost had fixed them in their death-pangs, with the air and attitude of life!—and Harold, racked almost to madness by the horror of the scene, cast himself over the vessel's side, and fled across those pathless wastes he knew not whither. The pangs of memory returned not to the hero, till he found his headlong flight arrested suddenly by a rocky precipice that rose high into the clouds before him. In its front, not far above his head, there yawned a spacious cave; and, still seeking to escape from his own thoughts, he sprang up and entered. He passed a long and winding way in utter darkness; but, at length, a faint light glimmered in the distance. The passage through which he moved spread wider and higher as he approached, till it expanded into a vast illuminated hall. To a mind less torn with anguish than the hero's, the spectacle of that cavern might have compensated years of toil. Far as the eye could reach, the soil was overspread with structures of magnificence and beauty. All that the inventive genius of man has, in ancient or modern times, devised—the massy pyramid—the graceful column—the arch, in each variety of form and ornament;—all these were there carved out of solid ice, tinted with all the hues of the rainbow; and above floated a transparent cloud, athwart which the ever-changing forms of the aurora borealis played in perpetual flashes. But Harold wandered through this labyrinth of beauty, half-unconscious of the wonders that surrounded him. At length, the sound of gushing waters, so long

unheard in these regions of frost, fell sweetly on his ear; and, in pursuit of it, he entered another passage, dark and tedious as the first; but when he emerged again, it was to behold a scene of wondrous change. Before him, in the rich soft light of evening, was spread a vast and verdant plain, chequered with lakes and groves; the turf beneath his feet was enamelled with sweet flowers, and watered by fresh-springing fountains; the delicious green of the prospect refreshed his aching eyeballs, and the mild warmth of the air revived his frozen limbs. "Surely," cried the warrior, "I have reached Valhalla by this strange approach; and these are the ever-blooming meads prepared for the repose of heroes." Scarcely had he given utterance to the thought, when the voice of one unseen sang sweetly:—

Oh! welcome, warrior! welcome to our land,
From the rude perils of the unkind sea:
Lord of the dauntless heart and matchless hand!
Long have we watched, long have we wished for thee.

Unconsciously Harold wandered on until he reached a pleasant bower, where the trees grew in a circle around a flowery sward, and amidst them the vine twined its exuberant trellice-work. Here, to his amazement, he beheld a luxurious banquet spread; rich wine and smoking venison seemed to invite the wayworn wanderer to taste; and again the same sweet voice breathed out:—

Harold, for thee the feast is spread;
The deer scents high, the wine glows red:
Taste, and famine's pangs allay;
Drink, and cast all cares away.

No longer doubting that he had reached the blissful abodes of those departed spirits who had found favour in the eyes of Odin, the young hero obeyed the injunctions of his unseen guardian, though he marvelled that no sharers of the banquet should appear. When he had sufficiently gratified the wants of long-restricted nature, he felt that a delightful languor stole gradually on his weary frame: the softness of his fragrant couch, the gentle waving of the boughs, invited to repose; and again the friendly voice was heard to sing:—

Rest, wanderer, rest! All nature now lies dreaming;
The small bird settles in its downy nest;
Hushed lies the deer beneath the mild moon's beaming:
Then rest—oh! rest.

Rest, wanderer, rest! The flowers are gently closing,
As the sun sinks beyond the rosy west;
The groves scarce tremble in their mute reposing:
Then rest—oh! rest.

Rest, wanderer, rest! Old Ocean, steeped in slumbers,
Heaves slow and regular his tranquil breast;
The winds chaunt lullabies in softest numbers:
Then rest—oh! rest.

Long ere this strain had ceased, the delighted Harold Harrung lay buried in profound repose; and the duration of his slumber was such as nature needed after sufferings like his. But when he roused himself at length, new prodigies burst upon his view. His resting-place was no

longer on the verdant sward, but on a soft and stately couch, strewed with the richest skins and sables. The apartment in which he lay far exceeded in magnificence aught that he before had looked on, though he had ere now led his daring band to spoil the fairest palaces of the south. Yet his eye scarcely glanced for a moment over the various splendours of the scene; for before him stood at length revealed the queen of all those fair delights which had surrounded him within the last few hours. Of the loftiest stature among women, but formed in the most exquisite proportions—beautiful as Freya herself, yet with more of majesty and command in her air than would become the deity of love—the mighty Druda was beheld by Harold with those sentiments of admiration and reverence, unmingled with fear, which the sea-kings of old ever felt toward those goddesses who deigned to cross their mortal path. Humbly, yet not timidly, he told his tale, and gave his thanks. But when he learned, from her reply, which was uttered with a dignity that scorned concealment, and felt no shame at such a revelation, that she—the mighty mistress of the northern realms, sprung from the union of the awful Balder with an earth-born maid—had stooped to love a mortal—that she had rescued him from destruction, and led him to this paradise of sweets, to share her love and throne—what marvel if the warrior, in the triumph of the moment, forgot his country, his fame, and Ulla herself?

Months rolled away; and the brave sea-king, who had once deemed each moment wasted that was not spent in the foray or on the wave, still lingered in the thrall of the enchantress. Yet, though the beauty and the wisdom of Druda could well beguile the hours, he felt at length how irksome a life of indolence and solitude must ever be. The flowers grew less fragrant; the lovely prospects lost their charms; and Harold sighed in secret for his bleak Norwegian hills—for the galley and the sword, with which his forefathers had never failed to win the pleasures denied by their inclement climate;—nay, at times, when he contrasted her gentle smiles with the frowns of his imperious mistress, his memory would revert to Ulla. Yet gratitude compelled him to bury these feeelings in his inmost heart; and, perchance, he might have wasted years in uncomplaining durance, had not the keen eye of Druda soon marked the change in his demeanour. One morning, as he wandered forth alone, chance led him to the bower which he had first entered on his arrival in that enchanted land; and in secret he gave vent to the despondency that long had weighed upon his soul.—"Why—oh! why," exclaimed the young hero, "was my life preserved for this? Better it were to have died that inglorious death among my brave companions, than thus to linger out dull years of dishonourable ease, whilst my banner shall never more be dreaded on the sea, and the bold Norsemen have even now almost forgotten the name of him who was once their foremost leader, where danger was to be braved, or glory won!" He ceased—for a bitter laugh rang loudly in his ear—and, turning, he beheld the sorceress, Druda. Her countenance was calm, though pale; for those distortions of passion which betray the anguish of mortals, when affliction falls heavily upon them, were unworthy the daughter of Balder; yet was there something in her painful smile that caused the blood of the hitherto undaunted Harold to curdle within him.—"Son of the sea!" exclaimed the sorceress, in a slow and solemn tone, "I have tried thee, with all thy boasted merit; but I find thou art but as other men. Like them, the idle recompence of fame or

power is dearer to thee than a woman's constant love. When, first, for you she sacrifices all beside, ye vow eternal gratitude and love; but the prize grows palling on the appetite ere long; and then, for the merest trifle—nay, in the mere thirst of variety itself—ye leave her to pine without a sigh. But this is weakness. Let others lament their lovers' treachery: my part is to revenge. Go, then—I will aid thy flight: go to thy native land. Be again the leader of a robber-band—the boasted lord of the untamed elements. Thy friends, no doubt, will greet thee well, and marvel when they hear thy tale, and scoff at Druda's weakness. Nay, perhaps, some maid, proud of her blue eyes and flaxen ringlets, will hail thy coming with ready smile—will scoff at the enchantress, whose magic arts could not, for a few brief days, retain the heart she rules and moulds at will. Yet tremble, Harold!—for thou returnest not alone. In the battle—on the deep—at the festal meeting—in the bridal hour, if such shall come—I will be near thee. Hence, then, wretched ingrate! Lo! with this wand I dissipate the illusions my senseless love had raised for thee." She waved the figured staff that she held in her right hand; and, in a moment, forests, plains, and rivers faded from the eyes of the astonished hero. They stood upon the pathless fields of ice; the bitter air benumbed his limbs; and, in the expectation that she had borne him there to perish, he turned towards her, to speak his defiance of the utmost her power could effect.

She saw his intention, and interrupted him.—"No, Harold—no! To kill thee here were poor revenge! Begone to thy home, and her thou pinest for; be again great and glorious as before;—but, in thy hour of greatest bliss, expect my coming. Yet, ere thou goest, take with thee one gift—one token of Druda's inextinguishable love!" She grasped his hand violently, and a mortal coldness thrilled through every vein.—"There!" she exclaimed, as she slowly loosed her hold,—"it is done! And now, for a season, fare thee well! But, remember, that no mortal may henceforth touch that frozen hand, and live. Stretch it not forth when thy friends in rapture come to greet thee; when thy love hangs on the neck of her long lost one, twine it not in her soft flowing hair—for all shall die who feel its pressure.—Harold of the frozen hand! once more farewell!" Once more she waved her wand; and, in a moment, the young hero stood again on the threshold of his long-abandoned home.

When the friends of Harold Harrung learned his sudden reappearance, and came in throngs to welcome home their long-lost leader, they found a changed and moody man. His right hand ever buried in the folds of his mantle, his brow furrowed with an expression of settled grief, they saw that he no longer heard with envy the triumphs and conquests of his rivals, or felt disposed to embark in those daring enterprises by which he formerly eclipsed the fame of the boldest of his compeers. Alone in his desolate halls, to which he no longer bade his well-pleased guests, Harold Harrung dwelt from day to day, till men began to deem him mad. Nothing less than distraction, they said, could make so brave a hero alike forget his glory and his love; and they knew not what most to marvel at—his refusal to lead their expeditions, or his indifference to his betrothed bride, whom he had not visited, nor even inquired for, since his return. Others thought that the loss of his brave crew, who had all perished, as he told them, by shipwreck, preyed keenly on his heart, and made him unwilling any more to risk the lives of gallant

men under the guidance of so unfortunate a chief. But many days passed by, and still no change was observable in the demeanour of the hero.

At length there came an aged man over the hills from the south, the father of Ulla. He had learned at last, in his distant halls, the tidings of Harold's unexpected return; and never did more welcome tidings reach the old man's ear; for the giant Gruthioff, a formerly rejected suitor of the lovely Ulla, presuming on her lover's lengthened absence and supposed death, had threatened to destroy her father's hall, and seize her person, unless she instantly consented to requite his passion. The hoary Sweno told his tale to the silent Harold, and urged him to hasten and deliver his love from the violence of a detested rival. In the eagerness of his recital, he neglected to remark the cold and gloomy air of the young hero; but, when all was told, he looked in vain for the glance of anger and resolved revenge which become a lover, when he hears that any one has dared to offer insult to his mistress. The old man's blood boiled high, and he broke out into bitter reproaches,—"What!" he exclaimed, "has the bold Harold no reply to my request? Has his heart grown cold, or his arm weak? Is his love too little, or his fear too much, that he dares not brave the wrath of Gruthioff? Thanks, generous warrior! high-souled lover, thanks! The despised Sweno will return to his halls—will lift alone his feeble arm, in defence of his wronged child. Weak though it be, it will be stronger than that of a traitor to his friend and love. But how—oh! how will my poor Ulla endure to hear that he, whom she had mourned as dead, so fondly and so long, lives to desert, to prove unworthy of her!"

The unhappy warrior could restrain himself no longer. In uncontrollable emotion, he cast himself at the old man's feet.—"Father!" he cried, "you have conquered. Harold cannot bear the name of coward. He cannot suffer her he so fondly loves to deem her affections are bestowed on an undeserving caitiff. Father, I will summon all my band; I will away this night, and rescue her, or die. Yet, oh! if you should live to curse the hour when Harold came to aid your child, remember by what powers you enforced his coming, and hate him not, though he bring desolation on thy house, and rouse the ire of a far more fearful enemy than Gruthioff."

The old man smiled through his tears, at the disastrous anticipations of the chief. Once delivered from the dread of Gruthioff, he saw not how calamity could reach him. Yet the cloud of settled grief still rested on the soul of Harold, as he summoned his devoted followers to prepare for an immediate expedition. In delight, that their brave chief had at length awakened from his slothful lethargy, all were soon prepared; and the little band set forward at a rapid pace toward the abode of Sweno, which lay some score of miles toward the south. The morning was dawning when they reached it; yet they came almost too late. The troops of Gruthioff had surrounded the castle on all sides, and were on the point of breaking in; they had already fired the adjacent buildings. Like the lightning, Harold and his band dashed from the eminence on which they stood. The gigantic Gruthioff called his followers to draw off from the attack, and form themselves into a compact body to repel the coming enemy. They thus afforded the new defenders of the castle an opportunity of entering it; but Harold, fired by the sight of his audacious rival, thought only of an immediate conflict. He marshalled

his brave band in line, and prepared to give the order to set on. But the giant at this moment stept forth before his troops.—"Harold Harrung!" he shouted, at the full pitch of his sonorous voice, "this is our quarrel; let us try it alone. I defy thee here to mortal combat. Be Ulla his who conquers."

Burning with passion, the undaunted hero promptly acquiesced in the challenge of his gigantic foe. In vain Sweno and his other friends reminded him of the prodigious size and strength of Gruthioff, so far exceeding all men beside. Their remonstrances were unheard or unheeded; and he rushed forward to encounter the challenger, midway between the hostile forces. The combat was furious and long. The activity of Harold enabled him to avoid the deadly blows of Gruthioff, and the giant grew almost exhausted by his unavailing efforts. Then the bold sea-king ceased to act wholly on the defensive; he began in turn to press hard upon his foe, and at last succeeded in wounding him severely. Then it was that the armour-bearer of Gruthioff, seeing the danger of his master, drew an arrow from his bow, and pierced Harold Harrung through the side. He fell instantly; and his followers, shouting treachery, pressed forward to avenge him. But, ere they could reach the spot where he lay, Harold beheld his giant foe wave high his sword, and prepare to plunge it into his prostrate body. At that moment, the remembrance of the fatal gift of Druda flashed on his mind. Then, collecting his remaining strength, and baring his right hand, he sprang up, and arrested the arm of Gruthioff, in mid-descent, with a strong grasp. The giant stood for an instant motionless, as if struck by lightning, or changed to stone, and then fell dead without a groan—so suddenly had the spirit passed away. Harold beheld his fall, but nothing more; for then all perception failed him, and, when his senses returned, the fond arm of Ulla was supporting his neck, and he rested on a couch spread in her father's hall.

The events of the day were soon narrated. The heroic band had well revenged the treachery practised against their master; scarce one of the troops of Gruthioff had escaped alive; and his death, as Harold found, was solely attributed to the severe wound he received during the combat. But these tidings were scarcely uttered, ere the young hero felt his weakness again return, and, for some hours more, he lay insensible to all around him. The wound of Harold was so dangerous as seemingly to baffle for a time the few remedies of those simple times; but the unceasing cares of Ulla were at length crowned with the desired result, and the warrior's health and strength rapidly returned. But he could not, day after day, view the lovely form of the maid bending over his couch, or see her anxious eye resting in eloquent tenderness on his countenance, to trace if any expression of pain still lingered there; and that form, too, somewhat wasted of its graceful roundness; and that eye, too, somewhat dimmed, from the effects of ceaseless watching;—he could not mark all this, and not fondly, passionately love her, who had rescued him from death. The threats of the enchantress, though not forgotten, he forced to bear a less terrible interpretation; and, with returning health, he craved of her father the precious gift of Ulla's hand, and but for the deadly power with which Druda had endowed him, Harold had been perfectly happy.

It was in the centre of his hall, amid a crowd of friends and vassals, that Sweno prepared the simple marriage-ceremony of those times. The

noble Harold, with all a bridegroom's exultation, and the trembling yet pleased Ulla, stood before him.

"Son!" cried the old man, in a glad though interrupted voice, "stretch forth thy right hand, and take her's, whom, all priceless as she is, thou well deservest. Why dost thou bury it thus in the folds of thy vest?"

"Father, pardon me!" replied the youth; "this morning, as I donned my marriage-garment, my blade slipped from its sheath, and cut deeply into my hand: the blood as yet is hardly staunched.—Nay, Ulla!" as he saw her countenance grow paler, "it is but a slight wound, and not worth thy care. Meanwhile, thou wilt not scorn to clasp this other hand."

He knelt before her as he spoke, and pressed her's laughingly to his lips; but, as again he raised his head, he saw distinctly, at the back of Ulla, the enchantress Druda, standing, and pointing to her with a mocking smile. With a loud cry, he sank senseless on the ground.

All was consternation among the crowd. They raised him, and strove to bare his wounded hand, deeming that loss of blood had caused his swoon: but it was folded in his breast with a firmness that rendered all their endeavours useless. The struggle, however, recalled Harold to life. He threw an anxious and terrified glance around him; but nothing now appeared to confirm his fears. Half believing that the dreadful appearance was an illusion created by his fancy, he advanced to console the weeping Ulla. Weakness, he feigned, resulting from his long confinement, had caused this sudden faintness—overpowered, as he had been, with excess of joy, on finding that his dear Ulla was at length his bride. But his still startled eye and quivering lip belied the explanation as he gave it; and Sweno would willingly have deferred the celebration of the nuptials till a more fitting season, but that he feared the assembled guests might deem such delay an inhospitable pretext for avoiding the evening banquet. He gave command, therefore, that the festival should proceed. But Harold strove in vain to nerve himself as became his part in the ceremonies; and he, who had risen that morning all ecstasy and hope, now stood the saddest and most silent man in all that thronged assemblage.

Ulla, scarcely less melancholy, and agitated by a thousand undefined fears, shrank from his side, when she found that her fond words and looks seemed only to augment his despondency. Meanwhile, the banquet was set forth; the wine flowed high in a thousand goblets; and Sweno strove, by anxious attention to his guests, to veil the strangeness of his son-in-law's deportment. By degrees, the strong wine began to do its office. The merriment of the revellers grew loud and violent; and they crowned their full cups with oft-repeated healths to the bold Harold and his beauteous bride. In the midst of the loud din, Herda, his most favoured follower and friend, stole to the side of his chief.

"Why droops my lord," whispered the faithful attendant, "thus on his nuptial night? Oh! rouse thyself, bold Harold! for the eyes of many are upon thee in wonder and in scorn; and jests are muttered round the board such as become not thy honour, nor the purity of her whom thou hast wedded."

"Herda," exclaimed the chief, as if unconscious that aught had been addressed to him—"Herda, look out towards the north, and tell me what thou seest there."

He went, and soon returned.—" Nothing, my lord, but the red and purple meteors chasing each other athwart the cope of heaven. The night is still and fair. Oh! shame on this unmanly sadness! Awake! awake—ere your name becomes a by-word."

The eye of Harold flashed fiercely on his friend; but it was only for a moment.—" Thou art right," my faithful Herda—" thou art right; I will be a man, and defy fate.—Ulla, dearest, to your chamber.—Come, friends," he cried, advancing to the board, " who will pledge highest to my toast?—' To him who shall sail his galley farthest, and bring back the richest spoil from distant lands, when spring shall again smile upon our northern shores.'—Call Eric—Eric the bard," he added, as with loud acclamations all drained their goblets to the bottom—" he who made the song of triumph what time I ravaged the wide seas of Britain."

The bard—an old, grey-headed man, but with an eye of fire—came forward at the call, and, in a deep, melodious voice, chaunted forth the following strains:—

O'er the deep, o'er the deep,
As our dragon-standards sweep,
And our bark springs the wild waves through,
Let the coward merchants quail,
As in misty wreaths our sail,
Flying on before the gale,
Meets their view.

Far away, far away
Lies each guardian port or bay,
Yet landward the breeze fairly blows;
And they flee; till on their track
Fleeter comes our fierce attack;
Then, like hunted wolves, turn back
On their foes.

We have met, we have met!
But each gallant Northman yet
For a moment must scarce draw breath:
Hark! bold Harold gives the word—
Lo! he leaps the first on board,
Waving wide his fatal sword,
Dealing death!

We have won, we have won!
Soon the desperate strife is done;
O'er the wreck the dark waters close;
The hoarse tumult of the fray
Into silence melts away;
And, like lions gorged with prey,
We repose.

Then around—come around!
Let each wine-cup high be crowned;
Chaunt the praise of the bold sea-king;
Or, in gentler accents, tell
Of the fame of those who fell,
While the dirge the wild waves swell,
As we sing.

The last notes of the song, and the applauding shouts that followed it, had died away, and Harold sought the bridal-chamber. There, pure and lovely as the moonbeams that streamed through the rude windows of the apartment, he found his beloved Ulla. He advanced to fold her in his embrance; but, suddenly, a fearful cry rang in his ear—a shadow darkened in the flood of moonlight—and Druda stood before him.

"Child of Odin!" she exclaimed, "behold, I break no promises." —It was the same bitter voice and smile with which she had bid him farewell on the frozen deserts of the north; and Harold felt that all was lost.—"Child of Odin!" she went on, "I swore to be with you in your marriage-hour. Lo! I am here to add to its delights! But, methinks," —and she seized the half-lifeless Ulla as she spoke,—"methinks your faith this morning was not fairly plighted." With irresistible force, she dragged the right hand of the hero from his breast, and folded it in that of Ulla.—"Thus—thus, fond lovers! I unite ye!"

At the touch of his fatal hand, Ulla sank dead at her husband's feet. He stood, with fixed and stony eye, incapable of speech or motion, gazing on that form, so beautiful in death! But the fell enchantress did not long permit him to remain.

"Away! away!" she cried; "thou canst not choose but follow me!"

Unconscious and unresisting, he went forth with her from that chamber, and followed her quick footsteps to the shore. There a tall ship appeared waiting their approach; the crew stood ready at each oar and sail—and strange, indeed, that crew!—for the chief beheld the eyes of those, whom he had deemed long dead amid the arctic frosts, gleaming on him with supernatural light.

"Aboard! aboard!" shouted the fiendish enchantress. A wild laugh arose from those fearful mariners, as Harold, in desperate madness, leaped upon the deck. He was seen no more in Norway.

OLD PICTURES.

THE noble and wealthy projectors and supporters of the British Institution fancy, in the simplicity of their hearts, that, by opening every year a mart for the sale of a few paltry modern pictures (or pretty ones, as the case may be) they are promoting the interests of art to such a pitch, that, ere long, "your Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff," will become a dead letter. In the mean time, however, they take good care to confine their active patronage, for the most part, to the *promoting* of the sale of modern pictures: for as to *purchasing* them, that is quite another matter, they leave that for those patrons of art, who have amassed their wealth east of Temple Bar. And the reason they would probably give is, that, to say nothing of the various other channels into which a man of rank is compelled to divert his income, they already possess collections by the "old masters;" and that to mix the modern and the ancient together, would be an act of injustice to both parties. The truth is, the instinct of the privileged persons in question is very considerably more shrewd and well-informed than their tastes; and, in consequence, though they *admire* modern pictures, they *buy* only ancient ones. They will lay you out their five or ten thousand pounds in a year

on works by the old masters; and then, in order to preserve, at the same time, their assumed characters, as patrons and protectors of living artists, they pay, almost without a murmur, their ten guineas a year, to provide a place for the exhibition and sale of the said artists' productions!

Let it not be supposed that we are uttering the language of complaint. We have too deep a reverence for art, and too firm a belief in the irrepressible vitality of the principles out of which it springs, and upon which it rests, to suppose that it requires any thing in the shape of *private* support to keep it where it is, or to lift it to where it might and ought to be. No private patron ever yet made a first-rate artist, or even helped to make one: though kings, princes, popes, and even ministers of state, wielding the resources, and acting in the name of a whole people, may have done so, and undoubtedly have. In fact, to speak an ungracious truth, for any private person to set himself up, or permit others to set him up, as a *patron* of the arts, is altogether an impertinence; because it is altogether a pretence, which neither springs from, nor can lead to good. But for kings, princes, and ministers of state to patronize art, in their public capacities, is a different case. It cannot perhaps be ranked among their *duties;* but it is one of the very few *privileges* of their class and calling, which they can exercise with honour to themselves, and with benefit to those over whom they rule. In fact, art is the offspring of a national call for and craving after it. Where that is not, art can never exist in a very high degree: and where that is, nothing can long repress or keep it back.

To arrive at once at the subject which has induced us to touch upon this matter, the British Institution has, since its establishment, produced no positive effect whatever on the progress or the prospects of art in this country: for what no one man can stir a step towards producing, no association of men can arrive at—we mean where the case relates to a moral result. A company of private individuals may build a bridge, or found an hospital: because any one of them can lay down a stone towards the one, or a guinea towards the other. But a hundred or a thousand private patrons of art, collected into a body, and calling themselves by any name they please, cannot produce a single artist, or lift art a single step above the level on which it has for these last hundred years been grovelling. A patron may make the fortune of a painter; and an association of patrons may produce an exhibition of a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand pictures. But "a crowd is not company;" and an exhibition of pictures is not art, and no more leads to it than proceeds from it.

Do we hold, then, that the British Institution has done no good, and that we (the British public) had been better, or as well, without it? Not at all. If it had produced no other result than the exhibition of old pictures, now open to public inspection at its rooms in Pall Mall; all the money that it has cost its aristocratic promoters, and all the jealousies, and envies, and heart burnings, and intrigues, and what not, that it has, from time to time, cherished and called forth in those breasts (wherever they are to be found) in which there is room for nothing better, we should look upon as well laid out. In a word, it has, by means of these annual exhibitions of the *élite* of the works of old masters in the private collections of England, done more good than—than what, shall we say?—why, than even the Royal Academy itself has done

harm by its exhibitions; for we are willing to admit, that all the amount of mingled shame, pity, and disgust, which these last-named displays of pictorial pretensions have called forth year after year for the last half century, added to the weight of moral misery which has sprung from the creation of the herd of "artists" necessary to produce these displays, does not perhaps equal in magnitude the permanent delight and instruction, and the prolific results of these, which have arisen from that admiring contemplation of old pictures, which the general public could have accomplished by no other means, and of which pictures, for the most part, they were not even aware of the existence.

We propose, chiefly for the sake of those of our distant readers who may not be able to inspect these admirable productions for themselves, to take a hasty glance at a few of the *most* choice (for they are *all* choice) among those which have been selected for the exhibition just opened. And be it expressly undersood, that we do this in the character of *lovers* of art, merely—not as connoisseurs of it, for we profess to *know* little or nothing about it, still less as *artists*—for we practise it not at all. So that in whatever terms we may, in conformity with the critical customs of the day, express ourselves in regard to any object of our notice, all that we seek and hope to do is, to convey to those at a distance from these objects, what we ourselves feel or think when present before them.

Here is a collection of a hundred and ninety pictures; every one of which has been placed here solely on account of its *merit*. Now this, we take it, is more than can be said with truth of any other existing collection, public or private. The thing never before happened, except in the previous collections of a similar kind at this place. And the consequence has been, that, taking the same number of pictures, no other collection that at present exists is at once so perfect and so interesting, looking at them as a general collection, comprising *all* the schools. We shall notice the most striking, in the numerical order in which they are arranged.

No. 1. *The Duchess of St. Croix.* VANDYKE.—*No.* 2. *The Spanish Courtesan.* MURILLO.—The first-named of these pictures is one of the most refined, elegant, and characteristic productions of the most refined and elegant person, in his way, that ever lived. It is a whole-length portrait, the size of life. The courtly lady whom it represents, is in the act of retiring from the open air into an apartment, which is concealed from the vulgar gaze by a rich drapery—which latter she is pressing aside with her exquisite hand, as she places her foot on the rising step by which it is approached. Her robe, which envelopes her whole person, excepting only her face and hands, is one great dead mass of black velvet, which, however, in no respect impairs the lightness of the whole picture, but only gives it that solidity and dignity which (in the eyes of this most courtly of artists) become the subject: for with him a court, and its privileged denizens, were no more to be approached or comprehended by the vulgar, than a fortified city is by its avowed enemies. These latter may stand outside the fortifications if they please, and gaze upon the outworks; but, so far from entering, they must not be permitted even to understand the nature of that which keeps them out. The whole air of this exquisite portrait is the very *acmé* of that conventional refinement which never prevailed, either before or since, in such perfection as during the period of this great painter of artificial

life. Perhaps the finest practical contrast that was ever presented in reference to matters of this kind, is to be found (by pure accident, we imagine) in the above-named picture, and that which hangs in immediate contact with it—"The Spanish Courtesan"—as it is somewhat pompously and affectedly styled in the catalogue. It is a picture (a *portrait* it *must* be, for nothing so absolutely true to life was ever yet *created* by the pencil) of a young woman, leaning (*lolling* is the word, but it is a vulgar one, like the thing) out of window, and smiling, with a sort of modest impudence, at some (supposed) passer by, in the street below; while another female, much older, is half-retiring behind the half-open shutter, and laughing outright, but trying to stifle the *sound* of her laugh with her handkerchief. The contrast (as we have hinted above) between these two "ladies of easy virtue;" and she above them, whose "virtue," we may be sure, whatever else it might be, was anything but "easy"—between the Courtesan and the court beauty—is, beyond expression, interesting and instructive; for the truth of delineation is equal in the artists—Murillo being to uncourtly nature precisely what Vandyke was to that of the court. This exceedingly fine specimen of one of Murillo's styles—and his finest—is probably a new importation from Spain, as it belongs to Lord Heytesbury. It is an admirable work, having that look and sentiment of nature about it which, we will venture to say, was never achieved in absolute perfection, in connexion with this class of subject, by any artist whatever, except Murillo.

No. 5. Innocent the Tenth. Velasquez.—This is another most wonderful portrait. Those who would see embodied in one form the united spirits of popery and witchcraft, may go and gaze upon this portrait. We wonder how "some persons" dare to sit for their pictures: but the reason is, that they are as shallow and short-sighted as they think themselves sagacious and profound. Above all, they are believers in maxims, which are as often "the *foolishness* of nations" as they are its "wisdom;" and there are among all nations maxims which indicate that "there is no trusting to appearances." Now the truth is, there is no trusting to any thing else. He is a shrewd hand who said, that "language was given to man to conceal his thoughts." And truly we have need of some such instrument, seeing that that dumb orator, the face, unlike all other orators, always speaks the truth, whether asked or not, and never speaks any thing else. But let us turn our thoughts to "metal more attractive."

No. 6. Hippomanes and Atalanta. Guido.—*No. 7. Landscape, with Cattle and Figures.* Claude.—The first of these is one of the most exquisite little gems we have ever seen. It is of miniature size, and is all made up of "airs and graces;" but they are the airs and graces of nature, or at least of that divine mythology which grew out of a profound love for nature. What is still more remarkable in this picture is the grandeur of effect which results from a steady contemplation of it. In this respect, it differs scarcely at all from one of *gallery* size. And the reason in a great measure is, that grace and expression (which are the essences of which this picture is composed) have nothing whatever to do with size. They are things which address themselves to the mind alone—which knows nothing of size except through the medium of the touch. To a person born without the faculty of touch, the sight of a mountain and a mole-hill would produce much the same impression.

The other picture, we have named above, is nature itself: but still refined up to that exquisite pitch of perfection which, of its sole self, nature could never attain: like the "white wonder" of a court lady's hand.

No. 18. *The Death of Regulus; No.* 19. *Landscape, with Travellers; No.* 25. *Landscape, with Mercury and the Woodman.* SALVATOR ROSA. —It would be difficult to meet with, in any one collection, three so fine and characteristic productions of this artist, as the above-named. We greatly prefer either of them to the one which is better known, and which is also in this collection—*The Job* (No. 61)—The first displays, in a scene of many figures, that moral energy with which the soul of Salvator was ripe; the second shews the uncompromising truth with which he loved to delineate what he actually saw; and the last presents us with a fine example of that wild grandeur of imagination with which (when the mood was on him) he could work up a scene of external nature into one bearing all the air of romance, without materially departing from its actual truth.

No. 32 *and* 36. *Landscape, and Sea Port.* CLAUDE. — This is a lovely pair of pictures, small and simple, but beaming and glowing with all the exquisite characteristics of this most refined and natural of sentimentalists. They are as true as they are ideal: for, paradoxical as it may sound, Claude combined in his works these seemingly opposite but really identical attributes. That which is ideal must necessarily be true—or it is nothing. The creations of Mr. Martin's pencil—fine, and, in many respects, extraordinary and unrivalled as they are—are not ideal; because they are not true. This is their great and crying sin. They appeal to and delight the *imagination,* just as the Arabian Nights do, and on the same principle; but they touch not the sensibilities and the heart, as the last-named works do—because they have less of that which is true mixed up with them. The works of Claude touch us at once more nearly and more vividly than any, or than all these; because they are truth itself. Nay, we will not shrink from saying, that, for the most part, they touch us more nearly and vividly than the actual scenes of external nature itself do, because they consist of the *details* of those scenes, arranged and selected merely, but in no other way changed, by the hand of perfect taste and consummate art. In short, they affect us on the same principle that the Venus de Medici does, which is the most ideal work in existence, simply because it is the most true.

No. 33 *and* 35. *St. Rufina and St. Justin.* MURILLO.—It is a pity to call two such charming realities as these by the name of saints. They are among the most brilliant single figures that we have any where seen of this, in some respects, most exquisite of all painters. Indeed they combine, so far as a single figure can, more of the two characteristic beauties of his manner than any we remember; namely, the touching truth of his intellectual expressions, and the airy grace, lightness, and elegance of his handling. In colouring, too, they are exquisitely sweet and tender—but somewhat cold. If the student of art would learn what the *ideal* in intellectual expression *is not,* and what the same quality in colouring and handling *is,* he may look at the best specimens of this class of Murillo's works, who probably never painted a face that was not a copy from nature, or a cloud, a drapery that *was.*

No. 39. *The Madonna.* SASSO FERRATO.—This may be pointed out as one of the most unaffected and natural productions of a school that,

with all its merits, included but little of these two rarest and most valuable of all qualities in painting. The effeminate style of Carlo Dolce and Sasso Ferrato has been thought to be well adapted at least to those particular subjects which they so almost invariably chose, namely, the Magdalens and Madonnas of holy writ. But it was not so. To delineate the true characteristics of female form and expression, under whatever circumstances, requires a feeling for them any thing but feminine. No female hand ever painted, or ever will paint, the true character of a finely-endowed female face—because she cannot, in the nature of things, feel that character.

At this point of the catalogue, fine things so crowd upon us, that we are at a loss how either to notice them or to pass them by. No. 40, is a Virgin and Child, by Gentio Romano, which is exquisite; 42, a noble Portrait by Titian, of his own daughter; 46, a most curious and admirable piece called the Water Seller, by Velasquez; 47, a grand and striking piece of Paul Veronese's splendid colouring—Mars and Venus; 49, a most lovely gem, by Garafolo, full of mingled sweetness and dignity; 52, a fine Portrait of Anthony Trieste, by Vandyke; and 59, a curious design of Raphael's, carried into execution by Spagnoletto, called an Incantation.—All these fine works we can merely commend to the spectator's best attention, and pass on to one which has long been held forth as among the most extraordinary productions of one of the most extraordinary of Painters: we allude to 60, *Vanity and Modesty;* Leonardo da Vinci.—This artist is one who excites more of our love than admiration. There is a sweetness about his best things, which, if it redeems them from insipidity, keeps them from ascending into the regions of grandeur or passion. This celebrated production is known to all the world by the engravings from it; and there is no denying that the picture is precisely answerable to the notion of it received through the medium of the *burin*. But it is no more than answerable. We are no better acquainted with it now, than we were when we had only seen it at second-hand: which shews that its merit consists in one thing merely—expression; and this one neither very intelligible, nor that portion of it which *is* so, very appropriate. Nevertheless, it is an exquisite work in its way; and being so, it is idle to complain of it for not being something else.

No. 63. *Assumption of the Virgin.* Murillo.—Small as this is—amere miniature—we cannot help dwelling upon it for a moment, on account of its rare and touching beauty. It is remarkable that the freedom, breadth, and lightness of this lovely little gem are in no degree impaired by the smallness of its size. It is a miniature, with all the effect of a gallery picture. And what is perhaps more remarkable still, that effect is but little injured by the total absence of any thing like refinement, elegance, or even passion, in the face of the Virgin—which is that of a perfectly plain, and even coarse English woman. Notwithstanding this (which is often a fault, as far as it goes, in Murillo's pictures of poetical subjects of this nature), the whole comes upon you like a seraphic vision, on account of the exquisitely ideal nature of the colouring and the handling.

No. 66 *and* 69. *Beggar Boys.* Murillo.—These are the two wonderful pictures which form part of the Dulwich gallery. One of them (that in which one of the boys is *munching* a piece of bread) is, perhaps, finer than any thing of the kind in existence. Though these pictures

are better known than most of the celebrated ones in this country, they are such extraordinary productions, that we shall make no apology for describing them to our readers. We shall do so, however, in the words of a little volume, entitled "British Galleries of Art,"—not having better at hand to put in their place. "The picture upright, and not large, and it represents two boys,—one half-lying on the ground, and looking up at his companion with an intense and yet vacant expression of pleasure in his countenance; while the other is standing "munching" a great piece of bread that he can scarcely hold in his mouth, and looking sulkily down at him on the ground, as if displeased at the other's pleasure. The merit of these two faces consists in the absolute, the undisguised and unadorned truth of their expression, and its wonderful force and richness; and also in the curious characteristicness of it. By the *truth* of expression, I mean the fidelity with which the painter *has* represented what he *intended* to represent; and by its characteristicness I mean the adaptation of that expression to the circumstances. The persons represented are in that class and condition of life in which the *human* qualities of man scarcely develop themselves at all; in which he can scarcely be regarded in any other light than the most sagacious of the *animal* tribe. Accordingly, the expression of these boys respectively—rich, vivid, and distinct as they are—are almost entirely animal. There is nothing in the least degree *vulgar* about them; for vulgarity is a quality dependent on society; and these have no share in society, and consequently are without any of its results, good or bad. In fact, their wants and feelings are merely animal, and the expressions to which these give rise are correspondent. The delight of the one is that of the happy colt sporting on its native common; and the sulkiness of the other is that of the ill-conditioned cub growling over its food. At the feet of the boy who is eating, stands a dog, looking up expectantly; and there is nearly as much expression in his countenance as in either of the others. I would not lay much stress on this;—but does it not seem to have been introduced purposely, that we might compare the expression of this *third* animal with that of the two others, and see that there is, and is intended to be, little difference between the expressions, except in degree, and that they are all alike animal?—I conceive this picture to be in its way entirely faultless, and to have required as rare a faculty to produce it (as *rare*, but not as valuable) as perhaps any thing else in art. The companion picture, on nearly a similar subject, is excellent, but not to be compared with this."

74. *Landscape*, &c. PAUL POTTER.—This is the only specimen in the collection of Paul Potter's rare and exquisite works; but it is a very charming one. The whole fore-ground is occupied by a group of various cattle—cows, sheep, goats, &c.; the expressions of which are so exquisitely true, that, with the exception of those of Cuyp, you cannot safely turn to any other pictures on similar subjects after them. It is like turning from the face of a living beauty to look upon a *portrait* of her;—which never answers. There is something almost affecting in the look of the two heifers, one of which is leaning over the shoulder of the other,—as you may sometimes see two sweet sisters. The still life of this delightful work is no less exquisite than the rest. On the left, there is a cottage beyond some trees; and, on the right, a distance, such as no one but Paul Potter ever painted.

76. *A Cavalier on Horseback.* Wouvermans.—There is something quite extraordinary in the effect of this little picture. At a little distance you can see nothing but the cavalier and his bonny boy, passing (for they actually seem to pass) along the extreme edge of the picture in front, against the light grey sky. But, on looking closely, you find a distance that changes the whole, from a mere figure, into a perfect *scene*. Nothing can be more striking than the effect of this—especially when we observe the slightness and simplicity of the means which produce it.

80. *A Village Feast.* Teniers.—Notwithstanding the infinite variety of the "Village Feasts" of this artist, they are all (like their originals) so much alike—"each being another, yet the same"—that they will not bear describing now-a-days. The present is one of the most delightful and characteristic that can any where be seen. In lightness and elegance of truth, and sweetness of colouring, it is equal to Murillo; and in *tone* it is clear as a bell.

83. *Cattle in a Landscape.* Cuyp.—The effect of light in this admirable picture is perfect. It is not one of those exquisite effusions (so to speak) of this artist's, where every thing—the clouds, the sky, the trees, the figures, the ground, even the stones themselves—seem saturated with sunshine; but one of those in which the light seems to lie upon the surface of every thing, ready to disappear in a moment, on some cloud passing over the source of it.

The ten pictures, from 98 to 108, will bear and repay the most minute examination. We have seldom, if ever, seen, within the same space, so many exquisite little gems. Passing them over with a mere glance, we hasten to that work which strikes us as being, beyond any comparison, the finest in this collection. Indeed, for our own parts, we are disposed to look upon it as the very finest production of its kind that we have ever beheld; and finer in various particulars, no less than as a consistent whole;—finer in conception, in design, in colouring, and, above all, in the intense poetical power and beauty of its general effect.—We allude to

112. *The Nursing of Hercules.* Tintoret.—We had previously seen some things by this master which indicated a very extraordinary degree of what may be called the *poetical* power of painting, but none which led us to look for so noble an effort of that power as the one before us. The fable is no doubt well known to our readers; and we will venture to say, that even the imaginations which created that fable, and the host of others which make up the beautiful mythology of those times, never formed a more triumphant conception of the subject in question than the one which is here embodied into a visible form, answering in all respects to that conception. We must not venture even to begin a description of this picture, as it would lead us far beyond our limits. Indeed, if there were no other reasons for our silence as to its details, we should remain so, in despair of doing any thing like justice to our feelings respecting them, without incurring the charge of extravagance. We will, however, not shrink from saying that we think the female figure a more triumphant specimen of art (as a single figure) than any thing else that we are acquainted with—not excepting Titian's very best of a similar kind, which form portions of the Blenheim Gallery.

120. *The Return from the Chase.* Wouvermans.—This is a work combining, with all the ordinary qualities of Wouvermans' style, others

which we scarcely thought it possessed. We now refer chiefly to the landscape portion of the picture. The figures are full of delicacy and beauty, and, in several instances, include a very extraordinary truth of individual expression; a quality not always paramount in Wouvermans' figures—at least the human ones. The two that are conspicuous in this respect are, the *blind* beggar, on the right, and the boy sitting on the ground, on the left, and making active war on certain troublesome companions, who seem to have established colonies on various parts of his person. But our chief reason for noticing this picture is, the character of the landscape portion of it, which is of a higher class than any we remember to have seen in this artist's works. There is at once a grandeur and a lightness about it which remind us of Claude. There is, however, a coldness—a want of vitality—which is injurious to the truth, no less than the beauty of the general effect. It is by crowding his canvass with figures, that Wouvermans usually contrives to hide or get over this defect; and it is probable that, in the present instance, he refrained from doing so expressly with the view of making the landscape part the principal point of attraction—perceiving, no doubt, that he had succeeded in giving to *that* a character not common with him. His picture would have been finer, in all respects, if he had avoided this, and had filled it with his usual proportion of active and human interest. It would then have presented the rare case of a picture in which the landscape and the figures act mutually upon each other and upon the spectators; and the effect to the latter would have been increased in much more than the mere arithmetical proportion: for if the lover of pictures will call to mind his experience in these matters, he will find that, in almost every case where a strong impression has been produced upon him, it has resulted either from the landscape *or* the figures—scarcely ever from both united. The Peter Martyr of Titian—and, indeed, all Titian's landscapes—are exceptions to this; and all Paul Potter's, too, so far as relates to the cattle. But with these exceptions, the rule is almost universally true of the old masters.

127. *A Woody Scene, with Sportsmen.* HACKERT and VANDEVELDE. —This is, in it its way, a most capital production. It represents one of those spots of absolute seclusion which are only to be met with in the heart of a "forest old;"—lofty trees, spiring up like columns high above and out of the limits of the picture, and carrying the imagination with them, till they seem to reach a supernatural elevation: while, between their stems, you catch glimpses into an interminable distance, which answers to the imaginary height, both in extent and in vagueness. On the other hand, when the attention is confined to the mere literal extent of the scene, a directly contrary effect is produced. You feel yourself, for the time being, shut in from all communion but with your own thoughts and fancies; and are only reminded that there *is* a world of life and light elsewhere, by the gleams of sunshine that penetrate through one small opening, and by the human figures that seem to have *lost* (not found) their way into this "temple of the woods." It may be asked, perhaps, whether we suppose that the painters *intended* to produce all these effects upon the spectator. Of this we can know nothing, and need care as little. It is the privilege of genius, and one of its surest characteristics, to produce more and other effects than it seeks to produce; and that the above picture is calculated to produce those which we have described, can scarcely be questioned, when, in point of fact, it *has* now produced them.

141. *The Gallery of Teniers.* TENIERS.—This is one of those works which are worth notice more on account of their curiosity than their merit. There is little or no talent displayed in this picture; but it is highly curious and interesting to see the mode in which an artist like Teniers (who, with all his wonderful merits, is as much of a mannerist as it is possible for a man of genius to be) has mixed up the characteristic qualities of his own style with that of the various other artists respectively whose productions he has here copied on a miniature scale.

158. *Holy Family, in a Landscape.* TITIAN.—This is a noble exception to what we have said in connexion with No. 120, relative to the almost universal practice of artists endeavouring to concentrate the spectator's attention on one department or the other of their works of this class, instead of fairly dividing it between both. It was, generally speaking, a most judicious fear which made them adopt this course; but it was one which Titian did not entertain, because he did not need to do so. He was a rare instance of the attainment of supreme excellence in these two almost opposite departments of arts: if, indeed, any one department of it can be said to oppose itself to any other, and if (as we believe) it does not require the very same kind of powers to succeed in each and in all; application and practice alone determining the quantity of success as proportioned to the natural endowment. Rubens was the only other instance, among the old masters, of an artist, in the highest class of historical composition, producing, when he chose to attempt it, landscapes of a corresponding character. But even he did not unite the highest excellencies of the two classes of composition on one canvass—as Titian has done in this and many other of his works. The picture before us reaches to the very height of historical grandeur. The Virgin is seated in the centre of the fore-ground, with an air of maternal dignity that is sweetly tempered by the grave tenderness of her mien; Saint John is approaching her playfully, on the right; while Joseph seems to fill and inform the whole left department of the front with the fine air of contemplative wisdom which his look and attitude indicate. In the middle distance are seen shepherds with their flocks, winding away among the broken ground, of which all this portion of the scene is composed; and the whole is shut in by a majestic distance of dark rocks, and rising points of ground, that reach almost to the very top of the picture, leaving scarcely any space for sky or clouds. The production is a truly fine one, and may vie with almost any of its class for majesty of general effect, blended with and growing out of individual truth of detail.

Our limits remind us that we must close this notice without indulging ourselves in any farther descriptive detail. We most not conclude, however, without running through the catalogue again, with the view of merely naming a few more of the works which merit the most particular attention in this exquisite collection. No. 14 is a triple portrait, by Titian, which is quite extraordinary for the manner in which a sort of *type* is furnished to each head, in the shape of an animal, the physiognomical features of which correspond with those of the human head above it. The three heads are those of Charles the Fifth, the Pope Paul, and Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara; and the types of them respectively are a lion, a wolf, and a dog. It is impossible for any portraits to be more perfectly individualized than each of these are respectively; and yet, in each case, the resemblance between the human and the animal is wonderful. No. 16 is a noble piece of chiaro-scuro, by Guercino; and the design

and expression are quite correspondent. Among the mere landscapes, there are several of exquisite truth and beauty, and others of wonderful force and spirit. All those of Ruisdael are of the first class of his works; there are two by Hobbema (122 and 135) that are perfect in their way; Vanderneer has four night-scenes (91, 132, 150, 169) of rare merit; and there is one large piece by Cuyp (145), which, if our limits would permit, we should offer a detailed description. Then here are several admirable sea-pieces by Vandervelde and Backhuysen; and a set of five most astonishing sketches by Rubens (159 to 163); and, finally, some of those singular specimens of Da Hooge, which produce an effect of *reality*, by means of light and shade, that no other artist has surpassed.

Let us conclude our notice of these exquisite works by repeating, that, while the Directors of the British Institution continue to furnish us annually with a collection of old pictures equal in merit and value to these, they will have a claim upon our gratitude, which may fairly set at nought all the carpings of all the critics and academicians extant, on all their other proceedings. They may even go the length of giving an annual prize to Popkins, or withholding one from Hopkins, with perfect impunity: for we shall always be ready to insist, on their behalf, that nothing they *can* do, in reference to living artists, will be capable of counteracting the benefit and delight they will thus afford us, through the medium of dead ones.

A LEAF FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AN accident that happened to me some little time ago deserves to be recorded in these pages. To begin with my own portrait.—It is well known what age is attributed to me by the Register-book; and though, perhaps, I may be delicate on that point, yet I will stand out against many good friends of mine, and declare that such an age is very manly and appropriate, not one whit too advanced. I have been married, and indeed am or may be still so. Marriage is an odd conventional treaty, and the less said of it the better. My wife and I went on for a short time in an uneasy manner; for her temper (as I thought) was ricketty, and she had strange notions about living in London, and such things. It seems to me that I was a very compliant man in those days, and, without doubt, behaved very kindly to her. But it would not answer. She asked for a separate maintenance, and I granted it her.

Whoever has once been a family man is sure to be full of crotchets as a bachelor. The first independence leads him into puerilities. 'Gad! how he travels the country, and spends money without accounting for it! What clubs he enters! what parti-coloured clothes he wears!—My first act was to become a mason; then, as an energetic man, I was elevated to the office of secretary to two glee, one beef-steak, three debating, and seven benefit societies. I chuckled through life, and believed myself one of the jolliest dogs in creation. But these were the freaks of a season. The reaction had a marvellous effect. From a gay, devil-may-care fellow, I fell into a stupid moroseness, attended by paroxysms of hysterical whims. My joviality was not cut short by gradual retrenchments, but at "one fell swoop." Off went my claret surtout. Many were the retirements read by my successors in office, when poor Joshua was elected an

honorary member. My diminution in all matters was great, and my condition was soon accounted littte better than civil death. Aye! and what despondency followed! what strange notions of abandonment and solitude! As a recluse, I wandered through some years of my prime, and have only of late mixed myself with the herd of my fellow-creatures. Now am I constantly possessed with longings and eager wishes—I know not what about, but sufficiently marked to tell me that I am not a contented man. A parcel of barren tenets and foolish theories makes up the round of my contemplations; and I frankly confess, that a more unreasonable reasonable being is not easily to be found. The want of a steady friend and helpmate is now as clearly felt by me as it was formerly the subject of my scorn. But the word "wife" is a hedgehog of a thousand bristly terrors. I cannot turn it any way, but it still continues horrible; and yet, conscious of my necessity, I deem the world's arrangement a bad one that provides no fit substitute for the ecclesiastical remedy. *Wife!*—that usurper of your thoughts, as of right; dabbling in the little mysteries of your mind; and diminishing the stock of your own ideas, by sharing some, and appropriating others.—Wife!—with all the attendant increase of household linen and women servants!—Wife! that makes herself the substantive, while you are drawn in as a paltry adjective, to give her respectability and a name—fortunate if you do not sink down to a mere expletive!—No, no; I could not endure the delights of uxoriousness again. How provoking, and yet how pleasant, to think of the vast mass of population scattered over this green earth, with their different passions, tendencies, and faculties! Of all these, how many must there be so closely adapted to one's-self, by so near a resemblance, so happy a sympathy, as to stir up every energy in one's system, if by chance one or more of such brothers could be discovered. There are, I know, some of my fellow-men, whom, could I but meet, I should love for ever. My heart is attracted to an invisible corner of the globe—where, perhaps, in a barbarous land, lives the partner of my individual nature, subject to my frailties, breathing my hopes, and unkindly separated from me by nothing but the space between the places of our birth. This has been my favourite belief; and to seek from amongst the creatures by whom I am surrounded some one thus allied to me by coincidence of character, is, and long has been, the endeavour in which my best pleasures are centred.—Now to my story.

It was in the Holyhead Mail that I was travelling up to town, when one evening, shortly after dusk, the door was opened by the guard, for the admission of a female passenger. The coach had been pulled up by the side of a respectable gateway, and two ladies, as it might be, or a lady and her maid, stood in consultation close by. "You had better come in, Hannah," said one of them, "you'll find it very cold outside."

"If you please, Ma'am," returned the other, "I am afraid of being unwell, if I do not sit in the open air; I'd rather go outside, indeed, Ma'am."

"Very well, then," replied the mistress, "do as you please." Upon which she called the guard, and, in answer to a question which I could not hear, something about "an elderly gentleman," reached my ear, with a very unpleasant accent. The lady got into the coach, immersed, for some time, in the midst of shawls and cloaks, from which having at last extricated herself, she quietly subsided into a seat opposite my own. What devil possessed me, I can never say, but the important hour

seemed to have arrived. I had been for a long while ruminating alone in the coach, and, between sleeping and waking, had collected, in greater abundance and fancifulness than usual, those romantic visions which were become a natural part of my mind; and, without any other prompter than instinct, it seemed to me that this stranger was the ideal being I had feigned to myself, as representing in another person, the attributes and marks of my own character. Awkwardly at first, but tumultuously, and with much eloquence, as our conversation advanced, did I throw open the recesses of my spirit, to be recognised and reflected by my dear companion. She had to contend with the restrictions imposed by the modesty of her sex, but I forgave them all, and saw through the transparent veil thus thrown over her real character. I assured, and I believe, convinced her, that we were made for each other; the few monosyllables she uttered were perfect indexes of the truth of my statement; and she listened to my fervid protestations with a generous silence that flattered my vanity. I was a happy man, I forgot the whole series of my past afflictions, and wrapt in the pleasure of my discovery, foresaw a conclusion to my life full of sentimental bliss, and real contentment.—What plans I formed, and what I communicated, need not now be told: the tender-hearted will imagine all I would divulge. The lady listened, and gently sighed, and suffered me to change my seat, so as to approach her more nearly; and thus passed away some hours of most exquisite delight, of pleasure so intense as to overpower and fatigue me.—I fell presently asleep, with the lady by my side, perhaps overcome, like myself, with a gentle weariness.

The coach stopped with a sudden jerk, and I started from my repose. I looked towards the window, and could discover that we had arrived at the town of Henley. Day had dawned, and thrifty folks were opening their shutters, as the town itself seemed yawning for its last time before the commencement of its daily occupations. Several idlers were loitering at the inn-door, unwashed, and stretching themselves. The guard passed the window, wrapped up in a night-kerchief, and blinking, with eyes scarce opened from their late dozing. All looked sleepy, head-achy, and uncleanly. Turning from this wretched prospect, I saw, for the first time, the lady's hand still lodged in my own; but—oh, horror! what had never before occurred to me—it was the ominous hand, and the third finger, on which I observed the seal of all misery—a marriage ring! She was still asleep; and, without disturbing her, I so changed my position as to catch a view of her features. Years had done something; but I could not be deceived; the imperious expression still remained;—it was my own wife!

I jumped from the coach, hurried into a chaise, and, during the continuance of my journey, made oaths of eternal solitude.

CALAMITIES OF A CLERK:

COMMUNICATED BY HIMSELF.

"By the world, I recount no fable!"—SHAKSPEARE.

UNACCUSTOMED as I am to public writing, and to any other arts of composition than those by which the phraseology of a day-book or a ledger is got up, I still cannot refrain from trying my pen at a piece of description which ought long ago to have been furnished by some of my equally-distressed and more gifted fellow-sufferers, the extensive class of persons distinguished by the name (itself, alas, most undistinguished!) of clerks. It is my object to recount, in my own individual, but far from peculiar case, some of the hardships and annoyances to which we prisoners of the counting-house are constantly exposed. I would exhibit to the public a bill of lading, as it were, of our heavy grievances, and an invoice of the amount of our complaint—such an invoice too, as shall not be liable to *discount* from being *overcharged*. I am encouraged in this task, by the hope that "principals" may be urged to soften, in some degree, the rigours of employment; though I am duly sensible that this hope may be fated to prove as vain as that which I once entertained, for six years together, of a trifling advance of salary.

By way of being sufficiently methodical, I will go so far back as to state that I was born in London, of respectable parents, and a feeble constitution. My education, received at a well-frequented, though cheap academy, was rather limited in quantity, and not so well directed as it might have been. My father, a substantial small tradesman in the grocery line, and a very plain sort of man in most matters, had the mistaken, but not uncommon notion, that his children should have "a finished education." Mine was very soon finished, in one sense, for I was taken away from school at thirteen, crammed, as I was, with a chaotic mass of Latin accidence and syntax (which my memory and inclination speedily got rid of), and tolerably conversant with cyphering up to the rule of three inverse, besides being possessed of a smattering of bad French. Beyond this amount, I knew nothing: in truth, the Latin and French, as is usual, had absorbed by far the greater portion of the time. But these, if they were little understood at home, were very much admired; and my father, in particular, thought me as refined as his own best lump sugar. The paleness of my face, and that proneness to a sitting posture, that I shewed in common with other boys of weak health, had often occasioned him jocularly to say, "that I was cut out for a clerk;" and he now seriously proceeded, but no doubt with the best intentions, to make me a partaker in that deplorable destiny.

My father, among other things which he had no idea of, had none of "boys being idle;" and I was therefore hardly permitted to taste the *sweets* of that liberty, which consisted in what was called the *run of the shop*. Here I was fated to make, not a figure, but figures, in the capacity of junior clerk. The nature and limits of my office were no further defined than by the vague understanding that I was "to make myself useful." The first week convinced me abundantly that those were not wanting who would make me so, whether I did it myself, or not. It will,

perhaps, convey no unlively idea of the multifarious nature of my daily engagements at that time, if I say that I positively cannot reckon up their number, in spite of the force of annoyance with which many of them severally impressed me. Among those which dwell most pertinaciously in my remembrance, is the process of copying. It was part of *my* business to transcribe nearly all that of the house. Letters, invoices, accounts current, accounts of sales, *pro-formâ* statements, and many matters else, were all to be copied, and Jones (for I was familiarly distinguished by my surname) was alone expected to do them. I was thus, alternately, either a "copying-machine" myself, or the animal that worked the machine. It should be observed also, that part of the correspondence to be copied (for our firm had an extensive foreign business as agents) consisted of illegible Dutch and German letters. Mr. Gladwin, the senior partner, wrote a hand past all understanding, but was not a whit the less astonished at the blunders in my conjectural transcriptions. He could not at all bring himself to imagine how so plain a thing as a letter of business could be mistaken. Then, as for the engagement of mind promoted by such a use of the pen, take the following as a sample:—"Molasses are heavy; but rums are looking up. In ashes, little has been done: pot are stationary, and pearl are of small value. Very considerable sales both of Irish and India pork are reported. In beef, some transactions have transpired, and bacon is much sought after. Butters are nominal." The checking of calculations, as it was called, was another labour, that contributed materially to check my own growth. Every clerk in the office required his arithmetical processes to be gone into over again, and Jones was of course to work them out. Many a column of figures was my jaded eye obliged to ascend and descend half-a-dozen times, owing to my having made the amount greater by my own head-ache—and in many a subtraction did I fail, from being unable to take away from the operation the dizziness of my feelings.

Such were, in part, my tribulations as an in-door clerk—but I was likewise at the same time an out-of-door one—because I was called neither. Among other perambulating pursuits of a like interest, I was invited to make myself the "circulating medium" for distributing letters of routine among dealers and middle-men, and in general, all those matters which might be called the "unclaimed dividends" of employment, fell to my share. Was an errand to be run upon? Was a broker to be gone after? Was the price given for a lot of indigo, or a parcel of tobacco to be got at? Was a circular to be distributed over the metropolis? Jones was in requisition, and Jones was expected to be always at hand.

It happened to be the season of winter when I commenced my official martyrdom at Messrs. Gladwin and Co.'s, and my arrival there was marked by that of a cargo of Virginia tobacco in the London Docks, consigned to their house. I was despatched accordingly to deliver the manifest, as it is termed, at the Excise Office and Custom House, and to *check* the weights of the several hogsheads taken at the king's scales in the tobacco warehouse at the docks. In the performance of this latter duty, I had to stand during every day of a tedious frosty week, from ten o'clock till four, on the benumbing stones, among an assemblage of blackguards, under the divers names of tide-surveyors, scale-men, foremen, and labourers, whose conversation was far too low and ribaldrous to be fitted for the ears of any youth decently brought up, and whose callous

jests, during their intervals of beer and cheese, were occasionally directed against my parchment face, or ink-tipped fingers.

Whilst alluding to the London Docks, I cannot resist making a little digression, which may beguile for a moment both the reader's tedium and my own pains of memory. Some years after the time of which I speak, many and loud complaints were made by commercial people of the exorbitant shipping charges, or dues, extorted by the company owning those docks. One of our clerks, during a few minutes of unaccountable leisure, produced a scrap of counting-house wit in the following

EPIGRAM

ON THE LONDON DOCK COMPANY.

"Oh! how that name befits my composition."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Dock Company!" choice name! and best
Of characteristic off-hits!
For merchants, by its dues opprest,
Are *dock'd* of half their profits.

But to return to my sad story. Harassing as were the details of my employment during the other four days of the commercial six, they were actually light in comparison with what I had to struggle and perspire through on the two foreign post-days, Tuesday and Friday. At these times, the Messieurs Gladwin were more than usually surly, and Mr. Makeweight more than usually bustling and directive; while I, after such a merciless fatigue of copying by candle-light, as must have made me look like a false copy, as it were, of myself, was posted off to the Post Office, frequently at the hour of midnight, *minus* three minutes, which three minutes were to suffice for the transit from our counting-house in Crutched Friars, to Lombard Street. I was thus required to unite the qualification of running legs to that of a running hand; and if sometimes I failed to buffet through the opposing crowd before the fatal exclusive chime of the official dial, my return with the heap of letters was sure to be met with a still greater heap of reproofs.

In this manner did I drudge through the first three months of my clerkship, being the period during which it had been arranged that I should remain "upon trial." I had experienced it to be not only trial, but punishment at the same time. I had discovered that a counting-house *fag* was far worse than a being of that syllable at school; and, under my persuasion of this, added to a feeling of indignation not yet quelled by the effects of office, I had well nigh resolved that my labours should terminate with the above stipulated probation, and that, in going away, I would take care to tell Messrs. Gladwin and Co. "my mind," by writing them a special letter.

"In ignominious terms, though *clerkly* couched."

But my father was of another way of thinking, and nullified this intention. He had, perhaps, the largest share ever known of that persuasion entertained, unchangeably, by some tradespeople, that the state of a merchant's clerk is something of a superior order, something to be regarded with an upward eye, as being at once important and *genteel*. He had acted upon this prejudice, and was not likely to see through it

by any light afforded by the complaints of one who had lived so few years in the world as myself. He was sure I should begin to taste the sweets of my employment by and by. He thought that "lads should expect to meet with a spice of difficulty, and ought not to care a fig for it." Above all, he had no notion of boys being idle. I was made over, in continuity, to Messrs. Gladwin and Co.

The first two years of my service were rated at nothing, though I was myself continually *rated at* a great deal. There had been a verbal understanding between the house and my father, to the indefinite purport, that I should receive, after the lapse of that time, a *genteel* salary. The event showed, that gentility, with Messrs. Gladwin and Co., commenced at fifteen pounds a year. At least, a check for this amount (and *I* thought it a *check* in a double sense) was put into my hands, as a twelvemonth's stipend—though I should observe that my liberal employers had the grace, or the policy, to call it *a present*, rather than a salary. This species of encouragement was admitted, even by paternal consent, to be somewhat in the small way: but a special arrangement, thereupon made, ensured to my exertions of the following year the compliment of twice the above sum; and the firm itself, of its own generous accord, proposed, subsequently, that my remuneration should take an annual ascent of ten pounds: by which example of arithmetical progression, I should have actually come to be in the receipt, when twenty-two years of age, of eighty pounds per annum.

After an ample discharge of all the lowest functions of junior clerk, I was at length permitted to mount up into the situation of under book-keeper. In this new department, if there was less fatigue of body, there was far more labour of head. Those only who have practically known the dejection of spirit, and the general forfeiture of all healthful feeling, which are produced by long hours of confinement to a desk, with the chest narrowed forwards, and the throbbing head stooping down over a mass of white paper, and a labyrinth of black figures, while a dim and melancholy light half excludes the consciousness of day, and seems scarce willing to lend itself to the office it looks so sadly upon; those only who have been forced to know this, can fully conceive what I now endured. I became a perfect martyr to the dizzing torments of day-book and ledger. The very habits of my occupation became a kind of disease. The mystical tyranny of arithmetic pursued me through every action and circumstance. If I sought the relief of variety and motion by undertaking some matter of business out of doors, the numerical process haunted me along the streets, and I found myself for ever making vain calculations, and fretting my brain with false additions, or multiplications without result! If I lay down at night, and my head exhausted itself into sleep, the phantoms of figures, preternaturally enlarged, and endowed with powers of movement and speech, danced in combinations horribly grotesque around me, and mocked me with threats quaint but dreary, for the presumption of endeavouring to overcome, singly, the *force of numbers!* The feebleness of my health was thus made worse by the strength of hypochondria, while the wonted paleness of my countenance was only qualified by a mixture with the saffron hue that is incidental to a bilious habit, and is always aggravated by a sedentary course of life.

To such a thing as this was I reduced—with enough left of vitality to go on, but not enough of spirit to complain. To those who are

blessed with inexperience in these matters, it may seem extraordinary that "the firm" should have shewn no feeling for my infirmity. But, in a counting-house, health is a commodity of which the fluctuations are very little regarded, seeing they have no reference to a commercial value, and that no amount of the article admits of being carried out into a money column. At least this is the case wherever commerce is pursued with the gambling excitement and sharkish avidity that stimulated these my principals, whom I do not accuse of wanting common humanity, when they overlooked my wretched condition, but rather of forgetting that virtue in the hurry of business.

In fact, with our house (as with others too numerous to mention), the sole aim, intention, worth, object, nay, excuse of life, was business. The most ordinary requirements of nature—eating, drinking, sleeping—were rather connived at than recognised. For myself, my daily escape to an eating-house dinner appeared to be sometimes regarded as partaking of the idleness of a holiday; and, when business was pressing (which it nearly always was) the *hour's* absence, which custom accords to the demands of the stomach, though passed amid the din and clatter, and vulgar vociferations of a chop-house, was grudged to me as much as if it had been an act of embezzlement. On such occasions, I was sure to hear direct observations that had been made, during the non-occupation of my desk, to the other clerks—such as that "Jones was of a tardiness that could not be endured"—or to receive myself the indirect reproof of remarks about the importance of business, and the value of time. The proverb says, "Time was made for slaves"—but I, though abundantly a slave, could never find time for half the things expected of me..

If the ordinary necessities of repose and food were thus hardly conceded to us by our principals, it will be easily believed that the article of *amusement* was not to be found in their code. The bare mention of the word would have chained their tongues with wonder, and riveted their eyes in fearful ecstacy. For me, the ever-soliciting round of London diversions was as the forbidden circle of the magician: or if I might be said to approach the *border* of it, this was but in so far as a few widely-distant visits to the play went—at half-price, and once, by way of extremity, under the fearfully-snatched excitement of half a pint of Cape wine. On this last occasion, I well remember that my resort to the theatre was for the purpose of seeing Shakspeare's Othello, or rather half of it—and that I had been persuaded into the indulgence by two or three young men, clerks like myself, who had a sort of notion of Shakspeare, and used to speak of him with the respectful appellation of "our immor*tle* bard." The next day came an extra head-ache, and all that unsettled feeling which the unhappy are sure to experience when they have mixed, by accident, in a scene of splendour remote from their own condition.

After this manner I slaved through the lingering bustle and dreamy activity of my vocation, till I had reached the possession of seventy pounds per annum in salary, and nothing in thanks. The continuance of my engagement with Messrs. Gladwin, Brothers, Son, and Makeweight, seemed as fixed as the desks in their office, or even as the multiplication table in their souls. But though my spirit had been broken down into the smallest fractional part, that little remnant of man did at length rise against the constant application of the *divisor*. One evening, after my day had been one of more than usual plodding and pen-driving,

a trifling error in a balance (the result of hurry and exhaustion), produced remarks of "This will never do"—"D'ye call this doing business?"—and the like short sentences, ending with a murmured hint about "diligence, or dismissal." My injured spirit for once rose superior. I addressed to my task-masters the language of indignation, and took up the hat of departure.

"Treason," it is said, "never prospers." Rebellion does sometimes. This one act of defiance did more for me than seven years of service and submission.—Two days afterwards, I was re-engaged by Messrs. Gladwin and Co., at an advance in salary of fifty pounds a year.

This incident, however, was one bright spot—one solitary ray of sunshine, falling on a dark sea of general calamity. The fault was in my trade more than in the people that I met with. The vein that I had selected in the mine of fortune was a bad one.

Suffice it to say, that I went on, but did not get forward. The same desolate drudgery, the same heart-sickening routine, the same tedious bustle, the same mechanical handicraft, as it were, of the mind, still wrought their former effects, and made me as stupid as a chimney-sweeper, and dull as a November fog; or as that inert mass of animal, worshipped in the city under the inexplicable name of "a lively turtle." The dependant name and office of clerk were become doubly odious to me, from their very necessity; for I had now no other resource. My father, much against my own good-will, had sold that of his business, and with the produce had purchased an annuity for the support of himself and my mother; for, with regard to me, he held provision to be unnecessary, thinking that a clerk grew into a merchant as naturally as a plant into a tree, or a child into a man! At all events, as he observed, I "had not been *idle*;" and a person that is not idle *must* be doing something for himself. To the last, he never could see the mistake he had committed in making me "the thing I am."

Forty years have now passed, and left me in the same forlorn condition—at least the only change I have experienced has consisted in "variety of misery;" for I have acquired, I scarce know how, the painful superfluity of a wife and five small children. This last circumstance has hammered the final rivet upon my chains, and I must die in them, as I have lived—with this utmost hope, that my name may then be utterly forgotten by the few that have ever heard of it, rather than that it should be recorded on my tomb that I died at a certain date, and lived many years in the confidential service of Messrs. Griper and Mullins—or other firm, as per future contingence.

In conclusion, let those who would not scorn the advice of an experienced wretch, take my assurance that they cannot doom a child (however arithmetical) to a worse life than that of a clerk. Let not a father, who has a business to give his son, force him to *seek* one, for the sake of a prejudice about superior gentility. Let every tradesman, in directing the pursuits of his child, prefer *trade* to *commerce*—the counter to the counting-house. If this recommendation be followed, the condition of a "large and interesting class of sufferers" will be amended by their diminution: their utility will then be more fully recognized by those who profit by it, and their claims to a living recompence established. Nothing is more certain, than that the number of our devoted tribe requires thinning down; and that to promote the subtraction of clerks will be to stop the multiplication of misery.

G. D.

" CAPITAL! and did he believe it?"

" To be sure he did," answered the French captain; " he loaded both pistols, and sate by his daughter's bed during the whole night."

Nothing could exceed the merriment of the jolly little fellow, as he sat listening to the narrative of this excellent trick, played upon the Englishman. For convenience of laughter, he eased his waistcoat, put aside his plate of chamois, and rolling backward and forward in his chair, roared long and lustily.

" Did he stay at Tourtemain, Captain?"

" I can't say;—he was making for Sempione, and had arranged to be here to-night; but, by the lateness of the hour, I suppose he has given up his plan; and, probably, has advanced no further than Brieg."

—— Crack! crack!—The postlilions whips sounded cheerily at a little distance, and wheels were heard quickly descending the hill. Almost immediately afterwards, a carriage drew up in front of the little hotel, and a loud parley was heard between the travellers and host.

" Here, quick! Signor Benedetto!" cried the captain, whose national curiosity had taken him to the window.—" Ma foi! how droll!"

The little fat man waddled to his companion, and their sagacious heads were to be seen for some minutes close together. Mysterious words were evidently passing between them, and when they returned to their posts by the cheerful stove, the elder repressed the funny fellow's disposition to giggle by no other sign than a single " hush!" and an imperiously raised fore-finger.

Then in came a tall thin Englishman, well enveloped in handkerchiefs and comforters, and with him a fine looking girl, who might be his daughter. He was in loud conversation with the landlord.

" No beds?—Then what the devil shall we do?—Can't you knock up something for the young lady, think ye? I don't care what you do with me."

" Why, Sir, every room is occupied, and unless the lady is content to share one with a stranger——"

" No, no,"—interrupted the gentleman,—" is there no spare room with a sofa, now, or some such substitute?"

" Our only one is this chamber, Sir, and I should scarcely like to give it up."

" Well, then, my love, we must go on to the next post-town—"

" You'll scarcely be able to do that, Sir, begging your pardon," here oberved mine host, " for Domo d'Odola is full twenty miles away, and it is a woful dark night."

" Then we must sleep in the carriage," replied the Englishman, with a wobegone expression, and the bearing of one about to be martyred.

" If you'll allow me to suggest an amendment of that plan," here interrupted the captain, " it appears to me very natural and easy for your companion to take possession of our bed-room, and you yourself to be satisfied with barrack quarters with us here by the fire. My friend joins with me in the hope that this offer may be accepted."

And the little man chuckled, as though the loss of his bed had been an approved good joke.

" Sir," answered the gentleman, " if I mistake not, I am familiar with that face; and, upon a nearer view, I cannot be deceived in supposing you to be the kind counsellor of last night, by whose advice I was happily rescued from a serious peril. If this be so, I am already your

debtor, and I should feel loth to increase the obligation by incurring a new favour of such magnitude."

"You honour me by your recognition of me," retorted the other; "but with respect to my proposal for to-night, really it were no favour to grant you that which I had no wish to keep; my comrade and myself are determined to relinquish our claim to the room, and if the lady does not accept it, I believe it will go without an occupant."

What more was to be said?—All preparations were made; the fair girl retired to her rest, and the three travellers remained in jolly carousal over some curious and well-selected wines.

The captain was in his element. He went through most of Napoleon's battles, in each of which, as it would seem by his account, he had received a wound. He rejoiced in the amity of the two great powers;—complimented the bravery of the English,—(whereupon the fat fellow at his elbow broke out into a convulsive giggle)—then spoke philosophically respecting the divers countries he had visited, more especially the neighbouring parts, their productions, inhabitants, and traditions, and so on to a complete series of ghost stories, fables, and romantic horrors,—The great dog, of the true St. Bernard breed, was introduced to corroborate some tale wherein he had been the deputy hero. The jolly little fellow always bore testimony to each strange narrative, buttoning up his waistcoat whenever he wished to look authoritative, but undoing it again, and indulging in a quiet grin when his evidence had been received.

The poor listener to these marvels grew more and more bewildered. He was a nervous man, never before so far from his native land, and painfully credulous of all the rumours, authenticate or not, which reached his ear. His long visage grew rueful, and his cups were tossed off with a violence that seemed half crazy. But what evidently irritated him beyond endurance, was the *mal-à-propos* chorus of the little fat man, who wound up every recital with an inhuman grin, as if the terrors and disasters related were of the very kind to render him facetious. This was the unkindest cut of all;—and he looked at the Signor Benedetto's goodly paunch, distended jaws, and sleek visage, as manifestations of the Evil One.

* * * * * * *

I cannot say how long this continued, nor what the exact hour was when mine host suddenly entered, and with a miserable countenance faltered out, that the gentleman's daughter had left the inn.

"Left the inn!—How?—Where?"—ejaculated he, and with the word darted from the apartment, and hurried to the chamber allotted to his daughter. There—woful man!—there lay some of her garments as put aside by her hours ago;—the bed was ruffled and indented, as if by the sleeper,—but the lady was assuredly flown, and no man could say whither. The distracted parent rushed from the lonely room, and in an instant had returned to that in which he had been previously sitting. There, as before, appeared the jolly fat man, and his cheeks seemed rounder than ever, as with his old diabolical grin he pointed to a vacant chair which had been so lately occupied by the loquacious captain. He too had decamped! What a train of surmises arose in the father's mind at that moment! In vain did he inquire and entreat his jocund enemy that he would assist him in his search, and satisfy him in his suspicions.—No answer, but a horse laugh!—Seizing his hat, he hurried from the inn, and gaining a comparatively high post, called loudly for

his daughter. Again and again her name was echoed from a thousand crags, as, in a state of almost distraction, he wandered from one height to another in idle pursuit. At last, something like a response was audible at a distance;—he listened, and a strong gust brought the sound more distinctly to his ear!—it was the hated laugh of the jester.

The snow lay thickly on the ground, and as he went onward, he knew not whither, his way was suddenly crossed by the huge St. Bernard dog, dragging by the mouth some undistinguished object. He stopped, and with the sagacity peculiar to his species, let fall at the Englishman's feet the burthen, that proved, on inspection, to be a shawl worn in travelling by his beloved child!—The animal then ran off, followed by the distracted father, until, at a short distance above the road-way, it stopped at a gap in the snow. There lay a human creature, and the parent's hopes and fears seemed about to have a common realization.—But no!—it was his unwearied persecutor with that eternal laughter,—ensconced in his cold bed, but apparently well satisfied with it, so that he might torture his victim by a new occasion for merriment. No word uttered he, no natural sound; but deliberately raising himself from his resting place, all whitened with snow, and shivering with Alpine frost,—he pointed to a particular spot on the line of road,—still grinning with unabated zeal, and relaxing not one whit, until the thin tall Englishman, obeying his mute command, looked in the direction of his out-stretched finger.—Good saints!—What saw he there?—His sweet daughter, like a maniac, running at full speed down the descent hand in hand with the instructive captain, now too clearly the source of this so great calamity. Quickly sped the agonized father;—though the guilty couple passed on with the speed of the roebuck, he failed not in his hot pursuit. It seemed that no mortal might keep up that rapid course, so fleetly did he follow where they led the way. And all the while, with a rapidity incredible in one so roundly shaped, did the little fat man hang on the skirts of the pursuer, the last, indeed, in this awful chase, but not a jot the least capable of sustaining it: for, ever and anon, he cheered himself with loud and dissonant laughter, and his lungs had lost no tittle of their strength or endurance.—And down they went, over the bridges of Lowibach and Kronbach; they heeded not the roar of the Trissinone, nor the foaming waters of the Diverio. They flew through the deep grottoes excavated in the overhanging rock;—paused not at Gonos, at St. Marco, or Irella. Onward, still onward, till they reached the bridge of Crevola, at the farther side of which stood the objects of pursuit; who, as if at length over-wearied, seemed there to await the approach of the agonized old man. He was now on the centre of the bridge, and beside him was the fat fellow, still laughing with might and main.—Now will he overtake the abandoned girl,—now will his fatigues be recompenced!—But no!—his foot slipped, he fell prone to the earth, and the jolly round man, halloing with ecstatic glee, pushed him over the verge of the bridge. He was borne downward by the cataract, and, as he was whirled along, he kicked the spray above and around him in a million showers. Still he heard the merry laugh of his evil genius, and it seemed a funeral dirge, for death was now at hand. A projecting branch bent over the cataract in its course;—with a last violent effort he grasped at it;—and in the act jerked off the red cotton night-cap of his neighbour in the arm-chair!

Surely he must have taken too heavy a supper, that he had such fearful dreams!

ÆVAII

AFFLICTION: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

" Le premier sentiment qui m'a fait vivre, est concentré dans mon cœur. Il s'y réveille au moment qu'il n'est plus à craindre ; il me soutient quand mes forces m'abandonnent : il me ranime quand je me meurs."—ROUSSEAU.

SHE looked a being of unearthly mould,
A thing superior to the frowns of fate;
But never did my wondering eyes behold
A maid so fair, so wholly desolate;
Yet was she once a child of high estate,
Untouched of sorrow, till its stormy water
Swept o'er her with annihilating weight,
And 'mid surrounding cloud and tempest brought her
A wreck to ruin's shore—earth's sweetest, loveliest daughter!

Dark was her eye, as heaven, when gathering thunder
Comes slowly travelling up the muffled sky,
And pitying strangers viewed with awe and wonder
Its glance of still expressive misery:
Her cheek was pale, her brow serene and high,
Her look distraught, and in her liveliest tone
Breathed the low, pensive music of a sigh:—
Oh! woman's fond and breaking heart alone,
That holiest shrine of love, can breathe such plaintive moan.

Oft when the spirit of departed light
Waned in eve's shadowy chambers, she would lean
Upon the pulseless bosom of the night,
Sorrow's meek image; or at morn be seen
Pacing with leaden steps the fresh cool green
Of mead and dell; or when, at midnight hour,
The eyes of heaven looked forth with glance serene—
Or when the storm swept by on wing of power—
Mute—mindless—would she view star flash and thunder lower.

She was the child of nature: earth, sea, sky,
Mountain and cataract, thymy hill and dale,
Possessed (when thought returned) in her young eye
A nameless magic; for in Elle's low vale
Her heart first listened to a lover's tale:
'Twas there—ere yet in May's capricious eve
Her wanderer had unfurled his fatal sail—
Love taught her fond, unpractised heart to grieve,
And with boon nature's charms his wildest spells to weave.

But she is gone: unknown from life she passed,
Like a poor exile from his native home;
No mother mourned her loss, when downward cast
The chill dust rattled on her virgin tomb:
Alone she lived—alone within the gloom
Of death she slumbers—never more to prove
How Fate's sure canker dims the rising bloom
Of young Affection, never more to rove
A wanderer through the bleak and stormy world of love.

But oft at eve, when day is in the west,
And lingering winds o'er mead and moorland die,
Strange sounds come stealing from her place of rest,
And sink into the heart, like woman's sigh:
The twittering thrush, the cuckoo wild and shy,
The matin lark, the music-laden rill,
Pour on the night their funeral minstrelsy
O'er her who sleeps, while all around is still—
Her last, long, dreamless sleep, beside Llansaddon hill.

THE MYSTERIOUS TAILOR:

A ROMANCE OF HIGH HOLBORN.

In the composition of fictitious narrative, no matter whether the incidents referred to, be historical or purely legendary, the novelist has an almost infinite latitude of character and circumstance allowed him. His events need only be possible to enable them to pass muster; their probability, as a matter of course, may be departed from, or adhered to, just as it may happen to suit the whim of the moment. With real life it is different: the writer is there hemmed in within the pale of a limited truth; and if he wander but one inch either beside or beyond it, he does so to the peril of his reputation. Nor is this his only difficulty. His circumstances must not merely be probable, but natural—not those which might by a remote contingency occur, but those which actually have occurred; otherwise, he is designated a romancer, and refused his credentials as an illustrator of life and manners. In fact, in nine cases out of ten, readers will only believe just so much as they themselves can know, feel, and satisfactorily swear to. Your untravelled citizen, with whom a trip to Manchester or Glasgow is a matter for serious meditation, will not hesitate an instant to impeach the veracity of a Bruce or a Belzoni: he has seen some little of the world himself (this is a common phrase with such sceptics)—why then should he swallow, unanalyzed, the impossibilities of a mere traveller? On the same liberal principle, the phlegmatic and common-minded will take upon them to dispute feelings and incidents recorded by the susceptible and the imaginative: such casuists never once deign to look into the metaphysics of the question: it seems altogether to have escaped their sagacity, that the varieties of human nature, its ramifications of character and sentiment, are endless; that what is poetry and feeling with one person, is nonsense and puerility with another; and that the very two individuals whom a fancied congeniality of mind and manner have bound together in strictest friendship, are yet wide as the poles asunder, with a thousand petty points of difference, each daily and hourly coming into unpleasant, though scarcely perhaps perceptible, collision with the other. At the hazard of being tried, and of course convicted, by the ordeal of such readers as I have just described, yet, at the same time, with a proud reliance on the fact that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction," I presume to relate the following real occurrence: events, infinitely more probable, have yet not had the same truth to recommend them, the same solid basis on which to build up their statements, the same——But enough of this: it is time, without farther exordium, to commence my narrative.

It came to pass that, towards the close of 1826, I found occasion to change my tailor, and by chance, or the recommendation of friends—I cannot now remember which—applied to one who vegetated in that particular region of the metropolis where the rivers of Museum Street and Drury Lane (to adopt the language of metaphor) flow into and form the capacious estuary of High Holborn. Whoever has sailed along, or cast anchor in this confluence, must have seen the individual I allude to. He sits—I should perhaps say sate, inasmuch as he is since defunct—bolt upright, with a pen behind his ear, in the centre of a dingy, spectral-looking shop, quaintly hung round with cloths, of divers forms and pat-

terns, in every stage of existence—from the first crude conception of the incipient surtout or pantaloons, down to the last glorious touch that immortalizes the artist. His figure is slim and undersized; his cheeks sallow, with two furrows on each side his nose, filled not unfrequently with snuff; his eyes project like lobsters', and cast their shifting glances about with a vague sort of mysterious intelligence; and his voice—his startling, solemn, unearthly voice—seems hoarse with sepulchral vapours, and puts forth its tones like the sighing of the wind among tombs. With regard to his dress, it is in admirable keeping with his countenance. He wears a black coat, fashioned in the mould of other times, with large cloth buttons and flowing skirts; drab inexpressibles, fastened at the knee with brass buckles; gaiters, which, reaching no higher than the calf of the leg, set up independent claims to eccentricity and exact consideration on their own account; creaking, square-toed shoes; and a hat, broad in front, pinched up at the sides, verging to an angle behind, and worn close over the forehead, with the lower part resting on the nose. His manner is equally peculiar: it cannot be called vulgar, nor yet genteel—for it is too passive for the one, and too pompous for the other; it forms, say, a sort of compromise between the two, with a slight infusion of pedantry that greatly adds to its effect. Altogether, the being I describe is one who, under any circumstances, would stand a fair chance of attracting notice; but this not so much from any one prominent peculiarity, as from a general uniformity in face, figure, and dress: in short, from that harmonious compound of quiet reserve, and pertinacity, which forms the finished original.

On reaching this oddity's abode, I at once proceeded to business; and was promised, in reply, the execution of my order on the customary terms of credit. Thus far is strictly natural. The clothes came home, and so, with admirable punctuality, did the bill; but the death of a valued friend having withdrawn me, soon afterwards, from London, six months elapsed; at the expiration of which time I was refreshed, as agreed on, by a pecuniary application from my tailor. Perhaps I should here mention, to the better understanding of my tale, that I am a medical practitioner, of somewhat nervous temperament, derived partly from inheritance, and partly from an inveterate indulgence of the imagination. My income, too—which seldom or never, encumbers a surgeon who has not yet done walking the hospitals—is limited, like the range of my Lord Londonderry's eloquence, and, at this present period, was so far contracted as to keep me in continual suspense. In this predicament, my tailor's memorandum was any thing but satisfactory. I wrote accordingly to entreat his forbearance for six months longer, and, as I received no reply, concluded that all was satisfactorily arranged. Unluckily, however, as I was strolling, about a month afterwards, along the Strand, I chanced to stumble up against him. The shock seemed equally unexpected on both sides; but my tailor (as being a dun) was the first to recover self-possession; and, with a long preliminary hem!—a mute but expressive compound of remonstrance, apology, and resolution—opened his fire as follows:—

"I believe, Sir, you name is D——?'

"I believe it is, Sir."

"Well, then, Mr. D——, touching that litttle account between us, I have to request, Sir, that——"

"Very good; nothing can be more reasonable; wait the appointed time, and you shall have all."

This answer served, in some degree, to appease him: no, not exactly to appease him, because that would imply previous excitement, and he was invariably imperturbable in manner; it satisfied him, however, for the present, and he forthwith walked away, casting on me that equivocal sort of look with which Ajax turned from Ulysses, or Dido from Æneas, in the Shades. When a man, says some sage, is laden with severe afflictions, he has at least the satisfaction of reflecting that inferior ones are all forgotten: so that, viewed in this light, one first-rate grievance may be looked on as the luckiest thing in the world; for not only does it annihilate a score of petty annoyances, but, by affording the mind a dignified pretence for grumbling, vastly elevates it in its own esteem, and improves its powers of endurance. With regard to myself, I am what Terence would call a Heautontimoreumenos; *i. e.* a self-tormentor. When nothing of moment oppresses me, I ingeniously find food for vexation in trifles, and could no more exist without a grievance than others without hope. It will, therefore, be conceded that my tailor, in the absence of some graver misery, now began to grow upon my affections as an annoyance. My debt, indeed, with him was a positive affliction—one that could only be settled by as positive a remedy; but this, from one cause or another, I was at present unable to perform.

A lapse of a few weeks ensued, during which I heard nothing farther from my persecutor; when, one dark November evening—one of those peculiarly English evenings, full of fog and gloom, when the half-frozen sleet, joined in its descent by gutters from the house-tops, comes driving full in your face, blinding you to all external objects—on one of these blessed evenings, on my road to Camden Town, I chanced to miss my way, and was compelled, notwithstanding a certain shyness towards strangers, to ask my direction of the first respectable person I should meet. Many passed me by, but none sufficiently prepossessing; when, on turning down some nameless street that leads to Tottenham Court Road, I chanced to come behind a staid-looking gentleman, accoutred in a dark brown coat, with an umbrella—the cotton of which had shrunk half-way up the whalebone—held obliquely over his head. Hastily stepping up to him,—"Pray, Sir," said I, "could you be kind enough to direct me to —— Place, Camden Town?"

The unknown thus addressed made the slightest possible inclination towards me; and then, in an under tone,—"I believe, Sir, your name is D——?"

I paused: a vague sort of recollection came over me. Could it be?—no, surely not! And yet the voice—the manner—the—the——

My suspicions were soon converted into certainty, when the stranger, with his own peculiar expression, quietly broke forth a second time with—"Touching that little account——"

This was enough: it was more than enough—it was vexatiously superfluous. To be dunned for a debt, at the very time when the nerves could best dispense with the application; to be recalled back to the vulgarities of existence, at that precise moment when the imagination was most abstracted from all commercial common-places; to be stopped by a tailor (and such a tailor!), when the mind was dreaming of a mistress—the bare idea was intolerable! So I thought; and, without farther explanation, hurried precipitately from the spot, nor ever once paused

till far removed from the husky tones of that sepulchral voice which had once before so highly excited my annoyance.

It was somewhere about this time that my friend C——, of Covent Garden — pitying my generally secluded mode of life — offered me tickets for one of Mr. Champaigne Wright's masquerades. As this is a species of amusement totally foreign to what has been usually considered the staple of English character—an amusement wherein extremes meet; where the melancholy Jaques jostles the merry Falstaff; where patricians league with plebeians; where *roués* consort on equal terms with their own tradesmen; where pimps and parasites, authors and actors, play the fool, each to the best of his ability; where the flashing countenance, rounded bust, and full undulating form of some entrancing beauty, decked out in all the witcheries of art, breathe a hot scorching spirit into the veins, that literally sets the blood on fire; where the very air itself is love, a wandering, subtle, searching, and invisible love, whose voice speaks in music, and melts in the heart silently and sunnily, as eave-drops in the day-beam; where wit, fancy, passion, and ostentation, mobility in robes, nobility in rags, pursue the novice at each step:——as this is a species of amusement wherein all such quaint contrarieties are sure to be combined, I resolved for once to mingle with the motley herd; so forthwith set out, disguised as a domino, for the scene of entertainment. A few minutes after my arrival, the stage began to fill; and what with the lights and the dresses—the music—the heated atmosphere—and the heterogeneous variety of characters, who flitted past me like dreams—my fancy expanded, my shyness wore away, and was succeeded by insufferable impudence. While thus excited, my eyes were suddenly directed towards the figure of a Nun, shrouded from head to foot in a long black veil, who, as C—— assured me, had been staring at me attentively for some time. What could this import? Admiration, doubtless, on the part of the fair gazer. So I thought; and, fired with champaigne and sentiment, hastened towards the spot where she stood. Alas! it was too late. The unknown had gone—eloped—evaporated! Here was a situation for a gentleman! Luckily, my disappointment was not of long duration; for, on turning my eyes towards the stage-door, I caught a second glimpse of the Nun, wedged fast between two apoplectic Ariels. In an instant I was by her side; my eyes rivetted on her mask with that expression of peculiar intensity which is said to characterize the lover. We were at this time alone, in a remote quarter of the stage. I seized the opportunity, and, grasping my companion's hand vigorously, but with perfect gentility, whispered in her ear a few brief sentences, which I cannot here repeat, but which I distinctly remember were amorous, touching, and persuasive. An awful pause ensued, at the expiration of which time I resumed my pleadings. I painted in the most feeling terms my anxiety to behold a countenance, which I felt convinced must be lovely —or at least to hear a voice, which fancy persuaded me must breathe the spirit of sensibility itself. Strange to tell, I received not the slightest answer! A third time I renewed my supplications. I besought—I adjured—I prayed—but for one word, one little word, if it merely meant nothing; adding (and I think with singular felicity), that even nothing was something to a lover. Still no reply! My feelings now began to be wrought to desperation—my lip quivered—the devil was fast rising within me. The unknown evidently saw my agitation: her

gentle heart was touched; and, after fumbling about for some time, as if feeling for some precious document, she thrust a paper confusedly, yet significantly, into my hands, and disappeared in the thick of the assembly. For an instant—so unexpected was this act—I stood like one bewildered; but, soon recovering my self-possession, moved direct towards the chandelier, with a view to peruse an epistle expressive of woman's fondest love. As with glistening eyes I proceeded to tear open the billet, a flood of transporting thoughts swept over me. I fancied that I was on the eve of acquaintance with ———; but, judge my astonishment, when, instead of the expected document, the key to such transporting bliss, I read, engraved in large German text, on a dirty square card, embossed at the edge with flowers, the revolting, business-like address of

Mr. Thomas M——e,
Tailor,
116, High Holborn.

The reader, if he possess sensibility, will naturally enough conclude that I did not remain long in the scene of this extraordinary adventure. I retired, in fact, the very first opportunity, cogitating deeply on my road home, and not without certain superstitious misgivings on the more than singularity that had thus a third time thrown me into the arms of this most accursed creditor. It so happened that, the next day, I dined with C——. Of course the masquerade, and with that the tailor, were the first topics of conversation between us. Both allowed that the circumstances respecting his late appearance were uncommon; but there, with my friend, the matter ended: with me it was a more enduring subject for reflection; and, after a night kept up till a late hour over a bowl of C——'s most faultless punch, I set out, moody and apprehensive, to my humble abode. By this time it was past three o'clock: the streets were nearly all deserted; the lamps looked dim and disconsolate; and nothing disturbed the general stillness but now and then the distant rattling of a hackney-coach, the squall of some enamoured cat from the house-tops, or the sleepy growl of the watch-dog, as he shifted from side to side, under the influence of a dyspeptic imagination. While thoughtfully plodding onwards, a sudden noise from the Holborn end of Drury Lane took my attention: it evidently proceeded from a row—a systematic, scientific row; and, indeed, as I drew near the scene of action, I could distinctly hear the watchman's oaths blending in deep chorus with the treble of some dozen or two valorous exquisites. I have often observed that, when a man is just touched with drink—that is to say, when he is as drunk as any gentleman could reasonably desire to be—he experiences—no matter how orderly when sober—peculiar satisfaction from a fight. A genius for war rises within him—the God of battles inspires his fist! Such was precisely my case. I felt certain rising abstract ideas of pugnacity, and conceived myself bound to indulge them on the first head and shoulders I should meet. This spirit brought me at once into the thick of the fight, and, before I was well aware of my proximity, I found myself fast anchored alongside a veteran watchman, with a pigtail and half a nose. The conflict now commenced in good earnest: there were few or no attempts at favouritism; the blows of one friend told equally well on the scull of another; watchmen assaulted watchmen with a zeal respectable for its sincerity; and, indeed, had

these last been any thing more than a bundle of old coats and oaths, they would most undoubtedly have drubbed each other into a better world. After a lively and well-sustained affair of about twenty minutes, a squadron of auxiliary watchmen arrived, and, with some difficulty, deposited us all safely in the watch-house. And here the very first person that met my gaze—seated, with due regard to dignity, in an arm-chair, a pair of spectacles on his nose, a glass of brandy-and-water by his side, and a newspaper, redolent of cheese, before him—was the constable of the night—the nun of the masquerade—the Mysterious Tailor of High Holborn! The wretch's eyes gleamed with a savage but subdued joy at the recognition; a low, chuckling laugh escaped him; while his dull countenance, made doubly revolting by the dim light of the watch-house, fell, fixed and scowling, upon me, as he pointed towards the spot where I stood.—"Dobson," he exclaimed; and, at the word, forth stepped the owner of this melodious appellative, with "this here man." Luckily, before he could finish his charge, a five-shilling-piece, which I thrust into his unsuspecting palm, created a diversion among the watchmen in my behalf; under favour of which, while my arch enemy was adjusting his books, I contrived to escape from his detested presence.

It happened that about a month subsequent to this last rencontre, circumstances led me to Boulogne, whither I arrived, late in the evening, by the steam-boat. On being directed to the best English hotel in that truly social Anglo-Gallic little town, I chanced to find in the coffee room an old crony, whom I had known years since at Cambridge, and who had just arrived from Switzerland, on a speculation connected with some vineyards. There is nothing that more keenly calls forth the lurking humanities of the heart, than such a sudden rekindling of early sympathies, after time, absence, and continued commerce with the world, have conspired to dim, if not to extinguish, them altogether. It is like a sunny genial morning, bursting forth in the midst of winter: we feel that it is shadowy, evanescent; that it is born and dies with the day, and relish it with proportionate gusto. I had a thousand questions to ask my friend, a thousand memories to disinter from their graves in my heart, past follies to re-enact, past scenes to repeople. We began with our school-days, pursued the subject to Cambridge, carried it back again to Reading, and thence traced it through all its windings, now in sunshine, now in gloom, till the canvass of our recollection was fairly filled with portraits. In this way, time, unperceived, slipped on; noon deepened into evening, evening blackened into midnight, yet nothing but our wine was exhausted. And this last possessed a flavour that I never before experienced; it was a sentiment in itself, a fine mellow sentiment, which fell upon my heart like rain on some parched and stunted meadow. Once or twice—so busily absorbed were we in wine and chit-chat—the waiter came in, apparently to snuff the candles, but in reality, to hasten our retreat: the disappearance too, of the different persons from the coffee-room, who dropped off by twos and threes, told us that we were encroaching on the morning, yet still we stuck to our box "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved." At last, after a long evening spent in the freest and most social converse, my friend quitted the coffee-room, while I—imitating, as I went, the circumlocutory windings of the Meander—proceeded to my allotted chamber. Unfortunately, on reaching the head of the first stair-case, where two opposite

doors presented themselves, I opened (as a matter of course) the wrong one, which led me into a spacious apartment, in which were placed two fat full-grown beds. My lanthorn happening to go out at the moment, I was compelled to forego all further scrutiny, so without more ado, flung off my clothes, and dived, at one dexterous plunge, right into the centre of the nearest vacant bed. In an instant I was fast asleep: my imagination, oppressed with the day's events, had become fairly exhausted, and now lay chained down in that heavy, dreamless sleep, which none but fatigued travellers can appreciate. Towards day-break, I was roused by a peculiar long-drawn snore, proceeding from the next bed. The music, though deep, was gusty, vulgar, and ludicrous, like a west wind whistling through a wash-house. I should know it among a thousand snores. At first I took no notice of this diversified sternutation, but as it deepened every moment in energy, terminating in something like a groan, I was compelled to pay it the homage of my admiration and astonishment. This attention, however, soon flagged: in a few minutes I was a second time asleep, nor did I again awake till the morning was far advanced. At this eventful juncture, while casting my eyes round the room with all the voluptuous indolence of a jaded traveller, they suddenly chanced to fall on a gaunt, spectral figure, undressed, unwashed, unshaved, decked out in a red worsted night-cap, its left cheek swollen, as if with cold or tooth-ache, and seated bolt upright in the very next bed, scarce six inches off my nose. And this figure was——but I need add no more: the reader must by this time have fully anticipated my discovery.

That night I started from Bologne. I could no more have endured to stop there, conscious that the town contained my persecutor, than I could have flown. Accordingly, after a hurried breakfast, I proceeded to arrange what little business I had to transact; and this completed, away I posted to the well-known shop of Monsieur ——, dentist, perruquier, and general agent to the steam packet company. Fortunately the little man was at home, and received me with his usual courtesy. He was very, very sorry, that he could not stay to converse with me, but a patient in the inner parlour required his immediate attendance; he must therefore——. I entreated him not to apologize: my business was simple, it was merely to ascertain at what hour the first packet sailed; and having so said, and received a satisfactory reply, I prepared to quit the shop, when just as I was turning round to shut the door, I caught a glimpse through the half-closed curtains that shaded the inner room, of a cheek and one eye. The cheek was swollen, and a solitary patch of snuff rested, like a fly, upon its surface.—It was the Mysterious Tailor: he had come in to have his tooth pulled out.

Notwithstanding my anxiety to quit Bologne, it was evening before I was on board the packet, nor did I feel myself at ease, until the heights had dwindled to a speck, and the loud carols of the fishermen returning home from their day's sport, had sunk into a faint undistinguished whisper. Our vessel's course for the first hour or so was delightful: the sailors laughed and sung, the passengers—most of whom were in the cabin—occupied their leisure with cards, scandal, and bad puns; and I, with one or two others, amused myself with watching the shifting sunset, as it threw its long pensile hues across a sea as glassy as marble. It is pleasant, stretched at one's ease on deck, to see the swell left in the vessel's wake, glittering like studded silver in the twilight; to hear the

lazy flapping to and fro of the undecided sail, and mark the descending shadows as momently they vary their aspects, changing, first from a dull grey to a darker brown, thence deepening into a more sombre leaden tint, till at last one uniform pall of frightful raven blackness drops down upon the horizon, blotting out earth, sea, and sky. Towards night, the weather, which had hitherto proved so serene, began to fluctuate; the wind shifted, and gradually a heavy swell came rolling in from the north-east towards us. As the hour advanced, a storm seemed advancing with it: the sea-gull flew lower, and described narrower circles round our vessel; the gale rose and fell, the porpoises—those sea-aldermen—frolicked about in shoals; and a hundred other symptoms appeared, the least of which was fully sufficient to certify the coming on of a tremendous hurricane. Our Captain, however—a bronzed, pinched-up little fellow, whom a series of north-westers seemed to have dried to a mummy—put a good face on the matter, and our mate whistled bluffly, though I could not help fancying that his whistle had something forced about it. As for the passengers, luckily they were for the most part ill; but those who, like myself, could still keep the deck, seemed labouring with awkward anticipations. Among them was a smart, dapper Undertaker from Tooley-street, whose chief dread arose from an apprehension of being entombed uncoffined in the sea. He could not conceive the idea of being disposed of so summarily, without mutes or mourners, black gloves, or crape hat-bands: it disturbed his sense of "the fitness of things," and was worse, he said, than being buried in a cross-road. There was a lady too—evidently a citizen's wife—who just as an enormous wave was sweeping heavily across the deck, rejected the proffered help of a stranger who stood near her, because she had not been properly introduced to him. Alas, for human nature! vain, perplexing, and inconsistent to the last.

We had by this time been tossing about upwards of four hours, yet despite the storm, which increased every moment in energy, our vessel bore up well, labouring and pitching frightfully to be sure, but as yet uninjured in sail, mast, or hull. As for her course, it was—so the mate assured me—"a moral impossible to say which way we were bound, whether for a trip to Spain, Holland, or Van Dieman's Land; it might be one, it might be t'other." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a long rolling sea came sweeping on in hungry grandeur towards us, and at one rush tore open the ship's gun-wale, which now, completely at the mercy of the wave, went staggering, drunken and blindfold, through the surge. From this fatal moment the sailors were kept constantly at the pumps, although so instantaneous was the rush of water into the hold, that they did little or no good: there seemed, in fact, not the ghost of a chance left us; even the mate had ceased whistling, and the Captain's oaths began to assume the nature of a compromise between penitence and hardihood. The reader may here wish to know, if at least my narrative have so far interested him, how I bore myself on this trying occasion. Strange to say, instead of apprehension, I experienced the intensest excitement. The sense of danger was swallowed up in a vivid relish of the poetry with which the elements of tempest are replete. I gazed up towards the clouds, between which a red moon now and then looked out, with awe, certainly not dread; they resembled, methought, things of meaning, instinct with life and consciousness; spirits of another world, whose voice was the wind howling its malignant music triumph-

antly amid tempest and ruin. Sometimes, when during partial clearings off, a few faint stars would smilingly peep forth, I gave them credit for their good intentions; they looked mild, pitying, philosophical, and contrasted well with the capricious bluster of that big Irish bully, the hurricane. But even this last had a few redeeming traits of humanity about him. His voice would take at intervals a touching elevated tone, and come sighing and wailing from distance across the water, solemn as an anthem, mournful as a wind-struck harp. And then the clouds—the ever-shifting silver-skirted clouds—the very slightest glance of the moon would suffice wholly to change their aspect. If before they resembled spirits, they would now assume a wilder character. Vast armies would seem deploying, file after file, in all the emblazoned panoply of triumph, with banners streaming and trumpets sounding, along the sky; an instant—and palaces, temples and colonnades, built after the most fantastic patterns of architecture, here broken into jagged ruins, there trim and shapely to the eye, and lit up with glittering transparencies, would rear their stately fronts instead: and these again would be succeeded by volcanos, spouting forth smoke and fire, cataracts sending up on all sides immense volumes of gaudy moonlit spray, together with a hundred similar atmospheric phenomena, so rapid and fertile, yet defineable in their combinations, that an excited fancy might almost believe them real.

It was now midnight, deep, awful midnight; the few remaining passengers had left the deck and retreated into a bed which they shared in common with the salt water. The Captain stood, like one bewildered, beside the helm, while I lay stretched along the forecastle, watching, as well as I could, the tremendous rushing of the waves. It was, indeed, a magnificent sight; one after another hurried by, swelling, gamboling, and interwoven each with each, like immense knotted serpents: at one moment all the water of the world seemed gathered into a single billow; then a pause would ensue—a sudden, mysterious pause—then the wind would call indignantly, as it were, upon the wave, urging it once more to action; then the thunder would crash above our heads like the convulsive groans of some dying giant; and then, to wind up the whole, strange meteoric splendours would flash around us, resolved, that not one single horror should escape unnoticed. It was during a partial hush of the storm, when the wind, as if out of breath, was still, that a shifting light attached to some moving body, came bearing down full upon us.

"This is an ugly night, Sir," said the Captain, who now, for the first time, found words, "yet methinks I see a sail a-head."

"Surely not," I replied, "no earthly vessel but our own can live on such a sea."

Scarcely had the words escaped me, when "helm's a lee!" was roared out in a loud emphatic tone, something between rage and fright.

The Captain strove to turn his helm, but in vain, the rudder had lost all power. At this instant, a rushing sound swept past us, and the two ships came in direct contact with each other. The crash was tremendous: down with a dizzy spinning motion went the strange vessel; one yell—but one shrill piercing yell, which is ever sounding in my ears, ensued—a pause, and all was over.

My heart died within me at that cry; an icy shudder crept through me, every hair of my head seemed endowed with separate vitality. To

go down into the tomb—and such a tomb !—unwept, unknown, the very lights from the English coast still discernible in distance, yet not a friend to hold forth aid; the idea was inexpressibly awful. Just at this crisis, while grasping the bannister with weak hands, I lay faint and hopeless on the deck, I fancied I saw a dark figure crawling up the cabin-steps towards me. I listened; the sound drew near, the form advanced, already it touched that part of the stair-case to which I clung. Was it the phantom of one of those wretches who had just met death? Had it come fresh from eternity, the taint of recent earth yet hanging about it, to warn me of my own departure? A sudden vivid flash enabled me to dispel all doubt; the dull grey eye, and thin furrowed form, were not to be so mistaken; the voice too—but why prolong the mystery? it was my old unforgotten persecutor, the Mysterious Tailor of High Holborn. What followed I know not: overpowered by previous excitement, and the visitation of this infernal phantom, my brain spun round—my heart ticked audibly like a clock—my tongue glued to my mouth—I sank senseless at the cabin door.

On recovering from my stupor, I found myself with a physician and two apothecaries beside me, in bed at the George Inn, Ramsgate. I had been, it seems, for two whole days delirious, during which pregnant interval I had lived over again all the horrors of the preceding hours. The wind sang in my ears, the phantom forms of the unburied flitted pale and ghastly before my eyes. I fancied that I was still on the sea; that the massive copper-coloured clouds which hovered scarcely a yard overhead, were suddenly transformed into uncouth shapes, who glared at me from between saffron chinks, made by the scudding wrack; that the waters teemed with life, cold, slimy, preternatural things of life; that their eyes after assuming a variety of awful expressions, settled down into that dull frozen character, and their voices into that low, sepulchral, indefinable tone, which marked the Mysterious Tailor. This wretch was the Abaddon of my dreamy Pandœmonium. He was ever before me: he lent an added splendour to the day, and deepened the midnight gloom. On the heights of Boulogne I saw him; far away over the foaming waters he floated still and lifeless beside me, his eye never once off my face, his voice never silent in my ear. He was the shadow that threw forward its blighting damp upon my head; the mute, expressive, eternal curse beneath which my mind sickened and died. This, the reader will say, was mere madness, the fever of a distempered fancy. Alas! mad—frantic though I was, dead to all external common places around me, I was sensitively alive to suffering. I was bled, blistered, physicked, reduced almost to a skeleton; yet even this, so far from assuaging, only changed the character of my dreams. Before, I was familiar with horror; my fancy now took a more melancholy cast. I roved on summer evenings beside the still waters of my native Towy, when the sheep-bell was tinkling, and the rich glowing purple light was momently fading off the sky. I heard the voices of birds in the woods, the ploughman's whistle, the sweet distant village chimes, and the loud laugh from the thronged ale-house. While mellowed, as it were, into peace, by the witching influence of the hour, a strange shadow thrown suddenly from some gigantic form behind me, would let fall its chill gloom upon my head—a low voice would breathe in my ear—a dull heavy dead eye—*his eye*—would catch my averted glance. Once, in particular, I was

seated on a new-made grave in —— church-yard, speculating on the nature of the clay that mouldered beneath—my feelings softened by the sunny gleams that every now and then shot through the old stained church-windows upon the fresh turned-up sod—when suddenly the earth beneath me yawned wide asunder, and disclosed an open coffin, in which, shrouded in its half-rotted grave-clothes, lay the blue sapless festering form of him, my undying, omnipotent, and unearthly Tormentor.

My tale would scarcely have an end, were I to repeat but the one half of what during two brief days (two centuries in suffering) I experienced from this derangement of the nervous system. My readers may fancy that I have exaggerated my state of mind: far from it, I have purposely softened down the more distressing particulars, apprehensive if not of being discredited, at least of incurring ridicule. Towards the close of the third day my fever began to abate, I became more sobered in my turn of thought, could contrive to answer questions, and listen with tolerable composure to my landlord's details of my miraculous preservation. The storm was slowly rolling off my mind, but the swell was still left behind it. The fourth day found me so far recovered, that I was enabled to quit my chamber, sit beside an open window, and derive amusement from the uncouth appearance of a Dutch crew, whose brig was lying at anchor in the harbour. From this time forward, every hour brought fresh accession to my strength, until at the expiration of the tenth day—so sudden is recovery in cases of violent fever when once the crisis is passed—I was sufficiently restored to take my place by a night-coach for London. The first few stages I endured tolerably well, notwithstanding that I had somewhat rashly ventured upon an outside place; but as midnight drew on, the wind became so piercingly keen, accompanied every now and then by a squally shower of sleet, that I was glad to bargain for an inside birth. By good luck, there was just room enough left for one, which I instantly appropriated, in spite of sundry hints *hemmed* forth by a crusty old gentlemen, that the coach was full already. Perhaps there is no situation in which the peculiar surliness of the English character—a surliness not originating in the heart, but simply the result of a certain innate stiffness of manner, which John Bull can no more help than a lobster can help turning red when boiled—perhaps, I repeat, there is no situation in which this national mannerism is so fully developed as in travelling. Every individual is then on the *qui vive;* he calls to mind all the strange stories of swindling and trickery, with which the newspapers, from time to time, have furnished him, and is sure to fancy his nearest neighbour a rogue. The very circumstance of being from home keeps his distrust more keenly on the fret; he feels that he is abroad among strangers, with none to preserve him but himself: and even the ordinary courtesies which travellers instinctively pay to one another, are mixed up in his jaundiced imagination with ideas of imposture and duplicity. It may be inferred from this cursory hint, that I took my place in the coach not a little to the dissatisfaction of those already seated there. Not a word was spoken for miles: for the circumstance of its being dark increased the distrust of all, and, in the firm conviction that I was an adventurer, they had already, I make no doubt, buttoned up their pockets, and diligently adjusted their watch-chains. In a short time, this reserve wore away; an adroit common-place upon

the weather put by one individual to his next neighbour, brought on a doleful history of the latter's recent attack of gout; this branched off to anecdotes of dyspepsia and indigestion, which in turn gave place to an animated discussion on the nervous system. From this moment the conversation became general. Each individual had some invalid story to relate, and I too so far forgot my usual taciturnity as to indulge my hearers with a detail of my late indisposition—of its origin in the Mysterious Tailor—of the wretch's inconceivable persecution—of the fiendish peculiarities of his appearance—of his astonishing ubiquity, and lastly, of my conviction that he was either more or less than man. Scarcely had the very uncourteous laughter that accompanied this narrative concluded, when a low, intermittent snore, proceeding from a person close at my elbow, challenged my most serious notice. The sound was peculiar—original—unearthly—and reminded me of the same music which had so harrowed my nerves at Bologne. Yet it could not surely be he—he, the very thoughts of whom now sent a thrill through every vein. Oh, no! it must be some one else—there were other harmonious sternutators beside him, he could not be the only nasal nightingale in the three kingdoms. While I thus argued the matter, silently yet suspiciously, a wandering gleam of day, streaming in at the coach windows, faintly lit up a nose the penultimate peculiarities of which gave a very ominous turn to my reflections. In due time this light became more vivid; and beneath its encouraging influence, first, a pair of eyes—then two sallow juiceless cheeks, then an upper lip, then a projecting chin; and lastly, the entire figure of the Mysterious Tailor himself, whose head, it seems, had hitherto been folded, bird-like, upon his breast, grew into atrocious distinctness, while from the depths of the creature's throat came forth the strangely-solemn whisper, "touching that little account." For this once, indignation got the better of affright. "Go where I will," I exclaimed, passionately interrupting him, "I find I cannot avoid you, you have a supernatural gift of omnipresence, but be you fiend or mortal I will now grapple with you;" and accordingly snatching at that obnoxious feature which, like the tail of the rattle-snake, had twice warned me of its master's fatal presence, I grasped it with such zealous good will, that had it been of mortal manfacture it must assuredly have come off in my hands. Aroused by the laughter of my fellow passengers, the coachman—who was just preparing to mount, after having changed horses at Dartford—abruptly opened the door, on which I as abruptly jumped out; and after paying my fare the whole way to town, and casting on the fiend a look of "inextinguishable hatred," made an instant retreat into the inn. About the middle of the next day I reached London, and without a moment's pause hurried to the lodgings of my before-mentioned friend C——. Luckily he was at home, but started at the strange forlorn figure that presented itself. And well indeed he might. My eye-balls were glazed and bloody, my cheeks white as a shroud, my mouth a-jar, my lips blue and quivering. "For God's sake, C——," I began, vouchsafing no further explanation, "lend me—(I have specified the sum)—or I am ruined; that infernal, inconceivable Tailor has——" C—— smilingly interrupted me by an instant compliance with my demand; on which, without a moment's delay, I bounded off, breathless and semi-frantic, towards my arch fiend's Pandæmonium at

High Holborn. I cannot—cannot say what I felt as I crossed over from Drury Lane towards his den, more particularly when, on entering, I beheld the demon himself behind his counter—calm, moveless, and sepulchral, as if nothing of moment had occurred; as if he were an every day dun, or I an every day debtor. The instant he espied me, a sardonic smile, together with that appalling dissyllable, "touching" (which I never to this day hear, see, or write without a shudder) escaped him; but before he could close his oration, I had approached, trembling with rage and reverence, towards him, and, thrusting forth the exact sum, was rushing from his presence, when he beckoned me back for a receipt. A receipt, and from him too! It was like taking a receipt for one's soul from Satan!!

The reader will doubtless conclude that, now at least, having satisfactorily settled his demands, I had done with my Tormentor for ever. He will also (and naturally enough) infer, that my mind would resume its former comparative tranquillity, or if still hankering after a grievance, would find some fresher subject; that, in short, I should apply once again to my long neglected medical pursuits, and become, what is biblically termed, "a new man." These inferences are in part correct. I followed up my vocation with an energy strangely contrasted with my recent indifference, was early and late in the schools, and for three months pursued this course with such ardour, that my adventures with the Mysterious Tailor, though not forgotten, were yet gradually losing their once powerful hold on my imagination. This was precisely the state of my feelings, when early one autumnal morning, just seven months from the date of my last visit to High Holborn, I chanced to be turning down Saint Giles's Church, on my way to —— Hospital. It was one of those still depressing days, clouded, and with a regular and heavily blowing wind, when the mind, taking its tone from the season, feels a load thrown upon its energies, which it in vain attempts to shake off. I had nothing to render me more than usually pensive; no new vexations, no sudden pecuniary embarrassments; yet it so happened, that on this particular morning I felt a weight at my heart, and a cloud on my brain, for which I could in no way account. As I passed along Broad Street, I made one or two bold attempts to rally. I stared inquisitively at the different passers by, endeavouring, by a snatch at the expression of their faces, to speculate on the turn of their minds, and the nature of their occupations; I then began to whistle and hum some lively air, at the same time twirling my glove with affected unconcern; but nothing would do; every exertion I made to appear cheerful, not only found no answering sympathy from within, but even exaggerated by contrast my despondency. In this condition I reached Saint Giles's Church. A crowd was assembled at the gate opposite its entrance, and presently the long surly toll of the death-bell—that solemn and oracular memento—announced that a funeral was on the eve of taking place. I have often had occasion to admire the extreme business-like regularity with which these ceremonies are conducted in England. Each individual in the procession has his own particular allowance of sorrow assigned him. The first mourning coach is dedicated to overpowering grief, the second to a more qualified tribulation, the third to a decent regret, the fourth, &c., to an amiable indifference. This duly apportioned woe is adhered to with unswerving scrupulosity. The last coach

would scorn to trespass on the province of the first; and it would deeply affront the sensibilities of the second, were it to find its affliction rivalled by the ambitious agonies of the third. The very horses partake abundantly of this distinction. Those attached to the leading vehicle are rendered, through an apt process of starvation, accomplished models of suffering, while the remainder, according to their rank in the procession, may be excused if they trespass a little upon obesity, provided they do not make too ostentatious a display. These ideas suggested themselves to my mind as the funeral halted at the entrance gate, where the coffin was taken from the hearse, and thence borne into the chancel. This ceremony concluded, the procession again set forth towards the home appointed for the departed in a remote quarter of the church-yard. And now the interest began in reality to deepen. As the necessary preparations were making for lowering the coffin into earth, the mourners—even those who had hitherto looked on unmoved—pressed gradually nearer, and with a momentary show of interest, to the grave. Such is the ennobling character of death. It lulls the storm of passion, mellows the roughness of hatred, sweetens the bitterness of scorn, and even hushes the deep mutterings of envy. No bad feeling can thrive within its awful precincts, for it is a charmed and holy atmosphere, a Mausoleum of benevolence, in which every hostile passion is entombed.

The preparations were by this time concluded, and nothing now remained but the last summons of the sexton. At this juncture, while the coffin was being lowered into its resting place, my eyes, accidentally, it may be said, but in reality by some fatal instinct, fell full upon the lid, on which I instantly recognised a name, long and fearfully known to me—the name of the Mysterious Tailor of High Holborn. Oh, how many thrilling recollections did this one name recal? The rencontre in the streets of London—the scene at the masquerade—the meeting at Boulogne—the storm—the shipwreck—the sinking vessel—the appearance at that moment of *the man* himself—the subsequent visions of mingled fever and insanity: all, all now swept across my mind, as for the last time I gazed on the remains of him who was powerless henceforth for ever. In a few minutes one little span of earth would keep down that strange form which seemed once endowed with ubiquity. That wild unearthly voice was mute; that wandering glance was fixed; a seal was set upon those lips which eternity itself could not remove. Yes, my Tormentor—my mysterious—omnipresent Tormentor was indeed gone; and in that one word, how much of vengeance was forgotten! I was roused from this reverie by the hollow sound of the clay as it fell dull and heavy on the coffin-lid. The poor sleeper beneath could not hear it, it is true; his slumber, henceforth, was sound; the full tide of human population pressing fast beside the spot where he lay buried, should never wake him more: no human sorrow should rack his breast, no dream disturb his repose; yet cold, changed, and senseless as he was, the first sound of the falling clods jarred strange and harsh upon my ear, as if it must perforce awake him. In this feverish state of mind I quitted the church-yard, and, on my road home, passed by the shop where I had first met with the deceased. It was altered—strangely altered—to my mind, revoltingly so. Its quaint antique character, its dingy spectral look were gone, and

there was even a studied air of cheerfulness about it, as if the present proprietor were anxious to obliterate every association, however slight, that might possibly remind him of the past. The former owner had but just passed out, his ashes were scarcely cold, and already his name was on the wane. Yet this is human nature. It cannot, and, indeed, it is fit that it should not dwell for ever with the past: events are on the march, and the mind, side by side, must march with them. How confined, how contemptible a space do we, who are every thing in our own eyes, occupy in the mighty universe around us. We die, and self-love persuades us, that the eyes of the world are fixed on our parting moments, when, in truth, even our next door neighbour is indifferent. So trifling, in fact, is the gap caused by our absence in society, that there needs no patriotic Curtius to leap into it; it closes without a miracle the instant it is made, and none but a disinterested Undertaker knows or cares for whom tolls our passing bell.

THE CONVENT OF CATANIA.

"I thought thy bride bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
" And not have strew'd thy grave."

Hamlet.

The stranger who, for the first time, visits that district of Sicily, of which Catania is the principal town, will find as much to delight him in the ruins of art, as in the freshness and luxuriance of nature. An Eden in all but its insecurity; the base of Etna is beautified by flowers of every hue, and forest-trees of all climates; the hamlets that peep out from the clusters of rich wood, give to that prospect a liveliness which more populous tracts of level scenery can never attain; and the Arcadian look and dresses of the peasantry, complete the picture, which might have served for the model of a poet's fairy-land. But the fertile beauty of St. Agata, or Tremisteri, moved not my wonder more strongly than an object of a very different nature, which used to greet me on my rambles with the solemnity of a spectre. It was a ruin—not a storied pile, with venerable ivy, and columns of scrupulous architecture—a place of no primæval note or superstition, but a confused mass of fallen walls, and unsightly fragments, which, at no distant period, seemed to have been the prey of a dreadful conflagration. Around me were scattered the blackened stones and crumbling timbers, and here and there, an ornamented frieze or other gorgeous relic that seemed to have belonged to an edifice sacred to some uses of the Catholic Church. I wandered, without knowing why, for hours, amid this desolation, and its image haunted my mind, and would not be driven away from it.

Thou art gone from this world of sorrow, old Carmelo,* my merry

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* Carmelo Puglisi, host of the hotel, called the Elephant, at Catania, remembered the ascent of Etna, by Brydone, in 1770. He was a fine old man, and had a budget of anecdotes, historical, and local, that, when opened, rendered his conversation the pleasantest thing in the world. On future occasions, the same source may possibly be used for similar draughts of traditional anecdote. I need not add, that the main event of this little tale is strictly, or rather, historically, true.

host! I may not hear that garrulous tongue of thine again; thy customary seat is vacant; but I remember well the accents and purport of thy voice, and in no matter more faithfully than when our converse was about this tenantless old ruin. How thy lip quivered to tell its history, and the eye not dimmed by seventy winters, lost something of its brightness, when so sad a tale was to be recounted. If an interval of some half dozen years, and the treachery of all human recollections, be not too severely estimated, I may, even now, be able to present a detail of those occurrences, which were so eloquently described by thee, to a listener neither uninterested nor forgetful.

In the vicinity of Catania, where the links of family descent are preserved with such jealous care, there existed no prouder or more noble house than that of the Alessi. The old count, in whom were now vested all the hereditary dignities of his race, felt for his daughter Rosina, a love deeper and more solicitous than might have been expected from the sternness of his general character. But her mother, with a dying injunction, charged him to be gentle as herself to the deserted girl; and in that hour, when all his manly spirit was broken, these words wound themselves around his heart, beloved as the earthly farewell of his dear companion, and sacred as the counsel of one so soon to be divine.

And for Rosina, did she not merit all the tenderness that the most affectionate parent could bestow? What eye was brighter, whose smile could return a readier expression of love, than that of his only daughter? She was the most "gracious creature born;"—with all the light-hearted innocence and prattle of a mere child—matured by the first dawnings of womanhood. Grave, or gay, according to her mood, disguising nothing, affecting nothing, but by her father's side ever to be found, like a ray of sunshine in his path. It was beautiful to see the fair thing with all her gentleness and feminine timidity, contrasted with the rugged old soldier, whose frowns, multiplied by long trials in a world he hated, were scarcely ever softened by aught else around him. He had a son—not such a one as a father's hopes had pourtrayed—and Rosina was the only staff of his declining years.

It happened that a young Neapolitan was at this time a visitor on their island. He came with no passports of admission into the principal families, and was, therefore, held as an adventurer, or one of doubtful blood. He had wandered over the beautiful scenes of Sicily, and by chance encountered, in one of the most lovely of them all, that innocent girl, who had hitherto known nothing of life but its smiles. It were needless to recount by what accidents they met again, and by what expedients they afterwards repeated their interviews; still more needless would it be to say how the stranger at first amused, then attracted the companion of many concealed meetings, which *were* concealed, not from any fear on her part, but because he so desired it, and the experience of young love soon showed them that these stolen moments were the "sweeter for the "theft." The light-hearted girl lost something of her natural deportment; her mood was not so variable, nor her step so light as formerly. In her solitude, she mused or looked on all things wistfully. With her father she had lost the quick speech, and listening look, of former days, and she, who had been as the shadow of river-trees, thrown upon the water, ever moving, and restless, and uncertain, but still the image and companion of her sturdy sire, was now become solitary, and abstracted, and fixed, as though her young spirit had been already blighted.

The old man watched this decay, and a sigh, or an unusual tremor of voice, was all the counsel he could give. He felt that his own support was gone, but he checked not the strong impulses that led away from him the fond heart of his daughter. It was a severe pang that accompanied the dismissal of his proud plans, and interested hopes. He could not see his child taken from him without a selfish sense of sorrow; but that her love should be given to an unknown foreigner, looked upon with suspicion, and credited as one of gentle birth, only on the faith of his unsupported word, this was the woe that struck hardest on his heart; and when he affianced her to young Montalto, the prejudices of an old patrician lingered long after the regrets of a desolate and lonely father. They were affianced; but one necessary preliminary was yet to be accomplished. The heir of the Conte d'Alessi had not hitherto been acquainted with the occurrences of his own family, and his presence, from a distant part of the island, was required before the ceremony of his sister's nuptials. A messenger was despatched, and the summonses were answered in an uncourteous strain by the dissolute young nobleman: who, while expressing his disapproval of the alliance, intimated that his reasons were more than he could state, otherwise, than, as he intended, by a personal conference. In a few days he arrived, but positively refused to see the stranger to whom he so mysteriously objected. He conversed with his father in an unintelligible manner, but gave glimpses of a serious meaning, in the half-imputations he threw out against Montalto. Still, no entreaty or remonstrance, of the old man could gain from him an explicit accusation. The charge, incoherent and left to his conjecture, conjured up a thousand phantoms before his eyes; he feared he knew not what; his dear daughter might be the prey of a criminal or a dishonoured outcast;—there might be the brand of public guilt, or personal shame, on this young foreigner. He appealed, he implored his son, to reveal what he had to disclose; but no answer came, but in dark looks and equivocal hints.

It was during one of these conferences that the object of suspicion, by accident, found his way into the apartment of the count. He entered, ignorant of the purpose and parties of the conversation; but his eyes no sooner fell on the countenance of *one* of these, than a change, violent and terrible, convulsed his features. The placid expression of the young lover was agitated with all the passions of astonishment and rage: his eye beamed with fury, and as the colour deserted his cheek, it was with an emphasis of deadly purpose that he uttered his first words.

"Villain," he exclaimed, "thou tremendous villain! art thou come at last to satisfy me? Thank God for this!"

He paused—but the eye of the young count fell, and no answer came from him, as his father, with vain earnestness, sought for an explanation this strange address.

"Wretch!" continued Montalto, "would you ask him to confess his villainy—to convict himself? No, no: he has not that honesty; one thing only I entreat to know, by what base acts he wormed himself here. Oh! Sir, trust him not with the confidence of a moment. I know too horribly how he will betray it. Yet, once again, I ask, how came the monster here?"

"Are you mad, Montalto?" answered the old count. "Would you, by this paroxysm, attempt to change my whole nature? would you, by your wild speech, strive to overcome the warm feelings of a father?"

"A father!" shrieked the other; "Gracious Heaven! forbid it!—It cannot be that one so vile has sprung from that noble root.—Oh! no, I have mistaken your words—say not you are his father."

"And, wherefore not, Montalto?—What madness urges you to these excesses?" The voice of the other was checked; he softened the violence of his look, and after a pause, proceeded in a milder tone.

"Sir, you have known me long enough to be assured that I am not wantonly disturbing your quiet; it was not with any foresight of this catastrophe that I came hither;—I could not guess that this man called you by the honored title of Parent.—I can hardly now believe it:—but my words have awakened your fears, and I cannot rest without satisfying them." He stopped, and for a moment appeared to undergo a conflict of various emotions; then directing his gaze fixedly to the quailing countenance of the young Alessi, he continued in these solemn words—

"Eurico, your own conscience written on that cheek, will tell father better than my words, that I have not been raving.—As I look at you now, I cannot recognize the courtly and accomplished noblemen, to whom a seat at my paternal table was offered with all the frankness of unsuspecting hearts, and disgraced by ingratitude, blacker than malice could have painted. The result of our hospitality is known in the country which I left despairing, and the infamy which you threw on the fair sister of my heart, has been followed by the dispersion and wretchedness of our whole house. You left her in the hour of seduction, afraid to meet the resentment you had earned. But the remembrance of the hateful time is strongly enough perpetuated by the tears of an undone family; and your escape from retribution is not now effected. You will understand me."

These words, uttered in a deep tone of subdued emotion, will indicate sufficiently some of those circumstances that were the forerunners of this tale. The young Alessi had betrayed the daughter of a Neapolitan noble; and, to the baseness of a seducer, united also the meanness of a coward. He fled from the scene of his guilty pleasure, and was overtaken in Sicily by Montalto; who, partly from a desire to wipe away the local associations of personal and family sorrows, partly in the faint hope of meeting with the author of them, had wandered from his home, without a companion, without a plan.—These words may also lead to a surmise of many consequent events. The distraction of the old count, the hesitation and subterfuges of his son, were but natural issues of so unexpected a disclosure. By the latter, no species of vindication could be urged; and he stood before his father as a man guilty of all that he would have imputed to the injured Montalto, had his boldness been equal to his deceit.

And, for Rosina, what was the sorrow which this event entailed?—Her young heart still beat high with the expanding hopes of her betrothal; her brow was not overcast with any new care—she heard not the history of her brother's disgrace; and when he departed from his home, sufficient was the slight pretext used to account for his untimely disappearance. With a burning heart, Montalto let him go, doubting, in pain and perplexity, whether the revenge he had so long coveted was not too precious to be lost, though he thereby remained master of another jewel, and respected, as his duty bade him, the parental intercession of the Conte d'Alessi.

Four days had elapsed, and Rosina was attending one of the ceremonies of her religion, in the principal church of Catania. Her eyes were bent on the ground during the holy service of Vespers, and the obscure light scarcely marked out a little roll of paper that had fallen, she knew not how, at her feet. She was on the point of rising from her devotions, when the object first caught her attention. She gently took it up, and, to her surprise, found it directed to herself. It was opened and perused without loss of a moment; the contents were these: "If you are wise, warn Montalto against disaster; let him be wary, and act in nothing without foresight and preparation;—there is some one at his elbow." The girl started, and reperused the paper; her senses almost forsook her, as the apprehension of an unknown danger floated before her,—she looked fearfully about her, and hurried homewards with a wildness of step and look, that were strange to her graceful demeanour. That night she slept, not as she had done, but her dreams were disturbed and fantastic; and she arose from her feverish couch, not the airy and happy creature who had always blest her father's eye with a brightness more cheerful than that of the sunny morn. The morning came, and the customary hour of meeting Montalto; but he tarried longer than usual. Time passes heavily in the solitude of young lovers; but Rosina started as the mid-day bells rang out their peal, and an apprehension of some mischance flashed upon her mind at the instant. She connected his delay with the warning of the little note,—and with an anxious voice, she begged her father that some messenger might be dispatched to see what hindered the young Montalto, that he came not, as was his custom. The old man smiled and comforted her fears, which yet he thought not utterly groundless, and lost no time in complying with her wishes. Alas! what was the result!—The messenger returned, but no answer could he give to their inquiries. Montalto had been absent from his lodging during the night, and had not since been heard of. His apartment was left in disorder, and no clothing or other part of its furniture removed. He had been expected, and watched for from the hour of midnight, but no tidings of him had reached them. Who shall describe the agony of the young girl, who became now too well convinced of the truth of the secret counsel? What cries of anguish, what natural laments fell from her in that moment of suspense, deepened almost into the horror of certainty.

In vain were the sympathy of the father and admonition of friends applied to mitigate her grief. Each hour, as it brought a sort of confirmation of her fears, left her more determined in her conviction—more complete in her despair. Montalto came not again, and all his virtue, and beauty, and manly attractions had passed away, none could tell where; and only were recorded in the gossip of busy bodies, and in the heart of a fond girl, where they were embalmed as in a faithful sepulchre.

Yet the course of her pious tears was destined to be checked. It was about a month after this occurrence that a letter was put into her hands, whose superscription seemed to be written in familiar characters, which only her fears would have distrusted. It was from the beloved Montalto,—he was yet alive! She hurried through the contents, with a heaving bosom, and brightened countenance; and with an inarticulate burst of joy, fell into her father's arms, exhausted and senseless. The happy communication was to the following effect:—

On the last night of their meeting, which her forebodings had protracted beyond the usual hour, Montalto had returned by the customary road to the house of his lodging. In a solitary place, he was suddenly surprised by the appearance of disguised men, who, rushing from their concealment, deprived him of the means of defence, pinioned, and blindfolded him. He was raised into a sort of litter, to which he was fastened, and thus conveyed along until he heard the roar of the sea waves, and found himself deposited in an open boat. Here one of the party, after giving some orders, left his companions, and, in the feigned tones, he could recognize the hated voice of his enemy—the young Alessi. They presently made sail, and having restored to him the use of his limbs and relieved him from the bandage thrown over his eyes, he was enabled to discover that they were coasting in a northerly direction, though for what purpose he could not gather. The crew consisted of six men, rough and hard-featured mariners, who replied to his interrogations with sullen brevity, and seemed to be acting under the orders of one whose mien might, indeed, be distinguished from that of his companions; but was, nevertheless, such as could only belong to a person of subordinate rank. During the night they kept close into shore; but with the first beams of morning, pushed farther out to sea without materially verging from their former course. The next night they glided through the straights of Messina, and made for the island of Stromboli. It was a placid and delicious scene; the wind just verging onward the little bark without motion or irregularity: Montalto lay on the deck, but uncertainty of his fate prevented slumber; around him were grouped the forms of the lusty mariners, perfecting the allotted sleep which yet remained to them before the more active season of daylight;—only the helmsman continued at his ordinary work, and the *one* seamen, to whom the direction of the vessel was entrusted. The deep meditations of Montalto were arrested by the approach of this officer. He came near, and without noise, requested him to move to the fore part of the deck, as he had something of importance to communicate. His injunction was obeyed. In a moment they were to be seen in the glorious light of that Southern Morn, side by side, as if in conversation. The sea-captain, in a quick low tone, might be heard recounting his secrets, and the breathless interest of his hearer might prove that it was no common subject of confidence. Ever and anon the eyes of the narrator turned anxiously around to catch the first movements of a disturbed sleeper, or prevent the curiosity of the steersman at his post. The tale he told was strange. He had been the chosen servant of the young Alessi for some years; he had aided him in his enterprizes, he had shared in his counsels. At Catania, he had learnt the story of Montalto, and—he knew not why, his pity had been moved. From the first threat of danger, whispered by his master, he had resolved to befriend the destined victim. His intimation to Rosina, at her prayers, had failed; and the evil which could not be prevented, he had now determined to remedy. To him was entrusted the guidance of the present scheme. None else knew the object or system of his measures. His orders were to despatch or get rid of their prisoner in any way that might be most convenient; but he defied the wicked command, and was resolved to save him. They could not return to Sicily, for his reappearance would be the signal for the most atrocious acts of barbarous revenge. Neither could they long be absent, for already had sufficient

time elapsed for the execution of his master's orders, and suspicion would be excited by their long continuance at sea. All he could do would be to land his prisoner on some point of the continent, and leave him with a recommendation to make the best of his way to Naples. His only condition was, that an immediate return to Catania would not for a moment be contemplated by him, as he valued the life of his benefactor.

This was the substance of his disclosure. Montalto, in mute gratitude, heard the extraordinary tale, and without evincing any change of deportment, watched with impatience the progress of the vessel as it changed once more its course in an easterly direction, and favoured by the wind, at last safely reached the headland on which rises the town of Argentina. In the interval between the above conversation and their arrival in the harbour, all his efforts had been applied to liberate Antonio, the servant of Alessi, from the thraldom of his villany. His endeavours proved successful. When he quitted the boat, he went not alone, but was accompanied by his preserver. The next in command was charged with the safe conduct of the vessel to Catania, as though this had been part of a premeditated plan. And as they took their leave of Argentina, on the road to Naples, they could discern the white sail of their bark filling with the side wind and pursuing its silent way towards the south. Montalto's letter was despatched from his father's palace. He had entreated for permission and means to return immediately to his love, but the old nobleman doubtfully listened, and required that his son should serve one campaign in the wars of his country before his benediction could be gained for the nuptials. To this parental wish he had reluctantly acceded. He should for a short time, in obedience to his father, deviate from the path of his inclination; but he owed something as an equivalent for the heart which she had given to him, and his laurels, could he win any, might in some sort be a compensation.

This was the substance of that letter which gave a revival to the hopes and animation to the fading beauty of Rosina. We will leave her for a while, and observe the proceedings of young Alessi after the night when he carried off Montalto. In concealment he still lurked about the neighbourhood of his father's house, anxiously awaiting the return of his boat, and the announcement of his enemy's destruction. The boat came—Antonio's place was filled by another—and to their master's almost delirious questions, the unwelcome answer was given, which assured him of all that he now for the first time forboded. His wicked mind was instantly agitated with schemes of fresh revenge. He despatched confidential agents to track the movements and communicate all the actions of Montalto; he learnt his present occupation, and in a spite that seemed to have no premeditated plan, he circulated, through various channels, a rumour that Montalto, upon the first collision with the foe, had fallen in the field. This, corroborated by the assent of many hired witnesses, did not fail to reach the ears of Rosina. Disbelief, shadowed sometimes with a fear of its authenticity, caused in her mind a conflict of the most opposite and terrible emotions. But conviction was at length urged upon her, by the receipt of a despatch purporting to be from the father of Montalto, in which all particulars of his son's death were painfully detailed. For a time the poor girl's agony broke forth in paroxysms which seemed to convulse her whole system. She was wild, tumultous, and wayward in her grief. She refused the solace of friends, she listened

to no alleviation of her calamity. She was "like sweet bells jingled harsh and out of tune," and never did it appear that their order and beauty could come again. Oh! how dreadful was the violence of her sorrow, which seemed a thing strange to one of such gentleness. Her songs which she had sung to him were forgotten, or only remembered in fragments to add intensity to her suffering. The ringlets of which the fairest lay, as she supposed, upon his clay-cold heart, now fell unarrayed upon her shoulders. Weeping, and recounting the valour and attraction of him whom she could see no more, up and down the lonely corridors she wandered like a ghost—in vain appealed to, in vain hindered.

But this season passed away; and when the voice of the thunder-clap no longer rang in her ears, but was remembered only in a serener moment, the sorrow which had been almost frenzy, was tempered to an honourable regret. Her eye had lost its brilliancy, and she cared not for the world;—for it was a desert to her, though all its sweetness, and grandeur, and eternal beauty were there, and only *one* of the countless creatures gone from its surface.

But her dejection was equable and rational; and it was from a settled purpose, rather than at the impulse of an uncertain fancy, that she resolved to abandon her home and kindred, and in perpetual seclusion give to her God that broken heart which might have been too much given to a mortal being. She took the veil, and in the convent of which I spoke at the opening of this paper, was enrolled a member of the holy sisterhood.

Time passed on; the Neapolitan warfare suffered a pause, and in the interval Montalto lost no time in returning to Catania. Upon his arrival, what was his dismay and astonishment, when informed of his supposed death, and the effect it had produced in the life of poor Rosina?

Uncertain what steps to pursue eventually, it was his first natural impulse to inform her of his safety, and still enduring attachment. In an evil hour the announcement of this unexpected news visited her in her solitude. In an evil hour the chords of her mind were once more unstrung, and the harmonies newly heard were turned into dissonance. The sorrows of the past came upon her afresh, but under another aspect. For she had estranged herself from her love, and by her own act had effected that sad reverse, that horrible privation, which had been more tolerable, whatever else had been the cause.—What remedy now remained? With all its original force the tide of her love rolled in its former channels; and the infirmity of human resolution could not now withstand the strength of the current. Her spirit was weaned from her holy occupations. Sickened with her garb, her daily duties, her associates, her very thoughts, she longed to cast off the self-imposed thraldom. Never to the eye of enthusiastic childhood, did the distant hill-tops gleam with such a beauty as now that she contemplated them—a love-sick prisoner. The hopeless schemes of relief, which such a condition suggested, were all that now remained for her meditation and her solace. To abandon her rigid profession was impossible: to desert it and escape, seemed more practicable. By day, as she gazed through the grated windows at the fair prospect before and around her, this was the vision which came with every object and beautified the whole. By night, it filled the long interval between her faint slumbers;—and as she slept, the more obscure

and rude conceptions, still occupied her fancy with the same theme, the same never varied purpose. It was, perhaps, in a midnight hour that the dreadful project was formed, which surely must have been the last resource of the despairing maid, when, by constant agitation, the turbulence of her spirit had become a sort of phrenzy. Then it was that her reckless and determined love found itself a way; and by an effort more appalling, perhaps, than any that history can furnish, grasped at the attainment of its coveted end. Without admitting into her counsel one of all those on whose fidelity she might have reposed, the measures for this awful expedient were deliberately concerted. She planned, she determined, she prepared it in secrecy and alone.

It was in the mid-watches of the night, that the sisters were aroused from their rest by the cry of "Fire!" from some one hurrying along the dormitories. It was Rosina who urged them to fly—it was Rosina who discovered the danger—it was Rosina who plotted the conflagration! The flames were rushing wildly and high up the outer walls of the building, but she would not yet retire. From cell to cell, she went quickly along, calling on all to escape, yet not daring to think of her own safety until assured that no living creature could be left in peril. She went like a beneficent being, amid the havoc and ruin that she had achieved. Not yet would she desert the dangerous place, for she shuddered to think there might still be some one whose blood, if shed, would fall so surely on herself. At last the huge edifice was deserted and voiceless, and secure of the preservation of her innocent associates, she passed along the passages and apartments, now almost undistinguishable. As she went, the sheets of fire flashed hotly and fiercely around her. The heat became more intense, the hideous enemy approached her, and half enveloped in flame she fled precipitately, but too late, from the tottering ruin. Overtaken in her flight, she yet had strength and surviving consciousness to move in the predetermined track, and when the morning dawned it showed her lying a disfigured corpse under the doorway of her beloved Montalto.

The fragments of that ruin are thy epitaph, poor maiden. And the story which I have here recounted, better told to many a group of islanders, not by gossip mothers, but by the general voice of tradition, fails not, upon each recital, to honour thy memory with the tears of the tender and the compassionate.

ÆVAH.

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.*

"If I could see him, it were well with me!"—*Coleridge's Wallenstein.*

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;
And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed:
But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below,
The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow:
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbals' tone;
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the sea!
But, oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?
—I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,
And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my soul.

"My brother! oh! my brother! thou art gone, the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave:
There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on;
There was *one* to love me in the world—my brother! thou art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
We stood together, side by side; one hope was our's—one path:
Thou hast wrapt me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast;
Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh! bravest heart, and best!

"I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull sad world they shine;
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro! where is *thine?*
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply!—
Oh! brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry!

"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my *friend* hath passed away!
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again!

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown:
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of chivalry!

"I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is ev'n as death!
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath;
Let me see the fiery charger's foam, and the royal banner wave—
But where art thou, my brother?—where?—in thy low and early grave!"

And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night,
And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light;
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—
"My brother! oh! my brother! best and bravest! thou art gone!" F. H.

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* The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish ballads, in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

A Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia, &c., by the Rev. F. V. J. Arundell, British Chaplain at Smyrna; 1828.—The Seven Churches of Asia—to the angels of which—that is, according to the interpretation which has, we believe, always been admitted, the chiefs or bishops—especial messages were addressed in the Apocalypse—have at all times drawn the attention of ecclesiastical readers, and such as looked in their subsequent history for the completion of what they understood to be prophecies. From the establishments of the Levant Company at Constantinople and Smyrna, the latter the seat of one of the seven churches, opportunities in abundance have been offered to the chaplains and consuls of visiting those places; nor have such opportunities been neglected. The earliest visit, of which we have any account, was Dr. Smith's, the chaplain at Constantinople, in 1671, who mentions that, a few years before, some gentlemen from Smyrna had been the first who made the journey. This Dr. Smith seems to have had the credit of discovering Thyatira and Laodicea. In 1678, Sir Paul Ricaut, a consul, well known by his work on the Greek and Armenian Churches, and his Survey of the Turkish Empire—visited the Seven Churchess, if we are still to call them seven, when three of them are no longer in existence—in company with Dr. John Luke; and, like Dr. Smith, lays claim to the discovery of Thyatira and Laodicea. In 1699, Edmund Chishall, the author of Antiquitates Asiaticæ, and chaplain at Smyrna, visited Ephesus, Sardis, and Thyatira, but did not publish his observations. In 1702, Sir William Sherard, consul at Smyrna, accompanied by the chaplain and others, made a tour to some or all of them, and his account also is still in MS. In 1740, Pococke visited three of them. In 1775, Dr. Chandler published his travels in Asia Minor, and describes all but Pergamus and Thyatira. Since the days of Chandler, Dr. Dallaway, chaplain and physician to the embassy at Constantinople, has described Smyrna, Ephesus, and Pergamus; and so lately as 1817, the Rev. H. Lindsey examined the whole, and published the results in the Missionary Register; and now, finally, Mr. Arundell, the chaplain of Smyrna, has also visited the whole, and, in the volume before us, has, with the aid of very liberal borrowing from his precursors, given us a full account—not very luminous certainly—of the existing state of six of them—for, curiously enough, residing at Smyrna as he did, he has forgotten what was close at hand.

Before we state the present condition of these churches, six of them, we must have a word or two on the messages in the Apocalypse.

In these addresses, which the apostle was commanded to make, St. John is usually understood to have given utterance to *prophecies;* and the writer before us, though he does not dwell much upon the matter, takes the same view, and occasionally starts an evidence of fulfilment. Yet, to an unprejudiced reader—to one, we mean, who trusts to the convictions of his own understanding, on what comes fairly within its cognizance—the addresses—distinctly made to the angels—the chiefs, or bishops, as we said—consist of commendations for particular qualities and conduct, and of censures for particular errors and neglects—with corresponding encouragements and warnings. They have not at all the characters of prophecies, but are plainly authoritative messages respecting the official conduct of superintendents, who are addressed as persons responsible for the practices of those who are under their guidance and care. Of the actual history of these conspicuous persons we know nothing; but the absence of such information is of the less importance, as the declarations are all *conditional*, and so cannot, in the strict sense, be regarded as prophecies, for the fulfilment of which we look with confidence. And to apply these messages to the after ages of the church, seems quite gratuitous; for the offences charged concern the conduct of particular "officers" towards particular persons; and it must be the very extreme of improbability to suppose that a succession of officers, in the same station, should have precisely the same qualities, and act in precisely the same manner towards a succession of individuals entertaining successively the same sentiments. Besides, facts do not correspond; though the chief of Laodicea was the worst of the seven—"neither hot nor cold"—and met with the sharpest reproofs and the severest threats, and Laodicea, it may be said, lies accordingly utterly in ruins—yet so, we may add, does Ephesus, whose chief, though he had fallen from his "first love"—which probably means that he had disregarded the orders of the apostle—the first converter—yet had resisted the seductions of false teachers—had hated the Nicolaitanes—had laboured—and fainted not. And even Thyatira, whose chief, though censured for suffering the woman Jezebel to seduce Christ's servants, is distinctly attested to have had works—charity, faith, and patience—and, moreover, that the last were better than the first—that is, he had been good, and was now better—even Thyatira, though still existing in comparatively considerable numbers, is in a state far too deplorable to correspond with the strong expressions of triumph in the message. The truth apparently is, the addresses apply to the chiefs, and by implication, and, once or twice, expressly, to *their*

respective congregations; but we have not the necessary history to illustrate the results: and they in reality are entitled to no more particular interest now-a-days than any other of the ruined towns around them —where Christianity was once equally in honour.

To take a glance at these Churches.—What is the state of EPHESUS? "I was at Ephesus in January 1824," says Mr. Arundell, speaking of a previous visit—"the desolation was complete; a Turk, whose shed we occupied, his Arab servant, and a single Greek, composed the entire population — some Turcomans excepted, whose black tents were pitched among the ruins."—Ephesus experienced the same fortunes with Smyrna, and was seized upon by a Turkish pirate towards the end of the eleventh century, who was in his turn defeated by John Ducas, the commander of the Emperor Alexis. In 1306, it suffered from the Grand Duke Roger's exactions, and, two years afterwards, surrendered to the Sultan Saysan, who removed most of the inhabitants to Tyriæum, where they were massacred; and its history from that time has merged in that of its neighbour Aiasaluk.

LAODICEA.—This once very extensive place still shews the ruins of three theatres and a circus, in the hollows of which are Turcoman huts and tents—but no Christians. This town was in 1097 in possession of the Turks, and recovered by Ducas; but fell again into their hands; and though, in 1255, it was again given up to the Greeks on the appearance of the Tartars, they could not defend it, and it reverted finally to the Turks. The destruction of Laodicea is partly attributable, probably, to a volcanic eruption—a fact, which the author apparently considers as verifying the language of the Apocalypse—"because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

PHILADELPHIA.—This is still a populous place, consisting of 3,000 houses occupied by Turks, and 300 by Greeks. According to the bishop's account, there are twenty-five churches, but only five have service, once a week. Mr. Arundell attended him to the church service, and "could not help," he says, "shedding tears, at contrasting the unmeaning mummery with the pure worship of primitive times, which probably had been offered on the very site of the present church." A single pillar, evidently belonging to a much earlier structure, reminded him of the *prophecy*, and the reward of victory promised to the faithful member of the church of Philadelphia,—"He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall no more go out," &c. Philadelphia submitted to Bajazet in 1391; and among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, in the language of Gibbon, "it is still erect—a column in a scene of ruins."

SARDIS.—A few mud huts, inhabited by Turkish herdsmen, and a miller or two, contain the whole of the present population. The only members of the Greek church of Sardis are two Greek servants belonging to the Turkish miller—and "how little operative," adds the author, "the spirit of primitive Christianity is on one, at least, of these men, will be subsequently shewn"—in the refusal of an act of common courtesy, readily performed by a Turk.

THYATIRA.—This is a large place, "and abounds," says Mr. Arundell, "with shops of every description. The population is estimated at 300 Greek houses (the papas told us 500), 30 Armenian, and 1,000 Turkish, nine mosques, one Armenian and one Greek church." He visited the latter—it was a wretchedly poor place, and so much under the level of the churchyard, as to require five steps to descend into it. The priest told him, that the bishop of Ephesus was the diocesan of Thyatira. "We intended," adds Mr. A., "to give him a testament, but he seemed so insensible of its worth, that we reserved it, as it was our only remaining one, and bestowed it afterwards much better."

PERGAMUS is also a populous place, underrated at 15,000; fifteen hundred of them Greeks, who have one church—a miserable shed, covered with earth. On one side of it a priest kept a little school of thirty scholars. "I gave him a testament," says Mr. A. "The contrast between the magnificent remains of the church of St. John, which lay beneath, and this its poor representative, is as striking as between the poverty of the present state of religion among the modern Greeks, and the rich abundance of gospel light which once shone within the walls of the Agios Theologus."

The Croppy, by the O'Hara Family. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*; 1828.—Every body who is acquainted with the productions of the O'Hara family, knows the writer can make a readable book, and knows, moreover, what he has to expect—an illustration of some period of Irish history, by one who thoroughly understands the subject. In this respect the reader will meet with no disappointment. The story belongs to the days of the rebellion of 1798, and embraces the chief events of the short struggle in Wexford; but as to the title, The Orangeman would have been as appropriate as the Croppy: for, though one of the leading personages joins the Croppies, another, and the principal one, is of the yeomanry; and the interest of the tale depends not at all on the political motives of any of the agents.

Miss Hartley is the heiress of Sir Thomas Hartley, and the object of admiration and pursuit to Mr. Henry Talbot and Sir Wm. Judkin, both of them gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Mr. Henry Talbot had

been a friend of the family, and the companion of Miss Hartley from childhood; Sir William was a new man, succeeding, unexpectedly, to a dilapidated property—who, by the beauty of his person, and the brilliancy of his accomplishments, speedily succeeded in supplanting the old admirer—a man of plainer, though not homely, qualities. Before, however, confessing the soft preference, the lady wishes to consult an early school friend—a correspondent and confidante—on the propriety of this very questionable transfer of her affections. That young lady, after a long delay—which does not, it seems, tempt Miss Hartley to decide for herself—announces her intention to pay a personal visit. To Miss H.'s surprise—she had not seen her since she left school—she comes a perfectly changed being—pale, stern, uncommunicative, and, when opposed, vehement and peremptory. She will tell but little of her own story; but, in general terms, she had been—nay, was still, madly in love—had been duped and deserted; and, railing against the perfidy of men, she warns her young friend to return to her first love; and then takes her leave abruptly, leaving behind her an impression of her being a little cracked. During the young lady's visit, Sir Wm. Judkin is absent, but on her departure he re-appears on the scene—is extremely assiduous in prosecuting his courtship; and in no long time, in spite of all efforts on the part of Mr. Henry Talbot to recover his lost ground, obtains from the unreluctant girl a confession of mutual affection. The wedding day is named—though a distant one, for family reasons—and, in the meanwhile, from here and there a hint with respect to Sir William and his motives, and some unaccountable conduct on the part of Mr. Henry Talbot, particularly an obvious connexion with one Rattling Bill, a rogue and a fortune teller, and an active agent through the whole story, the reader becomes a good deal perplexed, which is the honest man of the two, and, of course, which of the parties is finally to be the happy man.

The day of marriage—distant as it was—at last, as even distant days will, approaches; and poor Mr. Henry Talbot, for whom, as somewhat the lowliest, we novel readers are naturally the most interested, becoming desperate, forces an interview, and, when the inflexible, and somewhat unmaidenly hauteur of the young lady refuses to listen, driven suddenly beyond his purpose, announces to her astounded ear, that Sir William is already a married man. Not content with this, he colleagues with the scamp, Rattling Bill, and engages him, with some of his comrades, to seize Sir William Judkin, and carry him that very night, whither we know not. Seized accordingly he is; but, luckily for him, he is released by the appearance of Father Rourke, subsequently a well-known rebel leader, who lays about him right and left, and routs the captors.

Indignant at these outrages, the young lady's father is resolved to bring Master Talbot to book, and, accordingly, as a magistrate, summons him to appear before himself, and a neighbouring magistrate, Captain Whaley, and make good his charge against Sir Wm. Judkin. The next day the parties assemble; and Mr. Talbot, on being asked for his proofs, alleges that he had been, by circumstances, precipitated into the charge prematurely, and was not at present prepared to substantiate it—but acknowledging that the person from whom he received the intelligence was producible, Mr. T. is compelled to produce him. This personage proves to be Rattling Bill, who impudently and flatly denies having ever made any such communication; and Mr. Talbot, to his great mortification, is made to appear a palpable calumniator. This charge dismissed, Sir William, who recognized Rattling Bill as the aggressor in the attack on his person the previous evening, charges him with the assault; and Bill, without denying it, conducts himself with great insolence—so much so, that Captain Whaley, who is a very loyal man, and a low man withal—and a yeomanry officer as well as a magistrate—orders out the *triangles*, and proposes to give him a touch of the cat to begin with—martial law being just then legal, and very much in fashion with a certain description of magistrates. Things thus growing serious, Rattling Bill requests a private audience from Captain Whaley, and, making him understand that he is a government spy, though notoriously associating with Croppies, he insinuates that Sir Thomas and Sir William are both of them no better themselves than Croppies; and, indeed, Sir Thomas's known popularity was, with Captain Whaley, a confirmation of the charge, though no overt act, nor indeed any act of his, ought justly to have exposed him to suspicions of disloyalty. On Captain Whaley's reappearance in the hall of justice, he announces, very superciliously, his intention to dismiss the case—expressing his conviction that Rattling Bill had committed no offence, and advising Sir Thomas and Sir William to look to themselves.

Rattling Bill, to make good his ground with Captain Whaley, had informed him of a large body of pikes, at a blacksmith's, in Sir Thomas's village; and, accordingly, that very night, with a party of yeomanry, he proceeds to the search; and, in the style of the times, sets fire to the smith's house and forge, seizes the natives, flogs one, and whisks another up a sign-post and then lets him down again, more than half strangled, to undergo interrogatories. The villagers, just in time, had got scent of their coming, and, for the most part, had withdrawn to the neighbouring heights, with their leader,

the smith—who from that position beholds the flames consume his property, and hears the shrieks of a female, and sees the unhappy man run up the sign-post—his own wife and son—and swears to take a bloody revenge—an oath which he fearfully keeps.

The next morning—the wedding day—the miserable and enraged villagers and neighbourhood assemble, and proceed to Sir Thomas's, and insist upon his being their leader—in execution of their revenge; and not without extreme difficulty, after distributing refreshments among them in honour of his daughter's wedding, does he persuade them to desist. From him, however, they march forthwith to Captain Whaley's, and set fire to his house; and, in consequence, within an hour or two, arrives a troop of yeomanry, commanded by Mr. Henry Talbot, to arrest Sir Thomas and his new son-in-law, on a charge of high treason, and, in spite of Miss Hartley's interposal and agonizing entreaties, he carries them both off to Enniscorthy. That very afternoon sits a court-martial, presided by one to whom Sir Thomas had given offence; and circumstances telling decisively against him, he is ordered for immediate execution; and executed he appears to be that very night, and under the Captain Talbot's special superintendence.

As speedily as possible Miss Hartley, or rather Lady Judkin, for the marriage service had passed, pursues her father and husband to Enniscorthy, and is refused admittance to the gaol by Talbot himself, the commanding officer. In a few hours, however, at an inn, she is visited by a woman, with great mystery, and receives from her a letter in her father's hand-writing, bidding her confide in the bearer, and accompany her that night to meet himself some miles from the town. To this she consents, joins her supposed father—who seems to be Captain Talbot himself—and with him arrives at a country house, which proves to be Captain Talbot's—where her companion leaves her. From this place, as soon as she discovers its owner, she escapes, and takes refuge in the town of Ross.

In the meanwhile, Sir William Judkin escapes from prison, by the same agency as Sir Thomas; and being led to believe that his bride must be at Wexford, he hurries thither, and arrives just in time to take part with the rebels, and forces Wexford to surrender to the insurgents. Here, however, he finds her not; and Talbot is his next object. He had been captured, and carried to the rebel encampment on Vinegar Hill. Thither, also, flies Sir William, and, on his arrival, finds the old smith in the act of passing sentence on the prisoners, and among the first is Talbot himself. Sir W., as a rebel commander, demands Talbot to be given up to his own revenge, and, after some demur on the part of the smith, who has "stomach for them all," he is given up—his hands bound with a rope, and the end of it put into Sir William's. A scene of passion and sternness follows; but just as Sir William is about to inflict the final stroke on his defenceless victim, comes a rescue, and he is himself bound in his turn. Escaping again, after some interval, he rushes down to Ross, and in the street, and under the very eye of his bride, who is looking from a window, is he encountered by the fiery Talbot, and in the encounter is left for dead, trampled upon by horses, and confounded with the dead.

From these heaps of dead he is however extracted, still breathing, by the mysterious woman, who had appeared to Miss Hartley, as her father's messenger, and she directs him to be conveyed to the dripping vaults of the neighbouring abbey. From thence—the town being on fire—she flies to Talbot, and bids him rescue Miss Hartley from the flames. With the ardour and devotion of love he plunges in, and, at the extreme of peril, saves her from destruction. Matters now draw to a conclusion—the strange woman re-appears, and presents herself to Miss Hartley, as her old school acquaintance—as the victim of Sir William's seduction and desertion, who had been the death of her child and her mother, and had thrown herself, senseless, by a blow on the head from him, into the water. Miss Hartley discredits the story, and, in consequence, is by her friend forced to the church-yard, where a scene of horrible conception is exhibited—but which finally convinces her of the depravity of Sir William, whose last breath is drawn in her presence. While still in the church-yard comes Miss Hartley's father, as large as life, who assures her that Talbot has been their common preserver—his from death, and her's from contamination and misery. In due time Talbot is re-introduced, &c.

India; or Facts to Illustrate the Character and Condition of the Natives, by R. Rickards, Esq.; 1828.—Mr. Rickards is an advocate for the extension of free-trade to India, and of course opposed to the principles, if not to the existence, of the Company's government. The Company aver that all is best as it is—that, such are the immovable prejudices, and immutable habits of the country, no government but their own—so steady—so parental—so conciliating and considerate—could produce so many advantages to the natives—and that, in proportion as their own monopoly has been invaded, have the happiness and the prosperity of India deteriorated. "This," says Mr. Rickards, "is all idle and interested talk—the Company encourage misrepresentations for the especial object of maintaining their own usurpings;" and these misrepresentations he accordingly resolves, one by one, and piece-meal, and thus most effectually, to expose.

The country was once prosperous, in a very high degree, under its native governments, and the observance of its own customs—which the Company deny not; but, in the teeth of this implied confession, they quote the irreversible state of castes and customs, as the source of the existing and augmenting poverty of the country. The actual misery is also not denied; "but the cause," say the Company, "resides not in the want of good management on our part, but in the obstinate inflexibility of the natives in adhering to customs, which check and interfere with the career and progress of improvement." Mr. Rickards proposes to tear off the mask; and, under the apprehension that he may not be able to make a large book of a readable kind, and rather, perhaps, in the expectation that several little books stand a better chance of being read than one bouncing volume, he undertakes to discuss, separately and successively, the following topics:—

1. The castes of India, and the alleged simplicity and immutability of Hindoo habits.
2. The condition of the natives under former governments.
3. The revenue systems under the Company's government, as tending to perpetuate the degraded condition of the natives.
4. The Company's trade, and its results in a financial point of view.
5. The reform of administration in India, as regards the present system both at home and abroad.

The fasciculus before us embraces the castes of India, and the alleged simplicity and immutability of Hindoo habits, and shews, beyond farther dispute, that the notion of the existence of four exclusive castes is mere imagination—or to be found merely in books—and scarcely there;—that the laws of nature—love—hatred—envy—ambition—power—have every where broken in upon these institutions of art and artifice;—that this matter of castes sits comparatively loose upon Hindoos, and openings are found for passing from one to the other;—and that, at all events, fifteen out of the eighty millions of India are not in the slightest degree influenced by them. Then, again, with respect to the vegetable diet of the Hindoos, Mr. Rickards shews, equally satisfactorily, that their poverty, not their will consents to this diet, and that, with the exception of *cow*-beef, and that confined to one portion only of one caste, fish, flesh, and fowl are greedily devoured, whenever they can be got at; and that the wealthier classes of society suffer no restraints whatever upon the indulgence of their appetites. And, again, as to European accommodations and European manufactures, so far from Indians opposing their introduction, they eagerly adopt and use them, and would do so more and more, if more were within their reach. This is decisively confirmed by broad facts, since the relaxation of the Company's monopoly in 1813. The Company then said, "such is the pertinacity with which Hindoos cling to their own productions, that there is positively no room for the importation of more European goods;" but the fact is, that the private trade to India more than doubles the whole of the Company's trade to India, and China to boot—a pretty satisfactory proof of the growing acceptablenes of European commodities in India.

Mr. R. has abundantly confirmed his own positions, built on his own long experience, by extracts from Bishop Heber's very valuable work on India, recently published in two quarto volumes.

Ephemerides, or Occasional Poems, by Thomas Pringle; 1828.—Among the multitude of small volumes, of small poems, this at least deserves to be distinguished from the common herd. It is obviously the production of a person of considerable cultivation and taste—presenting, to be sure, no very decisive proofs of original genius or fertile fancy, but indications in abundance of deep and right feelings—warm sympathies for the oppressed, and generous indignation against oppressors. The volume consists of poems written chiefly in Scotland, and published years ago; the principal of which is the Autumnal Excursion, which will remind the reader of some of Scott's most felicitous turns, written too about the time when Sir Walter's poetical energies were in their fullest activity;—not that we are very great admirers of that great man's muse; but many are: and we must think Mr. Pringle's effort entitled to a similar kind of admiration. The rest of the volume is made up with some few pieces, for the most part in the sonnet shape, suggested by circumstances that pressed upon his observation in far different scenes—the settlements of the Cape where the author has resided some years as an agricultural colonist, and, for any thing that appears, may do so still. Following these sonnets are some notes relative to the conduct of the recent government of the Cape towards the Caffer, Bushman, and Hottentot, which will furnish some intelligence not generally known, with a kindling of indignation, that such oppressions have been sanctioned by English authorities. The sound sense and right judgment of the writer—quite free from all cant—entitle the following testimony he bears to the missionaries to a respectful hearing—though unconnected with the poetry:—

Of the missionary settlements in South Africa, generally, I have only room to observe, that, after having repeatedly visited most of these within the Cape Colony, and carefully watched their progress for several years, I have no hesitation in asserting, that it is at those institutions alone that any effectual means have been adopted to improve the condition of the Aboriginal inhabi-

tants—to shelter them from oppression—or to rescue them from debasement. The meritorious exertions of the Moravians are well known; but it is at Bethelsdorp and Theopolis in particular (institutions of the London Missionary Society) that the Hottentot race have, during the last few years, made the most surprising advances; and this, too, while these missions were exposed to the incessant persecution, not merely of the provincial functionaries, but of the colonial government itself. If the native tribes of South Africa are so fortunate as ultimately to escape the fate of the Aborigines of America and of the West Indies, their redemption may be fairly ascribed to the Christian Missionaries.

It is but fair, however, to give a specimen of the writer's versification at the Cape:—

The Bushman sleeps within his black brow'd den
In the lone wilderness: around him lie
His wife and little ones, unfearingly—
For they are far away from "Christian men."
No herds, loud lowing, call him down the glen;
He fears no foe but famine; and may try
To wear away the hot noon slumberingly;
Then rise to search for roots—and dance again.
But he shall dance no more! His secret lair,
Surrounded, echoes to the thundering gun,
And the wild shriek of anguish and despair!
He dies—yet, ere life's ebbing sands are run,
Leaves to his sons a curse, should they be friends
With the proud Christian race—"for they are fiends."

Oppression! I have seen thee, face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now,
For dread to prouder feelings doth give place
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees, that near thy footstool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other vow
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base:
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart with heart and hand
Thy brutalizing sway—till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land—
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod;
Such is the vow I take—So help me, God!

The History of the Church of Christ, by the Rev. I. Scott. Vol. 2. Part I.; 1828.—This work was taken up by Mr. Scott, of St. Mary's, Hull, a son of the well-known and well-respected Bible Scott, for the purpose of prosecuting what had been originally undertaken by Joseph Milner, of Hull, and continued by his brother, Dean Milner; and a volume before this, which we noticed on its appearance, has already amply proved him to be a very competent collaborateur—influenced by the same spirit—the same industry—the same undeviating pursuit of what appears to him truth in facts and in doctrines. Our readers are aware that the history has the name of evangelical fastened upon it; but the prime object of its originator was to trace the existence of what is termed by him the True Church, through the darkest periods of the Catholic and Papal dominion. The broad distinction between Catholic and Protestant lies between merit and no merit, in a theological sense, between reliance for salvation upon self, in conjunction with the Saviour and the Saints, and reliance upon the Saviour alone—the virtue of this last reliance consisting in its sincerity, and shewn, so far as it is *shewn* at all, by moral obedience. A church, professing these Protestant sentiments, under whatever appellations, has always existed—and Milner's object was, as we said, to trace its history.

Mr. Scott's former volume presented the History of the Lutheran Church, to the death of its founder, in 1546; and in this, the first portion of a second volume, the same history is brought down to 1555, the period when Charles, deserted, and duped, and baffled by his best and strongest ally, Maurice of Saxony—and in despair of breaking the resolute spirit of the Protestants in their just struggle for independence of worship—finally gave up the vain attempt to force men's thoughts to run evenly in a mould of his own making—gave up, what he could no longer withhold, free and full toleration to the professors of the Augsburg Confession. As collateral, but by no means unconnected matters, the remainder of the book is occupied with the rest of Melancthon's story to his death, in 1560—including a review of his principal works, the result, obviously, of a careful perusal, and not taken, as has been done a thousand times, on trust and in succession; and this is followed by a survey of the chief points in the progress of the Council of Trent, from 1545 to 1563. The remaining portion of the volume is intended to comprise the History of the Swiss Reformation.

Received implicitly as Dr. Robertson's very graceful narrative every where is, Mr. Scott has justly thought it a matter of importance to *correct* his misrepresentations. It would be no difficult matter to show that Dr. Robertson's acquaintance with the writings of the main agents of the Reformation was very slight; his researches embraced little of the elements of history; he took them up very much in the lump, where he found them made up to his hand, and into histories; he consulted, for the most part, not the original authorities, but the reporters of such authorities, who had themselves no doubt drawn upon them—but then this was taking things at second hand, and was nothing but a judgment of the judgments of others, who might themselves have been deeply mistaken. Dr. Robertson was, besides, more of an historian than a theologian; the matter with which Luther's and Melancthon's numerous volumes are filled, was, we take it, little to his taste, and, of course, his study of them would be hasty and imperfect—and blunders were thus inevitable.

But his blunders are not confined to mat-

ters of doctrine, or the peculiar sentiments of individuals on particular topics—in matters that, if they come not more within his province, were at least of more congenial pursuit, they not unfrequently occur. To take an instance or two. There exists indisputable evidence to shew that the city of Strasburg co-operated zealously and cordially with the Smalcaldic members—for when the Emperor, insidiously separating their cause from that of the princes of the Smalcaldic League, represented these princes as conspirators against the liberties of Germany, and called upon the city to join him against the traitors as common enemies; the senate boldly defended the loyal character of these princes, and, in the most earnest language of entreaty, implored him to pause before he involved in the horrors of war, &c. Yet Strasburg is represented, by Dr. Robertson, as yielding a *prompt* and *weak* submission—though the contrary fact be indisputable, and findable even in Sleidan, one of his own quoted authorities.

Again, with respect to Maurice of Saxony, Dr. Robertson represents him as not hesitating one moment about establishing in his dominions the form of doctrine and worship commanded by Charles's *Interim;* and assembling the states of Saxony at Leipsic, expressly to lay before them reasons which made conformity necessary, and to make their obedience a voluntary deed of their own. Now the fact appears to be, that Maurice, notwithstanding his general subserviency to Charles, never gave an unconditional assent to the Interim, and certainly never established it in Saxony—on the contrary, he stated expressly to the Emperor that he could not enforce it consistently with his engagements to his subjects, and, moreover, pleaded the Emperor's own promises relative to the matter; and though, undoubtedly, in the assembly of the states, a formulary was agreed upon, drawn up in an accommodating spirit, it was very far indeed from going the full length of the Interim.

In the same paragraph, Dr. Robertson makes Melancthon concur with this Leipsic formulary; though indeed with a degree of pertinacity, quite unusual with that gentle, but not unfirm, reformer, he refused to keep any terms at all with the Interim. Neither Sleidan, nor Mosheim, to both of whom Dr. R. refers as authorities, bear him out in his statement. From the first, Melancthon denounced the formulary as an "infatuated project," which would multiply rather than heal divisions; and such, and so vehement, was his opposition, that the Emperor commanded him to be seized, and delivered up as an enemy of the public peace; and he escaped only by the connivance of Maurice.

Poor Melancthon has been equally unfairly dealt with by Mosheim and his translator. Both of them, taking up with a notion that Melancthon was of a feeble and yielding spirit, and knowing that certain matters were conceded by him as indifferent, have carelessly represented him as giving up, as such, the great doctrine of Luther, and, indeed, of Protestantism—justification by faith alone—the necessity of good works to eternal salvation—the number of sacraments, &c.;—when the fact is just the contrary, from Melancthon's own repeated declarations, not only before Luther's death, but often to the latest period of his own life. Nor is there any ground for the hasty statement, that no sooner was the restraint of Luther's presence removed, than Melancthon expressed a decided disagreement with his master. Both Mosheim and Maclaine, again, in spite of the plainest facts, represent him as the prime counsellor and agent in every thing relating to the Interim.

We have before alluded to Strasburg. The city was compelled to submit to the Emperor's authority, a month before the decisive battle of Mahlburg, which broke up the Smalcaldic Confederacy; but they still resisted, and not wholly without success, the imposition of the Interim—entreating the Emperor, in language worth remembering, "not to compel them to say with their mouths what their hearts did not think." "How infatuated," remarks Mr. Scott upon the occasion—"how infatuated the mind which can pursue so worthless an object at such an immense expense; and how detestably cruel and diabolical to exact this of our fellow men, in despite of all the arguments and entreaties they can use, when, to their own apprehension at least, their everlasting welfare depends upon their refusal, and when no rational being, however strong his own persuasion on the other side, can ever imagine it possible that their salvation should be promoted by such a constrained and merely external compliance as he can exact."

We must find room for Mr. Scott's defence of Melancthon—concurring as, upon some acquaintance with the subject, we do very heartily.

My impression is, that the fault of Melancthon's character was not, as it is commonly supposed to have been, timidity—at least in the sense of a hesitation to avow his sentiments, or a dread of personal danger—for many facts demonstrate his bold disregard even of life itself in the cause which he had undertaken; but rather a morbid fear of deciding amiss—a fastidiousness which could never satisfy itself—together with such an excessive and, considering in whose hands the direction of the affairs of the church is really placed, such a superfluous anxiety for its peace and unity, as sometimes endangered his making undue sacrifices for this all but invaluable object. Yet, if any imagine that it was at all a part of his plan to compromise disputed points by the use of ambiguous terms, which each party might construe in its own favour, I can only observe,

that there is no practice against which he more frequently and more strongly protests.

Tales of the West, by the Author of "Travels in the East." 2 *vols.*; 1828.—As tales, there is a singular lack of interest in them—they are mere incidents. Trusting for effect to descriptions of physical and moral nature, the writer seems to have thought any thing would do for the staple of the argument, and, accordingly, any thing is made to do. The stories—such as they are—are framed, for the most part, not on the laws of life, or even of romance, but effects follow causes according to any fanciful concatenation, likely to produce unexpected results. Nor, again, has the style and structure of the language any thing at all natural or effective about it, but quite the contrary—it is all heavy and wearisome—a luckless imitation of Wilson, with little of the professor's depth of feeling glowing through the thick obscure of the wordy covering. Every scene and circumstance is wire-drawn, till the thread of the verbosity will not bear the weight of another hair—giving the promise of circumstantiality, without its reality; and we assure the writer, who is probably capable of better things, that in spite of all the curious and painful labour he has spent upon his tales, two-thirds of the elaborations will never be read by any human being whose sentiments are worth a rush. Readers, though, now-a-days, stories they will have, require energies, not sentiments—skilful combinations of facts, and not bootless broodings upon nothing. The green of the turf, too, and the blue of the sky—the country, with its ups and downs, and turnings and windings—its abundance and its sterilities—its ruins and its relics—scenery, in short, of any kind, however brilliant and true—will not compensate for the absence of life and activity—the want of interests that touch the heart and command the understanding,

The *West* means Cornwall and the Scilly Isles; and miners, smugglers, and wreckers mingle in every story; and descriptions of the country abound—with sufficient accuracy no doubt; but of Cornish peculiarities and customs, ancient or modern, the supply is more scanty than we were led by the preface to expect.

The volumes contain seven tales—the first, called "The Valley of the Lizard," the hero of which is a smuggler, whose vessel was taken by a revenue cutter. He himself escapes, though left for dead, and, flying to American coasts, turns pirate—meets with a beautiful Spanish girl—steals her from her home—grows weary of her—withers her by neglect—roams again a little—tires at last even of roaming—returns to his native village—buys a farm and cultivates it—marries a young woman of the village—begets sons and daughters—and settles, most unaccountably, into a grave personage, with a family about him, and thinks of the past—his lawless life and ardent love—as a dream.

"The Miner" is simply the tale of two brothers, sons of a Cornish 'squire, left, by their father's improvidence, to the labour of their own hands. Though brought up to nothing but hunting and sporting, they turn miners, set sedulously to work, and, after a series of ill luck, get into the right "vein," and prosper. One of them falls down a shaft, and is crushed to atoms; the other pursues the steady tenor of his way, grows rich, re-buys the family estate, and dies in the hall of his fathers—the cynosure of his hopes and labours.

"The Exile" is, again, a Cornish miner—who, for some reason or other goes to sea—is taken by an Algerine—sold—works in his master's garden, and is observed by the daughter, who falls forthwith in love with him, and *will* marry him. He is divided between his love of liberty and the sense of his religious obligations—hesitates, but yields—renounces his faith, and marries, and is happy, and rarely visited with the prickings of remorse. After some years, the lady dying, he grows comfortless, and thinks of Cornwall again—till at last he resolves to return to his country and Christianity. He accordingly returns home, with property enough to get his comforts about him, and repents at leisure. It was long, it seems, before his spirit was completely lulled to rest; but his sufferings appear never to have been very acute, or indeed to have given him any serious uneasiness—for he delighted to dwell upon the scenes of prosperity and conjugal felicity he had experienced at Algiers—his penitence, nevertheless, the author tells us, was deep and permanent, and not unavailing.

"The Legend of Pacorra" is a longer story, and, in proportion, wearisome. The period of the tale is the reign of Henry the Eighth; the scene near a monastery, which is broken up by Henry's rapacity. The daughter of one Cornish family, and the son of another, are attached to each other; the son has a leaning to the new doctrines. The mother of the lady is an Italian, whose thoughts, naturally enough, turn devotedly to her native country, and, though kind hearted and accomplished, she is a bigot in her religion, and discourages the connexion. By and by, an Italian, in the garb of a monk, is wrecked on the coast, and carried to the lady's residence. With the hot blood of his native clime, he had murdered a rival, and had taken refuge in an English monastery; and was returning to Italy, after the ruin of the monastery, when the vessel was wrecked. The youth, with no more of the monk than the cowl, quickly falls in love with the young lady, discloses his passion, and is haughtily and resentfully repulsed. He detects the young lady's penchant for the Protestant youth; the rivals meet occasionally, and scowl at each other,

and snap and spar, but all with the tongue —till once, when all three were together, stung by the young Protestant's reproaches, the Italian plucked a dagger from his breast —the very dagger with which he had stabbed his former rival, and which he wore next his heart in token of repentance—and rushing towards him, plunged it deep into the bosom of the lady, who had thrown herself between them.

"Wesley and his Disciple" is well told, and the best of the volumes. The disciple was a Cornish miner, of a fervid temperament and enthusiastic spirit. Under Wesley's guidance, he becomes a powerful preacher, and itinerates the country, till, meeting with a wealthy widow, he marries; and in the enjoyment of his wealth, notwithstanding the remindings and reproofs of Wesley, he relaxes in his profession and his preaching. The wife dies. Though never attached to her while living, he dwells fondly on her memory; and, to dissipate his sorrows, and find employment, he goes, not a preaching again, but, of all places in the world, to the West Indies; and after wandering two or three years over the blue mountains of Jamaica, and roaming among the huts of the negroes, he takes a passage in a merchantman for Ireland. There he meets with a lady, whose attractions fairly fascinate him; she was a Catholic—the fact startles him—but obstacles vanish before his ardour, and his passion must be indulged. She was young and gay, and married obviously for an establishment; she was extravagant, and he gives way to her wishes, to the serious dilapidation of his property; she finally elopes with an admirer, and the husband's ruin quickly follows. Duped in his fondest affections, and broken in fortune, he grew daily more careless—was drawn into dissipation—gambled —drank, till he was left without a shilling, and then his thoughts turned to Wesley and his native village. Before he reached it, he sank on the ground—fatigued, exhausted, care-worn—when Wesley passed in his carriage. "My father, my father," exclaimed the unhappy man, "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Wesley recognised him, sprang from the carriage, threw his arms round him—uttered no reproaches—and, soothing him, promised to take care of him. But too late—disappointment had broken his heart, and his death soon followed.

"St. Martin's Isle"—one of the Scilly Islands. Here a colonel and his daughter settle and farm, why or wherefore appears not. The only acquaintance they form is the curate—fresh caught from the Welsh hills, who knows of course little of the living world, but capable, nevertheless, of preaching about vices and virtues, as he finds them in books. He, of course, loves the young lady, but she returns not the favour; he rescues her also from drowning, but she is still only grateful. By and by comes a gay and accomplished person, who was a merchant, it seems, and had brought his ship into the harbour for repairs; he forms an acquaintance with the lady—mutual attachment follows, and marriage is to take place on his return from the voyage. The ship's repairs are at length finished, and he sets sail: but scarcely out of the harbour, and he is overtaken by a French privateer, fights bravely, and the last shot of the enemy sweeps away both his thighs. He is brought back to the Isle; the lady's affection is *proof*—she nurses—cures—we do not mean she replaces the lost limbs—marries; and the curate—he, too, triumphs, for, tortured by jealousy, he struggles with the fiend—combats, and conquers.

"The Power of Affection" shews a sailor, who, being slighted by the girl he dearly loves, resolves to throw himself from a precipice—makes a bad leap, falls on the rough points of a rock, and breaks almost every limb—but survives. At first the fond and repentant girl testifies the warmest attachment, but the despairing hero mends slowly —and is a cripple for ever;—she finds another and a sounder lover, and he dies to prove the strength and pertinacity of affection—or the severity of his fall.

Notions of the Americans, picked up by a Travelling Bachelor. 2 vols. 8vo.; 1828. —We have read these volumes with the most unmingled satisfaction, and earnestly recommend them to all who have been gathering their "Notions of the Americans," without opportunities of correcting them by more competent authorities, from the tours and travels that have for the last ten or dozen years been floating in our literary atmosphere. Generally, the authors of these publications have themselves been uneducated and unlicked persons, and mixing, as they must have done, with men of their own class and habits—their introductions could of course be to no others—and filled with strange fancies of American equality, they have given of the Americans an impression of pervading, and intolerable and irreclaimable coarseness and vulgarity. The distinctions of political and social relations were beyond their detection. The same political rights seem to them to establish the same social intercourse—as if in such a combination of circumstances, the educated and uneducated, the refined and unrefined, the rich and the poor, must, necessarily, mingle pell-mell in blissful confusion. The very able and effective volumes before us will leave a far different impression upon the reader, accompanied with a conviction of the writer's superior information, and superior title to confidence, and confirmed, too, in the long run, by the eternal principles of human feelings, and human motives. The writer, with a want of sound discretion, which was little to be expected from him—

though done, no doubt, to obviate a natural prejudice—assumes the character of an European; but he is himself American, and no other indeed than Cooper, the well-known national novelist of America—a man, whose reputation, in his particular department, is, or ought to be second only to Sir Walter Scott's—able both to see, combine, and describe.

The work partakes but little of the form of a tour. The author lands at New York, as an European, as we have said—in fact, he was returning to his country after a long residence on the continent of Europe—and from New York, as a central point, he makes excursions into the states, north and east, south and west, and communicates the results, not the details of his observations. The facts are all, no doubt, of the most accurate character, and will go far to remove misconceptions. The book is, upon the whole, too discussive—the common Charybdis to the Scylla, on which the journalist is apt to wreck his vessel; but he is full, with something to say always to the purpose. The author reached New York on the very day of La Fayette's arrival, and numerous particulars are scattered over the volumes of the reception which the veteran soldier and statesman met with from all classes, in the general and deep but quiet enthusiasm, which became the gravity of the occasion, and the good sense of the people—all the theatrical was on the side of the old Frenchman. The whole affair was left to the spontaneous feelings of the country—the government did nothing but despatch a frigate for him—but every where—and he visited almost every state—he was received with a respect at once so fervid, so impressive, and so patriarchal, as nothing in modern times can parallel. The accommodations afforded him were of the completest kind, and neither himself nor his suite were suffered to be at the smallest expense. The states finally voted him a grant of land and 200,000 dollars.

The peculiarities of the American character are to be sought for mainly in the eastern and middle states, and evidently the author is better acquainted with these than with the southern and western ones. The state of society is very different, as might be anticipated, in the slave and non-slave states. In the northern states it is that intelligence, religion, order, frugality, and even liberty, have taken the deepest root; nor will the southern states, Mr. Cooper assures us, deny these distinctions, though they may think them balanced by their own superior taste and manners. The reader must expect—though the south is not neglected—to find the estimate of the American character, built chiefly in the north and east states, precisely those parts with which Europeans are likely to have most intercourse—and to which the observation of our own tourists have been mainly confined.

The notions of equality, which, in our ignorance, we suppose to originate in democratic institutions—the tendency of which is very decidedly to elevate the whole, rather than to level any—is very deservedly ridiculed. There are "grades" in American society in abundance, of nice shades too. Every man, above the poorest ranks, is eligible to the state legislatures, and even to the congress, and men of humble fortunes and undisciplined manners are sometimes elected; but, generally, as might be expected, the superior classes are chosen. But this distinction gives no precedence in society—which depends mainly on fortune, education and manners. The different castes or sets in society—particularly in the larger towns, as New York, which is a sort of metropolis—are as distinctly defined, and their limits as strictly observed as in even our own aristocratic country. Nobody thinks of crossing them till circumstances invite or entitle him. An innkeeper or a tradesman may be a member of congress, but he would no more expect to be admitted within the pale of certain circles than our own linen-drapers of Bond-street to the exclusions of Grosvenor-square. The "'squire" and his tailor may meet at the drawing-rooms of the president's lady, but the tailor is not a step nearer the interior of the rich man's residence.

Still the feeling of equality, in a public and political sense, has a marked influence upon society as to manners—shewn chiefly in the repression of that disposition to insolence, which superiority usually gives. There is universally a delicacy and mutual consideration in all classes—a sense of the existence of rights which are not to be invaded or slighted, which produces the essence of politeness and civilization, though it may not infallibly command the signs of it. The feeling is general of the sovereignty of the law, which rings in the ear—"this man is as much entitled to consideration as myself;" and the good sense of the people is equally ready to suggest—"If I am civil, others will be so to me." With these convictions, the signs and shows of polished manners are less frequent, from the very consciousness that the essence of them as we said, is in active operation. As to women, if they knew when they were well off, as no doubt they do, America, Mr. Cooper says, is their "paradise." The attentions they receive are not so much perhaps the result of admiration, ardent or affected, as of considerate humanity—but they are uniform and universal—the maid as well as the mistress is secure of them. No women work in the field.

The distinguishing source of American manners lies in the "simplicity of common sense." The American may be considered as almost exempt from prejudice. First or last, he is sure to ask—of what use is this? Why keep up the practice of that? And the result appears in the renunciation of the externals of vanity, and personal impor-

tance. He is content with the realities of power. Liveries, though never frequent, are now scarcely used at all, where coachmen and footmen are multiplied fifty fold. Armorial bearings are almost wholly abandoned—even on hatchments and tombs. It is become a mark of *bon ton* to discard things of this kind. In the same manner, the use of military titles, except that of *general*, once so common, is growing unfashionable—as also the distinctions of "honourable" and "excellency." The whole country, in short, is getting more purely democratical in appearance at least—the tendency is all that way. Parade is discontinued; the lawyer can plead without a wig—though the judge still wraps his dignity in a silk gown; neither the president, nor any member of the cabinet, or the congress wears the slightest mark of distinction. The Order of Cincinnatus, attempted some years ago to be established by the military, has vanished before the ridicule it excited. The influence of education, talents, money, and even birth exists—very much as with us—only modified, and in some degree curtailed. It is fortunate in America, as well as elsewhere, to be the child of a worthy, or even of an affluent parent. But public rights, and through them private manners, are all, more than in any country in the world, founded on *common* sense. Adams, the present president, when secretary of state, published a pamphlet on some questions of etiquette, connected, however, chiefly with matters of official intercourse, for which he was a good deal quizzed, though the very quizzers were ready to adopt the very thing they laughed at. But here appears the common sense of the country—whatever is convenient in the way of ceremony, they readily adopt, but are little disposed to make trifles matters of serious discussion.

The Americans are charged with coldness—particularly the women; but this is only towards strangers. Compared with other women, they are simple and direct; they do not understand the French, or even the English complimentary and exaggerating style; and such addresses throw them back upon their *reserve*—yet the manner is more strictly subdued than cold. They are —when that reserve wears off—as lively, but never as frivolous, as our own fashionables, and always more frank and cordial.

On the constitution, principles, and practice of the government, Mr. Cooper will furnish ample details—with full statistical information of all kinds. Of American literature, the author speaks, as he is, like a man of sense. Materials are wanting. There are no annals for the historian, says he; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and common-place) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance; no gross and hardy offences against decorum for the moralist; nor any of the rich artificial auxiliaries for poetry. The experience of a month, he adds, is sufficient to shew any observant man the falsity of the position—that the society and institutions are, or ought to be, favourable to novelties and variety. They are too much alike, and too much like what common sense tells them they ought to resemble, &c.

Every body knows America has no church establishment. But great ignorance prevails on this subject. In numerous books of some authority, it has been stated, that though there is no state religion, every one is assessed for the support of ministers, with the right of the contributor to direct its appropriation. This, however, never was strictly the fact, and is now scarcely so at all. The constitution of New Hampshire *authorises* its legislature to make provision for *Protestant* ministers, and Massachusetts *enjoins*. In these states a slight assessment is laid on property. It was the same not long since in Connecticut, but gradual changes are still going on, and the Americans fearlessly adapt their institutions to the spirit of the age, and that spirit is independence to the fullest practicable extent.

At present, in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tenessee, the clergy are not eligible to the state legislatures. In South Carolina, Kentucky, and Mississippi, they can be neither governors nor legislators. In Missouri, they can fill no civil office but justice of the peace. In New York, Delaware, and Louisiana, no civil office at all. The other states, and the United States, a general government, are silent on the subject, and the clergy are considered as eligible to every situation; and in all cases, restrictions are applicable, as surely they ought to be, only where men are in the actual exercise of clerical functions. Congress appoints chaplains; but takes them indiscriminately from the several sects, almost, as we have been assured, in rotation. No Catholic has hitherto been chaplain, but not so much from exclusive principles, as accident. Mr. Cooper was present when a Catholic preached to both houses, though probably not half-a-dozen Catholics were present. The clergy of different professions live in great harmony—they have little to quarrel about—neither titles nor promotions. One, moreover, has no advantage over another; he has but one alternative—he must abandon the race, or contend with watchfulness and care. This does not excite jealousy, and, least of all, laxity. Each party knows his influence depends on the conformity of his practice with his doctrine —which implies charity and forbearance. There has been plenty of intolerance in America—the inheritance of our fathers—but all is giving way. Restrictive laws in all the old states are gradually growing a dead letter, and either are already repealed, or will speedily be so. Even Maryland—a Catholic colony—has just rescinded the law which disfranchised the Jews.

As to numbers, if the Presbyterians and

Congregationalists be taken together, they are the first—they have 3,000 congregations. The Baptists have more than 2,000. The Methodists rank next. The Episcopalians have ten bishops and 394 clergy, and are on the increase. Quakers are numerous in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York; and Catholics in Maryland and Louisiana. It may be a matter of some interest with us Episcopalians to understand the constitution of the Episcopalian Church in America. Mr. Cooper supplies us with the requisite information.

Where there are Episcopalians enough, the diocese is confined to a single state. But, as there are ten bishops, and twenty-four states, it is plain that several of the states are contained in one diocese. There are, in point of fact, however, eleven dioceses, that of Delaware being vacant. The highest spiritual authority known is, of course, a bishop. Priests and deacons being all the orders named in the Bible, are the only other orders known or used in America. The highest authority is exercised by the general convention. The general convention is composed of two bodies, a house of bishops, and a house of lay delegates. Each diocese has a convention for the regulation of its own affairs. The general convention consists of the bishops, who form the house of bishops, and of laymen, who are sent as delegates from the state of convention. The object of this body is to promote harmony and uniformity of doctrine in the whole church. The state conventions contain the clergy of the diocese, and a lay delegation from each church. In both conventions, the clergy (or bishops, as the case may be) and the laymen vote separately, a majority of each being necessary to an ordinance. Clergymen are presented by their congregations, and bishops are elected by the conventions of the diocese, and are approved of by the house of bishops. There is no salary yet given to any bishop, though provisions to a reasonable amount are making for that object. At present they are all rectors of churches. The oldest bishop for the time being is called the presiding bishop, though he enjoys no exclusive authority. There have been, in all, twenty-one bishops of this church in the United States, and they hold their ordination from the archbishops of Canterbury and York, and from the non-juring bishops of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, jointly.

The law recognizes these authorities to a certain extent, as it does the authorities of all other churches. The Catholics have their archbishops and bishops, the Methodists their bishops, and the Presbyterians, Baptists, &c. &c. their own particular forms of government.

Institutes of the Laws of Holland, by Johannes Van der Linden, LL.D., translated by Jabez Henry, Esq.; 1828.—Convinced, as the nation is now pretty generally become, that our code—civil and criminal—is not in all and every part absolute wisdom, notwithstanding the great age of some of it—and disposed as the nation is, in consequence, to welcome any changes, however extensive, that bear the stamp of sound sense, and applicability to great and small, we cannot know too much of the laws of other countries. Human passions are every where very much the same, and the same laws will generally produce the same effects. The more materials, the safer and the more complete will be our deductions. In this view, therefore, Mr. Henry has performed an acceptable service in translating these Institutes. One leaf, at least, we may take from them relative to the treatment of debtors. The Dutch, it seems, condescend to *hear* before they execute, and to take the *property* before the person. Holland, let the traders of England remember, is, as the translator suggests, equally a commercial country with our own. But it is chiefly for the benefit of English settlers in the ceded Dutch Colonies, and English judges, who administer the Dutch laws in the colonies, and at home especially, in Plantation Appeals in the Privy Council—that these Institutes have been translated. For them it is invaluable; for these colonies were ceded in the condition that the ancient laws and institutions were secured to them. Mr. Van der Linden's character, as a lawyer and judge, is in high repute in his own country and the Colonies; and he has been singularly fortunate in his translator. Mr. Henry was himself three years President of the courts in the old Dutch Colonies of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, and has since visited the same places, as "senior commissioner in the commission of legal inquiry into the administration of criminal and civil justice in the West Indies and South American Colonies." No pains have been spared by the learned and experienced translator, to make the whole perfectly intelligible to the English colonist; and, since his return from the West Indies, he has visited Holland expressly to consult the venerable author, for the purpose of elucidation and correction. The translation itself was originally suggested, as one likely to prove of great utility, by Sir Wm. Grant, and executed under the sanction of Lord Bathurst, while colonial secretary.

The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan. 3 vols.; 1828.—The strange-sounding word of the title is, it seems, Turkish for Redcap, and is intended to designate the Persian Soldier; and the subject, accordingly, is the adventures of one of Nadir Schah's guards—a favoured officer—interwoven with the splendid career of that stern and sanguinary conqueror, who makes, it must be allowed, a much more commanding, and even a more respectable, figure, than Sir John Malcolm's history will, we think, sanction. The story, however, is told with considerable animation and dexterity, and shews no common familiarity with the scenes it describes—it is told too orientally, that is, "figuratively and paraphrastically"—interrupted by interminable episodes—suspending the course of the narrative, and of course breaking the continuity of its interest.

The hero, Ismael, who tells his own story,

is the son of a Khorasan chief, whose whole family and tribe had been cut off by the sudden and devastating irruption of a horde of Toorkomans. Ismael, a mere child, was the sole survivor; and being carried to the felt tents of the Toorkomans, and given to young Selim, the son of the chief, as a slave, was brought up among them with great kindness and indulgence, and taught, like them, the use of the bow and the spear. Growing up, bold, and brave, and active, he accompanied the tribe in their plundering excursions, and once saved the life of Selim, and became, moreover, not only the general favourite of all, but the particular one of a beautiful girl—one of the chief's daughters. This intercourse with the soft and gentle Shireen finally exceeded the limits of prudence, and the consequences were likely to prove perilous, if not fatal, to both the youthful and thoughtless offenders.

When the crisis seemed just at hand, a dervish, who had interpreted a dream of Ismael's mother before his birth, and foretold the general colour of his fortunes, and seemed, indeed, to exercise a sort of mysterious sway over his destinies, presents himself, and reading him a pretty sharp lecture on his imprudence, at length assures him of a speedy deliverance from the impending danger. Discovery follows forthwith; and Selim, though feeling deeply and painfully for the honour of his family, is prevailed upon, by the implorings of his sister, and his own affection for Ismael, to screen him from the indignation of the chief of the tribe, and assist him in his escape, by furnishing him with a horse and weapons, and directions for his course. Crossing, now, the sandy desert on the south, towards Khorasan, he and his horse are nearly buried in the whelming sands stirred up by a furious storm of wind, and he is only rescued from absolute destruction by the sudden appearance of the dervish, who shelters him in a neighbouring cave. Refreshed by a day's rest, the youth starts forward again for the south, and is finally met by a lone traveller, who proves to be Ibrahim, the brother of Nadir, then in a state of all but open rebellion against the Schah. Between two solitary individuals in a wide and desolate wilderness, intimacy soon grows, and a mutual communication of circumstances follows of course. Ibrahim knew Ismael's father, and was delighted with the bold bearing and general appearance of the youth, and promises to introduce him to Nadir, who was at this time encamped somewhere on the frontiers of Khorasan. In their way to join him, they were surprised by a band of Koords, and escaped only by the most desperate efforts of valour and resolution, and the lucky arrival of some of Nadir's cavalry, from whom Ibrahim had been, by circumstances, recently separated. Reaching Nadir's camp, Ibrahim forthwith introduces his young friend to the grim chief; and being required on the spot to give a touch of his quality, he exhibits his skill in horsemanship and the bow so much to the satisfaction of Nadir, that he is immediately enrolled in his highness's guard.

Preparations were at this time actively making for fighting the rebels before Mushed, and in the decisive engagement which quickly ensued, Ismael's prowess was conspicuous, and was brilliantly acknowledged. The holy city Mushed fell before Nadir's triumphs, and for a while the labours of the soldier ceased, and Ismael was left with little to do but to prosecute his own enjoyments. Idleness is the mother of mischief, and Ismael rapidly degenerates—he frequents gaming-houses, and contracts sundry profligate habits. Among other sources of amusement, he ascends the top of a minaret daily, and busies himself in prying down upon the harem of an old voluptuous priest. The fancy seizes him to get a nearer glance—he scrambles up an old adjoining ruin, and succeeds to his heart's content. For a time he is cautious, and satisfied with merely gazing on the scenes before him; but, growing careless or confident by impunity, he is at length observed, and has some difficulty in escaping. The difficulty had indeed been insuperable, but for the connivance of the queen of the harem, who had long before detected his gazings, and marked his admiration, and returned it with ardour. Orientally, matters are soon arranged; the lady now loses not a moment; she despatches a slave to conduct Ismael to her boudoir, where, left to themselves, she at once avows her admiration of his spirit and person. Ismael is too gallant a soldier not to make a suitable return of protestations; but, though struck, and even awed, by the splendour of her majestic beauty, he is perfectly fascinated by one of her attendant nymphs, and very quickly he has two intrigues upon his hands—the mistress and the maid—of very different characters, as he soon finds—the one haughty, and domineering, and rapacious—the other as gentle, and confiding, and disinterested.

During the prosecution of these delights, he has the good fortune, one evening, to rescue a person from an attack of assassins, and accompanying him to his house, is treated by him with great distinction, and dismissed with liberal presents. This person proves to be a young merchant, of high intellectual cultivation, and prodigiously wealthy—who had visited foreign countries, and had a great deal to tell. His adventures are accordingly detailed at a somewhat wearisome length; but an opportunity is thus given of describing the manners of different oriental regions, and particularly the capture of Ispahan by the Affghan invader, and his subsequent cruelties. An intimacy quickly ripens between the young men; and Aboo Talib, the merchant, knowing that a soldier's purse is generally

light, makes him the most frank and liberal offers of his: but these Ismael is too high-spirited to accept, though the importunate exactions of his manœuvring mistress make *loans* very desirable. The facility with which these were granted seduces the thoughtless youth into encroachments on his friend's kindness, and enables him to extend the natural term of his inglorious intercourse with his harem-mistress. But matters with her, from other causes, precipitate—discovery follows; and the lady, an Affghan, and of course of an indomitable spirit, plans a fierce revenge. Ismael is introduced to her apartments as usual, and is immediately taxed about his base intrigue with her slave, and the unhappy girl is brought in by numerous attendants. He is himself secured and bound, and she, in his very sight, is stript—her beautiful and downy shoulders mercilessly scourged, and her soft and snowy bosom cut and gashed with knives, till she falls senseless on the ground; and, just as the fell tigress is preparing to put out Ismael's eyes, comes in the enraged husband, and the scene of violence terminates by the wife stabbing her bleeding victim, and herself, after failing in a rush upon Ismael, dying under the operation of poison, and Ismael's being plunged into a dungeon.

From this dungeon, however, he is quickly rescued by the re-appearance of the mysterious dervish, who, reading him another lecture on his recent profligacy, takes him to a place of safety; from whence, after recovering from a sharp fever, the consequence of his agitations and sufferings, he returns to his military duties. But his absence has been long, and he is received by his master with great coldness, and some reproaches, and bade to be watchful for some opportunity of recovering his fallen credit. This, with his irrepressible ardour, he soon accomplishes; an engagement takes place; and, by an act of daring and desperate valour, he turns the fortune of the field, and regains Nadir's favour. New victories and honours flow in upon him, and success, in full tide, attends him up to the recovery of Ispahan, the expulsion of the Affghan sovereign, and the restoration of the legitimate schah.

At Ispahan, in a severe fit of illness brought on by his exertions and his wounds, he is again found by the merchant, and by him splendidly taken care of; and we have then his farther adventures detailed. Once more in a state of convalescence, Ismael is despatched with a detachment of troops to occupy Mushed, where, among some captives, he discovers his own Shireen, in the deepest misery, dying from want; and learns, moreover, that Selim is in confinement, and his execution certain on Nadir's arrival, who was expected every day. Nadir had, on some former occasion, made him the promise of a boon or demand, and he now demands the life of his friend, and when refused, renounces his allegiance, and by this resolute behaviour finally shakes the stern determination of his commander, and receives a pardon for himself and friend. At this stage—when all is prosperous—his friend rescued from destruction—and himself happy in the arms of his loved and long-lost Shireen, the story stops. More is promised; and in due time, of course, we shall be carried over the career of Nadir's Indian triumphs—which we shall trace with interest, under so competent a guide.

Sketch of the present State of the Island of Sardinia, by Capt. W. H. Smyth, R. N. 1828.—This is an acceptable volume; for of the existing state of Sardinia, and its population, we have no accounts to be relied upon, and none at all of recent production; and even for its history, we know not where to refer to, except where it is mixed up with that of other countries, or incidentally adverted to. Captain Smyth was employed by the Admiralty to survey the coast; and with the present publication in view, he seized on every opportunity for gaining the requisite information, and seems, first or last, to have cut the island in all directions. The account is, on the whole, as complete as can be wished for, of a place so little in communion with the rest of the world. Under different divisions will be found the political history of the island—its produce and resources—the condition and habits of the natives—and a tour round the coast.

The history is very slightly sketched. The oldest accounts represent the island as originally colonized by Libyans, some dozen centuries before the Christian era, to whom were successively added Trojans, Greeks, and others. In 530 B.C. occurs the first *historical* fact, an invasion by the Corinthians, which the Sards, aided by a band of Corsicans, repelled; and with the same success they seem to have baffled several similar attempts from other quarters. In 259, Cornelius Scipio defeated the Carthaginians off the coasts, in two successive years, and with his legions overran the whole island, without making any effort to retain possession—the motives for invading and abandoning are equally obscure. But in 213, Sardinia was finally reduced, and being incorporated with Corsica, became a Roman province, governed by a prætor. Soon after, we read of a civil war between the natives of the plains and of the hills, followed by a pretty general revolt from the Romans; and in 178, after a tremendous destruction, the island was again reduced by Sempronius Gracchus, and thenceforward made a *consular* province. From this period it followed the fortunes of other Roman provinces—long regarded by Rome as one of its granaries, and was the spot to which her criminals were banished. In the reign of Tiberius, according to Tacitus, 4,000 Jews were despatched to subdue some pirates, who were ravaging the island—

being themselves considered as a worthless people, who, if the unwholesomeness of the climate carried them off, would be thus well got rid of. In the fifth century after Christ, it fell under the Vandals, and was in Genseric's possession after the death of Valentinian. In 468, the Emperor Leo made great exertions to recover Africa and the neighbouring islands from his grasp, and by a detachment from his immense armaments, Sardinia was retaken, but as quickly was recovered by Genseric. Under Belisarius, it was once more wrenched from the gripe of the Vandals, and being then annexed to the African prefecture, continued under the Emperors, except during a short interval, when it fell before Totila, till the beginning of the eighth century.

At that period it was first invaded by the Saracens, and a struggle between them and the Sards was kept up for more than a century, till the brave islanders, in despair, threw themselves on the protection of Louis le Débonnaire, and were by him incorporated with the Western Empire—apparently without adding much to their security, though, certainly, the Saracens never held quiet possession of it. About the year 1,000, Musat, an enterprising Moor, got sudden possession of the whole, and assuming the title of King of Sardinia, he spread his devastations on all the neighbouring shores,—till, prompted by the Pope, the Pisans undertook a crusade against him, which, successful at first, and then failing, was again repeated in conjunction with the Genoese; and finally, the whole island, in 1022, was divided between the confederate invaders—the Genoese, apparently, being feudatory to the Pisans. These commercial cities, however, did not long agree on the division of the spoil, and their disputes ended only with the ruin of Pisa, some two centuries and a half afterwards, when it was said, "Those who would see Pisa must go to Genoa."

Without adverting to subsequent efforts of the Pisans to recover their influence—or to the oppressions of the Genoese, which drove the Sards to rebel, and call in the aid of new foreigners—it must suffice to state, that, in 1428, the island was ceded to Alphonso of Arragon, and to the crown of Spain it continued to be annexed till the Succession War, in the course of which (1708) the capital was seized by Sir John Leake for Charles of Austria, and, by the treaty of Utrecht, was allotted to the Emperor. In spite, however, of this allotment, Philip, the Bourbon King of Spain, in 1717, by a sudden attack, recovered it; but again, by the prompt efforts of the English and Austrians, Philip was compelled to resign it once more to the Emperor, who, on the same day, ceded it to Victor Amadeus, in exchange for Sicily, 1720. Since that period, the island has followed the fortunes of the house of Savoy. It is governed by a viceroy, removeable every three years.

The island, upon measurement, proves to be larger than Sicily, and, of course, is the largest in the Mediterranean. Its dimensions are 140 by 60 nautical miles, that is, about 160 by 70 travelling ones. Besides lakes, marshes, aud torrents, there are large sandy and stony districts, which occupy, together, more than a third of the surface; a similar extent may be assigned for forests and pastures; and the remainder, about 4,400,000 acres, is laid out in corn-fields, vineyards, olive-grounds, orchards, &c., for the subsistence of about 480,000 persons—enough—corn yielding at least eight for one—to feed triple the number. Agriculture, as may be readily supposed, is in the lowest state—the plough is of the rudest construction, and so light as rather to scratch than turn up the soil. Corn is thrashed in the field by the treading of mares and colts, on a spot stripped of the sward, and beaten to hardness, to the manifest deterioration of the corn, but with the advantage, it seems, of breaking the straw into a more eatable state. Of what may be called interior commerce there can be none, for there are scarcely any high-roads, and no cross or by-roads at all. The ruts are worn nearly as deep as the semi-diameter of the cart-wheels; and of a new road now actually making from Cagliari to Sassari, it was remarked to Captain Smyth by a native, "it would be imperfect till it was worn to a similar state!" The cart-wheels are solid, edged with triangular pieces of iron instead of a smooth hoop, and the axle-tree fixed in the wheels—the yoke rests upon the forehead of the oxen employed to draw the cart, bound round the roots of the horns. Captain Smyth, struck with the peculiarity, had a model of it constructed, which being seen by a canon of the cathedral, he observed—"The English are a wise people—always travelling to seek improvements, and carry them home!" *Some* corn is exported. Wine is improving. Tobacco is a royal monopoly. Silk is cultivated merely for amusement. Cotton is grown, but not enough for exportation; and Capt. Smyth, being desirous of promoting the growth, presented the planters with the white and yellow seed of Malta, the staple of which is long and silky, but was checked by a person high in office—who assured him, the more the culture was extended, the more the material must fall in value!—a remark which may give the measure of his political economy.

Throughout the spring the plains are covered with flowers of great variety, and honey, in consequence, abounds—retaining the bitterness so often alluded to by the Latin poets, and attributed by some to yew, laurel, and rue, and by others to the *herba Sardoa*—the plant, whatever it may be, which produced what is called the sardonic

grin—a bitter smile in the midst of agony—a contortion of the muscles of the mouth, that shews like a smile—a sort of grin of vexation. For this plant Captain Smyth made frequent inquiries—every body was familiar with the expression, and every body pretended to know the plant; but no specimen could he obtain. Some spoke of it as a parasitic growing among aquatic plants, called djurra at Terranova, and lohone at Tempio. Others affirmed that it in particular adhered to water-cresses; and a farmer was very earnest with the sailors to throw away some very fine ones! The ranunculus sceleratus abounds—so acrid, as to give the mouth of the taster a twist, and of course a colour to the tradition. But Captain Smyth inclines to class it with other worn-out wonders of the island—such as the fountain that blinded robbers and perjurers, and sharpened the eyes of the good, and the ladies that had double pupils to theirs.—The feudal system, though represented as in full vigour, is not exactly so; for the vassal is free-born, and may change his lord and residence at will. While on the estate, he is subject to services of a degrading cast; and an annual tribute is exacted, in money or goods, on all above eighteen years—besides demands for prisons, indemnities for robberies and fires, and exemptions from the debt of labour, &c.—if some of these are not rather to be called government taxes. Assassinations are shockingly numerous—quite enough to keep down any *surplus* population.

So little has the island been permanently occupied by foreigners, since the Romans, that more of the Latin language remains than in any other of the southern dialects. A specimen is given, which would have been equally intelligible to a Roman as it is to a Sard.

> Deus, qui cum potentia incomprehensibili
> Nos creas, et conservas cum amore,
> Nos sustentas cum gratia indefectibili,
> Nos refrenas cum pœna, et cum dolore.
> Cum fide nos illustras infallibili,
> Et nos visitas cum dulce terrore,
> Cum gloria præmias bonos ineffabili,
> Punis malos cum pœna interminabili.

The words mostly end with *a*, *u*, or *i*, and are pluralized by adding *s*. The *c* is something between the *s* and *z*, instead of the *che* of the Italians; and the *cx* resembles the Italian *ci*, or English *ch*, as in *cocxu*—coach. The labials *b* and *v* are mutually substituted. Joseph Scaliger's pun will be remembered, when speaking of the Sards, who are not remarkably abstemious—Felices populi, quibus *bibere* est *vivere*. The fine arts, as we quaintly term them, are utterly unknown among them—they have neither painter, sculptor, nor engraver; and for a theatre, nothing but a barn or two. Even as artizans, they shew little skill or dexterity, except in gun-locks. They make no watches, or clocks, or any cutlery, but of the coarsest description. When sawyers work in unison, one stands upon the timber, as with us, but below there are two, and both sit. We must stop somewhere—let it be here.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

Exhibition of Portraits of the most Illustrious Personages of British History, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, Pall Mall, East. — The purpose of this exhibition, which has been opened gratuitously, and very numerously and fashionably attended, is that of displaying, at a single view, the entire collection of drawings prepared for the superb and national work, so well known by the name of "Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of the most Illustrious Personages of the History of Great Britain." These drawings, or rather paintings, in water colours, have been executed by some of the most distinguished living artists, from the original and contemporary portraits preserved in the several galleries and mansions (often of the descendants of the illustrious originals) which are scattered over the entire island; and while, by the accuracy and richness of their performance, they present to the lover of art a uniform series of subjects, belonging to the portrait painting of the country during a period of three centuries, and longer; they also present to the lover of English history and biography, a series of historical and biographical illustrations as invaluable as it is rare. That the portrait painting of historical personages is the best species of historical painting, must be a truth which hardly admits of a question; and which, least of all, will be controverted by any of those who have enjoyed the opportunity of surveying the collection now referred to.

The memoirs which have accompanied the engravings of these portraits, are from the pen of Mr. Lodge, and have obtained the general estimation of readers to a degree which renders further encomium needless. The beauty of style, and gentlemanly spirit, for which they are remarkable, are accompanied by the happiest arrangement of the narrative; by concision and perspicuity, and by the fruits of the most diligent research.

The original folio edition (of which the cost was nearly two hundred guineas), and an imperial octavo edition, published in numbers, at intervals of two months, are now about to be followed by an edition in imperial octavo, in monthly numbers; and in each publication an equal beauty of mechanical execution is preserved. The series is also to be brought down to the present date.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE close of the season at the winter theatres has at length arrived, and the world are left to find what amusement they can in the Haymarket and Lyceum. The season has been unusually dull at both the great theatres. The companies of both have been composed of the best actors that the stage possesses in this degenerate age; but the general result has proved that actors are but the minor ingredients of success. Covent Garden in possession of Kean, Young, and Charles Kemble, had all that tragedy can boast among us; and yet, with the exception of some nights of Kean's engagement, in which the unusual combination of the whole force of the corps produced strong public excitement, the success was by no means adequate to the expenditure. On the whole, we fear that the season was an unpromising one. The great theatres are certainly conducted on a system which no excellence of the actors can render productive. The outlay is enormous: that of Covent Garden is scarcely less than £250 a-night; and when we consider that it requires an unusually full house to produce £500, and how seldom even a moderately full one has occurred, we may at once come to the conclusion, and regret the loss that must be inevitable—and our regret is sincere. The exertions of the managers have been zealous in every thing that belonged to the theatre. The company has been select and able; the performances have been well arranged; the scenery and equipments excellent. There never was exhibited in Europe a stage so free from negligence, or any kind of offensive irregularity or deficiency, as the English stage of the present day; yet the result has been dissatisfaction; and we understand that in Covent Garden the old expedient of a change of managers is to be tried, as an expedient for a change of fortune. We are no panegyrists of Charles Kemble, nor are we inclined to publish the errors which must arise from the attempt to combine the very different objects of actor and manager; but while we take into account the internal predilection of this accomplished performer, for plays, and for authors, that conduced to this impression on the public, we willingly do him the justice to say, that his talents have done honour to the theatre, and his management will find few equals in the grace and urbanity of manners with which so anxious a charge was conducted. It is said that he is going to America. We sincerely hope that his absence, if he be going, will be of the shortest possible duration, and that we shall have him among us again, personating what none can personate like him—the fine spirit of chivalry, of youthful passion, and of heroic beauty.

The force of Drury Lane was determined to comedy, and the company was of the ablest kind. Matthews was drawn from his annual and productive labours at the Lyceum; Liston was won from his perpetual visions of the "*otium cum dignitate*," his phantasies about perpetual travel between Venice, Vienna, the Caucasus, and Constantinople; his meditations on houries; pipes seven feet long, and the nurture of a beard which was to put Sultan Solyman's to shame; his pleasant reveries; an eternal rumbling in postchaises, and eternal scorching on the bluest waters of the Mediterranean, much as they have beguiled himself and amused the world of the green-room these half dozen years, have been dissolved by the potent spell of the manager. This freest of the free, among the children of Thespis, has suffered himself to be chained during the hottest of the hot months, to the managerial stool; has played admirably, and is, we hope, destined by his cruel fate to be tempted from his natural freedom many a year to come, to freeze with the winter's visitation; to be scorched by the sun in Leo; to make the worst translations from the worst French palatable, and to make pleasantry popular, in defiance of dulness, methodism, and the dog-days. Jones has exhibited himself to great advantage during this season. In mentioning him subsequently to Matthews and Liston, we have no idea of placing him a single step below those able performers. But he appears constantly, while they visit us only on occasion; he performs in all things, let them be of what merit they may, while they appear only in a few, probably of their own choice, in which they have been accustomed to exert their powers. But the stage has had, for a long period, no actor equal to Jones for ready adaptation to all parts, for the animation which he throws into all, even the feeblest; and for the clearness, dexterity, and brilliancy of his dialogue. No comedy can be efficient in which he has not a prominent part, and no audience can involve him in the failure of the drama, be its absurdities all that modern authorship is so perfectly adequate to make them.

But the grand defect of the whole system is the want of able authorship. No excellence of acting can make us endure the eternal repetitions of even the cleverest of our comedies. There is, besides, a period which no rank of cleverness can survive, as there is a period at which the strongest body of our wine evaporates or turns into vinegar. The whole race of the comedies, &c., at the beginning of the last century, were old fifty years ago, and had expired of old age. No attempt at revival was able to keep them before the public. A new race then appeared: the "Clandestine Marriage" and the "School for Scandal," were at the head of these; and nothing could be more admirable than the vigorous plot of the one

and the playful poignancy of the other. But they had their day. New manners, new feelings, new modes of thinking, and new styles of being pleased or pained, have superseded those of the day of Colman and Sheridan. Their plays are now worn out; their plots have been repeated in a thousand forms, until they are worn out too. Their wit has transpired in the shape of so many old stories, that it is identified with the tiresome old gentlemen who tell them, and who protest that since mankind left off tie-wigs and cocked hats the world has gone to ruin. The "Clandestine Marriage" and the "School for Scandal," are now old-fashioned. Their pleasantries are stiff; their burlesques of life burlesques of a life that has no examples among us, and even the brilliant *Charles* now appears a good deal of a vulgar rake, and the dexterous *Joseph* but a bad imitation of a relapsed quaker.

There has not been in the whole year any one original performance on the stage. "Don Pedro," a tragedy, by Lord Porchester, being the only one that pretended to originality, and being, though the production of an accomplished and intelligent young noblemen, not fitted to last beyond its first half hour. There has been no original comedy; no opera; no farce; even no melo-drama. France has given her little nerveless performances to be rendered more nerveless by being pulled to pieces and flung together in the literary cauldron, to re-appear moulded into some awkward shape of English drama. But failure has set its seal upon all; and so it must be, until the genius of the country be induced to turn its vigour to the drama.

The Haymarket Theatre has already opened, with a good company. Several of the public favourites of the last year are missing from the list: but this is the natural result of their success at this theatre. The humble country actor, transferred to London, becomes, if a favourite, a formidable being to manage. The emoluments of these small summer theatres, which were once opulence to him, become trivial in his opened eyes, and he, like other gentlemen, scorns town at midsummer, and flies to the delights of a circuit through the country. No one can blame the fortunate members of a profession so ephemeral for making all the money they can in as short a time as they can. But the result is, that the summer theatres lose their most effective actors, and are compelled to drill a new tribe into fame.

Among the *débutantes* is Miss Bartolozzi, the sister of Vestris, and with some resemblance in voice and countenance to this clever and lively actress. Her figure is feminine and graceful, but she is impeded a good deal by the embarrassment of a first trial. Her voice is powerful, and evidently taught by Italian rules. But she will require practice to give her facility and the habit of the stage, to allow of the full development of her powers.

The house has been considerably altered in its appearance; the projections of the boxes are taken away, and the whole range of boxes and gallery richly decorated. The *coup-d'œil* is handsome, and, with a better drop-scene and a better orchestra, both of which the enterprizing and active manager can so easily supply, nothing will be wanting to the usual and deserved popularity of this lively theatre.

The prominent theatrical event of the month has been the appearance of Mademoiselle Mars at the King's Theatre, turned from an *Italienne* into a *Française*. Her first performance was in De Lavigne's very long-winded and very tiresome comedy of "L'Ecolé des Vieillards," a comedy which differs from a tragedy only in its being without any death, except what may happen among the audience from excessive yawning; and which seems to have been written by one of the fatiguing old men that it characterises. But in France dramatic talent is now in exactly the same degeneracy as in England. We have no right to exult over the more prostrate stupidity of our vivacious neighbours; their stage is dull, and ours is just as dull. We adopt and adapt from them; they adopt and adapt from the Spanish and the German. So runs the circle; and the system of adoption by M. Scribe is just as palpable and as nationally unproductive as that of any of the *faceurs* who provide us with flippancy and foolery at second-hand.

Mademoiselle Mars has been for many years at the head of French comedy; and she has unequivocally deserved her distinction. Nothing French could be more finished than her performance of *Hortense*, the coquettish wife. With all the national vivacity, she had the good taste to keep it down to the universal standard of easy eloquence; and, with the singular volatility of tongue that belongs to her countrywomen evidently at her command, she spoke with a delicacy and occasional composure, that allowed her accents to sink into the heart. This fine performance is an instance of the power of talent over time. She is said to be above fifty; yet her countenance, on the stage, has almost the freshness of early life; her features are expressive, and her smile is perfectly beautiful. Her face is, it is true, on the model of the French Venus, round, full, and small featured. Neither an ancient Greek nor a modern Englishman would be inclined to think the rotund in face or person the most fortunate of forms. But every nation has its taste, from the negroes upwards, and the *sphere* is in France the model of perfection in eyes, visage, and figure. Mademoiselle Mars was received with great applause.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 7.—An account was given of trigonometrical operations, in the years 1821-2-3, for determining the difference of longitude between the royal observatories of Paris and Greenwich, by Captain Kater.—14. On the mode in which the nerves belonging to the organs of sense terminate, by Sir E. Home. Experiments on heated iron, in reference to the magnetic and electric fluids, by W. Ritchie, Esq.—April 24. A paper was read, containing an account of experiments on the elastic curve, by B. Bevan, Esq. This curve has generally been stated to be the parabola, but after many trials, Mr. B. found that the formula, for the common hyperbola, gave a very near approximation, in all practical cases, to the curve assumed by a prismatic rod, when acted upon by the weight of its own parts.—May 1. A paper was read, entitled a description of a vertical floating collimator, and an account of its application to astronomical observations, with a circle, and a zenith telescope, by Captain Kater. This instrument, an improvement on the horizontal collimator, invented by this gentleman in 1825, from the greater degree of precision attainable by its employment, from the facility of its construction and application, and the time saved by using it, the author deems it not unreasonable to infer that ere long the use of the level and plumb-line, in celestial observations, will be wholly abandoned.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

March 14. The first paper read, was an ephemeris of the place of Encke's comet, during the time of its re-appearance at the end of the present year. Drawn up at the request of the Council of the Society, by F. Baily, Esq. The next was a paper, on finding the rates of time-keepers, by E. Riddle, Esq. The method proposed is by taking equal altitudes of a fixed star, on the same side of the meridian, on successive nights. If the difference of the two consecutive times at which the star attains the same altitude (whatever it be) on the same side of the meridian, be less than 3′·55″·91, the chronometer (presuming that it is regulated to mean solar time) will have gained, and if more, it will have lost much in a sidereal day. And if the observations are made at an interval of n days, the n^{th} part of the difference between the times of observation compared with 3′·55″·91, will, in like manner, give the mean rate for that interval, and if this quantity be multiplied by 1·0027, it will give the rate for a mean solar day. Lastly, there was read, a paper by the Rev. T. Hussey, on certain differences between the places of particular stars as laid down by Piazzi and Bradley, and the places assigned by reducing the observations of M. Bessel, which, in one instance at least, induce a supposition of an annual proper motion of +0″·9872 of the star in R.A.—April 11. A paper was read on the construction of large achromatic telescopes, by A. Rogers, Esq. Mr. R. proposes to employ a single object lens, and to correct it by a compound lens placed near the focus of the former. A portion of a paper was also read on the occultation of δ piscium, observed in Blackman-street, in the month of February, 1821. References to recorded observations of occultations, in which peculiarities have been apparently seen, either at the moon's limb, or upon her disc, together with an inquiry how far certain hypotheses seem adequate to account for the phœnomena, by I. South, Esq.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 21. Benjamin Silliman, M.D., was elected a foreign member of this Society. F. Finch, Esq., and T. Winter, Esq., were elected Fellows. A paper was read, entitled "Topographical and Geological Notices," from information collected during the expedition to the North West Coast of America, under the command of Captain Franklin, by Dr. Richardson. Of this memoir, which will be published in full in the appendix to Captain Franklin's Narrative of the Expedition, we shall hereafter offer an analysis.—April 18. William Hutton, Beriah Botfield, and W. P. Hamond, Esqs., were elected Fellows. A paper wasread on the fossil remains of two new species of mastodons and of other vertebrated animals found on the left bank of the Irawadi (presented to the museum of the society by Mr. Crawfurd), by W. Clift, Esq. The president having communicated to the Society that the Lords of the Treasury had granted to them the rooms in Somerset-house, formerly used as the Lottery-office; thanks were voted on the occasion, and a subscription entered into for defraying the expense of fitting up the rooms.—May 2. Dr. Burton was elected member of the council on the retirement of Mr. Majendie, and elected secretary in the room of R. I. Murchison, Esq., who resigned and was elected foreign secretary in the place of H. Heuland, Esq. J. C. Loudon, and T. Copeland, Esqrs., were elected Fellows. And an extract of a letter was read from Lieutenant W. Glennie, R.N., dated Mexico, May 6, 1827, entitled "The Ascent of Popocatapel;" also a letter from J. B. Pentland, Esq., respecting the fossil remains of some animals from the north-east border of Bengal. The author has discovered among the mutilated fragments of bones obtained from the tertiary deposits on the Bramahpootra river, in the small state of Coosh Behar, presented to the Society some years ago by David Scott, Esq., and referred to in a former volume of the Transactions, the remains of four distinct species of mammalia, making an interest-

ing addition to the list already published by Mr. Colebrooke.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

May 4.—The reading of Mr. Morgan's paper on the mammary organs of the kangaroo was continued, containing further particulars of the dissection of these parts, as well as of the muscles attached to the bones of the adult and impregnated animal.—May 24. This day was the anniversary of the Society; and Lord Stanley was elected president in the room of the late Sir J. E. Smith; and E. Foster, J. E. Bicheno, and R. Taylor, Esqrs., respectively re-elected to the offices of treasurer, secretary, and under secretary.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Guinand's Glass.—The materials used in the composition of glass are some saline substance, and some sort of silicious earth. With respect to the latter, it is indeed said, that all white transparent stones which will not burn to lime are fit to make glass. Where proper stone cannot be had, sand is used; and it is now almost the only kind of substance employed in the British manufactures of glass. The other ingredient is an alkali, either soda or potash, which is always used at first in a state of carbonate. There are other fluxes used for different kinds of glass, and for various purposes: of the oxides of lead, litharge and minium are found to be of singular use: the first of these is a powerful flux, and imparts to glass the valuable qualities of greater density, and of greater refractive power. A considerable quantity of this oxide is contained in the finer glasses, the flint-glass in particular, and that which is used for the table, for lustres, for artificial gems, and for most optical purposes. It is, however, well known that glass which contains much lead is extremely soft, very fusible, and liable to be corroded by very acrid liquors. There is, beside, much difficulty in so contriving the materials, that the glass shall be throughout of uniform density. Still this does not seem to present an insurmountable obstacle; and, from some analyses that have been made of M. Guinand's Swiss flint-glass, we should be induced to conclude that it is to the successful employment of this material that the superiority of his flint-glass has been owing. But a glass which is liable to corrosion by a powerful acid would likewise appear susceptible of oxidation—an unlucky process, which it is rumoured that a celebrated object-glass constructed from some of his glass, is at present undergoing.

Earthquakes in 1827.—The following list of earthquakes, which occurred in the course of last year in different parts of the world, has appeared in a foreign journal:—January 2. At Mortagne (Orne) and its environs: a violent shock, of short duration, accompanied with an intense noise. Chimnies and household furniture were thrown down; the commotion reached as far as Alençon; the day was cloudy, the weather thick and stormy, which is unusual at that time of the year.—February 9. At seven o'clock in the evening, in the north-west part of Wales, and the Isle of Anglesea. The shocks continued from forty seconds to a minute; they were sufficiently violent to overturn several pieces of furniture. A noise was heard like that of a heavy-laden cart going on the stones.—April 2. At Beverss, at twenty minutes past one in the morning, two strong consecutive shocks. The inhabitants of Basse Engadine assert, that they counted twenty similar shocks during the winter.—May 29. At Vajaca, in Mexico, two slight shocks.—June 3. At Martinique, a slight shock.—June 12. At Tehenecan, in Mexico, at half-past one o'clock, a violent shock, with a frightful noise; many buildings damaged.—June 16. At Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, a shock, at five o'clock in the morning.—June 21. At Palermo, at eleven in the morning, four strong shocks in the space of seven seconds: it was an oscillatory motion from the west to the east.—August 14. At Palermo, at 2 p. m., several shocks; they continued about eighteen minutes, with very short intervals; the motion was always oscillatory.—September 18. At Lisbon, a slight shock.—October 10. At Zurich, and all the shores of the lake, at twelve minutes before 3 p. m., a strong shock.—October 15. At Jassy, at eight in the evening, two violent shocks, directed from north to south, and accompanied by a subterraneous noise: two or three days after, the heat was very great.—October 30. At Corsica, in the cantons of Taravo, Tagliano, and Sartene, two shocks, at twenty minutes past 5 a. m.—November 30. At Pointe-à-Petre, Guadaloupe, at three in the evening, a violent earthquake. At Mariegalante it was preceded by a strong and sudden storm.

New Cannon.—We mentioned in this journal, several months since, that a Colonel Paixhans, of the French artillery, had been endeavouring to introduce into the marine of his nation a comparatively light cannon, of very large calibre, for the purpose of discharging point-blank explosive shells at sea. Whether they will be employed on board vessels engaged in civilized warfare, remains to be seen. But, for some short time since, a new sort of howitzer, in every particular appearing to correspond with the gun designed by Colonel Paixhans, has been introduced into the British service; and one of them is now to be found attached to each of our brigades of guns, capable of discharging a solid shot, or a hollow projectile.

Improved Camera Lucida.—The difficulty of employing the camera lucida in the form in which it was presented to the public by its inventor, Dr. Wollaston, is well known. From Professor Amici, of Modena, this ingenious instrument received several improvements; but, in the one which he exhibited last year in this country, and which, consequently, it was to be supposed, was of the best construction, there was a double image, which, so long as a concave lens was employed in front of the prism, could not be gotten rid of. A very skilful optician in this country (Robinson, of Devonshire-street, Portland-place), having investigated the cause of this, and succeeded in the inquiry, set himself to remedy the evil; and has now succeeded in producing a modification of Wollaston's camera lucida, as improved by Amici, which, for the purposes for which that instrument is designed, cannot be surpassed—the whole practice of landscape-drawing being reduced entirely to the mechanical operation of tracing. The same ingenious artist is the inventor of the Rhodium pens, which, at about one quarter of the price of the ruby pens, possess all the advantages of the latter.

English Patents.—It is amusing enough for any person who is not a sufferer by them, to attend to the operation and effect of the English patent laws. The best examples of the effects of them are to be found in a respectable monthly journal, belonging to one of the members of the patent-office, and devoted principally to the description and enumeration of patents. In Newton's Journal for last month, ten new patents are enumerated, of which four may be considerated as identical with others previously granted. One for separating the salt from sea-water, and thereby rendering it fresh and fit for use, by the process of filtration; another for tanning, by a process which has been used for many years in the Bank of Ireland for sizing, dyeing, and wetting paper; a third person, bearing the ominous name of Wilks, lays "no claim to the exclusive use of coke ovens under steam boilers, for the purpose of generating steam therein during the process of making coke; but I claim the application of a steam boiler in the construction of a coke oven, by making the bottom of the boiler form the top of the oven." The idea of combining a coke oven and steam boiler had been anticipated, in 1824, by a former patentee—a very ingenious gentleman, of the name of De Iongh—and been extensively practised with great advantage. But the very nice distinction which has been drawn (probably by some gentleman learned in the law), between the present invention and the former, is truly admirable. "I have," says Mr. De Iongh, "placed a *coke oven under a boiler*;" then says Mr. Wilks, "I lay no claim to a *coke oven under a boiler*;" but "I claim a boiler placed *over a coke oven*." The fourth was for some antique modern improvement in the process of evaporation. A few months since a genius obtained a patent for making steel, by combining iron with carbon!!! Much about the same time another laid claim to originality in composing brass of zinc and copper—in particular proportions, it is true; but those proportions were precisely such as every *experienced* artist had been in the habit of employing. We will only cite one other instance:—a clever and liberal artist invented a most useful surgical apparatus, and obtained a patent to protect his right to the sale of it. Unluckily, this worthy man had nothing but his character and talents to support him. A shopkeeper, who had been extremely busy in jobbing for a body to which John Bull has affixed a most offensive name, pirates this invention, under the sanction of the leading member of this new joint stock knowledge company, who engaged that, before he could suffer from any legal proceedings of the inventor, he (the said acting manager) would find out some passage in a foreign work which should suffice for upsetting the patent-right. He kept his word. An injunction was, in the first instance, obtained to stop the sale of his *protégé's* apparatus, but subsequently withdrawn, on the authority of an obsolete work, stating that, a certain number of centuries ago, is was imagined, &c. &c. It is easy to say, that, when a patent has been granted on improper grounds, it can be set aside by legal process; or that, when a patent-right has been infringed, a court of justice can award reparation. The expense of legal proceedings is an effectual bar to all poor claimants;* and who, in his senses, will trust the decision of a patent-right to a jury unacquainted, as the members generally are, with scientific subjects, and with such innumerable examples, not of their misinterpreting the patent-laws—for laws which admit of every interpretation can never be misconstrued—but of decisions at direct variance both with the laws of science and the principles of equity.

Figure of the Earth.—Mr. Ivory's investigations of the figure of the earth have been subjects of the highest admiration among mathematicians. After having again considered all the data which the recent labours of various experimentalists have supplied, he observes there cannot be a more satisfactory way of proving that the meridian of the earth is an ellipsis, than by shewing that it coincides with that figure at the equator, at the mean latitude of 45°, at the parallel of 54°. 44′. where the curvature is identical to the equatorial circle and at the pole; a task which this eminent philosopher has accomplished as far as the measurements in his possession put it in his

* Which of the poor inventors who submitted plans, returned to them as useless, and for which patents were afterwards granted to the individual who officially inspected them, would have ventured to take legal measures against this late inspector, so conspicuous in the bubble-and-squeak year of 1825?

power to do so. The proof would have been much more complete, if it could have been confirmed by the length of the meridian through the whole extent of Britain.

Fulgurites.—We noticed in our last No. the experiments made by some French philosophers to produce, by means of a powerful electrical battery, vitreous tubes, similar to those which are the effect of lightning. The following synopsis of the history of fulgurites is from the pen of Dr. Fiedler, of Dresden. —Fulgurites shew that lightning, the effects of which were considered as terminated on its reaching the surface of the earth, is capable of penetrating deep into it; they offer to us substantial proofs of its course; they exhibit to us such an astonishing degree of heat produced by lightning as was never known before. The fulgurites are formed where, under certain favourable circumstances, the lightning striking into sandy soil, in order to unite itself with the + E of the subterraneous waters, forces itself through the quarry sand, and fuses it, in consequence of its being a non conductor, and forms, by means of the radiating nature of electricity, and watery vapours arising, tubes which run under an inclination of from 60° to 90°, sometimes to the depth of thirty feet, and from them several ramifications issue sideways. These tubes are internally perfectly fused: the external sand in immediate contact conglomerates, and that which surrounds the tubes assumes a reddish colour, produced by the sudden heat of the lightning and the small particles of iron contained in the sand. Externally these tubes are partly knaggy and rough, partly roundish. From their being suddenly cooled, they are cracked into many smaller and larger bits, fitting perfectly into each other. Thus a fulgurite, of 17 feet long, discovered near Dresden, dug out and geognostically joined together, and presented to the late King of Saxony by Dr. Fiedler, consisted of 411 pieces. Another, still in his possession, 19 feet long, of 532 pieces, and a third, of 7 feet long, with a side branch, extending to 14 inches, consisted of 168 pieces. The cabinet of Dresden is the only one which possesses a fulgurite put together in its perfectly natural state, and which was considered by the late Professor Gilbert as the most remarkable and important object of this valuable cabinet. The fulgurites and their lateral ramifications in sandy soil terminate in obtuse, slightly-fused points; amd on clay strata, as in Hungary, in oblong hollow bells. Although the arguments are conclusive which prove the origin of fulgurites by means of lightning, yet, since the subject has attracted attention, nature itself has offered several proofs of it, by the lightning striking before the eyes of several sailors into the sand downs of the Island of Amrum, on the Baltic coast, and forming a fulgurite, which was brought to Professor Pfaff, of Kiel, who happened to be there. The lightning also struck at Rausthen, a bathing-place on the Baltic coast, in the presence of different persons; and Professor Hagen, of Königsberg, had the spot dug, and found a fulgurite.

Duelling.—The practice of duelling, by which the best blood in Europe has been shed during several centuries, has been called a necessary evil. Captain M'Naghten, late Deputy Judge Advocate General in Bengal, in a work he has recently published, proposes the following admirable expedient for adoption in the army, in which the principals and seconds are all amenable to military law, and all of whom, therefore, can be brought before a military tribunal.—Let there be, by the enactment of the legislature, the necessary powers given for the establishment of a new court, for the exclusive purpose of deciding in all cases of personal quarrels between officers, and which are not otherwise connected with the rules of discipline, as in the case of an inferior insulting his superior in the execution of his duty. Let these courts, under some significant denomination, be assembled, as circumstances may require, either by commanders-in-chief, commanders of divisions, or of regiments, battalions, detachments, and so forth; and let their decision—this he holds to be a *sine qua non*—be unalterable by any other power, and not remissible, as is that of a court-martial. Let the members be sworn, subject to challenge, and bound to secrecy of individual opinion, as is the custom at present; and, in a word, let it have the aid of all necessary formalities. Let it now be supposed that, at the mess table, an officer has given the lie to another, that complaint is made to the commanding officer of the corps, who thereupon orders the court to assemble; and, lastly, that upon due investigation, the insulting expression is proved to have been unprovoked, undeserved, and in all respects wanton. Let the decree of the court, which, in all possible cases, should be laid down in the articles of war, be that the offender shall, in presence of every officer, then with the corps or detachment, read an expression of sorrow for his conduct, entreat the pardon of the offended party in particular, and of all in whose presence the outrage was committed; and let what he reads have been dictated and drawn out by the court itself, and signed by the offender; and, finally, let it be recorded in the proper staff office, report of proceedings being made to head-quarters, and an authenticated copy of the decree given to the complainant for his lasting satisfaction. In more aggravated cases, such as that of a blow wantonly struck, let the penitentiary confession be still more forcible in its terms, more public in its manner of being read, and let the offender read it *on his knees*. These are suppositions of the extremest cases; and for offences of a minor degree, it were easy to modify the manner and measure of atonement. Like the existing laws, the above would be useless if adequate means were not taken to enforce them. Let, therefore, provision be

made, that any officer so offended, who may decline calling upon the judgement of this court, and who may take any means whatever of redressing himself, be, upon due conviction thereof, before a general court-martial, *irremissibly* cashiered; and the same in regard to any officer refusing to submit to the judgement of the proposed court, immediately and explicitly. Of course, if the investigation proved that the complainant was deserving, to any extent, of the obloquy put upon him, he too must be punishable, either by the apology being made reciprocally, or in a severer way, as the case may require. If laws of the foregoing nature were formed, and rigidly executed, the decision of the suggested court would soon come to be considered as a sufficient purification of character, and no officer could think meanly of another, whom a body of officers pronounced undishonoured, such pronouncement being founded upon a sworn investigation into the facts of his case. On the contrary, an officer repeatedly offending would soon come to be universally despised and avoided, even if cashiering were not rendered the penalty of a repetition.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A Volume of Poems, by S. Laman Blanchard, is in the Press, and will appear early in July.

Mr. Kendall has in progress a work of much meditation and research, and of equal speculative and practical interest, under the title of "The Holy Spirit, its Philosophy, Imagery, and Worship;" in which he attempts to establish, upon incontrovertible ground, but under an entirely new aspect, the truth of the Trinitarian doctrine at large. The several subjects are treated philosphically, poetically, and historically; with the view of closing many controversies and healing many animosities.

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Mr. Planché, the Author of "Lays and Legends of the Rhine," has in the Press his "Descent of the Danube, from Ratisbon to Vienna, during the Autumn of 1827; with Recollections, Historical and Legendary, of the Towns, Castles, Monasteries, &c., on the Banks of that River," in one volume, 8vo.

Forty Views on the Danube, in illustration of this Volume, will also speedily appear, lithographed by L. Haghe, from Sketches made on the spot by Mr. Planché.

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Mr. Britton's History and Illustrations of Peterborough Cathedral, containing accounts of this very fine Edifice, and of its Bishops and Deans, with 16 Engravings, is published; also the first and second Numbers of his Illustrations of Gloucester Cathedral.

The whole of the Letter-press, by the same Author, to accompany the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, is likewise announced to be given away to the Subscribers to the Engravings of that Work. The reasons for this unusual circumstance are detailed in the Preface, which contains an Address to the Legislature, urging the repeal of that odious tax of presenting eleven copies to private corporate bodies of all published books, however expensive in getting up, and however limited the sale of such books. We cannot sufficiently commend this Author for his perseverance in reprobating this grievous and oppressive legislative enactment.

On the 1st of July will appear the First Number of a new Topographical Work, entitled "Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities," with 12 Engravings, by and under the directions of Mr. Lekeux, illustrative of the Architectural Antiquities of York, Lincoln, and Gloucester. This publication is to be comprised in Six Numbers.

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To George Johnson Young, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, iron-founder, for an improved machine for working ships, windlasses and capstans—21st June; 6 months.

To Samuel Pratt, of New Bond-street, Hanover-square, camp equipage-maker, for certain improvements on elastic beds, cushions, seats, pads, and other articles of that kind—25th June; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in July 1814, expire in the present month of July 1828.

12.—B. L. Mertian, London, *for a method of extracting gelatinous matter from substances capable of affording the same.*

16.—J. Dawson, Dublin, *for certain means of communicating motion to bodies either wholly or in part surrounded by water or air, by the re-action of suitable apparatus.*

— I. Smith, London, *for a spring hinge for doors ond gates.*

96. G. Dunnage, Hammersmith, *for a method of rowing or propelling vessels.*

— H. W. Vanderdeft, London, *for a method of purifying and refining whale and seal oil.*

— A. Hill, Glamorgan, *for improvements in melting and working iron.*

— W. Jonson, Essex, *for an improved process of making salt.*

— W. Doncaster, London, *for improvements in navigating vessels—a hydrostator, or mill—accelerating the motion of carriages, and a dining table.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

PETER MOORE, ESQ.

Peter Moore, Esq., late M.P. for the city of Coventry, was the son of a respectable clergyman. He was born about the year 1749. Early in life, he went out to India, as a writer in the service of the East India Company. In that service, he realized an ample fortune. His residence in India was during the administration of Governor Hastings; and, upon his return to England, he is said to have furnished Burke and Sheridan with important facts and documents for the memorable impeachment, and long-protracted prosecution—a trial of seven years' duration—of that gentleman. This circumstance naturally connected him with the Whig opposition; a party to which, during the remainder of his life, he seems to have adhered; many, however, in later years, regarding him rather as a radical than as a Whig.

Soon after his return from the east, Mr. Moore stood candidate with the late Sir Philip Francis, for the borough of Tewkesbury. On that occasion, they tendered the votes of the housekeepers; but the House of Commons resolved, that the freemen and freeholders, only, had a right to vote; and, consequently, these gentlemen lost their election.

In 1802, Mr. Moore offered himself for Coventry, in conjunction with Mr. Wilberforce Bird; but neither he nor his colleague was returned. One of the successful candidates, however, was afterwards unseated by the House. In Mr. Moore's next attempt at Coventry, fortune proved more favourable: he carried his election in favour of what was termed the "freedom and independence" of that city, at an expense of £25,000. He was re-elected for subsequent parliaments, at comparatively little cost; and, for twenty-five years, he was the popular representative of the freemen of Coventry. At the last general election, he was, much to his chagrin, thrown out. The majority of the electors of Coventry are operative silk-weavers; and they are said to have suspected that, in a contest for high wages, their two old members—Mr. Moore and Mr. Ellice—had favoured the master weavers. The rival party availed themselves of this impression; and, by dint of the usual electioneering manœuvres, they carried the day in favour of the Tory candidates.

Throughout his parliamentary career, Mr. Moore was a constant and ready speaker in the House of Commons. In getting a bill through the House, he was considered to be one of the most adroit and successful men ever known. He was at all times, as already

intimated, on what is termed the popular side of the question. The warmth with which he advocated the cause of the late Queen Caroline will not soon be forgotten.

In the debates at the India-House, as well as in those of the House of Commons, Mr. Moore frequently took an active part.

As a projector, a speculator, and a promoter of public works, no man was more distinguished. He exerted himself with much success respecting the erection of Drury Lane theatre; and, for some time, he was the chairman of the committee for the management of that concern. He was engaged in the Highgate-tunnel affair. He was also a successful promoter of the Imperial Gas Light Company, the bills for the incorporation of which he carried through Parliament, and was made its deputy-chairman; and he conducted the opposition made, by the Imperial and other gas companies, against the projectors of an Oil Gas Company. He defeated his opponents, with a loss of £30,000.; while, on his side, not more than half of that sum was expended.

During the years 1824 and 1825, Mr. Moore was much courted by the projectors of many of the Stock Exchange bubbles. By connecting himself with these baseless concerns, he subjected himself to heavy responsibilities. By the *John Bull*, and other Tory papers, he was, in consequence, very roughly handled; and, if we are to credit the statements and insinuations of those papers, his conduct was not, upon every occasion, of the most satisfactory or honourable description. Under a fictitious name, he is thought to be one of the *dramatis personæ* in the novel of "George Godfrey"—a work in which the schemes of the Alley are held up to severe and pointed ridicule.

Having been some time held in durance, and finding himself assailed by legal process on all sides, Mr. Moore, to avoid the prospect of passing his last days within the walls of a prison, deemed it expedient to pass over to France. For some time he resided at Dieppe, but latterly at Abbeville, where he died, on the 5th of May.

This being, pre-eminently, the age of auto-biography, reminiscences, &c., Mr. Moore had been occupying himself in the task of writing the Memoirs of his own Life and Times; but his mind is said to have been too much harassed by the reverses of his fortune, and his anxieties respecting the affairs in which he had been engaged in England, to allow him to make much progress.

Mr. Moore has left one son, now in India; and two daughters, one married, and both respectably situated in life.

JOHN SCOTT.

Every collector of fine and valuable prints will remember the name of Scott, as that of an artist of high celebrity, in the department of animal and figure engraving. Mr. Scott may almost be said to have been born an engraver. His birthplace was at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, about the year 1773. His education was probably humble, as he was apprenticed to a tallow-chandler, named Greenwell, in the Old Flesh Market, Newcastle. His leisure hours, especially during the latter portion of his term, were sedulously devoted to the arts of drawing and engraving. At length he was induced to shew his performances to his friend, Mr. Fisher, the keeper of a circulating-library, and clerk of the parish of St. Nicholas. Mr. Fisher submitted these productions to the examination of certain gentlemen who frequented his library, and by whom, as executed by a self-taught youth, they were thought highly of. On the suggestion of Mr. Fisher, young Scott wrote to Mr. Robert Pollard, the engraver, in London—transmitted to him some specimens of his talent—and solicited his advice as to the propriety of his visiting London, with the view of adopting the profession of an engraver. Mr. Pollard acted most generously: satisfied of his ability, he not only encouraged the project, but took him under his own tuition, gave up his claim to the customary fee, and allowed him a progressively increasing weekly payment. Under such auspices, he rapidly improved, and ultimately attained the summit of his art. His master-pieces were the Fox-Chase, from a painting by Reinagle and Marshall; and the Death of the Fox, from a picture by Gilpin, the property of the late Colonel Thornton, of sporting notoriety. The latter, if we mistake not, was the picture for which Colonel Thornton—then resident at, and the proprietor of, Thornville Royal—had several of the finest sporting dogs in the kingdom killed, and placed in the requisite positions, to assist the painter in its production.—Other principal works by Mr. Scott were the various characters of dogs, and of horses, on a royal quarto size, with letter-press descriptions of the qualities and properties of these animals.

As a man, Mr. Scott was distinguished by unaffected plainness, scrupulous integrity, and general worth. He was one of the eight artists who, in the year 1809–10, assembled, and formed the plan of, the Artists' Joint Stock Fund, for the benefit of decayed members, their widows, and children. This noble institution has so prospered, that, from its own subscriptions, and the contributions of gentlemen and amateurs, it is now in possession of government securities to a large amount. It is melancholy to add—though, at the same time, the circumstance shews the value of such societies—that Mr. Scott himself lived to become a quarterly dependent upon the very institution of which he had been a principal founder and promoter. Five or six years hence, after serving as steward to the society, in high health and spirits, at one of its annual meetings, at the Freemason's Tavern, London, he was taken ill; subsequently, he lost his reason; and, at

the close of the year 1827, his valuable life terminated at Chelsea. To lament his loss, Mr. Scott left a widow, one son, and eight or nine daughters, all arrived at the age of maturity.

THE DUKE DE RIVIERE.

The Duke de Rivière, governor of the young Duke of Bordeaux, and one of the most devoted servants of the Bourbons, was the descendant of a noble family of the province of Berri. He was born in the year 1763; and, in 1780, he entered the army. He emigrated with the French princes in 1789; and, after having served in the army of Condé, he became first aid-de-camp to the present King of France, then Count d'Artois, by whom he was employed on various missions to the royalists of the west. He entered France seven times in disguise, to correspond with the friends of the royal cause; but, unfortunately, in 1804, having been sent to Paris, with the generals George and Pichegru, he was arrested with those officers, tried, and sentenced to death. On his trial he evinced the most dignified courage. Through the intercession of Buonaparte's wife, Madame Josephine, his life was spared, and his punishment was mitigated into an imprisonment of four years.

When Louis XVIII. was restored, Mons. de Rivière was appointed a mareschal de camp, made a commander of the order of St. Louis, and nominated ambassador to the Ottoman Porte. He was waiting at Marseilles for a favourable wind, when Buonaparte landed from Elba; and, having exerted himself to the utmost in raising the south of France against the usurper, he sailed to Barcelona, and joined the Duke d'Angouleme.

In July, Monsieur de Rivière returned to Marseilles, on board of the British squadron, as governor of the eighth division, and was received with acclamations by the inhabitants. On the re-establishment of the Bourbons, he, for his services, in prevailing on Marshal Brune to relinquish the command of the army of the Var, and retire from Toulon, to prevent the Austrians and English from acting hostilely in Provence, was elevated to the peerage.

The Duke de Rivière was then sent, as governor, to Corsica. That island was in a very disturbed state; but, by a happy combination of intrepidity and amenity of manners, he had the satisfaction of speedily witnessing a restoration of tranquillity. His object having been accomplished at Corsica, he proceeded on his mission to Constantinople, where he, for a considerable time held the office of ambassador.

After his return to France, the Duke de Rivière had the honour of being appointed governor of the Duke of Bordeaux. He died at Paris, in the exercise of that high trust, on the 21st of April. It is not a little remarkable, that the Duke de Rivière was the third governor of whom the Duke of Bordeaux has been deprived by death.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER, ESQ.

Mr. St. George Tucker, who, by way of honorary distinction, has been known in the United States, for the last thirty-five years, as the American Blackstone, died at Norfolk, in Virginia, in March last. In the struggle for American independence, he employed both his sword and his pen. While in the command of one of the revolutionary regiments, he was severely wounded in a charge of infantry: a soldier's bayonet was driven through his knee-pan, and, as a consequence of the wound, he had a stiffness in the knee ever after. His brother, Thomas Tudor Tucker, Esq., the present treasurer of the United States, and the friend and favourite of General Washington, has often been heard to declare, that Mr. St. George Tucker's poem on Liberty was equal to a reinforcement of ten thousand disciplined troops.

Mr. Tucker was the father-in-law of the American patriot and orator, Thomas Randolph, Esq.; and uncle of his namesake, the East-India director. He has left considerable American property to his nearest relations.

M. HOFFMANN.

M. Hoffmann, one of the most distinguished *literati* of France, was born at Nanci, in the year 1745. His entire life has been devoted to literature. His first publication was a volume of poems. He next attempted the drama; in which, having written twenty pieces, or more, he has been almost invariably successful. His Euphrosyne, The Young Sage and the Old Madman, The Jockey, The Secret, The Castle of Montenero, and Stratonice, are regarded as some of the best pieces belonging to the comic opera of France. In the year 1799, his lyric tragedy of Adrian was denounced, as anti-republican, in the Council of Five Hundred, and its representation was suspended.

M. Hoffmann attacked, with great severity, The Martyrs of M. de Châteaubriand, on account of the injury it might do to youth, in placing the mysteries of the Christian religion on the same footing with the fables of paganism. He has had many contests in the journals, where his works have been severely criticised and ably defended. His remarks and criticisms were distinguished by ease, taste, and pleasantry. Possessing a truly independent spirit, M. Hoffmann was considered to be the best writer in the French journals. The *Journal des Débats*, in particular, will suffer from his loss. He died at Paris, in the month of April.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The previous state of the weather may well form the leading topic of an Agricultural Report, seeing that, therein subsists our grand dependence for success, in the abundance and good quality of our crops. During the last three or four weeks, our *meteorologies* have considerable improved. We have been free from those chilling blasts which suspend the circulation of the juices in plants, impede their growth, and induce the blighted, or sickly state. The first symptom, of this, is a change of colour from the vivid and healthy green to a pale yellow, and a roughness on the surface of the leaves, followed by *mucor* or mould, consisting of the *ova* or eggs of insects, each species of vegetable having its peculiar blight-insect. In the wheat particularly, part of this *mucor* becomes a fetid black powder, technically known by the name of *smut*, which is found in lumps or balls amongst the kernels, discolouring and rendering them impure and unfit for bread, although they serve to make gingerbread and starch. It has been a controverted point, for more than a century, whether this disease of smut originate from infection of the seed, or the evil influence of the atmosphere, or from both; and rivers of ink have been poured upon mountains of paper, in order to lighten the darkness visible of this subject, which, nevertheless, with regard to the majority, still clings fast to its pristine obscurity.

Since the change adverted to, the weather has assumed a far milder character, though still a very capricious one; for, in no spring which the writer has witnessed, did he ever observe the wind more variable. In fact, it frequently might well be described as E. by W. and N. by S. There have been some heavy gales, and daily continued showers, which last, we hope, will diminish the energies of that periodically micturient saint, the notorious Swithin. The general, though moderate warmth of the weather, has prevented any injury from the quantity of rain; indeed, vegetation has been greatly improved and forwarded by the warm showers which have fallen. The wheats are highly improved, and there is every appearance that they now experience a very favourable blooming season, in the phrase of the old farmers, half the battle. The peas, preceding the wheats, have blossomed most luxuriantly. The showers also must have been of great benefit to the hops, at least to those not beyond recovery, in washing off the vermin and giving strength to the bine. As we stated last month, the grasses, natural and artificial, including tares, are the most luxuriant crops of the present season, of which, moreover, there is at present, great hope of a successful general average of all crops. Peas, always a risk crop, will prove defective, in parts. The showers will force a large bulk of straw, so that the crops of hay and straw are likely to be superabundant; the former, however, will be partially discoloured by the rain, not, we trust, to any great extent or injury.

It is quite necessary to state that, in our estimation of the wheat crop, considerable deduction must be made for those lands and districts, on which the blight had for a considerable time its full baleful effect. These were chiefly poor, shallow, and wet clays, and other cold and naturally unfertile soils. On such, the corn will be generally short in quantity, and of a very ordinary sample; and in *poppy-land*, and wherever cultivation has been defective, matters will be still worse. On such soils, complaint is made that the ear of wheat is so weak, as to be unable to eliminate itself from the hose, remaining half out and curling or bending downwards. This we have often remarked, and it is the true indication of a blighting season. Assuredly, had the evil atmospheric influence continued two or three weeks longer, the whole of the crops would have been in the utmost peril; and favourable as the change has been, it is probable, next season that a line will be wanted for *black* wheats, in the market lists.

An immense breadth of mangel wurtzel has been sown; and upon the forward lands, that most valuable beet, and the Rutabega, or Swedish turnip, are above ground, and in a very healthy and flourishing state, with some exceptions from the presence of the fly. The common turnip sowing is nearly finished, and under the happiest auspices of season. Agriculture, like all other human employments and amusements, has its fashions, and in equal variety. Winter sown beans and peas, which have been so many years slumbering, have of late revived with pristine success, and winter barley will probably follow. The hardy Scotch cabbage, such a favourite in the early days of Arthur Young, has been for some time making its way again in the North. Melilot, a still more ancient article, is under experiment in a few places. It produces a great bulk, and is not difficult in respect of soil. The breadth of oats is said to be unusually large, with good promise of a crop, and the barley promises well. Potatoe planting has been very successfully finished, though late; as was the case with barley from the difficulties of the season. The present seems a plentiful year for oak bark, the demand somewhat brisk. The various reports on the stock in hand, of wheat and barley, as usual, local, and little to be depended on, in a general view.

Sheep farmers are now busily employed in washing and shearing their flocks, from which there will probably be the weightiest clip of wool that has been obtained for many seasons. This has arisen mainly from the good and sufficient provision which the sheep have enjoyed throughout the winter and early spring. The shows of rams also, among the breeders and letters, have been remarkable for the size, fine form, and condition of the animals, and the prices have been liberal. In some districts, it is observed that the feeding grounds exuber-

ant in keep, are understocked; either from want of money, or wariness in purchasing, from former errors. As in last month's Report, stores of all kinds return a profitable price to the breeders, whilst fat meat has declined, though with respect to the London markets, it cannot be deemed cheap. But for the great, indeed, unexpected abundance of winter provision, the feeders would have been in a sad dilemma. During years past, breeders seem to have united in a general determination that milch cows and pigs should bear a good price. Even Ireland begins to falter in her supply of pigs. Cart horses we continue to import from the opposite Continent in great numbers, at a duty of £1. a head. The horse market generally, in its old course; the ordinary sorts in sufficient plenty, good ones, wherever found, commanding whatever price may be asked for them. Fruit and garden stuff, thus far, in vast plenty, *malgré* the late blasting influence of the N. E. winds, and did we need a title of distinction for 1828, we might well style it the CAULIFLOWER YEAR; for never were those flowers in finer bloom, or of more substantial quality.

In looking over two or three late Quarterly Reviews, we observe the critic has opportunely introduced the Corn Question, during the abeyance of the bill. Perhaps he is not quite so much at home, on this peculiar topic, as upon those of classical and general literature: placing a necessary and somewhat implicit dependence on authors who, from various motives, strenuously advocate one side of the question. In an enthusiastic attachment to agriculture and to its best interests, we will yield to no man or body of men; but we cannot carry our natural or early prejudice to the height of an abandonment of the paramount interest of the nation.

On the vital consequence of the culture of the earth to every people, there can be no question; but in a great and opulent commercial and manufacturing state, where public debts and taxes are of such enormous amount, and public credit such an immense and fearful stake, the commercial interest must be the great national dependence. Did ever any nation upon earth, purely agricultural, arrive at that height of power, of opulence and splendour, of superiority in all the arts, and profusion of all the goods and conveniencies of life, which distinguish, in so super-eminent a degree, this most prosperous and envied of all countries? It is, however, a melancholy truth, which cannot be concealed, that excess of prosperity in a state, is too generally accompanied by extreme misery in those classes, which have been the laborious operatives in its creation. The reasonings adopted by the Westminster, are by no means definitive or conclusive against the present Corn Bill, or against free trade in corn, under fair and equitable regulations; far less against the national or universal right in the case. The decisive arguments on that side, and materially one great motive or inducement, seem not to have been within the reviewer's contemplation. He places great stress on the small average quantity of corn imported, as not being of any consequential interest to the public, considering the immensity of their consumption, overlooking the converse of the proposition. Ample allowance is made to the home-grower, in the scale of duties on corn imported. After all which has been said on our great powers of production, we have, during a long period, been an importing country; and from the regular and unfailing increase of population, it appears probable we shall continue in that predicament, by no means an unprofitable one, for a country so entirely dependent on commerce. It is not corn alone which we import, but horses, seeds, cheese, butter, eggs, poultry, and other common articles of subsistence. In fine, the public *must* be fed—must pay a living price to the producers of their daily bread; and there is, and we trust ever will be, a monied aristocracy in our farmers of good land, able to hold up their commodity to that price. The farmers of poor land will certainly not be hurt by the bill, which imposes an equal duty upon the lowest, as upon the highest quality of imported corn.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 6s. 0d.—Raw fat, 2s. 2d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46s. to 72s.—Barley, 26s. to 36s.—Oats, 17s. to 30s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. fine loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 115s.—Straw, 30s. to 38s.

Coals in the Pool, 27s. to 38s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, June 27, 1828.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The transactions in Muscovadoes have been on the most extensive scale this week; and as the holders have been nearly as anxious to effect sales as the buyers to purchase, there has been little variation in the currency. The sales are estimated at 5,200 hogsheads and tierces during the week. To-day the sales of Muscovadoes are on a more confined scale than usual, owing to the few good New Sugars left on sale. Refined Sugars of every description are very scarce.

Coffee.—The public sales of Coffee this week have consisted chiefly of British Plantation descriptions, which have sold freely and at rather high prices.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The orders for Rum appear extensive; but the buyers expect to purchase on lower terms when the supplies become more abundant. Fine Rums are at 2s. 2d. per gallon; Brandy is heavy; Geneva is in demand.

Flax, Hemp, and Tallow.—The Tallow market has been heavy and declining. In Hemp or Flax there is little alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2½.—Rotterdam, 12½.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 13. 13½.—Altona, 13. 3¼.—Paris, 25. [illegible].—Bordeaux, 25. 70.—Frankfort, 150½.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Trieste, 10. 3—Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 36.—Bilboa, 35½.—Barcelona, 35.—Seville, 35½.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 43½.—Genoa, 25. 35.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 30½.—Palermo, 116.—Lisbon, 46½.—Rio Janeiro 32—Oporto, 46.—Bahia, 36.—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 288*l.*—Coventry, 1,080*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 107½*l.*—Grand Junction, 315*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 29½*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 404*l.*—Oxford, 700*l.*—Regent's, 28*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 820*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 265*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock), 88*l.*—West India (Stock), 218*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 120*l.*—Grand Junction, —*l.*—West Middlesex, 66*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½—Globe, 155*l.*—Guardian, 20½*l.*—Hope Life, 5½*l.*—Imperial Fire, 99*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 55*l.*—City, 0*l.*—British, 10 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of May to the 23d June of 1823; *extracted from the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

T. Curtles, Nunworth, Norfolk, tanner
W. Mogg, Wincanton, Somerset, dealer
T. Llewellyn, Bridgend, Glamorgan, innkeeper
J. Carr Overend, and T. C. Druce, Bread-street, warehousemen and factors

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 105.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Abbot, N. Bermondsey, Southwark, cordwainer. [Whitely, Tokenhouse-yard
Ainsworth, T. and P. Cort, Bradshaw, Lancashire, bleachers. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester
Arkell, H. Charlton, Tetbury; corn-dealer. [Maskelyne, Tetbury
Baines, J. Mark-lane, wine-merchant. [Freeman and Co., Goleman-street
Brookes, T. Cheltenham, builder. [Wyatt, Stroud; Evans and Co., Gray's-inn
Bell, H. Leeds, victualler. [Robinson, Leeds; Strangways and Walker, Barnard's-inn
Booth, W. Liverpool, shoe-factor. [Whitehead, Liverpool; Taylor, Clement's-inn
Barker, H. New Broad-street-court, wine-merchant. [Simpson, Austin-friars
Bird, E. senior, Cardiff, ironmonger. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Savery, Bristol
Bird, E. junior, Cardiff, iron-founder. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Savery, Bristol
Brown, J. Bankside, Surrey, wharfinger. [Crowder and Maynard, Lothbury
Broadhurst, J. Macclesfid, elsilk-manufacturer. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings; Brocklehurst and Co., Macclesfield
Bailey, T. senior, Luorndon, Leicester, miller. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Bond, Leicester
Barker, J. Shrewsbury, coffee-house-keeper. [Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street; Kough, Shrewsbury
Brightwen, I. and R. Brightwen, and I. Brightwen, junior, Coggeshall, brewers. [Fyson and Beck, Lothbury
Bower, W. late of Wilmslow, Cheshire, now of Jersey, cotton-spinner. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Gracie, Manchester
Burnett, J. Stroud, innkeeper. [King, Serjeant's-inn; Newman and Son, Stroud
Carr, S. Lincoln, corn-factor. [Lambert, John-street; Forbes and Co., Sleaford
Cuff, J. and H. M. Morley, Regent-street, silversmiths. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane
Cambridge, A. Bristol, and Prince Edward Island, merchant. [Cooke and Sons, Bristol; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane
Candler, J. Huddersfield, grocer. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Battye and Hasp, Huddersfield
Crucefix, R. T. Bouverie-street, printer. [Arnot, Temple
Dickinson, J. Church-passage, Guildhall, woollen-warehouseman. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street
Davies, W. and A. Morris, Crawford-street, linen-drapers. [Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane
Davies, D. Liverpool, woollen-draper. [Frodsham, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Douglass, J. St. Paul's Church-yard, silk-manufacturer. [Farden, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Day, J. Quadrant, Regent-street, woollen-draper. [Lyddon and Bown, Carey-street
Donaldson, J. Brighton, bookseller. [Wright, Little Alie-street
Dickinson, T. Gouldsbrough, York, blacksmith. [Dawson and Hawkins, New Boswell-court; Powell and Son, Knaresborough
Elliott, W. Goswell road, wine-merchant. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane
Elger, J. W. Cambridge, baker. [Randall and Son, Cambridge; Fuller and Co., Carlton-chambers
Enock, J. Bath, grocer. [Fisher, Southampton-buildings
Foulds, H. Queen-street, Southwark, carpenter. [Watts, Dean-street
Fletcher, D. Albemarle-street, woollen-draper. [Winter and Co., Bedford-row
Fagg, S. R. St. Andrew's-hill, Doctor's Commons, builder. [Stratton and Overton, Shoreditch
Gibbs, J. Crayford, miller. [Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside
Goodwin, J. Sturton, Lincoln, farmer. [Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn; Empson, Glanford-briggs
Grey, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-broker. [Swain and Co., Frederick's-place; Pybus, Newcastle
Gordon, J. Manchester, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Law and Coates, Manchester
Hunt, H. Brook street, Grosvenor-square, druggist. [Hill, Welbeck-street

Harrison, J. Manchester, manufacturer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Grave, Manchester
Hanslow, W. junior, Abingdon, grocer. [Ford, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Frankum, Abingdon
Hart, W. Union-street, Newington, Surrey, dealer. [Matland, Lyon's-inn
Holbrook, G. Bristol, plane-maker. [Cary and Cross, Bristol; King and Whittaker, Gray's-inn
Hyde, J. Uffington, Salop, miller. [Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street; Keugh, Shrewsbury
James, J. Cheltenham, victualler. [Bubb, Cheltenham; Blunt and Co., Liverpool
Jenner, J. and J. W. Soppet, Greek-street, linen-drapers. [Ashurst, Sambrook-court
Joce, R. Oxford-street, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Keene, R. Stroud, victualler. [Houseman, Woodchester
Kingsford, S. Thames-Ditton, miller. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane
Knibbs, J. Oxford, innkeeper. [Locker, Oxford; Gaines, Caroline-street, Bedford-square
Kirkpatrick, W. and J. Gadsden, Austin-friars, provision-dealers. [Scott, St. Mildred's-court
Lowe, W. Burton-upon-Trent, ironmonger. [Bicknell and Roberts, Lincoln's-inn; Drewry, Burton
Lewis, G. Clarke's-place, Islington, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Brooksbank and Co., Gray's-inn
Lauder, W. P. Sloane-street, surgeon. [Palmer, Gray's-inn
Lee, R. Kingsland-green, bill-broker. [Stratton and Overton, Shoreditch
Myers, A. Cutler-street, rag-merchant. [Isaacs, Mansel-street
Miles, W. Regent-street, upholder. [Williams, North-place, Gray's-inn-road
Metcalfe, T. T. Leeds, surgeon. [Furbank, Leeds; Stanmer, Coleman-street
Milligan, J. Woolwich, brewer. [Nokes and Colquhoun, Woolwich
Nightingale, J. Alsop's-place, New-road, tailor. [Jobbing and Chambers, Bedford-street, Covent-garden
Nash, T. Ipswich, currier. [Teague, Cannon-street
Pearse, G. B. Cateaton-street, auctioneer. [Sager, King's-place, Commercial-road
Pearne, C. Maidstone, grocer. [Ronalds, King's-arms-yard
Pike, T. Paddington-street, stone-mason. [Hill, Welbeck-street
Parsons, S. Bradford, Wilts, victualler. [Dax and Son, Gray's-inn; Stone, Bradford
Robson, M. Green-lane, Dalston, Cumberland, common-brewer. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane; Blow and Ralph, Carlisle
Robinson, R. S. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Wolston, Furnival's-inn; Buttery, Nottingham
Read, J. Mount-street, plumber. [Selby and Boulton, St. John-street-road
Richards, W. William-court, Great Guildford-street, Southwark, iron-founder. [Meymott and Son, Great Surrey-street
Reid, W. Ball-alley, Lombard-street, watch-maker. [Spyer, Austin-friars
Rolfe, M. Kentish-town, victualler. [Martineau and Malton, Carey-street
Rose, H. Jerusalem Coffee-house, merchant. [Minchin, Harper-street
Rudd, J. Everingham, York, jobber. [Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Homes, Pocklington
Shearman, J. H. Park-street, Mary-le-bone, apothecary. [Townshend, Bucklersbury
Stacy, J. Whitechapel and Stepney, currier. [Nias, Princes-street, Bank
Sadler, W. Stockton, mercer. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Raisbeck and Co., Stockton
Strafford, G. and Co., Kemp-town, Sussex, builder [Bennett, Tokenhouse-yard; Bennett, Brighton
Smith, J. L. Worcester, cheese-factor. [Beverley, Temple; Moore, Ledbury
Snell, S. Bristol, common-carrier. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol
Smith, T. C. St. James's-street, bookseller. [Meymott and Co., Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars
Stevens, G. Newgate-street, silversmith. [Norton, Jewin-street
Smith, W. H. Cheapside, warehouseman. [Leigh, George-street, Mansion-house
Segar, H Liverpool, factor. [Houghton, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Swindells, J. H. Stockport, bookseller. [Tyler, Temple; Lingard and Co., Heaton-Norris
Salisbury, J. Liverpool, tobacco-manufacturer. Williamson, Liverpool; Kearsey, Lothbury
Spencer, J. Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham, Brighouse
Scriven, T. West Cowes, Isle of Wight, hatter. [Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence lane
Sammons, J. and W. Layton, Swinton, Notts, lace-manufacturers. [Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Daft, Nottingham
Trasler, T. Northampton, shoe-manufacturer. [Carter and Gregory, Lord Mayor's-court
Turner, W. Bristol, tailor. [Bicknell and Roberts, Lincoln's-inn; Harmar, junior, Bristol
Taverner, J. Huddersfield, innkeeper. [Thompson, Stansfield, and Thompson, Halifax; Wigglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn
Tillman, J. Bridport, Dorset, butter-factor. [Darke, Red-lion-square; Cann, Colyton
Wharton, W. Manchester, iron-founder. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester
Williams, J. Llandovery, draper. [Pearson, Temple; Arthur and Co., Bristol
Wilkinson, J. Sheffield-park, coal-merchant. [Duncan, Gray's-inn; Broomhead, Sheffield
Watkins, W. Bristol, instrument-maker. [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Gregory, Bristol
Wyrill, J. D. Methley, York, dealer. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Archer and Greaves, Ossett
Wheatley, R. Twycross, Leicester, victualler. [Nevill, Tamworth; Nicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings
Whatkins, W. B. Ardwick, near Manchester, merchant. [Church, Great James-street; Pateshall and Bellamy, Hereford
Veysey, J. Exeter, linen-draper. [Smith, Walbrook
Viney, J. Bristol, cabinet-maker. [Ambury, Bristol; White, Lincoln's-inn
Underwood, R. Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturer. Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Hallon, Kidderminster
Underwood, W. Cowley-mills, Cowley, Gloucester. [Bloxsome, Wells, and Bloxsome, Dursley; White, Lincoln's-inn
Woodford, J. Melcombe-Regis, ironmonger. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Coombs, Dorchester

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. C. H. Cox, to the Perpetual Curacy of Benson, Oxford.—Rev. R. Garney, to the Senior Vicarage in Lincoln Cathedral.—Rev. W. Higgin, to the Living of Roscrea.—Rev. M. Dale, to the Lectureship of St. Sepulchre's, London.—Rev. C. Paul, to the Perpetual Curacy of Knowle St. Giles's, Somerset.—Rev. E. Cardwell, to the Rectory of Stoke Bruern, Northampton.—Rev. W. A. Shirley, to the Vicarage of Shirley, Derby.—Rev. R. Grant, to the Vicarage of Bradford

Abbas, with Clifton Maybank annexed, Dorset.—Rev. E. G. Marsh, to the Vicarage of Sandon, Herts.—Rev. T. Brisland, to the Ministry of St. Paul's Chapel, Winchmore-hill, Middlesex.—Rev. J. Drake, to be Chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester.—Rev. G. T. Spencer, to the Rectory of Roding Plombea, Essex.—Rev. H. C. Crewe, to the Rectories of Stanton-by-bridge and Swarkestone.—Rev. G. S. Penfold, to the District Rectory of Trinity, Mary-le-bone.—Rev. W. Garrard, to the Church and Parish of Stricathrow, Forfar.—Rev. P. Brotherson, to the Church and Parish of Alloa, Clackmannan.—Rev. G. Whitefoord, to the Living of Burgate, Suffolk.—Rev. A. Hanbury, to the Vicarage of Bures St. Mary, with Bures annexed, Suffolk.—Rev. E. Wymer, to the Rectory of Westwich, Norfork.—Rev. T. Talbot, to the Rectories of Tyvetshall St. Margaret, and Tyvetshall St. Mary, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Lingard, to the Incumbency of St. George, Hulme.—Rev. C. J. Glynn, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Clarence.—Rev. E. Palmer, to be Minister of St. John's Chapel, Deritend, Birmingham.—Rev. W. Macdonald, to be Archdeacon of Wilts.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

George Earl of Aberdeen, to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.—Lieut.-General Sir G. Murray, to be Secretary of State for the Colonial Department.—Viscount Lowther, to be First Commissioner of the Woods and Forests and Land Revenue.—Sir Henry Hardinge, to be Secretary at War.—Horace Twiss, esq., to be Under Secretary of Sate for the Colonial Department.—G. Banks, esq., Secretary to the Board of Control.—C. Arbuthnot, esq., to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.—W. F. V. Fitzgerald, esq., to be Treasurer of the Navy, and President of the Board of Trade; and T. P. Courtenay, esq., Vice-President.—J. Calcraft, esq., to be Paymaster-General of the Forces.—J. W. Croker, and J. Calcraft, esqrs., to be Members of the Privy Council.—Viscount Melville, Right Hon. R. Peel, Earl of Aberdeen, Right Hon. Sir G. Murray, Duke of Wellington, Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Lord Wallace, Right Hon. J. Sullivan, Lord Ashley, Marquis of Graham, Lawrence Peel, esq., and Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, to be Commissioners for the Affairs of India.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

May 19.—The Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the Chancery Court, publicly made and subscribed to the declaration, that he would not exert an influence he might possess by virtue of his office, to the injury of the Protestant Church as by law established, agreeably to the new act for Repealing the Test and Corporation Acts.

24.—A Meeting of the British Reformation Society, held at the Freemasons'-tavern, when Lord Mountcashel reported that "that the converts of last year, in Ireland, exceeded 10,000!"

26.—The Thames Tunnel again opened for public inspection and further proceeding.

— A Pension of £3,000 per annum, voted by the Legislature to the late Mr. Canning's son.

28.—The Anniversary Meeting of the Pitt Club took place at the London-tavern, attended by about 300 persons.

29.—The foundation stone of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, laid with masonic honours by the Duke of Sussex, in the Old Kent Road.

— Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

31.—A verdict given at the Sheriffs'-court against the Rev. Rawling Mollock, clerk of Tor, Devon, for *crim. con.* with the wife of Major Lindam, to the amount of £5,000 damages.

June 2.—The Anniversary Meeting of the Society of Arts, held at the King's Theatre, for the purpose of distributing the rewards for 96 prizes, among which was one to Lord Newborough, for planting 3,700,000 forest trees; and one to Mr. Tower, for a shawl, gathered in the raw material, spun and wove in England, so that it is altogether of native manufacture, from the hair of four Cashmere goats, imported into this country some time since; it is a great beauty, and is to be presented to the king.

— A farmer (Mr. Rolle) residing at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, recovered from the hundred of Elthorpe, Middlesex, £200, for damage done by some unknown villains setting fire to his wheat ricks in November last, whist the family were at church.

4.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 15 prisoners were condemned to death, 100 transported, and several others imprisoned for various periods.

5.—The Anniversary Meeting of the London Mechanics' Society was held at the Freemasons'-tavern, when two prizes of £10 each, and a silver medal, were presented to the successful candidates.

— The Anniversary meeting of the Charity Children of the Metropolis, held at St. Paul's, when upwards of 7,000 attended—more than £400 collected at the door.

— The British Catholic Association met at the Freemasons'-tavern, the Duke of Norfolk in the chair, when the secretary read the report, the purport of which was to congratulate the Dissenters on the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and to rescue the Catholic body from the charge of indifference, and to re-assert their unshaken loyalty and patriotism.

6. A Meeting of the Shareholders of the Waterloo Bridge Company, was held at the Crown and Anchor-tavern, when it appeared from the balance sheet, that the payments within the last half year

had been within a few pounds of the receipts, so that nothing remained to be divided; and that the whole payments since the bridge commenced amounted to £1,059,821. 7s. 9d.

9.—A motion was made in the House of Lords, "That it is expedient to take the laws affecting His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects into consideration, with a view to such a final and conciliatory adjustment, as may conduce to the peace and strength of the United Kingdom, to the stability of the Established Church, and to the concord and welfare of all classes of His Majesty's subjects." After a lengthened debate, it was adjourned to next day, and lost by a majority of 45 —contents being 137, non-contents 182.

12.—A Deputation of the West India Merchants, headed by Lord Seaford, chairman of the committee, held a long conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the Treasury, on the state of their affairs.

14.—The 109th Anniversary of the Westminster Hospital, held at Willis's Rooms, the Duke of Northumberland in the chair. It was announced that upwards of 200,000 poor persons had been restored to health by means of this institution.

18.—The Battle of Waterloo celebrated by H.R.H. the Lord Admiral, in a grand acquatic breakfast and splendid regatta on the Thames.

— The celebration of the Repeal of the Test Act, at Freemasons'-hall, the Duke of Sussex in the chair; it was attended by 400 friends of religious liberty from all parts of the kingdom.

19.—A Petition presented to Parliament, praying the Jews to be admitted to civil rights, the same as Protestant dissenters.

21.—A numerous meeting assembled at the Freemasons'-tavern, for establishing a college for the education of the youth of the metropolis, as inculcated by the United Church of England and Ireland, the Duke of Wellington in the chair, when a collection of nearly £20,000 was made.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Right Rev. Bishop of Jamaica to Miss M. H. Page.—At Hornsey, Count Alexander Charles Joseph Vander Burch, chamberlain to the King of the Netherlands, to Miss Elizabeth Cooper.—R. W. Bulkley, esq., to Miss C. M. Hughes.—At Streatham, J. Goding, esq., to Lady Jane Coventry.—Captain Short (Coldstream Guards) to Miss E. S. M. Barwell.—B. Granville, esq., to Miss M. S. Onslow, grand-daughter of the late Admiral Sir R. Onslow, bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. E. S. Jerningham, second son of Lord Stafford, to Miss Smythe, niece of Mrs. Fitzherbert; J. W. Bowden, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir J. E. Swinburne, bart.; Hon. H. Walker, eldest son of Viscount Ashbrook, to Frances, daughter of the Rev. Sir T. Robinson, bart.; Captain Hallowell, eldest son of Vice-Admiral Sir B. Hallowell, to Mary, daughter of Sir Murray Maxwell.—At Mary-le-bone, W. Marshall, esq., M.P., to Georgiana Christiana, daughter of G. Hibbert, esq., Portland-place.—E. Curray, esq., to Louisa Lawrence, daughter of Sir J. Scarlett, M.P.—Frederick Devon, esq., to Miss Ann Thynne, second daughter of G. F. Thynne, esq., of Poet's Corner, Westminster.

DEATHS.

In Hertford-street, May-fair, the Rev. Lord Henry Fitzroy, brother to the Duke of Grafton, and one of the prebends of Westminster Abbey.—Countess Rice, lady of the Rev. Count Rice, and grand-daughter of the late Count Zinzendorff.—At Chertsey, the wife of R. Clark, esq., chamberlain of London.—The Countess Mary Justina, lady of Count Reuss.—In King's-road, 78, Lady Mary, widow of Sir W. More, bart.—In Belgrave-street, Lord Forrester.—The infant daughter of Lord Loughborough.—In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, at an advanced age, the Hon. Anne Seymour Damer.—Warner Phipps, esq., secretary to the Albion Insurance.—Admiral Sir William Domett.—Matilda, wife of T. Campbell, esq., the poet.—Mr. T. Lane, an artist of talent; he fell through a skylight (at the Horse Bazaar, Gray's-inn-lane) and was killed on the spot.—At Tunbridge-wells, Lord H. S. Churchill, third son of the Duke of Marlborough.—Horatio Paget, third son of Rear-Admiral Sir C. Paget.—In the Fleet, 82, Mr. J. Amos; he had been confined ten years for contempt of the Court of Chancery!—Miss Grant, eldest sister of the Right Hon. C. Grant.—In Goodman's-fields, 75, Dr. Raphael Meldola, the learned and highly-respected Rabbi, High Priest of the Southern (Oriental, Spanish, &c.) Jews.—At Kensington, Viscountess Nevill, relict of Ralph Viscount Nevill, R.N.—83, the Rev W. Coxe, archdeacon of Berks.—In Park-street, 87, the Hon. Anne Robinson, sister of the late Lord Grantham.—In Somerset-street, the Dowager Lady Dunsany.—At Sydenham, 68, J. P. Welsford, secretary to the Patriotic and Waterloo Funds.—At Windsor, Lord Mountsandford, accidentally killed in an affray at that town.—At Kirklington-park, 83, Sir Henry Watkin Dashwood, bart.—Elizabeth Cockburn, wife of the dean of York, and daughter of Sir Robert Peel, bart.—86, Mr. P. Jackson, who was in the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre in the early days of Garrick; his widow, born 1739, remains (Oxford) to lament his loss.—At Islington, 101, Elizabeth Coldthorp.—82, the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort.—C. Pratt, esq.; he was thrown out of a phaeton in returning with some friends from a fight between Baldwin and Neal; he only attained his majority on May 23, when he entered in possession of nearly £250,000 property!

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, Viscount de Cussy to Miss Barbara Clara Middleton.—At the British Ambassador's, at Paris, T. Nolan, esq., to Miss Juliana Blount.—At Paris, Chevalier Brant, late secretary of legation in London from the Emperor of the Brazils, to Augusta Elizabeth, daughter of the Chevalier Kieckhoeffer, consul-general of the Brazils, in that city.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Toulouse, Sir William Congreve, late head of the laboratory department, Woolwich.—At Rome, the Dowager Lady Turner.—At Florence, the Russian Prince Nicholas Demidow, whose immense fortune has so frequently furnished matter of speculation; he is said at one time himself to have estimated his income at £1 per minute.—At Dresden, 69, Charles Marquis of Northampton.

—At Paris, the Marquis of Lauriston, marshall and peer of France.—At Trinidad, the Rev. Dr. Buckley, Roman Catholic Bishop of Gerren, Vicar Apostolic of the British, Danish, and Dutch West India islands and colonies.—At Florence, John Toke, esq., of Lincoln's-inn.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Newcastle Exhibition of Paintings was opened June 11, at the new building; the number of paintings is much greater than in any former display at that town, and, from the general view of them, the splendour and ability of the collection has never been equalled there.

On the 29th of May, the custom of the choristers singing anthems from the summit of the principal tower in the cathedral was revived. The custom first arose from the monks having sung Te Deum from that elevated situation, as soon as victory was declared at the battle of Nevile's Cross, in 1346. It was subsequently continued in honour of the Restoration, but of late years had been disused.

It has been estimated, by geological writers and coal viewers, that, at the present rate of consumption, the seam of coal now worked in Northumberland and Durham coal-field, will not be expended, at the lowest calculation, within 500 years.

On the 24th of May, Mr. Fenwick, of Brinkheugh, near Weldon-bridge, nine or ten miles from Morpeth, deliberately shot his son, a young man about 22 or 23 years of age, and immediately fled. The young man died shortly afterwards. We hear that Mr. Fenwicke has been taken.

On the 1st of June, the Ardincaple steam-vessel, arrived at Newcastle from Edinburgh in twelve hours and a half, an instance of wonderful expedition.

As the dredging machine, which is used by the Commissioners of the River Wear for cleansing the river, was at work near the bridge, Durham, on the 7th of June, it brought up the body of a sailor boy without a head. The body has been recognized as that of a boy who fell from out of a boat, and was drowned, about four months since. He was one of the crew of a vessel belonging to Little Hampton. His body was injured in several places, supposed to be by the keelmens' sets, used in working their keels.

Married.] At Durham, Mr. Jackson to Miss Anderson; R. Palmer, esq., to Miss Blackett; Mr. R. Pearson to Miss J. Thompson.—At Newcastle, W. Bell, esq., to Miss Mary Whilhelmina Morrison; R. A. Purvis, esq., to Miss Atkinson. At Wilton, Mr. S. Garbutt to Miss Scarth.

Died.] At Durham, Miss Heslop; 72, C. Herbert.—At Glanton, Westfield, Miss Winifred Frankland.—At Bishopwearmouth, W. Ferguson, esq.—At Sunderland, Mrs. Ann Hunter.—At Newcastle, Mrs Huntley.—At Houghton-le-Spring, the Rev. D. Crossthwaite.—At Eden, Mrs. Markham.

YORKSHIRE.

On Saturday, the 21th of May, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, a whirlwind passed for a considerable way up the course of the river wharf, to the northward of Bolton-abbey and in the immediate vicinity of Bolton-park. In its progress, some trees were torn up by the roots, and huge branches were wrenched from others, and whirled in the air like so many feathers, to an incredible distance. The waving of the tempest, and the crashing of the trees, were indescribably awful.

A project is on foot for erecting a new theatre in Leeds, by subscription.

In the first week or ten days in June, about 60,000 mackarel were brought into the port of Hull for sale.

Anti-slavery petitions have been sent to Parliament from York, Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Whitby, Great Driffield, and other places in this county.

A branch of the Yorkshire Horticultural Society has been established at Wakefield.

There is now living at Sund, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, a female, named Witty, 95 years of age, who recently spun half a pound of line in one day; and her activity is such, that she frequently walks about the neighbourhood without a stick.

A grocer at Sheffield has a steam-engine, of half-horse power, for the purpose of roasting and grinding coffee.

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Hedon, held on Thursday week, it was resolved to restrict their representatives to oppose any measure tending to interfere with private credit and local measures.

Six individuals, on the 13th of June, performed a voyage from Doncaster to Hull, in a pleasure boat of the following dimensions:—from head to stern, 13 feet 3 inches; width, 5 feet 2 inches. It was propelled by two paddle wheels, similar in construction to those of a steam-boat, connected with each other by a crank, which may be turned by one or two hands.

May 30, the Annual General Meeting of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society took place, and we are gratified to find by the Report that it is in a flourishing state. It was ordered, that clerks or apprentices, under 21, be admitted to the meetings and lectures, on payment of two guineas annually, without entrance.

The form of the building erecting for a museum at Scarborough is that of a rotunda, after a Grecian model, designed by Mr. Sharpe, of York. The stone is of a quality unrivalled in this kingdom for beauty, and exceeded only by marble. It is the same as that of the new church at Scarborough, and the York Museum, being obtained from the quarry at Hackness. The situation is delightful, and commands a view of the sea, the harbour, the bridge, Oliver's Mount, and the Hull road.

It was ascertained by the accounts produced by the Secretary of the Leeds Shyrack and Morley Savings' Bank, at the Twentieth Half-Yearly

Meeting, that since the commencement of its institution, 5,549 persons have paid into the bank the sum of £225,826. 3s. 7d., and have, as their occasions required, withdrawn the sum of £123,079. 18s. 10d. The interest money withdrawn bears a very small proprortion to the interest accumulated, and, including such accumulation, there remains the sum of £127,197. 19s. 9d. at the disposal of the present depositors, being an increase of £8,121. 12s. 7d. since last October.

An Exhibition of Pictures and Sculpture, the works of living artists, has opened at Leeds, at the "Northern Society's" Gallery. The exertions of the committee, to provide a suitable display of the productions of the fine arts, on the present occasion, have been cordially seconded by the profession. The Exhibition consists of 522 works of art: a greater number by nearly 100, than ever the Society were able to present to the public previously; surpassing, as well in proportion as in the degree of excellence, those of former years.

On Whit-Monday, the annual meeting and procession of the teachers and scholars of the Leeds Sunday School Union took place, when between 4 and 5,000 children were present. By the report, it appears that there are 62 schools, 1,812 teachers, and 7,990 children in this Union; the increase during last year amounted to 11 schools, 198 teachers, and 1,043 scholars.

June 11.—The foundation of a new church was laid at Lindley (Huddersfield); the ceremony was attended by twenty-three clergymen, and more than 5,000 spectators.

Married.] At Hull, the Rev. W. Huntington to Miss Lambert; Mr. Crabtree to Mrs. Ann Harrison, a buxom widow of 19, who had been twice married before.—At Knaresborough, the Rev. H. Milton to Miss Ann Hutchinson.—At Doncaster, the Rev. R. Hutchinson to Miss Marsh.—At York, the Rev. T. Dayrell to Miss Maria Hawksworth.—At Richmond, G. L. Ridley, esq., to Miss Ann Thompson.

Died.] At Halifax, J. Walter, esq.—At Whitby, 90, Sarah Shepherd.—At Richmond, W. Close, esq.—At Scarborough, R. Williamson, esq.—At Wilsden, 96, J. Pichiles; he has left 309 descendants, exclusive of 101 deceased. He was followed to the grave by 135 of his deseendants.—At Shepley, 104, Hannah Holmes.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

At length, after boring 500 feet for water, a spring is evidently existing, the water of which, since the discovery, has actually risen above 300 feet in the orifice. It indeed is probable that the water found does not flow from a main spring; but it is evident that one must exist in the adjacent earth, and by boring a few feet farther, that will most likely be met with.

NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY.

Died.] At Lenton, 73, J. Amys, esq., deputy-lieutenant for Notts.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The gross receipts at the Ladies' Bazaar, at Manchester, for the benefit of the National and Lancastrian Schools, amounted to £488. 17s.; nearly 2,000 persons visited it, paying admission.

The whole of the Soho Foundery, at Ancoats, Manchester, was destroyed by fire May 15; hundreds of hands have by this dreadful accident been thrown out of employment. It is estimated that the loss amounts to a great sum, and that the whole of the property belonged to Messrs. Peel and Williams.

There has been of late a considerable ferment amongst the owners and occupiers of land in Wigan, in consequence of a demand having been made upon them by the rector, for tithe of hay, which has never been paid in that parish in the memory of man; in consequence of which a meeting was held, Earl Balcarras presided; when it appeared, from a variety of ancient documents, that the tithe now demanded, had not been paid or heard of for *several hundred years!!!* After a long discussion a committee was appointed, and a subscription entered into, to defend any suits that the rector might institute against any of the parishioners, until the question be finally settled. If the rector should succeed in his claim, it is said, he will add about £1,500 a year to his income!!!

In most of the dissenting chapels at Liverpool, the ministers have returned public thanks to God for the national mercy received in the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts.

No less than 153,156 spindles are now unemployed in the fown of Macclesfield.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

The Right Hon. Charles Earl Talbot is appointed Custos Rotulorum of the county of Stafford, in the room of the Marquis Stafford resigned.

Married.] Sir Henry Edwardes, bart., of Meole, to Miss Hope, daughter of J. T. Hope, esq., of Netley-hall.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

There are three places of worship for Dissenters now building in Loughborough, viz. the Independents, Methodists, and Baptists. June 7, the first stone of the new chapel for the General Baptists was laid; it will be the largest General Baptist chapel in England.

Died.] At Husband's Bosworth, 90, the Rev. J. Pinnock, rector of that parish, and vicar of Notton, Warwickshire.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

May 29, at the High Bailiff's sumptuous dinner at Birmingham, notice was taken of the recent failure of representation for that town, "which," said Mr. Smith, foreman of the court-leet jury, "is one of the most important manufacturing stations in the world; a district containing half a million of inhabitants, employed in working up the native produce of the country; and yet this is the population which the minister of the day, although in the lap of commerce, thought right to neglect!" It was remarked that the rental of Birmingham is £300,000! its local rates, £55,000; its estimated capital, £10,000,000; and its advance to "intellectual weight" may be estimated from the fact, that about "fifteen thousand children" are constantly in progress of education; and yet this grand emporium, "with all its appliances and means to boot," has no representative, no special guardian in Parliament!!!

By the report of the committee of the Birmingham Eye Infirmary, made May 28, it appears that, since its establishment (only four years) 7,000 individuals have experienced its benefits;

and that the small sum of £140 has, during the last year, been the means of preventing or curing blindness in 1,868 fellow beings!!!

The silk trade of Coventry has slightly recovered from its languor; but the inhabitants appear confident that their former protecting duties must be revived before the depression is entirely removed. The Birmingham trade is suffering under great stagnation.

At a public meeting of the Protestant Dissenters, held at Northampton, May 23, it was resolved that "the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts was a measure most auspicious to civil and religious liberty, and that one of the most sacred institutions of religion has thus been rescued from a most gross and detestable profanation; and that we pledge ourselves to conlinue all our exertions and influence to assist all our fellow subjects in obtaining a full and general repeal of all civil disabilities imposed on account of religious opinions."

Married.] Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Williams to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Robert Harvey Mallory, esq., of Woodcote, near Warwick.

Died.] G. Yates, esq., of Bordesley.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The number of children belonging to the Sunday schools at Worcester and neighbourhood, assembled on Whit-Monday, amounted to nearly 2,800.

A Common Hall was held at Worcester, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament, to alter the laws which allow the importation of French gloves. It appears that from July 5, 1826, up to May 30, 1828, no less than 2,168,928 pairs of French gloves have been imported into the port of London only! What an offering to *reciprocity!* particularly when it is compared with the afflicting fact, that the trade was never so depressed at Worcester as at this moment, where 40,000 persons used to be employed in it, and who, as well as all classes in the neighbourhood, are now feeling its fatal effects!!!

Died.] At Worcester, 62, T. St. John, esq.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The first show of the Gloucester Horticultural Society took place on May 23, and held out the most flattering prospects to those who have so meritoriously exerted themselves in promoting the undertaking; this splendid show amounted to no less than 900 beautiful specimens. Much admiration was bestowed on the "cactus speciosissima," the "musa paradisianea," the "phœnix ductifiera," and the "ficus elastica," by all the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood.

The centre of the new bridge, at Over, having been struck, the fine proportion of the arch of this magnificent structure is fully open to public inspection, and, notwithstanding the immense mass of stone embodied in it, amounting at present to not less than 4,000 tons, its elegance and lightness are extremely striking. It is not only the widest span of any stone arch hitherto completed in the kingdom, but with respect to its form it is perfectly unique, as, we believe, there is not another in the world erected upon the same principle. The building is carried on with great expedition, as are also the approaches on both sides, and there is little doubt that the whole will open to the public by Christmas next.

Married.] At Stroud, the Rev. W. A. Cave to Miss Eliza Wathen.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Miss Elizabeth Toby, mistress of the Alstone Infant and Sunday Schools.—At Painswick, Mrs. C. Townshend.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

A numerous and highly respectable meeting of Protestant Dissenters took place at Exeter, May 27, relative to the Test Act, &c., when several resolutions were unanimously agreed to, expressive of their satisfaction at the repeal of those acts, being fully persuaded that the exercise of private judgment on all subjects connected with religion, unfettered by the influence of any civil or ecclesiastical authority, is the unalienable right of every human being, they therefore resolved,—"That this meeting cherishes the hope that the legislature will in its wisdom shortly erase from the Statute Book every act which militates against the civil rights of the subject on account of his religion!!!

Died] At Wrington, 80, Rev. W. Leeves, 50 years rector of that parish; said to be the author of the plaintive ballad, "Auld Robin Gray."—At Bath, 91, Mrs. Ricketts, mother of the Viscount St. Vincent, and Countess of Northesk.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The Norwich petition to the legislature against colonial slavery, has been signed by upwards of 10,000 perfons, and is more than 150 feet in length!

Married.] At Norwich, R. A. Bowers, esq., to Miss C. A. Sherman.—J. H.Stanway, esq., to Miss Sims.

Died.] At Reepham, 100, Sarah Simmons.—Sir George Berney Brograve, bart,, of Worstead-house, the last male descendant of the ancient house of Brograve.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

The dispute relative to stocking the commons at Godmanchester still continues, as well as the barbarous mode of beating the poor animals with bludgeons. Great numbers of persons lately assembled, and became so infuriated and riotous that the riot act was resorted to, and the mob at length dispersed.

Died.] At Stukely, J. Torkington, esq., lately deputy recorder of Stamford.—At Huntingdon, H. Race, esq.; his death was occasioned by drinking cold water, when heated by playing at fives.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

Married.] At Millbrooks, B. Langa, esq., to Eleanor Judith, eldest daughter of Sir J. P. Milbanke, bart.—At Lavington, S. Wilberforce, esq., third son of W. Wilberforce, esq., to Miss Emily Sergent.

Died.] At Portsea, 80, the Rev. J. Harrison.

WALES.

One of the most awful occurrences, that it has fallen to our lot to record for some weeks, took place on Tuesday afternoon, at one of the pits of the Dee Green colliery, near flint, belonging to Thomas Eyton, esq. The circumstances attending this dreadful accident, as far as we have been able to collect them, are as follows:—The fire-damp had collected in a part of the pit unobserved by the workmen, and a boy incautiously taking a lighted candle towards the spot, it instantly ig-

nited, and a tremendous explosion followed.—There were at the time upwards of thirty individuals (men and boys) in the mine, and out of this number, nine were killed on the spot, and eleven others dreadfully wounded; most of these had their limbs broken, and were so shockingly scorched, that it is feared some of them will not survive. The explosion was so loud, that it was heard at a great distance, and so powerful, that it blew up the machine which covered the mouth of the pit. We are sorry to relate, that some of the unfortunate men have left large families to deplore their fate, and who, by this accident, are not only bereaved of their husbands and fathers, but of their only support. The men who fortunately escaped were only preserved by being in another part of the pit where there was an air pipe. The afflicted wife of one of the poor men who was killed (and also her son) had given birth to an infant only a day or two before.

The effect of an earthquake was severely felt about ten at night of June 2, at Ishmael, about three miles from Milford; it continued twenty minutes, with a rumbling noise like distant thunder. A solid body of grey rock was entirely rent asunder, and separated into a thousand pieces, throwing large masses of it to a great distance; the adjacent rocks, and part of a hill, on which there was a thriving plantation of timber overhanging, were separated from the main land by this dreadful convulsion.

Married.] W. Crawshay, jun., esq., of Cyfartha-castle, Glamorgan, to Isabella, eldest daughter of T. Johnson, esq., Penmyarth, Brecon.—At Llantrynach, near Brecon, W. H. West, esq., to Miss F. Clifton.—At Llangunnon, W. Bonville, esq., to Miss E. Johnes.—W. Richards, esq., of Kinnerton-lodge, Flint, to Miss P. G. Russell.

Died.] W. W. Jones, esq., of Gurrey, near Llandilo.—At Haverfordwest, Mrs. Colonel Philips, of Williamston, grand-daughter of Dr. Ewer, bishop of St. Asaph.

SCOTLAND.

On Thursday night, May 15, betwixt 11 and 12 o'clock, the Clydesdale steam-packet took fire when crossing the channel from Glasgow for Belfast, about an hour and a half's sailing from Corsewall Point, on discovering which the master determined to run the vessel for the Light-house, where they arrived, and landed the whole of the passengers in safety, about 60. The fire was discovered aft the funnel, and, notwithstanding every exertion was made with the fire-pipe and boat's buckets, it increased, and made rapid progress towards the stern, which rendered the steersman's situation very precarious; he, however, was true to his charge, and, notwithstanding his dangerous situation, was most attentive to the master's orders, who took his station at the bows of the boat, and directed the steersman how to guide the vessel. A considerable time before the packet reached the shore, the engineer and firemen were driven from the engine-house by the violence of the fire, the engine was left by them plying, and fortunately it continued to ply till the vessel reached the shore.

A gentleman in Liverpool has recently addressed a letter to his friend in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, on a subject which he deems of vital importance to the inhabitants of Galloway. He incloses the last year's importation of live stock, young and old, brought into the port of Liverpool, by steam, from Ireland (38,052 oxen, cows, and caves; 132,531 sheep, and 138,574 pigs) the greater part of which were in condition for the butcher. "These," adds he, "are sold at our Smithfield every Monday; and the concourse of butchers from every part of the north and middle districts of England is immense. The cattle are sold by brokers for ready money; and the Irish drover returns to Ireland in two or three days after his sale. Compare this with your wretched and ruinous system of droving; and advertise for steam-boats, and send your best cattle by them to Liverpool; one from Kirkcudbright every Friday, would arrive here on Saturday or Sunday; the cattle might be sold on Monday, and the seller might attend Dumfries market the Wednesday following with gold or bank bills in his pocket. This is no wild scheme—it may be made to work as soon as you have either cattle or sheep to send here in good condition. You have the best breed of cattle in the world, and you send them farther for a market than any other people do."

An earthquake was felt on the afternoon of the 26th of May, at Wanlockhead (Dumfrieshire); it was heard and felt by the miners that were at work in the bowels of the earth. Several of them ran for their life, conceiving that the "drift" had "rushed," and that they had every chance of being entombed alive. The account they gave of it was, that it much resembled the noise caused when a quantity of stones or gravel is thrown down a "sump." The sounds were twice repeated, after an interval of five minutes. In the vicinity of Dumfries similar motions were felt, which made the stones rattle against each other.

Out of 700 parishes in Scotland, 490 have compulsory assessment; and the whole kingdom is assessed at £47,000, and yet the peasantry are much better off than in England.

A dreadful accident has just happened at the church of Kirkaldy, at the communion Sabbath. When the clergyman was expected to make his appearance, a part of the great range of galleries yielded to the pressure of the multitude, and fell with a terrific crash upon the hapless assemblage underneath, by which 30 persons lost their lives.

One and twenty individuals have perished by the wreck of a passage-boat in a bay off Trisniss Isles, near Staffa, coming from Mull.

Died.] At Edinburgh, Dugald Stewart, esq., the distinguished philosopher and metaphysician.

IRELAND.

The boiler of the steam-boat Corsair, which plies between Belfast and Liverpool, lately burst with tremendous violence as it was about to start from the quay of Belfast. The cause of the explosion was owing to the pipe, which conveys the waste steam from the safety valve, being too small for that purpose. The engineer was thrown down three times by the force of the explosion, and his body so dreadfully lacerated, that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. A passenger, who was below at the time, also suffered very severely.

Died.] At Limerick, the Hon. R. Howard, brother to the Earl of Wicklow.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of May to the 25th of June, 1828.

May	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	206¾	84⅝ ¾	85⅜ ⅝	92¾	92½ ⅝	102¼ ⅜	19⅝	249	—	61 63p	85⅜ ½
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	206¼ 7	84⅞ ⅝	85⅝ ⅞	92⅞ 3	92⅝ 3	102⅜ ⅝	19 3-16	—	97 99p	61 63	85⅜ 86⅛
31	207½	85¼	85¼ 86	92⅜ 3	92⅜ 3	102½ ¼	19⅛	—	—	61 63p	85⅞ 6⅛
Jun.											
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	207¼ ⅜	85⅛ ¼	85⅞ 6⅛	—	93⅛ ½	102⅜ ½	19⅛ 3-16	—	—	62 3	86⅜
3	207⅜ 8½	85¼ 6	86⅜ ¾	94	93⅝ ⅞	102⅝ 3	19¼ 5-16	250	97 99	61 63	86⅜ ⅞
4	207¼ 8¼	85⅜ ¾	86⅜ ¼	94	93¼ ¼	102¾ 3	19¼ 5-16	249½	99p	59 62	86¼ ⅜
5	208¼	85⅞ 6	86⅜ ⅞	94⅛	93¾ 4	—	19¼ 5-16	249¼	97	59 61p	86⅜ ⅞
6	208⅜	85⅝ 6⅛	—	93⅞ 4¼	93¾ 4	—	19 5-16	—	—	60 3	86⅜ 87¼
7	209¼ ½	86⅛ ¾	—	—	94⅛ ⅜	—	—	—	98 99p	60 3	87⅛ ⅛
8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	209¼ 10	86¼ 7	—	—	94½ ¾	—	19 7-16 ½	—	98 99	60 3	86⅝ ⅞
10	209¼ ¾	86⅜ 87	—	94½ ¾	94¼ ¾	—	19 7-16 ½	—	99p	60 3p	87½
11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	209¾ 10½	86⅞ 87⅛	—	95	94⅞ 5	—	19½ 9-16	—	99	60 3	87⅛ 88
13	209¼ 10	87⅛ ¼	—	95⅜	95¼	—	19⅝	—	100p	60 63p	88¼ ½
14	209⅛ ¾	87⅛ ⅜	—	—	95	—	19 9-16 ⅝	—	100 1	62 64	88¼
15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	210	87¼ ⅜	—	—	95½	—	19⅝ ¾	—	100 1	63 65	88⅜
17	209½	87⅛ ⅜	—	95⅛ ⅜	94⅞ 5	—	19¾	—	100 1p	63 5	88⅛
18	210	87¼ ½	—	95⅛	95⅛	—	19 11-16 ¾	—	101	63 66p	88⅛ ⅜
19	209¼ 10	87¼ ⅜	—	95⅛ ⅜	95⅛ ¼	—	19¾ 13-16	—	—	63 66	88¼
20	210	87⅜ ½	—	95	94⅞ 5	—	19 11-16 ¾	—	—	64 67p	88⅛ ⅜
21	210	87⅜ ⅜	—	—	94⅜ 5	—	19 11-16 ¾	—	—	64 66p	88¼ ⅜
22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23	211¾	87⅞ 88⅛	—	95½	95¼ ⅜	—	19¾ 13-16	—	100p	64 66p	88¾ 89
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	210½ 11½	87¾ ⅞	—	95¼	95¼	—	19 11-16 ¾	—	101 2p	64 66p	88½ ½

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From May 20th, to June 19th, 1828.

By William Harris and Co. 50, High Holborn.

May.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			55	66	51	29 67	29 60	90	94	E	ENE	Fair	Fine	Clo.
21	57	☽	54	63	50	29 46	29 45	97	98	ESE	ESE	Rain	Clo.	—
22			51	60	49	29 44	29 46	98	98	ESE	ESE	—	—	—
23			54	63	47	29 47	29 48	92	98	ENE	E	Fair	—	Rain
24	15		54	68	57	29 35	29 32	98	95	SW	WSW	Clo.	Rain	Clo.
25			59	63	53	29 65	29 69	97	95	W	WSW	Fair	Fine	Fine
26	20		62	69	55	29 57	29 46	95	90	SW	S	—	Rain	Clo.
27			67	70	52	29 46	29 42	78	86	SSW	SW	—	—	—
28			58	63	57	29 47	29 53	78	92	W	WSW	Clo.	Fair	—
29	18	○	63	70	57	29 56	29 65	80	90	WSW	WSW	Fair	—	Rain
30			65	71	56	29 85	29 82	79	90	WNW	W	—	—	Fair
31			64	69	55	29 71	29 78	79	90	WNW	WNW	—	—	—
June														
1			62	69	47	29 91	29 97	79	79	WNW	W	—	Fine	—
2			53	70	53	29 94	29 83	79	79	W	WNW	—	Show.	—
3			60	67	55	29 85	29 76	78	88	NW	W	—	Fair	Clo.
4	100		58	68	52	29 39	29 35	94	96	W	W	Rain	—	—
5		☾	57	63	53	29 34	29 41	96	88	W. Var.	W	Fair	—	—
6	10		56	64	51	29 57	29 67	77	78	NW	NW	Rain	—	—
7			58	63	53	29 93	30 01	78	78	NW	NW	Fair	—	Fair
8			57	66	54	30 04	30 06	75	78	NW	NW	—	—	—
9			58	70	55	30 08	30 09	78	78	NW	NNW	—	Fine	—
10			63	69	60	30 12	30 13	78	78	NNW	NNW	—	—	—
11			65	73	61	30 10	30 08	76	77	NNW	NNW	—	—	—
12		◒	63	65	56	30 10	30 10	75	75	NNW	SSE	—	Fair	—
13			62	71	54	30 11	30 10	75	75	SSE	SSE	—	Fine	—
14			63	71	56	30 11	30 07	75	78	SE	SSE	—	—	—
15			64	71	61	30 00	29 93	92	92	S. Var.	SE	Rain	Fair	—
16			67	69	59	29 83	29 79	90	98	SSE	ENE	—	—	—
17			64	73	60	29 41	29 40	84	97	SW	SE	Fair	—	Fine
18			63	70	60	29 30	29 60	96	84	E	W	Rain	Clo.	—
19			63	72	60	29 82	29 84	92	84	WSW	SW	Clo.	—	Clo.

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of May was 1 inch and 23·100ths.

THE

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SELECT VESTRIES.

IN the constitution of the vestries in which the local affairs of its parishes are managed, England exhibits as much whimsical variety as France did in her provincial laws previously to their consolidation by Napoleon into one national code. Just as accident may determine it, these vestries will be found to be sometimes what is termed parish—at others, select. Select vestries may have their origin either in ancient usage or statutory enactment; and those originating in the latter again differ in their constitutions, according as they happen to be established in conformity to an act of parliament general in its application, or are regulated by those of a private and local character.

"Heretofore," says Tomlins, "the bishop and priests sat together in vestries to consult of the affairs of the church—in resemblance of which ancient custom the minister, churchwardens, and chief men do at this day make a parish vestry." A parish vestry, then, is nothing more than an assembly for parish purposes of the minister, churchwardens, and as many of the individuals assessed to the church-rate, or paying scot-and-lot, as like to attend. The votes of the majority constitute the voice of the meeting; but, by the 58 Geo. III., c. 69, due notice of every meeting is required to be given by publication on the church-door; and the number of votes to each individual rendered proportionate to the amount of his property assessed. The extreme number is, however, in every case, restricted to six.

Vestries of this last description are what the law terms of "common right;" but all select vestries, not originating under the provisions of an act of parliament, are at this day supportable only on the ground of long usage. In general, these are nothing more than an annual delegation of the management of the parish affairs to a body chosen by the parishioners. A custom allowing the vestrymen peculiarly to supply the vacancies in their own body, can be sustained only in ancient prescription.

The statutory provision, in virtue of which the rest exist, may now be considered as comprised under Mr. Sturges Bourne's act, the 59 Geo. III., c. 12, and the several local acts peculiar to each. By the former, a power is given to any parish in the kingdom, not regulated by private acts, to put its affairs under the management of a vestry, composed of the clergyman and the substantial householders of the parish, in numbers not exceeding twenty, nor less than five. By the provisions of the act, the office is

merely annual—the election of the members is reposed in the inhabitants generally in vestry assembled—and before these a summary of the transactions, together with all the accounts of the vestry, is strictly required to be laid in the months of March and October of every year.

The constitutions of the latter—those which exist by local acts—(and with them it is we have to deal), of course, display some variety in their details; but the black-letter of close corporations is the character in which all are inscribed. Self-election, self-accountability, self-aggrandisement, are their prominent features; and, were the objects of their enactments to be collected from their results, the appropriate title of such would be—"An Act for encouraging the Mismanagement of Parish Affairs, and promoting sinister Interests in the Vestrymen."

Exposed to their almost indefinite taxation, in few instances have the parishioners the poor privilege of appointing the parties by whom they are to be taxed. Thus, by the 10 Ann., c. 11, s. 20, power having been given to the commissioners for the erection of fifty new churches in London and Westminster, appointed thereunder to convert into distinct parishes the district for each church, the appointment of the vestrymen for every such parish is delegated to *them*. It is true that a preliminary consent is required to the exercise of their power; but from whom will it be supposed this consent is to proceed? Absolutely, not from the parishioners, the management of whose own affairs is thus forced out of their hands; but from the *bishop* or *ordinary*, who, God knows, are too much occupied in collecting the revenues of the church to leave them much time to examine into the qualifications of vestrymen. Nor was it even intended that this sorry check should extend beyond the original constitution of the body. When once established, all power of future replenishment is quietly left to itself. Thus, again, with the Spitalfields Act, the 2d Geo. II., c. 10, the rector, churchwardens, overseers, and all other persons who have served or fined for those offices, are, so long as they continue householders within the parish and pay the poor-rate, declared to be vestrymen for the time being. "All other persons who have served or fined for those offices," undoubtedly sounds like an approximation to an open system. But it so happens that the original nomination to these offices lies only with the vestrymen; and as no man can serve who is not first nominated, and no man is like to be nominated who is not like to prove a *good vestryman*, it is obvious this leaves the power of self-perpetuation pretty nearly as perfect as it exists under the operation of the statute of Ann. It is necessary to add, that, when once appointed, they are generally appointed for life.

Thus, self-elected, these petty oligarchies are compelled to render no account of their government. An auditor of accounts does, indeed, sometimes figure as a part of the establishment; but the auditor, instead of being the accountable servant of the public, is simply a component member of the body. In rendering an account of their stewardship to him, the parties to account may indeed acquire the opportunity of placing before themselves, in a penitential review, the items of their own extravagance; but facilities in obtaining absolution conduce only to greater offences; and, indeed, if the course of one father confessor is to be taken as the sample of that of the rest, the confession is not conducted with the strictest regard to particularities; for, at a meeting of the parishioners of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, at which some most profligate articles of expenditure on the part of the select were dragged to light, the auditor himself admitted that he had audited the accounts in question,

but "only examined the *sum total.*" Moreover, it seems even this most exquisite mode of accounting is liable to be altogether prevented by such slight occasional accidents as *the loss of the parish books.* The vestries of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and St. George's, Bloomsbury, having steadily resisted all demands for an inspection of their books, at a meeting of the parishioners, held at the Freemason's Tavern, 23d June, 1828, a motion was made by a Mr. Everard, and, we need hardly add, carried unanimously, "That we will unremittingly persist in our endeavours to discover the books of this parish, *which are stated to be mislaid.*"

But not only is there an utter want of *express provision* for securing accountability to the public—vestrymen have even arrogated to themselves a kind of right to conduct all their affairs in secret. Vestry meetings thus become, for the most part, mere private meetings; and all attempt at public investigation is resisted as an impertinent intrusion on their sequestered privacy. Indeed, some of the vestrymen seem to treat the privilege of misrule as their personal freeholds; and the member for Middlesex, as one of them, did not scruple to oppose the Marylebone bill, as "an attempt to invade and overthrow established rights." Previously to the introduction of that bill, every attempt was made by the parishioners to secure, by amicable adjustment, their just representation in the vestry, and a control over the parish funds. "The hauteur of this self-appointed body," say the committee, in their Report, "founded, as your committee suppose, on the unconstitutional notion of vested rights, has been an insuperable barrier to the accomplishment of this desirable object." And, again, they complain that having, at a considerable time back, addressed to the vestry a respectful letter, requiring an answer, "from that time to the present, the vestry have not condescended to notice or even acknowledge its receipt;"—and they add, after alluding to a previous charge of some equal act of rudeness, "The committee, therefore, feel that the personal charge then made against the members of the vestry of *inattention to, and disregard of, the opinions and wishes of the parishioners,* has been fully justified; and they ought to bear in mind that acts of parliament do not exempt from courteous and gentlemanly conduct those whom they invest with petty authority or irresponsible power."

Absolutely without security for the mode of their exercise, the powers thus entrusted to the select are of no insignificant extent. With them lies the whole management of the parochial poor. To their superintendence frequently falls the erection of workhouses and infirmaries. Churches and chapels may almost be said to rise at their bidding, or become repaired in all the decorations of costly magnificence—land is sometimes bought and sold—streets laid out and paved—in a word, the entire parochial affairs of extensive districts are submitted to their absolute control. That the most ample provision of funds may be placed at their disposal, they are left to impose parochial rates, with no other check than the legal appeals of the individuals liable to their payment; and, when these cannot be strained into an adequate provision for their more magnificent undertakings, they often contrive to cajole parliament into large grants for their assistance out of the public money—the entire administration of which is left to themselves. To sum up our brief outline both of the functions of the select, and their complete irresponsibility in their exercise, with the apt illustration of Mr. Peel—"they are so many *little parliaments,* in their several parishes."

Founded, then, on principles proved, even to the demonstration of an axiom, to be vicious, select vestries of the class we have just described bear in their very establishment the sentence of their condemnation. With the development of those principles, we might here, therefore, close our case against them; but, beside that the evidence is too entertaining to be lost, the subject is of such importance that we proceed to point out some of the most prominent evils to which the system is exposed.

These may almost all be comprised in extravagance in the expenditure of the parish funds. Select vestrymen will doubtless dispute in what extravagance consists. We deem it, therefore, necessary to state that by extravagance we here mean the incurring of a single expense unwarranted by the strictest necesssity, and the payment for a single article of one solitary shilling more than the sum at which the most unlimited competition has proved that it can be obtained. This is just, however, the very extravagance to which bodies constituted like select vestries are peculiarly exposed. From an almost unlimited command of funds (their own contribution to which is too small in relation to the aggregate to operate as a check), their whole expenditure is necessarily placed on the most lavish scale. But the members of corporations, be the description what it may, always fall into the most exaggerated notions of their own magnificence, and regulate, in consistence with this estimate, the whole scale of their expenditure. Corporation expenses, of course, we allude to—for the *corporative* and *private* expenses of the members of corporations are two very different things. In *corporation* expenditure, however, is frequently involved the promotion of the personal comfort of the members. This may be more or less direct, according to circumstances. Thus, if a London tradesman slip into an alderman's gown, and have to visit Greenwich on any such corporation business as that of eating white bait at the Ship, it is manifest that his comfort would be directly promoted by exchanging his quondam place on the outside of the Greenwich stage for a seat in some gilded civic barge. It is almost as obvious that his comfort would be remotely increased by his having to perform his Sunday devotions in a splendid church, decorated with altar-pieces, carvings, cloths of crimson, and all the *et cetera* of magnificence, rather than having to squat himself down in some plain, unadorned, meeting-house-looking kind of a chapel, where the seats were all hard, and the prayer-books all thumbed. It may be pretty well imagined that, in either case, with the requisite command of the funds, he would not be long in obtaining that which he would think no more than justly due to his dignity; and, even supposing him destitute of the usual quantity of selfishness, the latter is an expense into which a thousand other considerations might conspire to prompt him. As it is with other corporations, so is it with select vestrymen; and as we may assume that the infinitely greater proportion of all the various expenses to which these principles would give rise would be unwarranted by the occasion, the institution of select vestries, by multiplying the subjects of expense, affords a direct encouragement to extravagance. Now we do not know what may be the precise connecting link between vestry-feasting and church-jobbing; but, somehow or other, these are two *subjects* of expense in which the select have always shone most conspicuous. It appears, from a paper containing a statement of some of the earlier abuses of the select vestries of St. Martin's, St. Ann's, and St. Clement's, "that they went in pursuit of a wretched shoe-cleaner, by whom some miserable woman was illegitimately pregnant, for fear the woman and child should become chargeable to the

parish; but, after three days close search, they lost their labours, though they went to *divers taverns;* and the bill incurred, on this righteous occasion, came but to 43*l.*"* Money has assuredly fallen in value since that period; but we have understood that the amount of the dinner bill in this transaction is not very far below the average of the sum at which parish officers are willing to take upon themselves the whole support of a bastard. The following extract from the parish-books of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, forced from the reluctant vestry, will shew that, after centuries of gorging, the appetites of vestrymen have not slackened:—

Mr. Richardson's dinner	£8	5	0
Messrs. Hodgson and Gann's Easter dinner	47	11	0
Mr. Joy's visitation dinner	25	8	0
Wine merchant	5	3	0
Hodgson and Gann's *venison feast*	30	3	0
Dinner on auditing accounts	11	4	0
Hodgson and Gann's dinner on auditing accounts	40	4	0
Mr. Richardson's visitation dinner	22	7	0
Mr. Joy's St. Thomas's-Day's dinner	20	10	0

Venison feasts may strike our readers as somewhat singular for simple vestrymen. Venison, however, is perfectly in keeping with *rose-water,* which another party of select vestrymen seemed to fancy a necessary subject of expense on a visit they had to perform to a few pauper children at Norwood. At one of these feasts to the Marylebone vestry, the bill actually amounted to 452*l.*!—of which the *honest* vestrymen carried only 93*l.* to account, under its proper head:—the rest was amusingly distributed among the titles "paving-rate (paving the stomach, we presume), clothing and *provisions for the poor!*" Truly, the poor are likely to be clad in fine linen and sumptuously fed under the blessed vestry of Marylebone! The thirst of vestrymen would seem to attend them even into the sacraments of religion. In his late measure for the regulation of the Irish "select," Sir John Newport informed the House of one parish in which, from the year 1812 to the time at which he was speaking, from 21*l.* to 36*l.* had been annually charged for wine for the sacramental table.

Of the great itching for church jobbing displayed throughout the whole history of select vestries, the instances are so numerous that our only difficulty lies in the selection. The parish of St. Mary-le-bone, and one or two parishes in Ireland must serve us as samples. In the first, the present rectorial church was, in the year 1813, resolved to be built as a chapel, and was accordingly contracted for at 19,810*l.* It was completed to its cupola and vane, when it appears to have flashed across the imagination of some sagacious vestryman, that a church was the befitting thing instead of a chapel. Into a church it was accordingly voted it should be converted, and a church it became; although to accomplish this a considerable part of the finished building was pulled down, and the cost, instead of amounting to nineteen thousand and odd pounds, just came to 72,850*l.* When completed no less an adornment would suit the magnificence of the vestrymen than a transparency, by West, at a cost of 800*l.*, and a figure of Rossi at 300*l.* In their eagerness for a painting of the great artist, however, it seems to have been forgotten that transparencies required light, until when it came to be put up, it was discovered they had no place appropriated for it—from some

* Considerations on Select Vestries, p. 13;—a small pamphlet, containing a collection of many of the abuses of select vestries.

cause or other the figure did not suit the fancies of the vestrymen. Both were accordingly removed, and the committee reported that at the moment they were sitting, the latter had been sent to some parish stone yard, and from all outward appearance, there it seemed likely to find "its long home." Other internal decorations were upon a scale of equal magnificence. There were actually expended for

Pulpit dressing	£321	0	0
Reading desk	139	0	0
Clerk's ditto	98	17	6
Altar, including *two chairs*, 213*l.*!!	628	5	0
Curtains for organ gallery	92	14	0
Ditto for churchwardens and overseers pews	166	0	0

and, in 1826, 1650*l.* were spent in *further alterations* at this church!!

In the parish of St. George, Dublin, an estimate of 16,000*l.* for building a church was, under much the same system, swelled into 57,000*l.* "In another place," we quote from Sir John Newport, "the privileged and select made a tax to repair the bishop's throne, to provide a *clothes-horse* for his closet, and brushes, ewers, basons, &c.; and, indeed, *every species of article for the toilette of a finished gentleman.*" In another parish, a sum of one hundred guineas was voted out of the rates, to purchase *a piece of plate for the curate;* fifty pounds were also voted to the parish clerk, and the same to a vestry clerk, which was double the amount authorized by law. In another parish, where there was scarcely a congregation of a dozen persons, the organist received in ten years 850*l.*: and the *bellows blower* was also a pensioner, he had 15*l.* a year; and there was a vestrymaid at 20*l.* besides three servants to attend the church." What particular function in the vestry the maid performed, the vestrymen can tell better than ourselves. In some instances expenses have been incurred, not only without a pretence for justification, but under circumstances, which had they previously existed, afforded the most substantial ground for their discontinuance. Thus, in the town of Wexford, a sexton and beadle having discontinued the practice of bell-ringing, for want of a bell to ring, their salaries were immediately raised from 10*l.* to 20*l.*; and "in another case," says Sir J. Newport, "an increased salary was given to a parish clerk, and a compensation given to another clerk *for having been removed.*"

But while the *subjects* of expense become thus almost unlimited under the costly administration of the select, instead of every article being obtained at the cheapest rate, they seem to think that in the abundance of their wealth they can never sufficiently pay for what they do procure. It is pretty manifest that whenever any member of their body is, either in his own person or that of his friends, a dealer in any of those subjects, his claim for supplying it, is sure to be listened to by a class of individuals who may all in their turn have similar claims to prefer; and thus, instead of the supply being arranged on a *competition* price, monopoly is left to make its own charge for every thing. But the charge of monopoly has no other limit than the disposition of the purchasers; and as the purchasers in this case are certain to be the easiest dealers in the world, the price at which the parish will purchase every article of expense will be somewhere about the maximum of exorbitance. In Ireland we find accordingly parish carpenters allowed to charge *interest* on the repairs of their own houses, occupied by them in the character of clerks. In England we find the parish of St. Mary-le-bone

borrowing large sums of their own body at the rate of five per cent. when they could get it elsewhere for four and even three-and-a-half per cent. "In 1825," says the Report, "they purchased land illegally of a member of their own body for 4,000*l.* *without having any use for it;* and many years afterwards they appropriated it to uses not recognized by any local act." Proofs, the committee goes on to add, "were also given of other dealings with members of their own body and their nearest relations, the latter being in contravention of their own by-laws. No wonder then that debts should accumulate; and but for the fact being in evidence before the House of Commons, it might be doubted that since 1811, the enormous debt of 227,000*l.* has been incurred and still exists, against the parish, while the rates have been increased fifty and sixty per cent." No wonder, indeed, the committee may well say; and no wonder that, under a similar principle of management, we find in the vestry accounts of St. Paul's Covent Garden, such small items of overcharge as that of forty per cent. on iron bedsteads for the use of the paupers, and 153*l.* on a bill of 212*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* paid without a cavil to the parish surveyor. Nor let it be supposed that occurrences of this description are the mere result of accident. Again at work at the church, in the year 1822, the select vestry of Spitalfields caused estimates of the expense of certain proposed repairs to be delivered in to them. One sent by the surveyor fixed the cost at 24,000*l.* others, however, set it down at a lower amount, and among them one from a Mr. Benson, in which he offered to do all that was wanted for a sum not exceeding 19,000*l.*, and to give security to any amount for the due performance of his contract. "The committee, however," says the author of the "Considerations," &c. from which we have previously quoted, "went on without regard to either estimate, and finally expended the sum of 6,993*l.* 19*s.*, a sum they found themselves unable to raise sufficient money, by rates, to pay, consequently they borrowed the sum of 5000*l.* of themselves, at five per cent., when all the money lending world would have advanced the sum at four per cent." Thus much for our charge of extravagance. We apprehend it will be conceded to us that we have brought it home to the very letter of our definition.

Supposing, however, select vestrymen to be utterly devoid of any thing so anomalous in human nature as sinister interest, we should still contend that their administration is likely to be extremely inefficient to its purposes. The interests which they have involved in it, are far from being sufficient to insure activity in the exercise of their trust; and consequently their whole government becomes marked with the extreme of slovenliness. At a meeting of the parishioners of St. James, Westminster, touching the abuses of their vestry, at which Sir Francis Burdett presided, it appeared that there was one deficiency in the accounts of 15,158*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.*, and also several others amounting to upwards of 11,000*l.* Of none of these could any satisfactory explanation be given; and Mr. Byng was very indignant at the bare supposition that the vestrymen could have pocketed them. Whether Mr. Byng was justified in his indignation, we do not dare to say. We certainly do not imagine Mr. Byng to have been the thief, nor, indeed, could we put our finger on any other individual member of the body as the object of suspicion, any more than had we, before his apprehension, been simply told that an extensive forgery had been committed in Berners-street, we should have dreamed of walking into the bank there, and pointing out Mr. Henry Fauntleroy as the culprit. The justice of Mr. Byng's indignation is, however, little to our

purpose. We quote the illustration simply to show that general carelessness with which vestry affairs are managed, when to say nothing of the smaller deficiencies, a deficiency of upwards of 15,000*l.* actually escapes even the notice of its existence. With the best intentions in the world, it is impossible but that such slovenliness in the conduct of their affairs, should expose them to every species of imposition. In the accounts of the parish of St. Martin, for the year 1822, there occurs a charge of *eighty pounds* for carving the legs of a table; which are afterwards *covered up* in crimson velvet. Now, so wanton a piece of folly seems hardly capable of being accounted for on any other supposition than that of the vestrymen becoming the dupes of others.—Certain it is that the mode of management, inseparable, as we contend, from the system itself, is a premium upon every species of imposition and roguery whether from within or without.

As is usual in all rotten systems, the principles by which this select vestry system is supported, are, if possible, still more hollow than the system itself.

The whole proceed upon the general assumption that parishes are incapable of the management of their own affairs. To this general assumption we have only to oppose the demonstration again and again made manifest, that none other than lunatics and imbeciles are so incapable; and as parishes *en masse* (except in so far as after the publication of this our article they continue unresisting to this iniquitous system) are neither one or the other, so neither will they be found incompetent to the conduct of their own business. The best management is that of all interested in obtaining it—the worst, that in which those most liable to be affected by its results, are excluded from its participation.

But it by no means follows that because parishes get rid of their present vestry system, that they should not delegate the particular management of their concerns to individuals chosen by themselves, and officially accountable to them. Of course the most obvious method of securing the perfect dependence on themselves of their representatives, would be by the frequency of their election, and proper mode for accomplishing its perfect freedom. The paltry objection urged against annual elections, about its tendency to disturb the peace of parishes, is abundantly answered by fact. At one of the meetings at St. Mary-le-bone parish, at which this was started, Sir Francis Burdett stated it to be wholly refuted by the practical operation of a system of ballot election in the opulent and extensive parish adjoining; and we never yet heard that any of the elections in parishes which had placed themselves under the operation of Mr. Sturges Bourne's Act, had been characterized as engendering disorder. It must be remembered, however, that tranquillity may be purchased at too high a price; and we know few individuals who would not prefer a little struggling to a good deal of robbery. Undoubtedly with the requisite securities, parochial affairs *may* be better managed by individuals, than by the parishioners *en masse;* but the constitution of these securities is of all political problems the most difficult. The provisions of Mr. Sturges Bourne's Act undoubtedly go far to afford them; and, perhaps, vestries established in conformity with these, may be improvements even upon the open parish vestries we have described. Bat, at all events, it is sufficiently manifest, that of all systems hitherto devised, that of close vestries is the most cunningly framed to defeat the object for which it was established—the good administration of the affairs of a parish.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA:

No. III.

The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona.

If nothing else were essential to the composition of a perfect drama of the high tragic class, but a grand and vigorous conception of character, and a clear and consistent development of it; a deep knowledge of the secret places of the human heart, and a subtle power of drawing thence and displaying the passions and affections that lurk there; a dramatic skill capable of constructing scenes in imitation of human life, in which all these shall be displayed in a manner to produce upon the reader or spectator all the (seeming) effect of actual reality; and, united to all these, an imaginative power of thought and of style capable of clothing them all in a poetical form, so as to lift above the level of our actual experience the mere circumstances with which they are connected, and thus cause the sympathy we feel with them to fall within the limits of pleasure;—if, we say, these things, and these alone, were sufficient to the composition of a perfect tragic drama, the one that we have chosen for the subject of this paper might be pointed to as one of the very finest in existence. But there is wanting, besides the qualities and powers above alluded to, that of so arranging every individual part of a composition of this nature, with reference to every *other* part respectively, and so uniting, and, as it were, *welding* together the whole, that an effect shall be produced which never was, nor can be produced by the contemplation of any real set of circumstances whatever. This, we imagine, is the great secret of producing a perfect dramatic work of the class in question; and the power which it refers to is what none—no not one—of our English dramatists ever did possess—or at least exercised—in a very high degree. Perhaps the possession of such a power in a very high degree, is incompatible with that of the other qualities before alluded to, and which our dramatists *have* possessed and exhibited more than any others that ever lived; we say, the *possession* of it: for the *exercise* of it, if possessed, would assuredly be compatible with the fullest possible exercise of all the others. We cannot pretend to determine how this may be; but thus much we will venture to assert, that the peculiar power in question has not been exercised to any thing like perfection, in any one drama that we possess; and further we will state, that (with the exception of Shakspeare's alone) it is the least evident, precisely in those dramas where all other dramatic powers are the most so. Finally, in connection with this point, it may perhaps be said that this peculiar, and most rare of all dramatic endowments, is exhibited in *Shakspeare's* plays, there precisely the most, where all others are the most exhibited also: for instance, in the Hamlet, the Othello, the Macbeth, and the Romeo and Juliet.

Turning at once to the, in many respects, splendid drama before us, we may safely state that, (still excepting the works of Shakspeare) there is nothing at once more grand and vigorous in conception, and more bold, spirited, and true in execution, than the chief character, Vittoria Corombona; and that out of no other character have more admirable and effective dramatic *scenes* been constructed; and further, that among *female* characters, there is nothing in our language comparable with this one, except the Lady Macbeth: and if *that* is upon the whole superior to the Vittoria in positive and permanent dramatic *effect* upon the imagina-

tion and memory of the reader, it is only because the former is much shorter and more simple, and consequently, from a less necessity for detailed development, makes its appeal more explicitly, and goes to its mark and hits it more palpably and openly. Ambition is in both cases the moving spring of action in these two characters; and in the case of Lady Macbeth, there is a grandeur and simplicity of moral purpose, added to a directness in the pursuance of that purpose, which produce a unity of effect on the reader altogether noble and complete. She *wills* to be a queen—she wills, and it is done: and, during the brief course of its accomplishment, we no more think of disputing that will, or carping at the mode or the means by which it acts, than we do at those of a supernaturally endowed being. Nay, we do not even feel morally shocked at her crimes; the very blood that is upon her does not shew like blood, but rather like a sacrificial offering that she stoops for, and scatters abroad, upon the altar of the great object of her adoration—mortal power. With Vittoria Corombona it is different: she, like Lady Macbeth, would be a queen; but she has not the resistless force of mind from which springs a resistless will. She has less of moral power in her composition, but infinitely more of passion.

But we must now revert to our plan, of letting that with which we would make the reader acquainted be in some sort its own exponent. In the present instance we shall confine the details of our examination almost entirely to the above-named character, and to the one (Isabella) which is introduced as a moral contrast to it: for the play is so overloaded with matter, that our limits would forbid our doing more than this, even if the nature of a great portion of the rest of the play did not make our so doing more than unnecessary. In fact, the *merits* of this drama, great and striking as they are, are for the most part included in these two characters, and one other—Flamineo.

At the opening of the play, Vittoria Corombona (the *White Devil*), is a Venetian lady of a high family and of great beauty, who is married to a foolish lord of the court (Camillo), whom she despises, without, however, feeling a passion for any one else; while Brachiano (reigning Duke of that place), is devoured by a guilty love for Vittoria, though he is married to the young and gentle Isabella. This latter is absent at the commencement of the drama, and during this absence, Brachiano plots with Flamineo (his secretary, and brother to Vittoria), to gain the love and the possession of Vittoria. The lady, urged by ambitious views alone, is soon found to be "nothing loath," to the prospects of aggrandisement that seem opening to her; and the first act ends with an interview between her and the duke, in which the views of both seem pretty nearly to coincide, as to the immediate necessity of getting rid of the superfluous wife of the one party, and husband of the other. The lady (as, we are afraid it must be admitted, is the *natural* course in matters of this kind) is the first to see her way clearly in this particular, and the first who has the courage to point it out. With a mistaken view to heighten the dramatic effect of this otherwise finely-executed scene, there is a superfluous horror communicated to it, by making the virtuous mother of Vittoria a secret, and towards the end an open witness, of her daughter's first but fatal step towards guilt. This we must look upon as an instance of that disposition to "o'er inform" and overload their scenes, which was among the most conspicuous faults of our best early dramatists; a fault, however, which we would not willingly have had them without; since it arises, in almost every instance, from an affluence of mind and of

resources, and often leads to most curious and interesting results. Without this disposition and habit we should have had a few better plays than any that we now possess, as dramatic compositions; but *en revanche*, we should have had incalculably less in amount of that wonderful display of dramatic power, and of poetic beauty, which may now be looked upon as the chief boast and glory of our national literature. Other nations may have approached or equalled us in other departments of literary wealth and achievement; but in this one we stand absolutely alone, and shall ever stand so; because no circumstances can, in the very nature of things, recur, to make such a display possible. We shall extract, from the fine scene above alluded to, the passage in which Vittoria first opens her true character, and the nature of her after views:—

Vit. To pass away the time, I'll tell your grace
A dream I had last night.
Brach. Most wishedly.
Vit. A foolish, idle dream:
Methought I walk'd, about the mid of night,
Into a church-yard, where a goodly yew-tree
Spread her large root in ground. Under that yew,
As I sat sadly leaning on a grave,
Chequered with cross-sticks, there came stealing in
Your duchess and my husband; one of them
A pick-axe bore, th' other a rusty spade;
And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me
About this yew.
Brach. That tree?
Vit. This harmless yew.
They told me my intent was to root up
That well-grown yew, and plant in its stead
A wither'd black-thorn; and for that they vow'd
To bury me alive. My husband straight
With pick-axe 'gan to dig; and your fell duchess
With shovel, like a fury, voided out
The earth and scattered bones. Lord! how, methought,
I trembled! And yet, for all this terror,
I could not pray.
Flam. No! the devil was in your dream!
Vit. When to my rescue there arose, methought,
A whirlwind, which let fall a mighty arm
From that strong plant;
And both were struck down by that sacred yew
Into that shallow grave, that was their due.
Flam. Excellent devil!
She hath taught him, in a dream,
To make away his duchess and her husband.
Brach. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream.
You are lodged within his arms that shall protect you
From all the fevers of a jealous husband;
From the poor envy of our phlegmatic duchess;
I'll seat you above law, and above scandal;
Give to your thoughts th' invention of delight,
And the fruition; nor shall government
Divide me from you longer than a care
To keep you great. You shall to me at once
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends and all.

Flamineo, who figures in this scene, is the most candid of younger brothers. Hear how he justifies himself to his mother for the part he is taking in bringing about the dishonour of his sister:—

> *Flam.* I would fain know the mass of wealth
> Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,
> That I may bear my beard out of the level
> Of my lord's stirrup.
> *Cor.* What! because we are poor,
> Shall we be vicious?
> *Flam.* Pray, what means have you
> To keep me from the gallies or the gallows?
> My father proved himself a gentleman,
> Sold all his land, and, like a fortunate fellow,
> Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up
> At Padua, I confess; where, I protest,
> For want of means (the university judge me),
> I have been fain to heel my tutor's stockings
> At least seven years. * * *
> * * * And shall I,
> Having a path so open and so free
> To my preferment, *still retain your milk*
> *In my pale forehead? No—this face of mine*
> *I'll arm and fortify with lusty wine,*
> *'Gainst shame and blushing.*
> *Cor.* Oh, that I ne'er had borne thee!
> *Flam.* So would I:
> I would the common'st courtezan in Rome
> Had been my mother rather than thyself.
> * * * * * *
> The duchess comes to court!—I like not that.
> We are engaged to mischief, and must on,
> As rivers, to find out the ocean,
> Flow with crooked windings beneath forced banks;
> Or as we see, to aspire some mountain's top,
> The way ascends not straight, but imitates
> The subtle foldings of a winter snake.

This is the way in which our early dramatists dared to look upon the truth as it is in human nature; and, looking upon it, dared to tell it. They, and they only, are the *wizards* alluded to by the greatest of their band, who, it was said, "could almost read the *thoughts* of people."

The second act opens with the arrival of the duchess, attended by her brother the Duke of Florence, and the Cardinal Monticelso, who are come to remonstrate with Brachiano against the treatment of his duchess, and his supposed guilty intimacy with Vittoria. Brachiano treats them all with indignant scorn; and then, being left alone, Isabella (the duchess) enters. The scene which ensues is beautiful beyond description. We shall give it nearly entire. It is by the development of characters like that of Isabella, through the medium of scenes like this, that Webster, and the writers of his age, have given themselves the title to make those frightful exposures of human nature, one of which we have just quoted, and more of which will presently occur in this play. If they could have seen but one side of the picture (no matter which) they would not have ventured to expose that one, because they would not have felt the right to do so. But seeing both, they had not only a right, but were bound to shew the bad with the good.

Enter ISABELLA.

Brach. You have charm'd me.
You are in health we see.
Isa. And above health,
To see my lord so well.
Brach. So! I much wonder
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome?
Isa. Devotion, my lord.
Brach. Devotion!
Is your soul charged with any grievous sin?
Isa. 'Tis burthen'd with too many; and, I think,
The oftener that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleeps will be the sounder.
Brach. Take your chamber.
Isa. Nay, my dear lord, I will not have you angry:
Doth not my absence from you, now two months,
Merit one kiss?
Brach. I do not use to kiss:
If that will dispossess your jealousy,
I'll swear it to you.
Isa. Oh, my loved lord,
I do not come to chide! My jealousy!
I am to learn what that Italian means.
You are as welcome to these longing arms
As I to you a virgin.
Brach. O, your breath!
Out upon sweetmeats and continued physics;
The plague is in them!
Isa. You have oft, for these two lips,
Neglected cassia, or the natural sweets
Of the spring violet. They are not much withered.
My lord, I should be merry: these your frowns
Shew in a helmet lovely; but on me,
In such a peaceful interview, methinks
They are too roughly knit.
Brach. O, dissemblance!
Do you bandy fashions with me? have you learn'd
The trick of impudent baseness, to complain
Unto your kindred?
Isa. Never, my dear lord.
Brach. Must I be hunted out? or was't your trick
To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome,
That must supply our discontinuance?
Isa. I pray, Sir, burst my heart; and in my death
Turn to your ancient pity, if not love.
Brach. * * * * *
Now all the hellish furies rack his soul
First made this match! Accursed be the priest
That sang the wedding-mass!—and even my issue——
Isa. O! too, too far you've curst!
Brach. Your hand I'll kiss.
This is the latest ceremony of my love.
Henceforth I'll never lie with thee: by this—
This wedding ring, I'll never more lie with thee.
And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you well!
Our sleeps are severed.
Isa. Forbid it the sweet union

Of all things blessed! Why, the saints in heaven
Will knit their brows at that.
Brach. Let not thy love
Make thee an unbeliever. This my vow
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied
With my repentance. Let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest or a sea-fight:
My vow is fixed.
Isa. O, my winding-sheet!
Now shall I need thee shortly. Dear, my lord,
Let me hear once more what I would not hear.
—Never?
Brach. Never.
Isa. O, my unkind lord! may your sins find mercy
As I, upon a woful widow'd bed,
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes
Upon your wretched wife and hopeful son,
Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven.
Brach. No more! Go—complain to the great duke.
Isa. No, my dear lord; you shall have present witness
How I'll work peace between you. I will make
Myself the author of your cursed vow:
I have some cause to do it—you have none.
Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal
Of both your dukedoms, that *you* wrought the means
Of such a separation. Let the fault
Remain with my supposed jealousy;
And think with what a piteous and rent heart
I shall perform this sad, ensuing part.

Accordingly, she does perform this part; and the cruel duke permits her to do so; and then she departs from Rome again, with these concluding words, which are the last we hear from her:—

"Unkindness, do thy office! Poor heart, break!
These are the killing griefs, which dare not speak!"

Brachiano now, through the agency of Flamineo, and other of his creatures, brings about the immediate death of his duchess and of Vittoria's husband; but he cannot prevent the arraignment of his paramour, which takes place at the commencement of Act III. in presence of the Cardinal Monticelso, and the Duke of Florence, who act in the double and discordant capacities of her accusers and her judges too. This scene is a long, but most admirable one; and the part which Vittoria plays in it is perhaps the finest specimen extant of "a bold bad women," outfacing her enemies, and triumphing in spirit and effect, even in the midst of her conscious guilt. To hear her talk, you would suppose that she had a conscience white as innocence:—

"Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and crystal river
For that some melancholic, distracted man
Hath drowned himself therein. * * *
* * * * * *
Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to a feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with.
In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies:
The sport would be more noble."

She is condemned to be confined in "a house of converts;" and then she breaks out into that towering passion which so well becomes her truly high and proud (for we will not call it masculine) spirit. Still, however, she sticks to her text of innocence, to the last:—

> *Vit.* Instruct me, some good horse-leech, to speak treason!
> For, since you cannot take my life for deeds,
> Take it for words! O, woman's poor revenge,
> Which dwells but in the tongue! I will not weep.
> No—I do scorn to call up one poor tear
> To fawn on your injustice. Bear me hence,
> Unto this house of——what's your mitigating title?
> *Mon.* Of converts.
> *Vit.* It shall not be a house of converts.
> My mind shall make it honester to me
> Than the pope's palace, and more peaceable
> Than my own soul. Though thou art a cardinal,
> Know this—and let it sometimes raise your spite—
> Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light.

This reverse in the fortunes of Vittoria is as brief as it was sudden and unlooked for. It seems to have been used by the poet, partly with the view of aggrandising her after rise to the highest pitch of her ambitious hopes; but chiefly as the means of shewing forth his own splendid powers of execution in the scene we have just described. It is followed by the immediate news of Isabella's death, and also of Camillo's; and by the secret determination of the Duke of Florence to work a full revenge upon Brachiano, who is more than suspected of their murder. The first step he takes towards this end, is not a very intelligible one; and, in fact, it is one of those instances which occur in almost all our old plays, of the absolute indifference which their authors felt, as to the construction of their plots. To serve a momentary end, they never scrupled to involve the whole web of their work in a seeming difficulty; because they knew that on any, or on no pretence of either propriety or necessity, they could in a moment bring matters right again. In the present instance, having got Vittoria into prison, for no very obvious end but that of producing *a scene*, he now makes Florence excite Brachiano's jealousy towards her, for much the same purpose. This scene is scarcely less admirable than the former; and it shews Vittoria in a new and still more striking point of view. In the first, we had little but a high and impenetrable boldness, standing in the place of all other qualities, and (for the moment) satisfactorily supplying them all. In the scene we are now alluding to, there is much of what was present in the former, and in addition, a passionate semblance of insulted and outraged affection, which lifts it to a pitch of true tragic dignity. We must not venture to extract from the scene alluded to, but proceed in our abstract of this portion of the play.

After this passionate and most spirited scene, the Duke and Vittoria are reconciled, and she is rescued from her confinement, and attains her highest aim by marrying him. The guilty great ones, having now, at the end of the fourth act, reached the haven of their hopes, the fifth act opens with preparations for that fall which, as may be supposed, is the catastrophe of the tragedy. The Duke of Florence, disguised as a Moor, arrives at the court of Brachiano, accompanied by two other conspirators, all of whom have sworn his death. In this last act there is a vast fund of extraneous matter, most of which we shall pass over, in conformity with our plan of considering and setting forth the character of Vittoria

Corombona almost exclusively, as that on which not only the whole interest of the action turns, but which connects and holds it together, and in some sort forms it into a consistent whole. The object of Florence and the conspirators is soon attained. They contrive a subtle poison, with which they sprinkle the helmet of Brachiano, just as he is arming himself to engage in a tournament; and before the fight is over he rushes in and finds what has been done, and that death is upon him. There is an affluence of passion and of poetry in nearly all the remaining scenes of this play, which is prodigious. We must give a few extracts as we proceed. The whole of the death scene of Brachiano is full of rare and various beauty. The following are parts of it:—

Brach. Tear off my beaver!
Flam. Are you hurt, my lord?
Brach. O, my brain's on fire!

Enter Armourer.

The helmet's poisoned.

Armour. My lord, upon my soul——
Brach. Away with him to torture!
There are some great ones that have hand in this,
And near about me.

Enter VITTORIA.

Vit. O, my lov'd lord poisoned!

* * * * * *

Enter Two Physicians.

Brach. O, I am gone already! The infection
Flies to the brain and heart. O, thou strong heart,
There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,
They're loath to break!
Gio. O, my most lov'd father!
Brach. Remove the boy away:
Where's this good woman? Had I infinite worlds,
They were too little for thee. Must I leave thee?
What say ye, screech-owls! is the venom mortal?
Phy. Most deadly.
Brach. Most corrupted, politic hangman!
You kill without book; but your art to save
Fails you as oft as great men's needy friends.
I, that have given life to offending slaves
And wretched murderers, have I not power
To lengthen out mine own one twelvemonth?
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee. *(To Vittoria.)*
This unction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.
Duke of F. Sir, be of comfort.
Brach. *O, thou soft, natural death! that art joint twin*
To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse:
While horror waits on princes.
Vit. O, I am lost for ever!
Brach. *How miserable a thing it is to die*
'Mongst women howling!—What are those?

Flam. Franciscans.
They have brought the extreme unction.
Brach. *On pain of death let no man name death to me!*
It is a word most infinitely terrible.

There is a terrible beauty in the passages marked in italics; and the last of them includes one of the finest natural conceits (so to speak) that passion ever produced—"On pain of *death* let no man name *death* to me."

Brachiano now retires in agony to his chamber; and the scene presently changes to that place, where he is lying on a bed distracted, attended by Vittoria and others, and by two of the conspirators, disguised as priests. There is an exquisite little passage here, which we must stop to give. The seeming priests present a crucifix to Brachiano in his extremity:—

Lod. Pray give us leave: *attende, domine,* Brachiano.
Flam. See—see how firmly he doth fix his eye
Upon the crucifix!
Vit. O, hold it constant.
It settles his wild spirit; and so his eyes
Melt into tears.

It is almost impossible for those who are acquainted with Kean's acting, to read this exquisite touch of natural pathos, without seeing (in imagination) that great artist embody it into a visible picture.

At length, as Brachiano draws near his end, the conspirators, in their adopted character of priests, require the royal patient to be left alone with them; and then occurs one of those terrible scenes, of which there are several in the drama of this age, where revenge is made to pursue its victim even beyond the limits of life. All but the murderers having left the chamber, they rouse Brachiano from the momentary trance into which he has fallen, and triumphantly proclaim to him, with every species of outrage and indignity, *who* it is that has given him his death; they then, on his unexpectedly crying out for help, strangle him at once, and all this portion of the catastrophe is at an end. It only remains now, to inflict "poetical justice" on Vittoria, and her still more guilty accomplice and brother, Flamineo. The character of this latter is brought out with infinite force and effect in this concluding act of the play; so much so, that it merits particular attention and examination, and would have obtained them from us if our limits had permitted. Vittoria, having been appointed by Brachiano sole Regent of the Dukedom during the minority of his son, Flamineo determines on instantly ascertaining in what manner she means to reward his services, by which, chiefly, she has been lifted to her present state and station. After a momentary feeling of remorseful pity, called forth by the sight of his mad mother, and the corse of his brother, killed by him in a quarrel, he continues:—

"This night I'll know the utmost of my fate;
I'll be resolved what my rich sister means
To assign me for my services. I have lived
Riotously ill, like some that live in court;
And sometimes, when my face was full of smiles,
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast.
Oft gay and honoured robes those tortures try:
We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry."

He then sees a vision, which (though stage directions are given for its appearance, &c.) should no doubt be regarded as a creation of his own diseased imagination. On its disappearance—that is to say, on his mind recovering its wonted state—he goes on—

> "He's gone! and see, the skull and earth are vanished!
> This is beyond melancholy: I do dare my fate
> To do its worst. Now to my sister's lodging,
> And sum up all these horrors: the disgrace
> The prince threw on me; next the piteous sight
> Of my dead brother; and my mother's dotage;
> And last, this terrible vision: all these
> Shall with Vittoria's bounty turn to good,
> Or I will drown this weapon in their blood."

He then proceeds at once to the chamber of Vittoria, who receives him in the presence of her maid Zanche, a Moor. The two scenes which now ensue, are inferior to none which have preceded them, for force of passion, truth of character, and vigour and vividness of style. They are, in fact, written throughout with a wonderful degree of force and spirit; and there is a vein of horrid lightness and jesting runs through them, which greatly adds to the effect as it proceeds, and adds a frightful horror to the catastrophe which ends the whole.

VITTORIA and ZANCHE enter the chamber, followed by FLAMINEO. VITTORIA has a book in her hand.

Flam. What! are you at your prayers? Give o'er.
Vit. How, ruffian?
Flam. I come to you 'bout worldly business:
Sit down—sit down. Nay—stay, blouze! you may hear it;
(To Zanche.)
The doors are fast enough.
Vit. Ha! are you drunk?
Flam. Yes, yes—with wormwood water: you shall taste
Some of it presently.
Vit. What intends the fury?
Flam. You are my lord's executrix, and I claim
Reward for my long service.
Vit. For your service?
Flam. Come, therefore; here is pen and ink; set down
What you will give me.
Vit. There! *(She writes.)*
Flam. Ha! have you done already?
'Tis a most short conveyance.
Vit. I will read it:

> "I give that portion to thee, and no other,
> "Which Cain groaned under, having slain his brother."

On this a most extraordinary scene follows. Flamineo presents two cases of pistols, and pretends that his talk of worldly reward was a mere fetch, and that his real business with her is one of still more vital interest to both of them. He declares that Brachiano had obtained a vow from him, that Vittoria should not survive him; and that he (Flamineo) had sworn not only to sacrifice her, but himself also, to the manes of their dead lord—and the rather, as it was little to be supposed that they would be allowed to live after their protector's death—he himself not being able to escape the malice of his enemies, even in the bosom of his own court.

On this Vittoria seems to change, and declares that she is ready to make the great and final sacrifice. It is a fine trait of her character, that though this declaration is a mere pretence, the terms in which she makes it, rise to the highest pitch of poetical beauty and passion:—

> "I am now resolved. Farewell affliction!
> Behold, Brachiano! I, that while you lived,
> Did make a flaming altar of my heart
> To sacrifice unto you, now am ready
> To sacrifice heart and all."

So profound is the power of deceit in woman's heart, that she deceives even herself. She, and she alone, can "lie like truth." Vittoria in this instance knows—nay, she knows that the persons whom she is addressing know also—that Brachiano was never any more to her than a stepping-stone to her love of power and station: and yet she speaks of her love for him, as if it were a thing as much beyond measure as beyond dispute.

Vittoria professes her readiness to die, and only desires that (being "the weaker vessel") Flamineo shall set her the example, which she swears to follow on the instant. Flamineo, in his turn, seems to be deceived by her protestations, and gives the pistols to Zanche, desiring her to direct two of them at him, and reserve the others for her mistress and herself. The Moor eagerly executes her office, and Flamineo falls; and the women instantly run and trample upon him—loading him, while he yet lives, and seems to writhe in death's agonies, with all the triumphant contempt that the seeming success of *their* trick over *his* entitles them to use:—

> *Vit.* What! are you dropt?
> *Flam.* I'm mix'd with earth already. As you're noble,
> Perform your vows, and bravely follow me.
> *Vit.* Whither?—to hell?
> *Zan.* To most assured damnation?
> *Vit.* O thou most cursed devil!
> *Zan.* Thou art caught——
> *Vit.* In thine own engine. I tread the fire out
> That would have been my ruin.
> * * * * * *
> Think whither thou art going!
> *Zan.* And remember what villanies thou hast acted!
> *Vit.* This thy death
> Shall make me, like a blazing, ominous star,
> Look up and tremble.
> *Flam.* O, I am caught with a springe!

This kind of colloquy goes on a little longer, and then suddenly Flamineo starts up, and it appears that *he* is the successful tricker after all:—

> *Flam.* O cunning devils! Now I've tried your love,
> And doubled all your reaches! I am not wounded.
> The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot
> To prove your kindness to me; and I live
> To punish your ingratitude. I knew,
> One time or other, you would find a way
> To give me a strong potion. O men

That lie upon your death-beds, and are haunted
With howling wives, ne'er trust them; they'll re-marry,
Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet—ere the spider
Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs!

What Flamineo's further projects were, either of revenge or aggrandisement, does not now appear; for the final catastrophe is at hand; and there is no disputing that the characters, both of Vittoria and of Flamineo, rise higher as it falls on them, and that they do not quit the scene without leaving upon us a sort of fearful respect, mixed with the horror that their accumulated guilt excites. In the midst of the scene just described, Ludovico and Gasparo, the murderers of Brachiano, enter the chamber by force, and immediately proceed to accomplish their bloody errand. They begin by naming the name of Isabella, which instantly exposes who they are. At first, while their object and determination seem uncertain, Vittoria quails before them; but the instant she finds that her death is at hand, she meets it as a queen and a bride. They first bind Flamineo to a pillar, and then proceed to their work of slaughter, as coolly and deliberately as it is pursued in the shambles. The effect of this on the reader is prodigious; for the merely horrible and painful nature of it is in a great measure counteracted, by the mode in which all parties comport themselves. Ludovico, the chief agent throughout all this business of revenge, is (it should have been mentioned before) a desperate man, of good family, and once of good fortune, who had loved Isabella before she was wedded to Brachiano. This, and the insults that his misconduct and misfortunes have brought upon him, are the incentives to his conduct:—

Lud. Sirrah! you once did strike me: I'll strike you
To the centre.
Flam. Thou'lt do it like a hangman—a base hangman—
Not like a noble fellow; for thou see'st
I cannot strike again.
Lud. Dost laugh?
Flam. Wou'dst have me die as I was born—in whining?
Gas. Recommend yourself to heaven.
Flam. No; I will carry my own commendations thither.
Lud. O, I could kill you forty times a-day,
And use't four years together!—'twere too little.
Nought grieves, but that you're too few to feed
The famine of our vengeance. What dost think on?
Flam. Nothing—of nothing. Leave your idle questions;
I'm i' the way to study a long silence.
To prate were idle: I remember nothing:
There's nothing of so infinite vexation
As man's own thoughts.
Lud. O, thou glorious strumpet! *(To Vittoria.)*
Could I divide thy breath from this pure air
When't leaves thy body, I would suck it up,
And breathe't upon a dung-hill.
Vit. You my death's man!
Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough;
Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman.
If thou be, do thy office in right form:
Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveness.
Lud. O, thou hast been a most prodigious comet!
But I'll cut off your train. Kill the Moor first.
Vit. You shall not kill her first. Behold my breast;
I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before me.

Gas. Are you so brave?
Vit. Yes; I shall welcome death
As princes do some great ambassador:
I'll meet thy weapon half way.
Lud. Thou dost tremble.
Methinks fear should dissolve thee into air.
Vit. O, thou art deceived; I am too true a woman:
Conceit can never kill me. I'll tell thee what—
I will not in my death shed one base tear;
Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.

Almost immediately after this, they receive their death at the hands of Ludovico and Gasparo; and there is nothing finer in its way than the manner in which they severally entertain it. Both falter for an instant, as the blood flows from them, and may be supposed to carry with it that which supports their great spirits; but Flamineo recovers again the next instant, and dies as he has lived; while Vittoria so meets her end, that we are compelled to remember who and what she is: still beautiful, young, and a woman; and therefore, capable of *living* in a perpetual triumph over her guilt, but not of *dying* so:—"My soul!" (she exclaims)—

"My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is tost I know not whither."

But with Flamineo it is different. All his ambitious hopes of greatness are dead within him; and why, therefore, should he look on death itself, in any other light than as a relief from life?

Flam. I recover, like a spent
Taper, for a flash, and instantly go out.
'Tis well yet there's some goodness in my death:
My life was a black charnel. I have caught
An everlasting cold: I have lost my voice
Most irrecoverably! Farewell, glorious villains!
This busy trade of life appears most vain,
Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain.
Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell—
Strike, thunder, and strike loud, to my farewell! *(He dies.)*

In closing our notice of this play, we should not leave a just impression of it upon the reader's mind, if we did not recur, for a moment, to its glaring and manifold faults; faults, however, which are, for the most part, those of a man of genius. It is overloaded with matter, so as to be in many parts confused, and almost unintelligible. However admirable in separate scenes and characters, it is ill digested in the plot and general construction, so that it leaves little distinct impression as a consistent whole. And finally, there is an off-hand indifference and carelessness, the frequent result of conscious natural powers and accumulated resources, which unhappily prevents the employment of those powers and resources to that noble end which they might have attained. We are very apt to close a work of this description under feelings which, however the manifestation of them might have satisfied the author, are anything but gratifying to those who experience them. Instead of receiving with delight and gratitude that which he has done for us, and resting content with the contemplation of *that*, we presently put aside what *is*, altogether, and dwell only upon what we imagine *might have been*, but is *not*. Having conquered for us a noble province in the realms of mind, we complain that it is not a kingdom; and if it had been a kingdom, we should have been equally dissatisfied because it was not a world.

TRUE STORY OF A STORM AT SEA.

IT is a vulgar error, but a very common one, to connect in the imagination the dangers and horrors of storms and shipwrecks with distant parts of the great ocean, and with large vessels alone; whereas more disasters of this kind happen in sight of our own coast than in all the rest of the world put together, and these chiefly to vessels scarcely bigger than those we are accustomed to see on our own inland waters.

Again,—nothing is looked upon as more fearful in its nature, and excites a more general and intense interest, than an authentic relation of an event of this kind, provided it be but connected with sufficiently distant and imposing objects; but to talk of a storm and a steam-boat together, seems likely to excite ideas of the ridiculous. And yet the truth probably is, that those who would witness the utmost horrors and miseries which a scene of this nature is capable of exhibiting, must seek them under those very circumstances, in connection with which no one ever thinks of looking for them. Seamen on board a man-of-war as much expect storms as they do battles, and it is as much their duty to brave the dangers of the one as of the other; and they *do* brave them, gallantly and cheerfully. It is a part of their business: they are paid to do it, and they do it. The truth is, that what *we* ("who live at home at ease") regard the mere imagination of with fear and trembling, *they* make a joke of in the very height of its reality. They think of it as nothing; and, therefore, to them it *is* nothing:—or even if there happen to be one among them disposed, by nature or habit (or rather the want of habit), to make much of the circumstances in which he is placed—or, indeed, to see them in their true light—he cannot do it if he would. Cowardice and courage—or, in other words, fear and bravery—are absolutely incompatible with each other; so much so, that they cannot even exist in each other's presence; but that of which there is the greatest sum present will inevitably convert the other into its like for the time being. Man is your only true chamelion, in respect of changing his appearance according to that with which he is in contact. There is scarcely an instance on record of the merest raw recruit running away *from* his fellows, even in his first battle; and, on the other hand, there are as few instances of the bravest standing their ground alone. The mere cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" lost Buonaparte the battle of Waterloo and his throne.

The account that I am now to lay before the reader, I offer to him as a simple narrative of facts, as far as it relates to others; and of feelings, as it regards myself. It is on its unembellished truth that the interest of my description must depend; for as a fiction it would possess none at all. If the reader will look upon the circumstances to be such as may not improbably happen, or might have happened, to himself, he will read the account of them without any feeling of their being impertinent at least,—which, if they were offered as a fiction, he could scarcely do; since the writer has not felt himself justified in availing himself of any of those privileges of addition or embellishment which a writer of fiction has at his command, and has a right to use in the manner that may best suit his purpose.

In the latter part of the autumn of the year 1822, I was at Paris, and had twice taken my place to come by the public conveyance to Calais, on my return to London, and was twice induced to forego it by the most

trifling circumstances. I mention this to shew on what mere threads our personal safety hangs. Laying in bed half an hour too late one morning, and waiting half an hour for a friend the next, had nearly cost me my life.

As it was during the prevalence of the equinoctial gales, I had intended to wait a day or two at Calais, if it seemed necessary, in order to judge of the weather, and not go unless it seemed likely to be favourable. But these delays at Paris induced me to determine on leaving Calais by the very first vessel that should quit the port after my arrival. This happened to be the Lord Melville steam-boat, which went direct to London,—leaving Calais at midnight of the day on which I had reached it.

The reader must know that I am, to a certain extent, a believer in presentiments and warnings; that is to say, I believe that such things happen —that we feel them, and feel that they have some connexion with future events. That they *have* any such connexion, is another matter, and one on which I shall not presume to determine even for myself. I *believe* that I do *not* believe them to have any such connexion; but this is the utmost I can be sure of: and this, like most other beliefs, is not very operative upon our feelings, whatever it may be on our actions. I once performed a journey of some thousand miles, in the teeth of what the elderly ladies of my acquaintance insisted were three distinct warnings that I ought not to undertake it: and nothing untoward happened. But I did not forget the warnings, nevertheless, until I got safe home. In like manner, I had a strong presentiment that I ought not to have left Calais that night of which I am now to speak. In the first place, I have an utter abhorrence of a steam-boat, as a matter of taste; though I am perfectly satisfied as to the invention being one of great utility, in the common acceptation of the term. But it could, in this instance, be of no utility to me; therefore, I ought not to have run myself headlong against one of my strongest prejudices.—Secondly, it was *Sunday* night, and a very boisterous one, to boot; and though I admit that Sunday is, in this country at least, the most eligible day for travelling of every kind, yet I never feel that it is so *safe* to travel on that day as any other! The "why?" I leave to be determined as the taste of the reader may direct. —In the third place—and this was the only unequivocal *warning* I received on this occasion—after I had got on board the vessel, and had began to feel a very palpable uneasiness at the appearance of the weather (but without its having ever entered into my thoughts that, now I was once on board, it was possible to change my mind about going, or practicable not to go if I had), a young man suddenly rushed into the cabin where I was, evidently in great haste and confusion, and insisted on some of the people getting him his luggage out of the hold, as he could not go that night. The sailors assured him that it was impossible to get at it, as it was stowed away quite at the farther end of the hold, under hundreds of other trunks, &c. He clamoured and insisted to no purpose, however, till he pulled out his purse; and then the case seemed altered. They took up the floor of the cabin; got out what he wanted, after much trouble and searching; and he laid hands on it in the greatest delight, and disappeared immediately. During the whole of this process, which I was watching attentively, I felt certain that this person had received an intimation of the kind of weather we were likely to have, and had determined not to go accordingly. I was as sure of this as if I had been

told it; but, notwithstanding the information (for I felt it act upon me in the light of actual knowledge), I could not make up my mind to act upon *it*. I felt that it would look so *ridiculous* not to go, now that I had determined to go, that I preferred risking my life (as I now unequivocally felt that I was doing) rather than appear to *be afraid* of risking it; for I judged of what others would feel with respect to me by what I felt with respect to the person of whom I have been speaking. This may appear to some an instance of courage and determination; but to me it seems directly the reverse. I had probably as strong a feeling of the danger I was about to encounter as the other person, who had acquired what he considered to be positive knowledge respecting it; but I felt that, at all events, it was distant and uncertain; whereas the ridicule that I felt I should be making myself the subject of, by changing my mind and seeming to fear to go, was immediate and certain: and I therefore chose to *risk* the one, rather than *bear* the other. Now the true courage, if I mistake not, consisted in undergoing the certain evil, rather than risking the uncertain one; just as, contrary to the common opinion, self-destruction (when not committed under the influence of insanity) is the strongest possible proof of personal courage, since it braves a certain evil, and that the most dreadful of all that is attendant on mortality, rather than risk what is at all events distant, and may possibly never be nearer: for I hold that self-destruction is never committed in order to escape from present pain, but only to avoid future. No man ever thought of destroying himself in order to get rid of the most acute *bodily* torture; and no one can doubt that bodily torture, while it lasts, is infinitely beyond mental.—But I am departing from my intended course of mere narration, and am also anticipating that, in part.

The Lord Melville was to start at midnight precisely; but it was necessary to be on board much earlier than that time, in order to procure even a sitting in the cabin—as there were about eighty passengers expected; and the prospect of any of them passing the night on the deck was out of the question, as it had been raining and blowing the whole evening, and was "pitch dark," as the phrase is—so much so, that we could not find our way down to the quay without a lantern. I was on board by eleven, watching quietly, "as is my wont," all that was passing, with the feelings of a spectator, rather than a partaker in the scene; and though I have been present at a great number of scenes of this kind, I never witnessed one that bore the least resemblance to this. It seemed as if the storm and confusion that took place afterwards were to be typified beforehand in this singular scene. After passing silently through the sleeping town, crossing the Grand Place, passing the gate and drawbridge, all silently—listening, all the while, with a *prospective* ear, to the winds whistling through the narrow streets, and the rains beating upon the pavement—and thinking what a fool I must be to think of crossing the channel in such a night—and yet thinking, all the time, that, if it were ten times worse, I should not have the resolution to change my mind, and *not* cross it,—I arrived at the spot where the vessel was moored, and found myself suddenly, and without knowing how I had come there, in the midst of a scene, that put the winds and the rains to silence in a moment, with its confusion of strange noises, and motions, and sights; for by the dim light of half-a-dozen lanterns, which seemed to flit here and there of themselves, as if instinct with motion, you could half distinguish all that was passing. To describe this scene of confu-

sion with any distinctness, would be to prove that it was *not* a scene of confusion; but the many who have witnessed the same kind of scene by daylight may gain some notion of *this*, by fancying every particular of the confusion "worse confounded," and the whole rendered ten times more perplexing and indescribable, by the absence of light, and the consequent necessity of every passenger to undergo, three or four times over, an examination as to his *permission d'embarquer*, his charges for ladder-men, commissionnaires, &c.

Tired of waiting in the pouring rain to watch the progress of what seemed to make no progress at all, I had just passed through my ordeal, and taken my seat quietly in the cabin, to see what was going forward *there*, when I heard an increased shouting over-head, and a splashing in the water, as if some one had fallen in; and, on going to ascertain the cause, I found that two French sailors had fallen over the side of the quay, and were struggling for their lives in the deep water; while the scene connected with the embarking of the remaining passengers seemed to be not at all affected by this accident—the *douanniers* gabbling forth their demands for the pass-tickets; the commissionnaires trying to extract their ten-sous-pieces twice over, in virtue of the darkness; and the English sailors sitting on the sides of their vessel till it came to their turn to work, as if nothing extraordinary had happened: and, a few minutes afterwards, on a lady asking one of the latter (who had come and seated himself quietly on the stairs of the cabin, out of the rain) what was the matter above, and whether any body had fallen into the water? he said "No, it was only two Frenchman!"

As a proof that the true *sang froid* is not confined to us, of the north, it may be worth mentioning, that, a few minutes after the above-named accident had happened, one of the two men who had been the subject of it came down into the cabin, dripping wet as he was, and peered about among the passengers till he found out one who, he said, had not paid him his ten-sous-piece; and, after getting his claim satisfied, he walked away, and stood on the side of the quay till the vessel left it, as if nothing particular had happened.

We had scarcely left the port before it was easy to see that the prospect before us was any thing rather than favourable; and, in an hour's time, the wind had increased to a hurricane, and the rain fell in torrents. I believe I was the first among the passengers to discover the situation we were in,—probably in virtue of my before-named *pre*sentiment on the subject; for it was an hour after this before any symptoms of fear were shewn, even among the females. There was an almost dead silence preserved in the cabin; probably from a natural disinclination to hear our own insignificant voices mingle with any of the really awful and impressive sounds of external nature: the most determined of Parisian prattlers will scarcely be found venting his gay nothings beneath the solemn aisles of a wind-swept fir-grove, or beside the ever-sounding ocean. But still there was no appearance of actual fear. There was an uneasy, anxious look on the countenances of all present; as if they felt an indistinct notion that there was *something* wrong; but they did not seem capable of trusting themselves to think *what* it was. That they were actually in the open sea at midnight, in a storm, was a thing not be thought of. They were, however, very soon to learn that this was nothing more than the truth. It is curious to observe the manner in which we are affected by slight circumstances, when great ones seem too

great to come near, or be comprehended by us. They had heard, for an hour past, the winds roar, with a sound, or convocation of sounds, that they could none of them before have formed a conception of. They had felt the vessel pitch about upon the water like a shell, and the water knock against her sides as if it would beat them together. But *these* kind of effects they had been prepared for, from seeing, when they came on board, that it was "a rough night." They saw nothing to *frighten* them in all this. But when, by a sudden blow of a wave on a particular part of the vessel, they heard and saw the *crockery-ware,* from the steward's room, come rattling about their ears, I shall never forget the effect that took place. There was not one—man, woman, or child—that did not start from their places, and utter some exclamation; some of pure fright and horror—some of anxious and eager inquiry—and some of indistinct fear, disguised under the form of an attempt at joke. From this moment the whole scene was totally changed, and all saw, or fancied they saw, the danger that awaited them. There was no more silence; for the feeling of imminent danger destroys or counteracts all the impressiveness of the sounds or sights that may be connected with it. Before, they had listened with a silent, though unconscious homage, to the voice of nature, shouting in the winds, and thundering in the waves; because they did not feel that those sounds were fraught with peril. But now, their own personal safety was at stake; and all other feelings, conscious or unconscious, were in a moment merged in that. If a water-spout had been passing, or an eruption of Mount Etna had been in sight, they would not have moved from their places to witness it. It was two hours after this before I was at all *satisfied* of the danger we were in; for, though I knew that the passage from Calais to the mouth of the river was an extremely dangerous one in bad weather, yet I could not discover any thing particularly suspicious in the looks of the captain and sailors—though I could observe a good deal of whispering between them, and a restless and anxious air about the former, that was not exactly calculated to put one's fears at rest. Meanwhile, the wind and rain seemed to increase, if possible; and I had retired to my place in the cabin, close to the bottom of the steps, that I might occasionally go on deck,—when the captain came down, in rather a hurried manner, with the binnacle-lamp in his hand—which had been extinguished;—and, while he was lighting it in the steward's room, I had an opportunity of hearing part of what passed between them; which had the effect of completely setting my fears *at rest;* that is to say, satisfying them that they were not without good reason on their side—which before I had very much doubted, and, consequently, had not permitted them to take any hold of me at all, but merely to flutter restlessly about me. What I learned from the talk between the steward and the captain was this:—that we were not far from the Goodwin Sands—that the wind was right in our teeth, and prevented the engine from making a yard of way against it—and that it would not do to go on;—that, accordingly, the captain had determined to abandon his course to London—turn the vessel's head—and make for Dover instead. For the captain of a packet (and he a Scotchman) to determine on giving up the profits of seventy or eighty passengers, at two-and-thirty shillings each, and try to land them at Dover instead of London, where he could only demand half-a-guinea, was a very satisfying proof of the state of things!

It is perhaps worth remarking, that this certain information as to our

danger (for such I considered it), so far from increasing the uneasiness that I had felt for the last two or three hours, completely set it at rest. Until now, I had been hampered between an indistinct and phantom-like apparition of danger, and a feeling that nothing of the kind existed; and my mind was kept floating about, backwards and forwards, between the two, without being able to dwell with either. But now, I knew what I had to expect, and felt that the best thing I could do was to prepare for the worst; and, accordingly, I did so, as coolly as ever I did any thing in my life. Whether there actually *was* imminent danger, or not, is not the question; I felt sure that there was, and was prepared to meet the consequences of it as collectedly as if there had been nothing terrible in them. That death was at hand, I believed as firmly as any one can believe it who is in good health, and does not see the blow of the executioner actually impending over him; but, instead of being stirred and agitated by this belief, I was entirely calmed by it, and will confidently say that I never felt, much less uttered, a single impatient murmur. I was prepared (much more fully than I had been before) to watch for, and make use of, any means of safety that might offer themselves when it came to the worst; and, in default of these, I was prepared to bear that worst as I might. I was prepared, also, in the mean time, to watch all that was taking place before me, with the eye of a mere spectator; and I *did* this, nearly in the same manner that I should if I had not been involved in the consequences. I noted the words and countenances of all present, and endeavoured to trace there what was passing in their minds, as if I had been looking at a picture; and I more than once remember to have congratulated myself on having been thrown into such remarkable circumstances—partly as a matter of experience and curiosity—but chiefly from a feeling of self-respect at the manner in which I found that I was capable of conducting myself under them. I had often thought—"What would I give to be in a storm at sea, but without the danger attending it!"—And here I was, *in* one at last—not without the danger, it is true—but I did not choose to think of that at the moment; and besides, it might pass away. But the fact of my being actually in a storm was, at all events, certain; and I remember sophisticating with myself in this way, till I was more than half pleased at what had happened. Let me not forget to state, however, that for *one* moment, when I thought death was really at hand, I did feel a pang not to be forgotten, but not to be described. The storm was at its height, when, at a momentary interval of silence in the great cabin, and just as I was looking towards the folding-doors of a smaller inner cabin, where a few beds were placed, and which was entirely occupied by female passengers, a sudden shout and scream was heard in that part of the vessel; and, one of the folding-doors bursting open, the female attendant of the vessel rushed out in apparent terror, and exclaimed—"The dead lights! the dead lights!"

I shall never forget the effect of these portentous sounds (for they were, indeed, under the circumstances, nothing less,) on all who heard them without knowing their import, and even on some who did know it. I, for one, if I had given myself a moment to think, should have known that the "dead lights" meant nothing more than those wooden shutters which they place outside the cabin-windows, to preserve them when a rough sea is likely to beat against them. But I recollected nothing but the sounds themselves—not their import; and, preceded as

they were by a universal scream of terror from the spot whence they issued, I confess that they struck upon my senses like a death-warrant. —"The dead lights!"—I thought the woman was kindly giving us notice that our time was come, by letting us know either that some frightful *signal* had been hoisted on the shore, to warn us that we were on the point of going on the rocks; or else that the captain had ordered a signal of distress to be hoisted on board the vessel; and that, in either case, the signal in question was called "the dead lights."

Enough, however, of my own feelings for the present; and let me endeavour to describe a few of the indications by which I was enabled to judge of those of others. And, first, let me speak of one of the sweetest visions of beauty that ever presented itself to a waking, or even a dreaming fancy. It appeared that the occasion of the female attendant having called for these "dead lights," was that a sea had burst in the window of the little cabin where the five or six beds were, and had nearly filled the place with water; and the occupiers of this place now, for the first time, made their appearance in our part of the vessel. The woman had scarcely uttered these words, which caused so much consternation among us, than the other folding-door at which she stood flew open, and in rushed half-a-dozen females, drenched with wet, and apparently half dead with fear and illness. I shall not particularly describe any of these, for terror is, at its best, the most humiliating and ungainly of passions; and, when it is acting at its height, on common minds in common persons, produces effects no less disgusting than painful. But there was one person—not among them, but following them—the sight of whom displaced for a time all other objects and thoughts from my mind. It was a young creature, apparently about fourteen years of age, who came drooping out from the inner cabin, and looking, as I have thought ever since, like an angel dropped by accident from some other sphere; or still more, perhaps, like the vision of Margaret, moving among the horrors of the Hartz mountains, in the Faust of Goëthe. I think, in the "History of Peter Wilkins," there is a description of one of the skyey creatures that he becomes acquainted with, who falls into the sea, and is rescued by him. She reminded me partly of this, too; and also of Kailyal, when she is rescued by her father from the river, into which she had fallen in endeavouring to escape from the persecuting rage of Kehama. Her clothes clung to her sylph-like form, as if they were a part of it; and the water dripped from her hair upon the ground as she walked. She was alone, with no one near her; and, passing gently along to a vacant place which some one in their terror had left open for her, she seated herself, without saying a word, and looked—as I never saw any one look before, and as I shall not pretend to describe, except by negatives. Her face seemed no more capable of expressing fear, or pain, or impatience, than a flower can; but, like a plucked flower, she merely drooped, and grew paler and paler, and hung down her sweet head, and seemed to be fading and fading away, as if she was slipping, willingly and imperceptibly, from life into death. There she sat, on the same spot, without moving or speaking, during nearly all the rest of the storm; and there I sat, nearly opposite to her, turning every now and then from the sights of pitiful and yet pitiable weakness and terror that were about me, to drink in a draught of that calm composure which seemed to breathe from her like a halo; and which I can compare to nothing but that air of silent, solemn sweetness, which seems to pour, like an emanation, from some of

the old monumental statues that are placed on tombs, to represent the heavenly repose of the inhabitant beneath.

The only other persons whose conduct, on that (to me) memorable night, I can recur to the recollection of, without calling up mingled feelings of grief and shame for the weakness and folly of poor human nature, were a new married couple (such at least I judged them to be), who occupied a situation close to that where I was placed during the greater part of the night; and even of these the husband would, I confess, have excited little or no interest in me, but for that which was, as it were, reflected on him from the wife: for in himself he appeared to be little better than a cold, lifeless statue, awakened into something of an artificial existence by the warmth of *her* love for him. Not that he did not seem to feel for her all the love that he was capable of feeling for any thing; but his cold, still, statue-like, yet intense expression of face, seemed to indicate that in him "passion had raved itself to rest." About himself, and all things but her, he seemed totally indifferent; and even his feelings towards her seemed to be so entirely under his own command—at least so far as regarded any outward manifestation of them—that, in speculating on the probable conduct of the different persons about me, in case of the worst, I had said to myself—"That man evidently loves his wife better than any thing else in the world, or than all things else; and yet he will see her sink into the deep with an unmoved countenance, and hear the last gasping sound of her voice without uttering an answering exclamation; and, supposing the spot where we are to be lost should be one from which there is no hope of rescue or escape, he will yield her up without an effort to save her, and will wait till it is his turn to follow her, with the same unmoved look that he would follow her funeral to the grave." Luckily, I had no means of verifying this prediction: we will, therefore, turn at once to the lady.

Though altogether different in appearance from the young girl I have described above, she was scarcely less beautiful, and even more interesting, on account of the circumstances which were acting upon her. She appeared to be in an extremely delicate state of health, and was reclining at her full-length on one of the black horse-hair mattresses provided for the purpose—for there were no beds any where but in the small inner cabin I before named. Her husband was seated on the same mattress, at her feet; and in this position (except that the husband two or three times went up the cabin-stairs for a moment to look at the weather) they remained the whole night. But what I would more particularly wish to describe (if I were able) was the face of this lady; for if ever the poetry of true passion was written on a human countenance in characters not to be passed over or mistaken, it was there. I must insist that

> ——————"there *is* a skill
> To read the mind's observance in the face;"

or, rather, there is an instinctive feeling that supersedes the necessity of skill, and that nothing but artificial circumstances can destroy, or render dormant. For those who are susceptible of natural impressions, to look upon this lady's face was to see delineated there the history and the prophecy blended of an all-absorbing passion—a passion that had been the one moving principle of her past life, and was to remain so through the future, in spite of all chance or change in other things—a passion

capable, as all true and deeply-seated passion is, of turning all things to food and nutriment, and yet, in the absence of all things, of sustaining itself alone and undieted. The effect of it, in the present instance, was most singular, and not to be understood or believed but by those who have penetrated into some of the recesses, and fathomed the depths, of that mystery of mysteries—the human heart, as it exists in the female bosom. Her face was "as a book, where you might read strange matters;" but matters scarcely at all connected with the strange scene and circumstances about her: or, rather, it was as a glass, where you might see reflected, not what was before it—which *any* glass could have reflected—but things which itself alone was capable of detecting. She looked in her husband's face; and as *that* was, such was her's: not as that might have seemed to others, but as the piercing glance of passion enabled *her* to see it, through the external mask which it wore. The raving of the winds—the beating of the rains—the heaving of the waters—above all, the scene immediately about her—the wretched, terror-stricken inmates of the cabin—all this was as nothing to her; except that, now and then, she would turn round her sweet, calm face, to speak a word of comfort (which she did not feel) to a poor creature who lay near her, weeping, praying, and raving by turns, in the very madness of womanish fear. The tempest and its terrors were (directly and in themselves) indifferent things to her. Even the "dead lights" moved her not at all: she alone, of all those who heard the sound, did not speak, or move from her place; she only turned, with a more than usually eager and inquiring look, to the face of her husband; and, finding nothing there to increase her fears, she placed her hand in that which he just then offered to her, listened silently to something that he said, and resumed her look and air of entire trust and dependence on him. It was of him alone that she thought, and of herself only as connected with him. I verily believe that she thought death was at hand, and not to be avoided; but death was to her a word that had hitherto meant nothing but *separation from him;* and if it was now to come, and *not* separate her from him, it was as nothing. If *he* did not dread it, why should she?—and, if they were to die together, what was death but a consummation of life? So entire an absence did there seem to be of all fear, but that of parting from him, that, when the apparently increased cause of terror to which I have just alluded presented itself, and he in consequence held out his hand for her to place her's within it, a faint smile passed all over her pale face (seeming to rise out of the soft depth of her eyes, and spread itself all about, till it faded away round her still, patient mouth), which seemed to say, in the very spirit of the doating Moor, "If it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy!" I was confirmed in this view of her feelings by what happened shortly afterwards. The husband, as I have said above, had two or three times left his place at her side for a moment, to go on deck, but had almost instantly returned; but, just after the consternation caused by the "dead lights" had in some degree ceased, he went up again, and did not return for perhaps a quarter of an hour. At first, she took no notice of his stay—merely directing her look to the spot where she would first see him on his return; but, when he had stayed two or three minutes, she began to look anxious and restless; then, as his stay was prolonged, her countenance put on an expression of disturbed eagerness, which I had scarcely thought it capable of; and, at length, her hitherto tranquil demeanour was entirely thrown aside. She rose from

where she was lying—called loudly and impatiently on the "steward" —and, when he came to her, desired him to "see for *her husband;*" and, on the man professing not to know which was "her husband," she in an instant gave a description of him, which enabled the man to go on deck, and seek him out among many more who were there. I have ever since thought this a fine example of the power of passion. It had rendered one image so exclusively present to her imagination, that, in the midst of her terrors, she could strike off a picture of it that an utter stranger could not fail to recognize the moment he compared it with the original. The husband now returned, and, at the same instant, the terror and agitation that had possessed her during his absence vanished; a half-smiling confidence once more spread itself over her features; and all was as before.

But I must draw this long narrative to a close. For two hours before what I have just described took place, we had been beating off Dover harbour, immediately before its mouth, but with too little water to think of attempting to enter. The day now broke; but the wind remained unabated, and blew directly off the land. Here we remained, beating up against it, by means of the steam, for two hours longer, but without daring to attempt an entrance. The shore was, even at this early hour, lined with the inhabitants, watching (as we thought) the event of any assistance that might be needed by us; and we every moment expected to see some of their pilot-boats put off for that purpose. Alas! we little knew the habits of feeling that are engendered by commercial speculation—especially among the inhabitants of a sea-port town. We shortly after (thanks to our steam!) entered the harbour, and landed safely; and, on my way to town the next day, I learned (from the very best authority—for it was one of the *interested* parties), what the reader will scarcely believe to be true (and what I should not dare to assert on any ground but the avowal of it to my own ears)—that the inhabitants of Dover were actually watching our fate from their shore, anxiously expecting—not to say hoping—that we should have gone down before their eyes! And my informant candidly confessed to me (on my inquiring why they did not send out boats to us), that it was probable, *had* we gone down, the last sounds we should have heard would have been shouts of exultation from the shore!! Does the reader divine—why?—*Because we were in a London steam-boat!* And nothing could be more natural, as it seemed, to my informant, the stage-coachman who drove me to town. "Send out boats to your assistance! Why, Sir, the new steamers between London and Calais take above four hundred pounds a month from the coach-masters alone on this road!" This was unanswerable; so I said no more—but silently blessed my stars that I had been in a steamer, and determined never to set my foot in one again; since, though it had in fact saved us, by keeping us off the rocks (which I firmly believe nothing else would), yet it *might* have lost us, by depriving us, in case we had needed it, of that assistance which we should otherwise have had offered to us at the risk of the offerers' lives.

A NIGHT AT VENICE.

THOSE who have been at Venice in the month of September, know tolerably well that it is not, on many accounts, to be then desired as a place of residence The season is changeful and gloomy, the theatres are poor, the gaities feebly supported; but these are not the arguments that weigh most with an experienced man.

I was at the Leone Bianco, in most respects a well-appointed inn, and furnished with comforts not always to be met with by the continental traveller. If the "Osservazione" be credible, which one may read in monotonous succession in the "Libro dei Forestieri," the accommodations are excellent, the waiters attentive, the charges moderate, &c. &c. &c.; but being a plain man, I had only my English notions about me, and found these encomiums rather too broad. It cannot justly be said wherein the defect lay: some may imagine the cookery to have been meagre; some will find a flaw in the civility; but I am fanciful, and object to other matters.

I went to my repose on the first night of my arrival, half intoxicated with the romance of the place. The music of the gondoliers, and splashing of their oars, lulled me into a pleasant sleep, and nothing was in my head but the glory of her doges, the beauty of her daughters, galleys, painters, Tasso, Lord Byron, and Kean's Shylock. Here were the elements of a dozen good dreams at least; but even one was denied to me. I thought that I was gliding along the serpentine canals of this great city, which somehow or other were nothing else all the while than my own blood vessels. I paddled away, dexterously turning the corners of my sharp bones, and wondering, as I went, at the fair edifices of muscle in the foreground. Methought mine own left ear was built by Palladio, and I construed my "innocent nose" into the bridge of sighs. I heard some music. Was it a stanza of the Gerusalemme? No, 'tis too regular; or a Barcarola? No, 'tis too dull. Still it follows, and becomes at each stroke of the oar shriller and nearer. I cannot escape it; the drawling sound sings close beside me; yes, even within my reach! I started up, and killed a mosquito just settling on my cheek.

Comforted now, at any rate, with the assurance that my enemy was foiled, it was with but a single exclamation of ill-humour that I turned myself round, and dosed once more.

Methought I was Doge Foscari, at the siege of Constantinople. It struck me as particularly odd, that I should find myself there, and I did not at all enjoy it. Why I was blind, I could not guess; nor saw I any reason for fighting. There was plenty of carnage on all sides, and I was quite enthusiastic. I rushed up the wall, hallooing and cheering my men; but I could not conceive how it all came about; and speculating in my own proper person, I thought the Venetian senate very weak to put me at the head of their affairs. What execution I did with my sabre! How I astonished the Moslemites, and myself too, by my intrepidity! I kicked, plunged, and tumbled into the very midst of my enemies, and in a particular explosion of my fury, found myself rolling on the ground, with a dozen of the same winged persecutors buzzing about my nose!

Now, for the first time, was I struck with the real cause of my afflictions. There was no mosquito-net to my bed. Unused to such matters, I had neglected to select one so defended, and thus had the prospect of a long night to be passed in a similar state of suffering. In vain were

the most approved expedients adopted. I smothered myself first under my sheet, then under my silk handkerchief. I drew my night-cap over my entire visage, then ensconced my upper part under a band-box; but it was of no avail. I arose weary and feverish, and walked towards the window, which the sagacious servant had closed at sunset, as a sure specific against the entrance of these owl-light visitors. In my way to open it, my ear was caught by a heavy smash, as of crockery or glass, in the adjoining apartment. This was followed by a loud and unequivocal oath, uttered in broad English. In sympathy of suffering, I meekly asked what might be the matter? upon which a voice exclaimed in answer, "What the deuce! You are at that door now, are you? And you want to know what's the matter? Allow me to ask you the same question, for I'm getting impatient at all this clatter of yours?"

I answered the stranger, and my fellow-lodger—for such he was—that I could not guess to what he alluded.

"What!" cried he, "then wasn't it you who thumped at the other door just now; and so, dragged me from my bed, to the eternal destruction of this crockery-ware, and damage of my shin?"

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Then," said he, "the devil, or some of his imps, are abroad to-night, destroying my peace and the king's, by the most wanton clamour I ever swore at in my life." And these words were no sooner uttered, than a gentle tap was distinctly heard—even by myself—at the outer door of the stranger's room. Our chambers had a common wall, and door of communication, and the unexplained noise was on the farther side, along which ran a corridor. My neighbour challenged the disturber, without effect, and his nerves began to be a little shaken. A conference was then proposed, and having got into his room through the common door, I recommended admission of the visitor, and a trial of his character in proper presence. My new friend seemed sore puzzled how to receive this proposal. There was much hemming and haughing, but at length, with a mutual determination to stand by each other, the door was opened. What sight greeted us then! By the feeble light of a night-lamp carried in our visitor's hand, we could discern the figure of a female, clothed apparently in nothing beyond her bedroom garments, save as to her head, which was covered with a bonnet and long black veil. We started with much surprise and something like terror. Irritated and excited as I had been by my broken sleep, it was no wonder that my spirits had lost some little of their robustness; and my companion had made up his mind to a guest of so opposite a description, as to be even more startled than myself by the apparition. She put her finger slowly to her lips, and pointing along the corridor, advanced two or three steps from the door-way. We stood in amazement, and our hesitation seemed to disappoint her, for returning to her original post, she laid her hand, it might be rather forcibly, on my friend's arm, and urged him on in the direction she had pointed out. A thousand times more forcibly did he grasp my wrist, determined at any rate to have a sharer in his perils; for my own part I could not conjecture the secret springs of this mystery. At times I thought our guide was a bodyless phantom, then I feared she might be a maniac, but more often I made it out to be entirely a dream, and that her whole existence was the fabrication of a mind teased and stimulated by the agency of some pestiferous mosquito. I rubbed my eyes stoutly, and was convinced of my being awake. Upon this, I was proceeding to address the

stranger, when my attention was arrested by an admonitory kick from my nervous fellow-martyr, who had now no other instrument left to him. After this piece of counsel, we followed the spirit, and paced along one or two passages, and, I think, descended a flight of stairs, when, on a sudden, the dusky cavalcade stopped at a door numbered—(good genius! how had I courage to read!)—numbered 26. It was opened by the shadowy thing in a chemise, and courteously thrown back, till her two silent companions were fairly within it. Then, putting down her lamp, she closed and locked the door, took out the key, and arranging a couple of chairs, indicated to us that they were to be occupied by ourselves. We mutely sat down, and the mysterious personage, as if satisfied by our obedience, drew aside the curtain of a large bed that almost filled the room, and without more ado, getting between the bed-clothes, withdrew herself from our sight, by closing the curtain as before.

We were left in a very considerable dilemma. Sitting side by side in a strange apartment, ourselves strangers, and in a costume not much adapted to an introductory interview, two more perplexed men did not exist. What could this goblin be? Or was it *no* goblin, but a mere imagination. I gently smacked my cheek, but no mosquito was there. Then whatever it might be, how were we to escape? We stared at each other in mute dismay, and I suppose I must have looked like an especial fool, if my companion's countenance bore any likeness to my own. We were oscillating between the absurdity and the suspense of our situation, and though we dared not move or talk, or even breathe stoutly, we could not but smile at the idea, that heroes of such a romance should be *sans-culottes*. The state was not one to be long endured. No sound disturbed the quiet of that sanctuary into which the spirit had entered. Occasionally, indeed, a stirring, as of mortal breathing, or a displaced coverlid, awed us into good behaviour, and checked our plans for self-emancipation. But for the most part, all was still and awful as a churchyard. We looked at each other wistfully, and at last one had the courage to incline his head towards effecting a closer neighbourhood. This was followed by sundry indistinct sounds—the attempt to dwindle a whisper down to its lowest possible minuteness, and these ventures being made with impunity, four distinct syllables were at length out-breathed:—

"What shall we do?"

This effort was succeeded by a "hush!" and a long pause; but our little tricks being innocent or unnoticed, we took the heart to commune still farther on the subject.

"Is she a ghost?"

"Can't be, sure."

"Did you see her face?"

"No."

"What do you think of her?"

"What do you?"

This question was tormenting. It could not be answered in a word, and we had not many to throw away. The next matter of doubt was considered.

"Do we stay here all night?"

"I hope not."

"But how get away?"

"Is the door fast?"

"She has the key."

" Humph !"

" Humph !"

A pause again.

Still no noise disturbed the current of our counsels. The curtains fell firmly to the ground, and the gleams from the night-lamp darted steadily on the various furniture of the room. But yet it was very long before the only method which could ensure our retreat was agreed upon. I am persuaded that an entire hour had passed away before we could resolve on seeking for the key where we thought it was to be found. At last the resolution was taken. We left our seats, and advancing on tiptoe, stole towards the bed. The light was flickering, and almost exhausted ; we had to grope our way, and, caught by some obstacle, the foot of my companion slid noisily along the floor. A gentle voice instantly called out in most melodious Italian, and hastily inquired who was there. Somewhat assured by this hearing, I answered that there were indeed persons in the chamber, but most anxious to get out of it ; that they would never have entered it, had they dared to stay away, nor have remained an instant, had they been permitted to depart.

The same voice, but in more timid accents, again asked what prevented our leaving the room ?

We answered that the door was fastened.

" Who can have done so ?" cried she, impatiently.

" I know not," I replied, " unless, indeed, it were yourself, lady ?"

" Do not sport with me, Sir," returned the gentle voice ; " but tell me truly, how long you may have been here ?"

" Somewhere between one and two hours."

" And wherefore did you come ?"

" Because we were compelled—that is, induced by some one, whose name or description we cannot give you, inasmuch as we do not know it."

" And I pray you, Sir, what then became of your conductor ?"

" Why, to tell the plain truth, she, or it, withdrew behind that bed-curtain, and, to the best of our belief, there remained : so that you see, lady, there was an excuse for the conjecture that you might possibly know something about this matter."

" Sirs," answered she, " you are trifling with me ; as you are gentlemen, I beseech you leave the room, or be assured I will wake up the house without farther loss of time."

" Madam," I rejoined, in as persuasive a tone as possible, " nothing can be more serious than I am, when I assure you that the person by whom we were guided thither, retired into that bed, after having locked us up in this apartment, very much against our inclination. And if you want a farther testimony, you will, I doubt not, find there the very key of that very door, the possession of which we at this moment so intensely covet."

We heard the lady turn round, and utter a half-subdued exclamation. She then threw something on the floor, at the same time addressing us with a more confirmed tone, in the following words :—

" Gentlemen, you are right. I ask your pardon for having doubted your assertions. There is the key, and I entreat you, as you are men of honour, not to divulge this story while you remain in Venice ; for busy tongues would make it scandalous, and no one would believe that my poor sister was subject to sleep-walking."

ÆVAH.

SLANG DICTIONARIES.

OF slang dictionaries, more than of any other kind of work, it may be said, that their glory is transitory. If we know that, in language in general, many words are born, many revive, many decay, many entirely die, how much more true is it of those repositories of the current phraseology of a society which, in its own generation, is obscure, and in the next is forgotten. The language of the vulgar perishes as speedily as the fashions of the great, and the succeeding Slang-whanger, as our transatlantic relations call the proficient in this dialect, looks upon the quips and quiddities of his predecessor with as much contempt as the ton leader of to-day looks upon the cut of the coat or the tie of the cravat, that ten years before conferred renown upon the *ci-devant* king of the dandies.

Yet, it is worth while to look over these books, little available as they are for literary purposes. We have heard the study of their dialect commended, on the ground of its advantage in understanding the colloquial expressions of our dramatic writings, or the occasional escapades of our classical authors, in prose and verse; but we fear that its merits here are not very important. The language of Nym, &c. in Shakspeare, of the heroes of the Beggar's Bush, a few stray sentences in Fielding or Smollett, and, of late years, some half dozen in Moore or Byron, would be found to exhaust the passages in which we should feel any necessity to look into a canting dictionary. A glossary of a couple of pages would amply suffice to explain the "terms of art," in this list. We must defend it upon other grounds. In the first place, these dictionaries can be so managed as to be the vehicles of much wit and humour; and, secondly, they frequently afford no small assistance to the antiquary in tracing out habits or manners of the lower orders, or the dissipated wits of former times. The etymologist even may not be unamused at trying the potency of his art on their whimsical vocables, and may, (as could be proved, if the inquiry were worth the trouble) glean out of this lowest class of literature, if we may venture so to profane the word, every now and then a canon which may serve as a guide, or a confirmation, to his more serious inquiries.

Among ourselves there has been no dearth of these books. In Harrison's Description of England (which is prefixed to Hollinshed's Chronicle) we are informed, while speaking of gipsies, &c., "It is not yet fifty years sith (since) this have began; but how it hath prospered sithens (since) that time it is easy so judge; for they are now supposed, of one sexe and another, to amount to above ten thousand persons, as I have harde reported. Moreover, in counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues, they have devised a language among themselves, which they name canting, but others Pedlar's French, a speech compact, thirty years ago, of English, and a great number of odd words of their own deriving, without all order or reason; and yet such it is, as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck, as a just reward, no doubt, for his desartes, and a common end to all of that profession.

"A gentleman (Mr. Thomas Harman) also of late hath taken great pains to search out the secret practises of this ungracious rabble; and, among other things, he setteth down and describeth twenty-two sorts of them, whose names it shall not be amisse to remember, whereby each one may gather what wicked people they are, and what villainy remaineth in them."

The list gathered by worthy Mr. Harman, which thus excites the anger of Mr. Harrison, has been often reprinted. The ungracious rogues are carefully divided into fourteen classes of men, and nine of women. This Linnæan distribution consists of—1. Rufflers.—2. Upright men.—3. Hookers and anglers.—4. Rogues.—5. Wild rogues.—6. Priggers of prancers.—7. Palliardes.—8. Fraters.—9. Jarkmen or Patricoes. —10. Fresh-water mariners, or whip-jackets. —11. Drummerers. —12. Drunken tinkers.—13. Swadlers, or pedlars; and, 14. Abrams. The ladies are,—1. Demanders for glimmer (fire). —2. Baskets.— 3. Morts.—4. Autem morts.—5. Walking morts.—6. Doxies.—7. Delles. 8. Kinching morts; and, 9. Kinching coes.

Hollinshed's Chronicles appeared in 1577; and thirty-three years before that brings us to about the time of the suppression of the monasteries. These institutions fed multitudes of the poor, who, until the establishment of the poor laws, were left wholly destitute. It is no wonder then that there should be a more than usual spread of pauperism over the country, which those laws were intended to remedy. The harsh and reckless way in which King Henry the Eighth turned out the friars themselves, giving himself, in many instances, very little trouble to inquire how they were to be provided for, added to the mendicants. Hence, perhaps, the name "fraters" for the eighth class in the above list. In an etymological point of view, we can easily account for the springing up of a new dialect among the lower orders about that time, without attributing it altogether to their roguish propensities. The language of England—we speak of the people emphatically—at all times after the conquest, had been Saxon; that of the Normans, and those who in after times represented them, French. These languages had been for a long time approaching to a complete amalgamation, but their final union was considerably hastened by the civil wars, which imposed upon the great a necessity of cultivating an acquaintance with all the various dialects of different parts of the country. The bringing together of the inhabitants of the north, south, east, and west of England, as was continually the case in these wars, of itself produced a *lingua Franca*; and Mr. Harman himself would perhaps have been not a little astonished to find that many of the words which he, in all probability, would have stigmatized as the casual inventions of rogues, for the purpose of casting a veil over their mal-practices, were more solidly English, than the picked phraseology of the gallants of the court.

The Egyptians, of whom he speaks, drew their vocabulary from a very different origin. They had, about this time, made their appearance in Europe, where, until their knaveries exposed them, they were, in general, most favourably received. There exists a document, signed by our James I., while he was only King of Scotland, granting certain privileges to John Fa, Duke of Little Egypt, and other very sonorous titles, and his lordship over his gipsies was acknowledged with all feudal nicety of detail. But they soon got a very ill repute, and the statute, which made it felony, without benefit of clergy, to be one hour in their company, has been repealed only in our times. They are now generally supposed to have been a Hindoo tribe; and the researches of Indian scholars have succeeded in identifying their patter with one of the dialects of Hindostan.

This collection of Mr. Harman's appears to have been the first attempt to make a dictionary of the vulgar tongue. He called it "A Caveat for

Common Cursitors, commonly called Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esq., for the Utilitye and Proffyt of his Natural Country." It was published in 1567, and has been often described in books of English bibliography.

In 1608, "The Bellman of London," and, in 1615, "Thieves falling out, True Men come by their own," were published. These books contain the slang language then in vogue. In 1638, their contents were incorporated with many additions in "English Villanies," seven several times prest to death by the Printers, &c. At the end of which is a "Canting Dictionary," to teach that language, with songs in the dialect. Its author assures us, in his title-page, which is rather too voluminous to copy, that it is "a booke to make gentlemen merrie, citizens warie, countrymen carefull; fit for justices to reade over, because it is a pilot by whom they may make strange discoveries." We are sorry to say that the wit of the book is rather of the thinnest, and that the gentlemen, whom it was calculated to make merry, were easily satisfied.

As, however, it is not our intention to write a bibliographical account of these works, we refer the curious in such matters to the preface of Jon Bee's whimsical Slang Dictionary, of which two editions have been published. Jon is the only author we know of, who ventures on an etymology of the word "slang." He derives it, with what truth we cannot tell, from a Newgate onomatopœia. The clashing of the irons, with which the inhabitants of Whittington's College (as a book entitled "Hell upon Earth," published in 1703, calls Newgate) are ornamented, it seems, utter, as the prisoners walk, the sound of *sling-slang*, as church bells have, from time immemorial, said "ding-dong." Hence, by a natural transition, the voice of the irons was applied to the language of their wearers; the nature of which it is rather unnecessary to describe. Neither Johnson nor Todd contain the word at all, though, as the writer of the very clever preface to Robinson's late reprint of Johnson justly remarks, the reverend gentleman has supplied the words which it signifies in sufficient abundance. We vouch not, however, for the accuracy of Mr. Bee's etymology.

It was merely our intention to have given a few specimens of the only real wit among our English lexicographers of this class, Francis Grose, but we found it necessary to say what we have just written as a preface. Grose was indeed a droll fellow: a fat, round, oily man, and full of glee. In size and good humour he rivalled Falstaff; he might have rivalled him in wit, too, if that of Falstaff had not been supplied by Shakspeare. His very picture, in the poorest engraving, is redolent of fun. The honest face, the loose-girt paunch, the stick firmly planted in the ground, all speak his character. He lived in jollity, and he died of laughing. It was a fine illustration of his mode of life, that when he was paymaster of the Jersey Militia, he kept but two account-books —and those were his right and left-hand breeches pockets—the one being the debtor and the other the creditor pocket. It is said that the pecuniary consequences of this mode of doing business, were what first set him on deriving money from the productions of his pencil—all of which are too well known to require further notice here. He died in Ireland, to which country he had gone for the purpose of sketching its antiquities. A joke (tradition says not a very cleanly one) so tickled his fancy, that he was seized with a fit of laughing, so immoderate, as

to occassion the rupture of a blood-vessel, of which he died, in the year 1791. He was then in his sixtieth year, having been born in 1731, at Richmond, where his father was a jeweller. Every one knows the verses which Burns addressed to him, and which the author of "Waverley" has taken as the motto of his "Tales of my Landlord,"—"Hear, land o'cakes, and brither Scots," &c. In that poem there is a capital description of Grose's person:—

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he—mark weel.
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled,
But now he's quit the spurtle-blade
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
(For meikle glee and fun hath he)
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him,
And *port O! port!* shin thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him.

Now, by the pow'rs of verse and prose,
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose;
Whae'er o'thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee.
I'll tak' the rascal by the nose—
Wad say—shame fa' thee.

His classical dictionary of the vulgar tongue is a curious production. It was suggested to him, he tells us, by the satirical and burlesque dictionary of M. Le Roux—a singular book, in its way, of which we may take notice hereafter. To make it complete, he consulted all the printed authorities, including those which we have above enumerated, and several others; but he did not rely solely upon books. He informs us that "the second part, or burlesque terms, have been drawn from the most classical authorities; such as soldiers on the long march; seamen at the capstern; ladies disposing of their fish, and the colloquies of a Gravesend boat. Many heroic sentences, expressing and inculcating a contempt of death, have been caught from the mouths of the applauding populace, attending those triumphal processions up Holborn Hill, with which many an unfortunate hero till lately finished his course; and various choice flowers have been collected at executions, as well those authorized by the sentence of the law, and performed under the direction of the sheriff, as those inflicted under the authority and inspection of that impartial and summary tribunal—the mob, upon pick-pockets, informers, and other unpopular criminals."

Even in a jocular dictionary the prevailing bent of the mind must break out, and the antiquary cannot avoid telling us that, "in the course of this work many ludicrous games and customs are explained,

which are not to be met with in any other book; the sacrifices of the finishers of the law, the abolition of the triumph or ovation of Holborn Hill, with the introduction of the present mode of execution at Newgate, chronologically ascertained;—points of great importance to both the present and future compilers of the Tyburn Chronicle."

To this praise the work is deservedly entitled. In no language, we believe, does there exist so copious a collection of synonymes for the last finisher of the law. Nor, when we consider the vast number of offences which are visited with the penalty of death among us, can this be wondered at. It is too common not to have become sometimes more an object of jest than of awe—particularly if we consider that many of the crimes so punished can never be looked upon by the populace at least as deserving of such an infliction. Nor is Grose confined solely to hanging—for his work abounds in allusions to every sort of punishment inflicted with or without law. We shall extract a dozen or so at random.

What is an anabaptist, gentle reader? You will probably think of John of Leyden, and the gentlemen in Munster, in all their altitudes—or of a grave, argumentative, and long-faced disputant, in a Geneva cloak. Grose will set you on a different scent. *His* anabaptist is—"a pickpocket caught in the fact, and ducked in the next horse-pond."

Air and exercise may probably call up novel ideas in the sentimental mind, or, in the hypochondriac, may suggest the nature of the doctor and his ultimatum. Here the sense is rather different, and somewhat disagreeable in practice; for air and exercise, it seems, is but the softened manner of expressing "a whipping at the cart's-tail." Another article informs us, that a gentleman who enjoys this diversion is said to be "fly-flapped."

"Babes in the wood," we all know, are people in the stocks or the pillory; but it is not perhaps as generally suspected that "puzzling-sticks" are the triangles at which culprits are whipped, or that a "spread-eagle" is a soldier tied up to undergo that operation.

To "kiss the gunner's daughter," is certainly not an amatory feat comparable to the ceremony of embracing the maiden in former days; but when we learn that it is being tied to a gun, and flogged upon the seat of honour, we must admit that the lady's embrace is not delightful. An infliction on the same part, of a different kind, recurs in the name of "cobbing," which is—

"A punishment used by the seamen for petty offences or irregularities among themselves: it consists in bastonading the offender on the sitting part with a cobbing stick, or pike staff; the number usually inflicted is a dozen. At the first stroke the executioner repeats the word *watch*, on which all persons present are to take off their hats, on pain of like punishment: the last stroke is always given as hard as possible, and is called *the purse*. Ashore, among soldiers, where this punishment is sometimes adopted, *watch* and *the purse* are not included in the number, but given over and above, or, in the vulgar phrase, free gratis for nothing. This piece of discipline is also inflicted in Ireland, by the school-boys, on persons coming into the school without taking off their hats; it is there called school butter."

But, without dwelling on the minor punishments, hanging, as Grose premises, cuts a most prominent figure in his book. Its synonymes are endless. It is known by the name of "riding the horse foaled by an acorn;"—"mounting the three-legged mare," a term that, we are carefully told, is now inappropriate, since the invention of that *elegant*

(Grose's word) contrivance, the new drop, which invention, he informs us, was first employed for a peer ;—" going to bed up a ladder ;"—" dancing at Beilby's ball," but who Mr. Beilby was, our lexicographer says, must remain with the quadrature of the circle, the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and divers other desiderata, yet undiscovered ;—" crying cockles" (perhaps from the noise made while strangling) :—" croaking" (for the same reason) :—" dancing upon nothing ;"—" dangling in the sheriff's picture-frame ;"—" picking the deadly never-green, that bears fruit all the year round ;"—" chanting the dismal ditty ;"—" riding backwards up Holborn-hill," on which we have the following history :—

" The way to Tyburn, the place of execution for criminals condemned in London, was up Holborn-hill. Criminals going to suffer, always ride backwards, as some conceive, to increase the ignominy, but more probably to prevent them being shocked with a distant view of the gallows ; as, in amputations, surgeons conceal the instruments with which they are going to operate. The last execution at Tyburn, and, consequently, the last of this procession, was in the year 1784, since which the criminals have been executed near Newgate."

—" Kicking the clouds before the hotel-door ;"—" going off with the fall of the leaf," which is a piece of Irish wit, and the people of Ireland ought to be well acquainted with all the minutiæ of hanging.

" Cum multes aliis quæ nunc perscriben losqua."

The very names of the hangmen have honourable mention made of them : *ex. gr.*

" Derrick. The name of the finisher of the law, or hangman, about the year 1608.—' for he rides his circuit with the devil, and Derrick must be his host, and Tiburne the inne at which he will lighte.' *Vide* Bellman of London, in art. Priggin Law.—' At the gallows, where I leave them, as to the haven at which they must all cast anchor, if Derrick's cables do but hold.'" *Ibid.*

Dun was hangman, it appears, *temp.* Henry VIII. But we must give the article on Ketch :—

" Ketch. Jack Ketch ; a general name for the finishers of the law, or hangmen, ever since the year 1682, when the office was filled by a famous practitioner of that name, of whom his wife said, that any bungler might put a man to death, but only her husband knew how to make a gentleman die sweetly. This officer is mentioned in Butler's Ghost, page 54, published about 1682, in the following lines :

' Till Ketch, observing he was chous'd,
And in his profits much abus'd,
In open hall the tribute dunn'd,
To do his office, or refund.'

Mr. Ketch had not long been elevated to his office ; for the name of his predecessor, Dun, occurs in the former part of this poem, page 29 :

' For you yourself to act squire Dun,
Such ignominy ne'er saw the sun.'

The addition of ' squire,' with which Mr. Dun is here dignified, is a mark that he had beheaded some state criminal for high treason ; an operation which, according to custom, for time out of mind, has always entitled the operator to that distinction. The predecessor of Dun was Gregory-Brandon, from whom the gallows was called the Gregorian tree ; by which name it is

mentioned in the prologue to Mercurius Pragmaticus, tragi-comedy, acted at Paris, &c. 1641

'This trembles under the black rod, and he
Doth fear his fate from the Gregorian-tree.'

"Gregory Brandon succeeded Derrick."

Our partibularian taste has, we perceive, made us extract on that favourite topic so largely, as to preclude us from taking notice of the marvellous contents of Grose's book on other points—to which, therefore, we refer the curious reader. We fear that we cannot, however, recommend it to the unrestrained perusal of virgins and boys, although we have the following assurance from Grose himself:—

"To prevent any charge of immorality being brought against this work, the Editor begs leave to observe, that, when an indelicate or immodest word has obtruded itself for explanation, he has endeavoured to get rid of it in the most decent manner possible; and none have been admitted, but such as either could not be left out, without rendering the work incomplete, or in some measure compensate by their wit for the trespass committed on decorum. Indeed, respecting this matter, he can, with great truth, make the same defence that Falstaff ludicrously urges in behalf of one engaged in rebellion, viz., that he did not seek them, but that, like rebellion in the case instanced, they lay in his way, and he found them."

In spite of this, there are many articles which are more amusing than calculated to edify; and though succeeding editions have been, in some degree, pruned, yet enough remains behind to whisper whence he stole his balmy spoils. We suppose that those who enjoy the woodcock must enjoy the trail also, and, without doubt, the squeamishness of those who do such business by halves is rather ridiculous. The Bowdlers of literature should not do the work of the Lord negligently. It is a whimsical fact that some foreign dictionaries, particularly German ones, have copied some of the grossest of the words with the most amusing gravity, considering them as necessary and well-established phrases of the English language.

The last editor of Grose was Mr. Pierce Egan—a gentleman totally unfitted for the task. Grose's slang is wit—he laughs at and despises those who use it in earnest. Pierce Egan's is sheer vulgarity, and he evidently considers those who employ these words as persons of no small mark. Grose mixed among gentlemen—Pierce Egan among boxers. Accordingly, the words which he has added come exclusively from the witless people of the ring; and, page after page, we are sickened with quotations from "Randall's Diary," and articles indicating the most intimate acquaintance with the robbers and ruffians who pick pockets by prize-fighting. Naturally enough imagining that Grose, whose humour he is quite incapable of appreciating, must have been enamoured of mere vulgarity, he, in the memoir prefixed, favours us with an account of his supposed peregrinations in Wapping and St. Giles's. In short, even the couple of wood-cuts which he gives are from his own "Life in London;" and that is, we suppose, saying enough upon the subject. So stupid a farrago of vulgar nonsense—so miserable an attempt at wit and humour—never was produced. The engravings floated the lumber. In the present case, Mr. Egan has not the pencil of Cruikshank to assist him; and, accordingly, all *his* part of the new edition of Grose is dull and disgusting.

FRIAR BACON'S KEY:

"THERE are two modes, in the present day, by which any one may get the name of a liberal man, and in the lottery of good things, I know few reputations more profitable. Be what you please, or do what you please, it matters little, so long as you have a character for generosity. This single virtue, or, what will do just as well, the appearance of it, will stand you in stead of all the other virtues; it is a cloak to cover the inward nakedness, an umbrella to keep off the pitiless pelting of the storm when it is pouring somewhat too freely on the head of unworthiness. In short, what is it not, in the way of profit or defence, to the fortunate possessor? Nor is the obtaining of it, by any means, as I have said, a difficult task to him who has a purse, the roads to it being an hundred fold—among the best, say, subscribing to some fund, where the money is not wanted; or purchasing, at an enormous price, some works of art that you don't understand or care about, and setting up a museum. As to your children or relations, if you happen to have any, you need not waste a thought upon them; for, as all you may do on their account is no more than what you *ought* to do, it cannot redound to the praise of your liberality; and, therefore, you may as well leave it undone."

Such was the advice of my friend Dives; and, as it happened to chime in with my own notions of the truth, I resolved to send my poor relations to the devil, or to any one else who might think proper to take them in; while, in the meantime, I opened my "collecting" campaign in a celebrated auction-room at the west-end of the town. The object I had selected for the foundation of my new character as a "patronizing man," was a Venus or a Hercules, that Mr. C—— had to sell: the antiquarians could not decide which of the two characters above named properly belonged to it; and no wonder, seeing that the god or goddess had been by time and accidents so reduced and shorn of its original properties, as to bear no bad resemblance to a mile-stone—saving only in its material, which, I can vouch, without being a connoisseur, to have been genuine marble. Such as it was, however, the fame of this mutilated sculpture had roused the whole body of antiquarians, equestrian and pedestrian, amateurs and professors. Anxious, at least, to be able to say I had bid for such a rarity, even though I should fail to win it, for want of that species of courage which, I opine, is the highest of all courage, namely, the courage to part with one's money, I hurried to the auction-room at an early hour, and found the orator already risen, and holding forth, with much eloquence and learning, upon a very equivocal as well as humble article. What that article was, I must not venture to say; wanting the speaker's exquisite powers of periphrasis, which enabled him at once to veil and ennoble that subject, which, to say the truth, stood in need both of one assistance and the other. Indeed, as my friend Dives remarked to me in a whisper, the dapper, smooth-chinned gentleman, with his starched collar, his oily tongue, and still more oily face, looked the very genius of crockery, the born Apollo of Delft and China-ware. But my mind was bent on higher matters, namely, on the Venus or Hercules, and I soon grew heartily sick of the tropes and similes that buzzed about my ears like so many May-chaffers on a warm summer's evening. All the bidding and battling previous to the struggle for the precious statue,

appeared as so much tedious prologue to the grand drama, or skirmishing, by way of prelude, to the grand engagement. But still, in spite of my disregard or contempt, I grew out of patience as the delay continued. First I tried my snuff-box—next I beat the devil's tattoo with my feet—next I grew hot—then hotter—then boiling hot—then red-hot—till by the time the orator had come to lot ninety-seven, *an antique key*, the fever had exhausted itself, and with itself, exhausted me; and the previous tension of the nerves was succeeded by a gentle inclination to drowsiness, which was only at all resisted or kept back by the unaccountable interest I all at once seemed to take in this old key. It was only a key, and old, and green as the copper sheathing of a vessel after a twelvemonth's voyage;—nothing more than an old-fashioned massive key with a sliding ring in place of the fixed one that crowns the modern handle. But for all this I could not help listening, as the price rose, and what was worse, bidding, though every "I thank you, Sir," of the auctioneer, sounded in my ears marvellously like, "well nibbled, gudgeon; take another snap, fool; the hook is not well in your gullet yet!"

"Gentleman," said the orator, "this key is—a key—I mean a key katerochen—that is, ladies, par excellence,—the key of keys,—it can be traced up into the possession of the celebrated Friar Bacon, the inventor of gunpowder. Look at it, ladies and gentlemen,—smell it,—taste it." Here Mr. Fudge suited the action to the word, and, licking his lips, went on with an air of ineffable relish.—"Excellent! I protest it has the true antique relish—none of your modern rust, but the genuine tinge of the olden time. No one can be deceived in that matter."

"But are you quite sure it belonged to Friar Bacon?" asked a little, limping antiquarian, who looked amongst men much as a turnspit does amongst dogs.—"But are you quite sure?"

"*Terque quaterque*," replied the orator.

"Because I don't buy for myself; I am only the lion's jackall, you know.—Ha! ha!"

"His jack-ass, rather," muttered a young man, who stood between me and the limping querist.

"You may rely upon its being genuine," continued the orator, seeing the little man still hesitate, though half convinced by the Latin which he did not understand, and by his own joke of the jackall.—"You may rely upon its being genuine.—Allow me to say five guineas, just to begin with, though, I trust, we shall not stop short of a hundred."

The little man nodded.

"Thank you, Sir," said the orator, bowing.—"Five guineas, gentlemen, is bid for this rare piece of antiquity, this gem that has existed almost three hundred years."

"Nearer six," cried my young neighbour,—"that is, if it belonged, as you say it did, to Roger Bacon, the monk of Brazen-nose."

Mr. Fudge coloured up to his eyes at this unsolicited correction of his chronology; but, as it was his business to buy golden opinions of all men, he replied, with a bow and a smile—the two usual adjuncts, by the way, of all his replies—"Much obliged to you, Sir, for the correction.—Six hundred years old.—Will no lady or gentleman say any thing?—Going for five guineas.—Really it is a mere giving away of this valuable relic.—'Six,'—Thank you, Sir,—'Eight,—Ten,—Twenty,—Twenty-five. Twenty-five guineas are bid for Friar Bacon's key.—Going,—going,—going for

only twenty-five guineas, and the treasure perfectly unique!—a rarity that has not its parallel!—We may suppose that this was the key of the monk's sanctum,—why should it not be?—of that celebrated chamber, of which the legend says it is to stand till entered by a greater scholar than Bacon, when it is to fall on the devoted head of the student, and crush it for too much learning."

"Egad! Fudge goes beyond himself to-day," whispered Dives. "Was not that last a glorious bit of the sublime?"

"Magnificent!" I said, and so loudly that the orator overheard me, and replied to the compliment, as if to a bidding, with his customary, "Much obliged, Sir.—Twenty-five guineas.—Going, for the last time, and the relic six hundred years old! Here is a gentleman vouches for its being six hundred years old."

"I vouch for no such thing," said my young neighbour, "I only answer for the friar's having been dead that time."

"Thank you, Sir,—much obliged for the correction," replied the smooth Mr. Fudge, who seemed as little able to travel out of his set phrases, as a horse to step beyond his tether.—"Thirty,—forty,—fifty,—pray, be speedy, gentlemen, for we have a host of treasures to get through.—In one minute, *jacta est alea*, the die is cast.—Going for fifty guineas—gone——."

It was to myself that the key was knocked down at this enormous price, though why I had bid so much, or why I had bid for it at all, was a mystery past my own comprehension. I seemed to be acting under the power of some influence from without, independent of my own thoughts or my own volition. The key, however, was mine, and, being mine, I resolved to put a good face on the business, and elevate its worth in the eyes of others, whatever I might think of it myself. Accordingly I handled my bargain with as much reverence as if it had been the purest gold instead of an old piece of iron eaten up with rust and verdigris, throwing into my face a certain imposing air of mystery, which seemed to say, "there is more in this, my merry masters, than you have the wit to fancy." Whether I succeeded or not in persuading any one else by this manœuvre, is more than I can pretend to say, but that I persuaded myself of it—strange as this will appear—is quite certain. The longer I examined my prize, the deeper became my conviction that there was something in it, if I could only find out what that something was. But *there* was the difficulty, the *pons asinorum*, or asses' bridge, which I could not contrive to get over, turn it which way I would. In short, I was much in the same plight with my friar's key that a savage of Otaheite would be, or rather would have been some years ago—he is wiser now—with a magic lantern, or a Dolland's microscope—good things enough in their way, if you only happen to know how to use them.

I fancy what I felt upon this occasion must have been expressed in my face, for the young man at my left hand, who had been at such pains to correct the orator's chronology, adding three hundred and odd years to the time since Roger Bacon had flourished at Brazen Nose, now stepped up to enlighten me.

"You have got a prize, Sir," he said, "though you must excuse me if I suspect you are not acquainted with its value."

"That is to say," I replied, "you think yourself the better antiquarian."

"I do not profess to be an antiquarian at all," said the young man, "and, if your purchase had no other value than its age, it would be, in my eyes, but a sorry bargain."

"And what other value can it have?" I exclaimed. "Why, if the old friar himself were alive again, with all his art and magic to help him, I doubt if he could find any thing in this key beyond a piece of rusty iron."

"Why then, Sir, your bargain has been a sorry one. But you are wrong. The key has an intrinsic value, such as no antiquarian would have discovered, had he pored over it for a hundred years in the way he usually considers such things. If you will dine with me when all is over,—for this is not the fittest place to talk of these matters,—I will show you how this little piece of iron, if wisely used, may be worth to you more gold——"

"More than I have paid?"

"More than is in the exchequer of princes."

Being somewhat of a saturnine temper, I have an antipathy to all jokes, whether practical or otherwise, and this wore the face of a very impudent one, yet I actually accepted his invitation. It is true, the young man had not the appearance of a joker; on the contrary, his aspect, both from its longitude and lugubrousness was such as a professional mourner (where such artists are in request) would have deemed a fortune. And this, with a strong mixture of curiosity on my part, determined me to run all the peril of a hoax; the thing on earth I usually most dreaded, even beyond a mad dog or a lawyer.

I pass over the rest of the auction, which had now little interest for me, not excepting even the Venus, for a Venus Mr. Fudge pronounced the stone to be; and, if some people were right in their surmises, he had better reason than any one to be positive on the subject, having himself, as they said, superintended the manufacture of the deity. I thought no longer of any thing but my meeting with the young man at the coffee-house he had named, and explanation to grow out of it. When the time *did* come—Heaven and earth! how tedious did the dinner seem! It appeared to my fancy as if it would never be over, so monstrous was the appetite of my host or guest, or so enormous my impatience conceived it. But as all earthly things must have an end, so had our meal. The last plate was cleared away, the last crumb swept from the cloth, the cloth itself borne off under the arm of the waiter, and a magnum of port wine placed between us with the remains of a bottle of sherry from the dinner. Now it was that I ventured to speak out plainly on the subject, to which hitherto he had not made the slightest allusion; and, at my first question, "What were the hidden virtues of the key he had so much vaunted?" the whole man was immediately changed, as if I had touched him with the rod of Aaron!

"Sir," he said, "I am here to answer your question, and I will answer it; but it is right I warn you beforehand, that my discourse will include things scarcely credible to men of this unbelieving age."

"Why, truly," I replied, "we have not such an excellent capacity of belief as our forefathers had, but still we can do pretty well too upon occasion."

"Yes," said my guest, with a sneer; "you do not believe in ghosts —scarcely in a devil—but you do believe that a man's mental and moral qualities are regulated by the bumps on his skull—you do believe that

ice ceases to be ice at the pole, and are even beginning to doubt shrewdly, whether you have souls; thus voluntarily abasing yourself from your high ranks, as things of immortal life, to the level of the brute beast—but let that pass, it concerns me not—and let me tell you in what consists the real value of that seemingly so worthless piece of iron."

"You would oblige me," I replied, "beyond measure. I am all impatience to hear the secret; and, as to the matter of belief, you will not, I fancy, find me a very hard customer, provided your goods wear any thing like the market stamp upon them."

"But it *is* strange," said my guest, in that low, emphatic tone, which strikes with such miraculous distinctness on the tympanum of an eager listener, "It is strange, beyond the strangest wonder, that science or history has yet recorded."

I was ready to burst with curiosity!

"This little piece of green rusty iron," he went on, "that, to judge from outward appearance, is hardly worth the trouble of picking from the ground, is—"

He paused again, and sipped his wine. In my heart I wished the port could be changed to salt and water; but I took care not to offend him by communicating this opinion.

"This key—and there are others, though not many, like it—commands the entrance to the central gardens of the earth; for this world is not quite what philosophers in their conceit have imagined it to be. If you have the courage to dare so far, in one hour you may be where gold and diamonds grow as thickly, aye, ten times more thickly, than the daisies in a summer meadow."

Here he paused again, with a look that seemed to say—"Do you believe me?" and for my part I did not see any occasion to tell him it was a lie; it would not have been polite to one who carried, as he did, a stout oak cudgel, and looked as if he knew how to use it. So I contented myself with observing—"If this story be true—and I don't take upon myself to say it is not—there must be some deviltry at the bottom of it—some old signing of bonds in one's own blood—conveying a soul or so over to the old gentleman in black."

"You are a fool," replied my guest, tartly; "nothing more is required to the great end than courage to gain, and industry to gather. If you have these, you have all, and nothing will be demanded of you in return, though you should carry off a cart-load of treasure."

"But, my worthy counsellor in the art diabolic—for I must yet affirm, in spite of all you say, this has a strong relish of diabolus in it—"

"I tell you, no!" interrupted my guest, vehemently.

"Don't be angry for the matter," I said, "it is not worth it. But you must yourself own, that, if this key were the key of Paradise, it would be of marvellous litttle use to me, unless I knew where to find the gate it was intended to open."

"You speak well," he replied, pushing aside his glass, and taking out his watch. "The very time! day has just began there.—Follow me."

"You forget our account here—let us ring for the waiter first."

"It is not needed; he is paid already."

"If that be the case, there is nothing more to be said; and I am at your service."

And off we set, arm-in-arm, diving through sundry blind alleys and crooked lanes, conspicuous alike for dirt and ragged children, till we at

last emerged upon a wide street, that was as strange to me as if it had been one of the highways of antient Babylon. In the middle stood a solitary hackney-coach, with a pair of huge grey horses, or rather living skeletons of horses, for the celebrated "*anatomie vivante*" had not a better claim to the title than those semi-transparent animals; it was a marvel to me how they held together at all, and still more how they contrived to carry such long, handsome tails, which might have become the charger of a life-guardsman. On the box of the said coach sat a tall lean negro, well worthy to be the driver of such cattle. He had on a high, steeple-crowned hat, like those worn by the members of "*Praise-God-Barebone's* parliament, grey boots, grey pantaloons, that, to use the hostler's phrase, were spick and span new, and his beard, too, was grey,—not as in old age, with a silver tint, but approaching the colour of ashes,—and, that nothing might be wanting to make a complete grey man of him, he wore a cloak of the same complexion. In my life I had never seen a more droll-looking Jehu.

"Co-ach-man!—co-ach-man!" called my new friend, dwelling on every syllable as if he had got the asthma—"Co-ach-man!"

The grey man flourished his whip with a knowing wink, and a nod of the head, as much as to say, "I understand," and drove up to us in grand style, not leaving a hair's-breadth between his wheel and the curb-stone. In a second he had dismounted; slap went down the steps, and I found myself handed into the carriage almost before I was aware of it.

"Good evening, and a lucky journey to you," said my friend; "though you will find it morning where you are going."

The grey man hastily packed up the steps again, and slammed the door to.

"But, my excellent monitor," I exclaimed, "will not you,——stop, coachman—stop, I tell you." The rascal had one foot on the wheel already—"but, my very worthy counsellor, are not you going with me?"

"No occasion," he replied; "old Harry knows where to drive you to. He has gone with many before on the same road."

"Aye, aye, master," said the grey man; "I know the road well enough. It's a half-crown fare when I carry a mean one; and a good four shillings-worth when a gentleman steps into my coach."

I would have protested against venturing upon so singular a journey, unless accompanied by the proposer of it, but all my remonstrances were effectually drowned in the clatter of the coach, which now set off at a rate that I had not expected from the lean condition of the cattle. The pavement struck a continued stream of fire from their shoes, as we flew along through street after street, all apparently deserted, and all equally unknown to me, though, till this time, I had flattered myself there was not a single corner of London with which I was not as well acquainted as the horse of a doctor in high practice. A four-shilling fare!—the grey man had done himself less than justice; we had already travelled over ground to three times that amount, and were now clear of the city, clattering, like mad, down a steep hill, that led, of course, somewhere, though where I could not imagine. The farther we went, the higher grew the walls of earth on either side of the road, till at last, their height was such as to completely exclude the light of day. Before and behind me was night, yet still we flew on,—on,—on,—on,—till I began to think I had realized, in my own person, the idea

of perpetual motion, and was destined to whirl along for the rest of my life like a comet revolving in its orbit. But herein I was happily mistaken. We did at last stop before an immense pair of folding-doors, of brass or some heavy metal, let into the solid rock, which latter was scraped out into the form of an arch. Above this stood two colossal figures, each holding in its brazen grasp a chafing dish, full of live embers, that threw a lurid light for a few yards round, just sufficient to show the inscription over it—"CARPE DIEM."

This little memorandum gave me no particular encouragement to proceed, but the grey man was not a person to allow any one too much time for reflection. With his usual expedition, he had handed me out of the coach, received his fare, and again mounted his box, before I had well made up my mind what to do.

"Stop a moment, coachman," I exclaimed, as he took up his whip, and was about to give it the preparatory flourish—"Just stop for a minute or so: Stop! I say,—I have a mind to go back with you."

"But I have no mind that you should. Tschick! tschick—gee-up, ho, lads!" He was gone.

What was to be done now? I might as well go on, since it seemed there was no way of getting back,—at least for the present,—so I applied my rusty old key to the ponderous lock before me, not a little doubtful, though, of the result; when, to my great surprise, it not only fitted exactly, but at the first touch of it the bolt shot from its fastening. The doors then swung slowly on their hinges, as if impelled by some invisible hand, and showed me a spacious hall of white marble, supported by columns of the same, and with windows, that, from the light streaming upon the pavement, must open into day, though all behind me, for many a mile, was utter darkness. I had little hesitation in entering a place of such fair promise, when the gates again closed after me, as they had opened, of their own accord: but this gave me little trouble, as I had carefully retained the key, and had, therefore, no occasion to fear the being detained against my will.

Boldly passing on through this noble hall, I suddenly found myself in a world,—for I may call a space so limitless a world,—that fairly struck me dumb with wonder. Above me was a chrystal sky, brilliant with excess of light, although it had neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor any other visible source of so much splendour. Before me, and on both sides, as far as the eye could reach, was hill after hill, valley after valley, the soil of which was gold-dust, the rocks gold, and the stones thickly set in it, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and all those gems to which the fancy of man has given an estimation. Thousands of human beings were busy, in all directions, with shovel and pick-axe, sweeping up the yellow dust, or rending the jewels from their beds of gold; and, indeed, the work must have been carried on for ages, for the ground was full of immense cavities, that appeared to have resulted from the mining after the treasures imbedded in it. Of the multitudes thus employed, some were young, and others old, but by far the greater part were no less burthened by their years than by the riches they had collected and stowed away in their pockets, to the great increase of their persons. What was still more singular, the aged were infinitely the most industrious. They scarcely allowed themselves time to eat or drink, so intent were they in adding to their loads, even when they were sinking under them; but the young, with a few exceptions only, took

the matter much more easily; they would frequently leave a ruby or a sapphire ungathered, after they had nearly detached it from the rock, and leave some crafty old fellow to reap the benefit of their labour, while they stepped aside for no other purpose than to pluck some new flower that grew near them, or to indulge in the fruit, which, it must be owned, looked most deliciously.

While I was admiring this novel sight, with no little inclination to join in a labour so agreeable, I was accosted by a dark, portly man, who in dress and figure strongly resembled a Dutch burgomaster, when Holland was under the rule of Spaniards. In his right hand he carried a substantial cane, headed with ivory, such as rich men of a certain age are in the habit of carrying, more as a prop to their dignity than to their limbs. Though not so fat as a London alderman in full perfection, he yet had a waste of comfortable dimensions, which, as he was of the tallest, did not show so much amiss; and, indeed, he had no want of dignity, though it was not precisely of that kind which assimilates with the received notions of a king or a hero. He was too homely for the one character, and too fat for the other; for, notwithstanding the example of Napoleon, there is something peculiarly incongruous in the idea of a great waste and a great man. His complexion, however, was all that a novelist could wish for his hero, being so dark that it might well be called olive, and his dress was a rich, but sober-coloured Spanish habit; so that, altogether, he had the appearance of a merchant of the olden time when merchants were princes.

"Well, Sir," said this portly figure, laying his hand condescendingly upon my shoulder,—"you are come, like the rest of them, to see what you can pick up in my gardens."

I thought it best not to tell a lie for the matter—that is, not a direct lie—for he had a terrible eye under his bushy brows; so I treated his question half in joke, half in earnest, saying that I might, perhaps, be tempted to pick up a few handsful of dust, or some half-score of jewels, if I could be well assured that there were no steel traps or spring-guns set in his premises.

"For what do you take me?" said the portly gentleman, frowning.

"For the owner of this splendid estate," I replied, with a conciliatory bow.

"You are right," he said, "I am so, and if it were only for that word, you may gather a cart-load of diamonds, or gold, or whatever else happens best to tickle your fancy. How say you, friend: have you a mind to this gem?"

"Nothing," I replied, "would please me better—though—" for I did not yet feel convinced he was in earnest—"though I can hardly reconcile it to my conscience to rob you of such precious treasures."

"Treasures, quotha! Aye, that is one of the many fancies of you simple folks of the upper earth. But think so still for me; I shall the sooner get rid of the rubbish, which lies more thickly on the land than is like to be good for my fruit trees. Here, Gobliner."

The being thus summoned, and who hastened to us at the call, was, as I imagined, a gnome, and this the kingdom of the gnomes, though, I must confess, the appearance of the portly gentleman was not that of a ruler of spirits. Gobliner, however, with his yellow face and long muscular arms, fully justified my suspicion.

"Gobliner," said the portly gentleman, "give this honest man a spade

and pick-axe; he has taken a fancy to help in clearing off the stones for you."

"I am glad to hear it, master," said the gnome, "for they lie thicker this year than ever; for my part, I think they must grow like the carrots and turnips, only it may be not quite so fast."

"Bad philosophy, Gobliner," replied his master; "but give my friend here his tools, and e'en let him set to work as soon as he pleases."

I was accordingly furnished with the requisite implements, and was trotting off in a violent hurry to a very promising mass of rock, in which the diamonds were stuck like pins in a toilette cushion, when the portly gentleman again laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Hark ye a moment, mine honest friend—there is yet one thing for you to learn—one little condition, before you begin your operations, for I like to deal on the square with the folks who come here."

My countenance fell in an instant. I thought directly of the devil and his old tricks, and had scarcely courage to falter out,—"Pray, Sir, what is this condition?"

"Oh, no great matter; it is only that folks are allowed but a single day in my grounds. Work away, therefore, as hard as you please till nightfall; dig gold and diamonds, or gather the fruits from the trees, or sit still without doing any thing, just as you think proper; it is all the same to me. But, remember, when you see the chrystal above you clouded with a grey tint, as if a veil had been drawn over it, then is our twilight, and, hard upon that, follows darkness, when you are like to be turned out, if you stay so long, with certain disagreeable accompaniments. I tell you this, that you may make the best use of your time, and not blame me afterwards if you should find your labour has been great and your pleasure little."

Thus saying, the portly gentleman strode off, with a patronizing nod, followed by Gobliner, who turned back from time to time, mocking at me with his long yellow hands, and chuckling with delight, as if he had some pleasant piece of mischief in view—pleasant, I mean, to himself—for I did not suspect him of too much good-nature. I had, however, little leisure to think of him. There were diamonds to be dug, and fruit to be gathered, for my mind was made up to neglect neither; though, as a prudent man, I resolved not to tickle my appetite till I had collected an ample supply of gold and precious stones. Even if this should occupy the day, what would that matter? When the twilight came on, it would be time enough to think of indulging myself—though, truth to say, the fruit looked tempting beyond measure, and the single taste I ventured on, by way of experiment, had a surpassing relish with it, that almost upset my resolution.

Such was the profusion of precious stones, glittering from the rocks on all sides, that I calculated on digging out as many as I could possibly want long before the darkness. But this was a grievous mistake, as I soon found out when I actually set to work. The greater part of the diamonds grew on the steep sides of precipices, not to be climbed without infinite peril to my neck; and those that were more within reach lay imbedded in rock that was harder than the hardest granite. Not that these difficulties deterred me from the labour; so far from it, I toiled with unabated diligence hour after hour, neglecting the delicious fruits which seemed ready to drop into my mouth, and, by the time of twilight, had got together a tolerable parcel of the largest diamonds—not to speak of

topazes, emeralds, and gold-dust. Even then I thought I might as well continue my work a little longer. The evening had, it is true, thrown a grey veil over the crystal sky; but who could say how long such a twilight would last? It might, for aught I knew, endure for hours; so that there would be still time to sit down and enjoy myself. On, therefore, I went, most gallantly, with spade and pick-axe, digging and hammering, rending and gathering, till I could absolutely work no longer; indeed, I could scarcely move hand or foot: the sky, too, grew darker and darker; and I began to think it would be as well to rest contented with what I had got, and enjoy myself while there was any twilight remaining. But here again I had reckoned without my host, or rather my passion for gold and diamonds had blinded me to all other considerations. Having wasted the day in such excessive toil, I was almost too weary to gather the fruit; and when I did reach any, the same feeling of fatigue rendered me incapable of enjoying it.

Night now unfolded her wings, and sank down in darkness upon the earth, like a vulture overshadowing the prey it has struck; and a deep bell, that seemed to be tolled in the very centre of the earth, sent a heavy summons to all that the day was over. At this signal, the plains and hills suddenly swarmed with gnomes, in face and figure the exact prototypes of Gobliner, if indeed they did not—many of them, at least—deserve the palm of superior ugliness. These ferocious monsters were armed with whips, which they cracked with high glee about the ears of those who, like myself, had loitered to this late hour, driving us forward, as if we had been a flock of sheep, to the great hall. Wearied as I was, and with such beagles close upon my heels, it is no wonder that by degrees I lost the whole of the precious burthen I had toiled so hard for. Diamond dropped after diamond, emerald after emerald, and, if I paused for an instant to pick up the fallen treasure, the lash of the gnomes soon reminded me that time was no longer at my own disposal. Indeed, I was often glad, when we came on the more broken parts of the ground, to fling away a portion of my load, dear as it was to me, that I might get on the more easily; and thus, in one way or the other, by the time I reached the hall, I had not a single sample left of all my treasure.

There was no occasion for the key to let me out: the great folding-doors now stood wide open, the gnomes smacking their whips behind us, and the road before us being covered with vehicles of all kinds, from the proud coach and six, through all the intermediate degree of carriages and pair, demi-fortune, and gig, down to the humble hackney. Vexed beyond measure at my own folly in having thus wasted the whole day in fruitless toil, instead of enjoying myself, I jumped into the first vacant coach, and, holding out a crown-piece to the driver, bade him drive like fury. He took me at my word. Off we set at full gallop, with as little regard to our necks as might be; and as many of my neighbours, probably under the influence of the same feelings, were going at the same rate, I had no right to wonder at our vehicles coming in collision. Off flew the wheel—down smashed the coach; and I was thrown upon the hard road with so much violence that—awoke me! I was still in the auction-room, where, thanks to the eloquence of Mr. Fudge, I had been comfortably asleep for the last two hours. The Venus or Hercules was going.—"Nine hundred and eighty guineas are bid for this magnificent torso."—"One thousand!" I cried.—"Thank you, Sir.—Going for one thousand guineas—gone!"

G. S.

PORTUGAL ILLUSTRATED.*

The author of the work before us, sets out in his labours with an intimation, that his design in visiting Portugal was "to bring back reminiscences of the feelings, manners, and customs of its inhabitants, which might make the people of England better acquainted with the peculiar features of Portugal, than are even the inhabitants themselves." Our readers in general will agree that this is a somewhat hardy (however highly laudable) proposition; and we are afraid it would be little better than flattery if we were to encourage the writer to believe that he has succeeded to any thing like the full extent of it. Indeed, however little—as it seems to be agreed by travellers generally—the natives of countries are in the habit of being acquainted with their own affairs, we are sometimes, on reading continental tours, visited with a suspicion, that the foreigners who speak upon a six weeks' residence, know still less about them. A gentleman, for instance, perhaps, but superficially informed, even as far as the intelligence of previous voyagers can go, of the condition of a country like Spain or Portugal; wholly ignorant of its laws, its home resources, and civil institutions; acquainted with its foreign and commercial interests and relations, only just in such a degree as qualifies him to make mistakes about them; and totally unacquainted—for this is the case three times out of four—even with the language of the people upon whom he is to observe, and among whom he is moving; such an individual, necessarily incompetent, upon forty-nine points out of fifty that come before him, even to distinguish between cause and effect; with no test to decide by between right and wrong, but that which has been formed for another state of existence and almost in another hemisphere;—such an individual goes forth, and after a term of six months travel, which may perhaps have afforded him a week in each considerable city, and a fortnight in the capital, returns ready to pronounce a full and dispassionate opinion upon the general statistics, the military and political strength, the morals, prospects, arts, religion, literature, and general cultivation of the country which he has visited!

Now let any reasonable person take the trouble to consider what would be the condition of an Italian or Frenchman, who should attempt to perform this sort of exploit in England? who should propose, after travelling by stage-coach from Essex to Anglesea one way, and from Kent to Northumberland the other, to give his countrymen a "better notion" of England than the English have themselves—or even any notion of England at all? And yet this work would be a trifle—a mere juggler's trick—compared with the performance of a similar task in Spain or Portugal; where, it is true, the field for inquiry would be less varied, but where no sources of information—no aids for satisfying inquiry—exist at all. In England, let a stranger but have the power to read, and knowledge forces itself upon him on every side. There is scarcely a subject or a question of any general, or even temporary importance, to which he may not find a manual in almost every shop window. Our climate, geology, topography, is all measured, and set down; we have a survey of our land almost by inches, in the very road books, and the children's primers. Our books of science, law, statistics, in three years are useless and gone by; new interests have arisen; new changes have

* Portugal Illustrated; By the Rev. W. M. Kinsey, of Trinity College, Oxford, B.D., with a Map, Plates, Vignettes, &c. &c., Treuttel and Würtz, London.

followed; and new works have been published, carrying information up to the very hour. Every branch of our trading interest, every circumstance, good or bad, of our political system, forms the subjects of daily and hourly canvass and discussion. The mass of the people comprehend and speak of these matters; writers, almost numberless, devote their whole lives to the analysing and watching over them. The periodical press of London—nay, one three weeks file only of the Times newspaper—will convey more information to a stranger upon the affairs and position of England, than the study of twice as many years, unaided by the same facilities, would enable him to arrive at.

But, in Spain or Portugal, the first circumstances of novelty that surprises the English traveller, is the absence, not only of his accustomed sources, but of all sources—of every description—of information. He is travelling in a strange region without a guide. He is learning a new language, without a tutor. He lands in the country; and "his eyes," as Shylock tells Lancelot Gobbo, may be "his judge;" for other means or aid to judgment he finds none. Books—unless at the bookseller's shop—are things unheard of; and when he finds any, they are sure to contain every thing rather than discussion or information as to the country in which he stands. The newspaper is a rag so worthless, that he casts it down in anger. For books! the author of the work before us says, that in Elvas, the chief fortified town of Portugal, containing 10,000 inhabitants and a garrison of 5,000 men, there is not a single bookseller's shop. The wonder, indeed, would be if there were. In the course of a three years' residence in various provinces of Portugal—certainly it was in a time of war, not, perhaps, exactly the most favourable period for study—but we never recollect, in any one instance, to have seen a book in the hands of a Portuguese gentleman—except some manual of prayer, or missal. We can take our corporal oath that there was not (at that time) a book-stall from one end of Lisbon to the other. In society, the conversation—with a very few exceptions, and those chiefly among the ecclesiastics—exhibits the same ignorance of, and, by consequence, the same apathy to, all that is passing in the kingdom. As there seems to be no help, there is no interest; and, for internal intercourse, or communication, no man knows that the Grand Turk is not in arms within fifty miles of him. The inhabitant of Lisbon hears and knows nothing, except once a year by a family letter, of the affairs of the resident at Coimbra. Some intercourse exists between Lisbon and Oporto, but this is confined almost entirely to the inhabitants, and in great measure to the English. The little remaining correspondence that exists in the country, is entirely in the hands of the government and of the clergy; and the people, by habit, acquire an indifference even to the consideration of topics or matters, which it is known to be not always prudent or safe to talk about, and which they are aware they very imperfectly and indistinctly understand.

Under such circumstances, with all the ordinary avenues to knowledge closed against him; with but slender opportunities for consideration, and none at all for acquiring any thing like what might be termed experience, the sort of "Illustrations" likely to be produced—even from the ablest summer tourist—of Spain or Portugal, would hardly be of very high authority; and, in fact, the books which have appeared, have in general been of very moderate value. Almost the only one worth

consulting (we put the military works out of the question here) is that of the German writer, Link. Spain and Portugal are not new countries, nor countries newly thrown open to English inspection, from which the most crude results of a traveller's observation are valuable or interesting. We have superficial descriptions, in abundance, of all quarters of the Peninsula. The dirty streets and the mongrel dogs, and the number of the frairs, and the vigour of the fleas, and the mountainous roads, and the mule-drivers' inns, and all the economy of the convent disciplines and the religious processions, have had the changes rung upon them again and again. It is just possible for strongly humorous or poetic description to give force and interest even to details so frequently already dwelt upon; but in the way of information as to such matters, nothing new, we believe, is likely to be supplied. If any book upon the state of Portugal were to have value at the present moment, it could only be the work of some writer of an informed and philosophical mind, whose long residence in, and familiarity with the country, should have afforded him an intimate knowledge of the constitution, dispositions, powers, and intelligence of its inhabitants; and thus enabled him to draw a conclusion, or to supply his readers with the means of drawing such conclusion, by the facts presented to them, as to what position the country may be likely to maintain in the future distribution of power in Europe —or how to acquit itself under the circumstances of disorder and difficulty under which it is at present labouring.

Now Mr. Kinsey's book we wish to look at with every favourable disposition; but it certainly is not quite a work of this character. It tells us little more, as far as we can perceive, in the main, about Portugal, than that which every body knew before; or, where originality is attempted, it falls very frequently into incorrect inference and error. The style too, of the work, is not such as we can commend: and we are justified in taking this exception to the production of a traveller, who travels professedly to make a book, and who is a scholar by profession, and the fellow of a college. It is frequently obscure, and ungrammatical; generally disposed to be pedantic; and most unfortunately overloaded with attempts at sprightliness and humour, such as— as we wish to avoid all severity—we shall not trust ourselves to characterise. With these faults, and the still farther one of being lengthened to a needless extent, by the extract, not only of whole pages, but almost of whole chapters, from every work upon Portugal that the author can lay his hands on, the best fortune we are afraid, the book can expect is to be voted, not quite unreadable, nor without a claim to passing consideration: it can hardly hope to reach the library, but may have a chance of some popularity in the drawing-room or on the work-table. We shall proceed, however, to give some specimens both of the more worthy and more culpable portions of its contents: premising that, beginning where the author begins, we shall begin with those points in which he shews to least advantage.

The Rev. Mr. Kinsey embarks from England, at some time—exact date not mentioned—in the year 1827; (it might have been more convenient if the month had been given, as the fact of time become a key to the season during which the traveller pursues his researches); and, after having been deeply gratified in the course of a Sunday passed on board the packet, by perceiving that every sailor on board attended his (the author's) performance of church service, and that " not a

man out of the whole number but possessed his bible and prayer book," he arrives without meeting any mischance—or making any discovery—in his fifty-sixth quarto page, at Lisbon. Here, on landing, he is a good deal surprised and displeased (as a travelling gentleman no doubt ought to be) with all the useless mummery of passport comparison, and custom-house examination; "they manage these things far better under the pure constitutional atmosphere of *dear* old England." After a time, however, he consoles himself by the patriotic reflection, that these impertinencies, taking place while the British troops (General Clinton's force) are actually stationed in Lisbon, form a triumphant answer to the French insinuation of British influence prevailing in the Portuguese councils; and, being on shore, "after two or three trips and stumbles in consequence of the bad state of the packet stairs," is conducted to his hotel in the Rua do Prior; in his way to which, he encounters "heaps of disgusting filth," "friars," "dogs," and "the carcase of a horse which had fallen down [on] the preceding night, and was already exhibiting proofs of the rapid way in which the Egyptian plague of flies effects its work" in Portugal. In the same early stage of his progress too, it is his fortune to be made aware of the truth of the relations of former tourists, "with respect to the *horrifying exposure* in the crowded streets, by beggars, of limbs in every stage and under every character of disease;" and on asking for "flowers to refresh his offended senses," under such circumstances, receives an immediate proof of the poverty of the land, for none are to be procured. After which preliminary details, come the traveller's "Illustrations" of the city of Lisbon; which begin (we hardly know whether from the novelty or the importance of the topic) with an account of a visit to "the theatres." Almost all that is done here is trite and bad. The observer seems to set out with the false impression, that it will be right for him to blame every thing—which it is neither reasonable nor necessary (upon five minutes acquaintance) that he should do: and that "effect" is to be produced, by ridiculing every thing—which he is wholly devoid of the power to do. Moreover, he changes his style of description aukwardly and needlessly every ten minutes from the "I" to the "we," and *vice versa:* speaks very far too frequently upon slender, and often upon mere hearsay information: and, upon almost every point worth dwelling for three lines upon, favours the reader with three pages from the work of some previous writer; whose observations may, perhaps, be well deserving attention, but whose work is *before the public*—in print—already; and as well known to the world as the "Illustrations of Portugal" are likely to be. To begin, however—as we have premised—with the visit to the theatres:—

"We have visited the two national theatres, the one denominated 'do Salitre,' and the other, which is of larger dimensions, and of an oblong shape, in the 'Rua dos Condes,' both of which are dark from filth and neglect, and in neither did we consider the pieces represented, to be at all above the lowest degree of mediocrity; while the frequent obscenity of the allusions made, gave us no very favourable opinion of the delicacy and purity of the Portuguese drama. In the neighbourhood of the first theatre there is a walk, planted with rows of trees, which, by the bye, at this season, are obliged to be trenched around, and watered every morning and evening to preserve their verdure from the burning rays of the sun; but it is both small and confined, and in no respect would serve as an agreeable place of resort, even did the retiring habits of the Portuguese permit them to indulge in the taste for a public promenade.

"The opera-house is a fine building, with a handsome portico, situated in the square, from which it takes its name. It required only five months for its erection in 1793. The corridors throughout are vaulted, as the staircases also, which lead to the several tiers of boxes; while the vomitories are so numerous and so skilfully distributed, that the interior of the theatre, in case of fire, can be instantaneously cleared.

"The royal box occupies the entire segment of the circle, cutting perpendicularly the five tiers of boxes, which gives it an elevated and imposing appearance. There are one hundred and twenty boxes; and the pit here, as at Paris and elsewhere, reserved for the accommodation of male spectators, may contain about seven hundred persons; the price of admission being to this part of the theatre half a crusado novo, and for a box on the lower and principal tier, sufficiently capacious to contain five or six chairs, half a moidore, or about ten shillings. The operas are given on the nights of Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday,—generally commencing about half past eight, and concluding before twelve. The ladies appear not to dress for the opera, excepting upon the appearance of some new actor, or at the representation of a novel piece. The custom of the actors stopping to acknowledge the applause of the audience, even in the delivery of an heroic speech, quite destroys the illusion of the whole scene."

These details are something meagre, which is not very surprising; inasmuch as the author (if we understand him rightly in another place) was not acquainted with the language in which the performances were carried on. Near the first mentioned house, the Salitre, which is a sort of "Minor" institution, equal to our own Circus or Sadler's Wells, stands the amphitheatre for the Bull Fights, which are exhibited on the Sunday afternoon. This national entertainment our traveller thought it right *not to see*.—"The cruelty of the sports," he says, "and the *sacred character of the day*, are quite sufficient for English travellers to leave Portuguese taste in the full and undisturbed enjoyment of all its pleasures."

The native Portuguese of the higher classes, are not so fortunate as to be agreeable to Mr. Kinsey in their personal appearance. It is true that they are not (in all probability) the immediate descendants of Adonis; but the following description strikes us strained and extravagant, rather than ludicrous:—

"And what, you will demand, of these said lords of the creation at Lisbon? —Why, the fact is, that if the English gentleman who once received from a stranger in London a gold snuff-box, in acknowledgment of his greater nasal pretensions, which he was to transfer to the honour of any proboscis more red, ugly, and extensive than his own, that he might casually chance to meet, had come off straightway to Lisbon, the said box he must in justice have resigned upon the first step of the abominable packet-stairs.

"Of all animals in creation, the Lisbon dandy, or fashionable Lusitanian swell, is by far the lowest in the scale of mere existence. I have been haunted in my dreams by visions of ugliness since the first time I beheld a small, squat, puffy figure,—what was it? could it be of a man?—incased within a large pack-saddle, upon the back of a lean, high-boned, straw-fed, cream-coloured nag, with an enormously flowing tail, whose length and breadth would appear to be each night guarded from discoloration by careful involution above the hocks. Taken, from his gridiron spurs and long pointed boots, up his broad blue-striped pantaloons, *à la Cossaque*, to the thrice folded piece of white linen on which he is seated in cool repose; thence by his cable chain, bearing seals as large as a warming-pan, and a key like an anchor; then a little higher, to the figured waistcoat of early British manufacture, and the sack-shapened coat, up to the narrow-brim sugar-loaf hat on his head,—where can be found his equal? Nor does he want a nose, as big as the gnomon

of a dial-plate; and two flanks of impenetrably deep black brushwood, extending under either ear, and almost concealing the countenance, to complete the singular contour of his features.

"The lower classes are infinitely superior in dignity of appearance, and in manly beauty, to those of the higher order. For instance, turn round and look at that finely-formed, athletic, patient, and hard-working water-carrier, with his barrel of many devices upon his shoulder; how nobly and gracefully does the honest mountaineer trip along under his burden! Though only half clothed, he has more about him of the dignity of human nature, much as he is unjustly despised, than all the classes of those who deal out to him no treatment but contumely and contempt. By the hard sweat of his brow he is enabled, though with difficulty, to earn about sixpence a day, the moiety of which serves to procure him his bread, his fried sardinha from a neighbouring cook's stall, and a little light wine, perhaps, on holidays,—water being his general beverage,—nay, one might almost say, his element. A mat in a large upper room, shared between him and several brethren of the same avocation, serves him in winter as a place of repose for the night; but during the summer he frequently sleeps out in the open air, making his filled water-barrel his pillow, ready in an instant to start, in case of fire, at the call of the captain of his gang, and to perform the only public duty exacted from him."

The red noses of the Portuguese gentry, we apprehend, are of recent growth—or importation. Certainly, in the course of our own experience in this country, we never recollect to have encountered one of them. Indeed, the habits of the people, which are temperate and abstemious in the extreme, are quite ill-calculated to favour the production of any such excrescence. We conclude that they must be imported; probably from the neighbourhoods of Leadenhall-street and Whitechapel, in part payment of the port wine consumed in those regions. The chief fault of the "Lisbon dandy's" dress seems to be, that it is the same which was fashionable some years since in this country, and is now so no longer. And Mr. Kinsey's pursuits have probably not led him much into the consideration of horse equipment; or he would be aware that the principle of the Portuguese saddle, is the same which—after much obstinacy, and exhibition of prejudice, and mischief arising from delay—has been adopted in the cavalry furniture of our own country.* The paragraph

* It is a singular fact, that with all the excellent horsemanship, and admittedly admirable cavalry discipline, which has so long distinguished the English, our horse-harness was, until within the last ten years, and in many points still is, perhaps the very worst in Europe. The ordinary English saddle seems constructed with the especial design of affording neither support, nor what is technically termed "seat" to the rider. It is low both behind and before; stuffed to a comfortable rotundity; and covered with a smooth hard leather, which acquires a polish equal to enamel from use; and the nether garment chosen to be placed in contact with this glossy level, is constructed of some soft, pliant, material—wash leather, or fine woollen cloth—between which, and such a double varnished surface, there can be no more disposition to adherence, than between the feet of an old lady in pattens, and a "slide" on the London pavement down hill, in December. The old dragoon saddles, in use (contemporary with the cocked hats) in the beginning of the Peninsular war—some remnants of which, we believe, may still be found in the depôts of the artillery—were perfect curiosities, considered as machines which men were to sit, and fight upon. From constant and arduous friction (in the way of cleaning) with some oily or saponaceous compound, they attained the smoothness and lustre of glass; and men would have gained just as much assistance from saddles built out of that material. To render the impossibility of any natural hold the more complete too, the men, in several of the heavy dragoon regiments, were dressed in plush [cotton-velvet] small-clothes. The dragoon harness, as far as concerns the saddle, now is pretty generally improved among us; and the demi pique shape, high before and behind, is introduced, covered with a schabrach of sheep-skin, with the wool outwards; upon which, with a dressing of cloth trowsers, a firm and steady seat (without the incessant exertion of muscular strength) can be maintained. The old saddle, however, still remains in ordinary use out of the army. And our stirrups continue to be

that follows is singularly unlucky in both its facts and inferences. For the "superior dignity" of the lower classes of the Portuguese, it happens unluckily that the Gallegos referred to for the proof, are all *Spaniards*, from the province of Galicia; indeed, the author himself states this fact, we believe, in the ensuing page. For the "gracefulness with which they *trip* under their burthens," we confess it is a circumstance that had escaped us; it may be that we were less alive to the beauties of form and movement than our author. But at all events we have great pleasure in assuring him that it is an exceeding error to imagine that these poor people "earn with difficulty about sixpence a day;" on the contrary, like most irregular artizans in capital cities, they gain a very competent livelihood: and if ever Mr. Kinsey had occasion to employ one of them for half an hour, we can hardly understand how he has fallen into such a mistake.

The following description of a dinner entertainment in Portugal, affords another instance of the haste with which our author jumps to conclusions; as well as (we think) of the infelicity of his efforts to be *piquant* or satirical:—

"A Portuguese economist appears to have attained to the valuable art of feeding the largest given proportion of human beings with the smallest conceivable quantity of sustentatious matter.

"'In fact,' says the Rambler, 'the habits of life among the two people' (speaking of Portuguese and English society) 'are so different, that the intrusion of a stranger would perhaps involve a greater disturbance of the usual routine of existence, than it is fair to expect they should incur upon the claim of a common letter of recommendation.' A dish of yellow-looking bacalhao, the worst supposable specimen of our saltings in Newfoundland; a platter of compact, black, greasy, dirty-looking rice; a pound, if so much, of poor half-fed meat; a certain proportion of hard-boiled beef, that has never seen the salting-pan, having already yielded all its nutritious qualities to a swinging tureen of Spartan soup, and now requiring the accompaniment of a satellite tongue, or friendly slice of Lamego bacon, to impart a small relish to it; potatoes of leaden continuity; dumplings of adamantine contexture, that Carthaginian vinegar itself might fail to dissolve; with offensive vegetables, and a something in a round shape, said to be imported from Holland, and called cheese, but more like the unyielding rock of flint in the tenacity of its impenetrable substance; a small quantity of *very small* wine; abundance of water; and an awful army of red ants, probably imported from the Brasils in the wood of which the chairs and tables are made, hurrying across the cloth with characteristic industry;—such are the principal features of the quiet family dinner-table of the Portuguese.

"The crassitude, the pinguid gravity of such entries, would, as an agreeable writer observes, 'make a man of delicate stomach and feeble digestion heavily repent of having adventured upon the hardships of such an Arabia

carefully constructed so as never to secure the foot while a man is on horseback, or by any accident let it loose if he happens to fall off. There have been a hundred inventions—not one of them worth a farthing—to "prevent the possibility (in case of accident) of a rider's foot being dragged in the stirrup;" but the simple principle of the shoe stirrup, used by the Spaniards and Portuguese, which renders it nearly impossible for the stirrup to be lost on horseback, and quite impossible for the foot to be retained in case of a fall, has never been adopted. Such a stirrup too, with the front of open lattice or shell work, would be capable of being made more ornamental than those at present in use. It is true that our people, both on the road and in the field, ride extremely well with their present equipment; but they ride with an outlay of double the power and bodily exertion that is necessary. One or two English artists draw exquisitely well, who have had the misfortune to lose the right hand; but no reasonable person would teach a learner, by compelling him to work only with his left.

Petræa hospitality ;' to do justice to which, it might be added, in all fair calculation of proportionable powers, that the steam-engine force of an ostrich's stomach, or the iron digestion of a turkey, could alone be adequate," &c.

It would scarcely be supposed of a traveller, who set out with the view of making his readers better acquainted with the country he was to visit than the inhabitants of it themselves, that this fierce philippic against Portuguese hospitality is pronounced merely on the authority of report? This, however, undoubtedly is the fact; for the author declares, at the time when he writes it, that he has never "in any one instance" been a visitor in any Portuguese family! Such a description as is here given may be true of the household of persons in narrow circumstances, but certainly bears no resemblance to the style of domestic arrangement in the dwellings of persons of fortune or condition.

Throughout Mr. Kinsey's work, however, constant references will be found to the "pride and poverty" of the nobility and gentry, and the "beggared and degraded condition" of the lower classes; and as there is a great deal of error and exaggeration about many of these statements, we may find room for a few words upon the real position of the case. The Portuguese of the upper classes, are, like most of the natives of southern climates, habitually abstemious. The people at large, for the sake of enjoying a larger portion of the luxury of leisure, are contented to consume a less amount of the luxuries of beef and wine than the English are accustomed to do. The chief objection arising to this system is a political and a public one—by diminishing the amount of national exertion, it weakens the strength of a country and lessens its resources: that the personal happiness of individuals is increased by the state of incessant exertion—between acquirement and expenditure—in which we live in England, has never yet been shewn entirely to our satisfaction. Still there is none of that slovenliness and offence about the domestic arrangements of the Portuguese of respectability, which Mr. Kinsey is so ready to impute. Their *cuisine* is bad enough ;—*they* say that it *is* bad, but that the English is worse—a point, however, on which we take leave to think they are entirely mistaken; but still it would be difficult to find more scrupulous neatness and cleanness than pervades all the chamber and table arrangements of a respectable Portuguese house; and Mr. Kinsey's account of the distress of the lower orders is entirely over-rated. For instance, Mr. K. describes the water-carrier and porter of Lisbon, as "earning with difficulty sixpence a day;" we can assure him that he is totally mistaken as to this fact; and he himself states, directly afterwards, that his "savings" out of these earnings, are in general "sufficient to enable him, in the course of some fifteen years, to return to the mountains of his own native Galicia, and to purchase a little plot of culturable ground, upon which he erects a small cottage," &c. &c. A labourer, who accomplished this in fifteen years in England, would think that he had little to complain of. And again, Mr. Kinsey is everlastingly complaining of the paucity of the population—of "the want of sufficient hands even for the purposes of agriculture"—a state of things hardly consistent with the existence of a very low rate of wages to labourers? But what is the fact, as to this point, where we have an opportunity of getting at it directly. Mr. Kinsey does once—we believe it is only once—tell us the actual wages paid for labour in one of the districts which he visited; and his words are these: at the time he writes, he is at Oporto—"The labourers in the quarries, on the banks of the

Douro, near Porto, whom we have observed on our excursions up the river, converting stone for the line of new quay, get about three hundred reis for their day's work, which commences shortly after four in the morning, and is continued (with three hours rest during the heat of the day) until beyond sunset." Now three hundred reis are equal to *one shilling and sixpence English;* and with eighteen-pence a day, in a country where meat (this is at Oporto) sells for from three-pence to four-pence a pound; potatoes for two-pence a bushel; fruit, vegetables, and "sardinhas," more than proportionably low, and a wholesome wine at about two-pence a bottle,—under such circumstances, so far from perceiving that the lower classes suffer very heavy distress and privation in Portugal, we certainly should be extremely well pleased if we could see every labourer in England placed in an equally prosperous condition.

These errors are the errors of hasty conclusion—by no means of intentional misrepresentation; and of a desire to speak upon every point as it arises, less guardedly, than decisively and with force. But there are some other faults in Mr. Kinsey's book which cannot be so easily excused. The following passage, for instance, touching the observances of the Sabbath in Lisbon, strikes us as being in as bad taste as can well be conceived:—

"A saint's day, or holyday, in Lisbon, set apart by the ordinances of man, it soon became obvious, is observed with every solemnity of outward appearance; the shops being closed, and business of every kind, save that of the dealer in wines, as well as of the laborious Gallego and hardy muleteer, being universally suspended; whilst the sacred day of rest, appointed to be hallowed by the express word of God himself, is *openly and scandalously*, and without exception of persons or classes amongst the Portuguese, *most shamefully violated*, under *every possible circumstance* of *impropriety* in the continuance of the ordinary pursuits and occupations of the week, and in the more than usually large assemblage of persons at the fairs, fetes, bull-fights, theatres, and the opera. Yet this same people, so devoted to their amusements, when the bell rings in the front of a church, to announce that the holy composition of flower and water is about to be carried in procession through the streets to the couch of the sick or the dying, are immediately arrested in the prosecution of their worldly avocations, and publicly kneel in deep devotion to the real presence, until the canopied priests and chaunting choristers have borne the Pyx out of sight."

It is scarcely very good judgment in a gentleman and a scholar, to break out into so much indignation and vituperate epithet, about a practice which is almost universal over the continent of Europe; nor is it ever otherwise than painful to hear the minister of one religion speaking in angry or contemptuous terms of the usages or ordinances of another. It is something offensive, too, to hear "the *express* word of God" alluded to *in terrorem*, on every occasion when a poor man employs a portion of his only day of leisure, in the pursuit of pleasures, or in the execution of duties, which his necessary labours leave him no time for during the week. It is not a month ago that a member of Parliament declared in his place, that, to get through the business of a certain Government office, he had been constantly compelled to work for some hours on the Sundays. This gentleman is a baronet, and moves in high society; he went to the opera on Saturday night, and did his work on the Sunday. A French hatter or jeweller, is compelled to reverse this course: he works on the Saturday night, and goes to the opera on Sunday. In another part of his work, Mr. Kinsey talks of "drunken friars" in the streets of Lisbon; and speaks of the sight as though it was one of common occurrence. If Mr. Kinsey pledges himself—which it is difficult sometimes to decide how

far he does or does not do—that he has witnessed this sight, we have no hesitation in giving credit to it upon his assertion; but it is only just for us to observe, that in the course of a residence in various provinces of Portugal, very considerably indeed more extended, as we apprehend, than his has been, we certainly never, *in any instance,* saw a friar "drunk in the street."* And, as far as our belief goes, we never saw an ecclesiastic in a state of intoxication at all. The clergy, we have no doubt, in every country, have quite sins enough to answer for; but intoxication is not a vice at all prevalent in Portugal.

We pass, however, with great relief from these notices of Lisbon, which contain nothing of any value but that which is extracted from the works of previous writers, to the more advanced portion of Mr. Kinsey's book, which describes his tour through Beira and part of Estremadura to Oporto and Coimbra; upon one circumstance, at least, of which, the pictorial illustrations which accompany it, we are tempted to bestow almost unqualified praise. Some of these views are the productions of a friend who accompanied the author in his tour, and one or two are stated to have been obtained from gentlemen resident in England; but, under any circumstances, Mr. Kinsey may esteem himself fortunate in their collection. The landscape views are, almost without exception, drawn with great taste and fidelity, and the engravings, all of them, admirably well executed. Many of the little vignettes, too, which consist of points of Portuguese habit and economy, convince the experienced eye, at a glance, that they have been drawn from observation on the spot. Among the views of architecture and scenery, we would point out especially, as striking, not more from the manner of their execution, than for the beauty of the scenes represented—the frontispiece—the "View of Coimbra"—taken, as we imagine, from the high road leading from Condeira;—it is hardly possible to wish for any design more graphic or correct than this. The last view but one—"The Castle of Leiria," is quite equal to the former in point of merit. And the "View upon the Douro, looking towards Oporto;" the "View of Cintra;" and the "View of Porto and the Villa Nova, from the Serra Convent," can scarcely be spoken of in terms of too high commendation. Among those scenes more descriptive of the peculiarities of the country, the plates of "The Estalagem, or Portuguese Inn;" "The Douro Peasant with his Car and Oxen;" and "The Road-side Altar, with figures resting;" all are drawn with great spirit and deep feeling, and will recal to the campaigner of the Peninsula, thoughts and objects with which, in other days, he has been familiar. The "View of the Abbey of Batallha," we do not like so well. Murphy's book contains a view of the same building, in every way superior. And the author fairly enough apologizes for the absence in such a work of a View of Lisbon, by alleging, that which is the fact, that nothing short of a "double elephant sheet"—which his book will not admit—would enable any artist to embody even an outline of the city. Lisbon can only be well represented upon a very extended scale; and it would be a good subject, and, as a picture, not an unworthy one, for the future consideration of Mr. Horner's gigantic panorama.

It would be injustice, too, in this place, towards Mr. Kinsey, whom we have treated hitherto with an absence of ceremony, but whom we have no disposition to criticise unfairly, if we were to pass by the fact

* We quoted from memory, the words are—"A monk in a state of intoxication, with a rabble of boys at his heels;—these are the passing objects that render a residence in this street so highly *diverting,*" &c.

that several chapters in this part of his work, are written in a spirit more rebuked and intelligent than most of those to which we have already alluded. His notices of the commerce and finance of Portugal, and especially of the wine trade of Oporto, though occasionally tripping as to principle, are industriously collected, and marked in the main by temperance and good sense. As an example of the errors in point of principle, we may take the passage immediately before us (p. 147.), in which the author ascribes the decrease that he finds in the population of Portugal, to "the great demand for labour in the colonies." We are afraid that not much of the abstraction of hands is really to be traced to this source. The demand for labour is very high in Australia and even in the United States; but we do not find (just now unluckily) that it tends very materially to carry off the surplus labourers of England or Ireland. The "celibacy of the priesthood" too, and "the extent of the conventual system," two other causes named by Mr. Kinsey, as tending to lower the amount of population, can hardly operate to produce that effect in any very extended degree. The number of individuals acted upon by them (and especially of females), though numerically it appears large, taken in comparison with the great mass of the community, is inconsiderable. In Ireland, the priests do not marry; but there is notwithstanding no want of an abundant population. A good deal of the fault lies, probably, in the absence of that spirit of enterprise and industry in Portugal, among those classes by whom the property of the country is possessed; which, where it exists, by the bounty which it offers for labour, can scarcely fail to call the principle of population into action. But something, we fear, will have to be attributed to the peculiar bodily constitution, and with that to the vices and ill habits of the people themselves;—certainly the fact will have forced itself upon the notice of every Portuguese traveller—that in passing through a town or village, he seldom saw any thing like the number of children, even in proportion to the number of adults, that he would have expected to find in France or England.

Those pages of this portion of the work which relate to the province of Douro, contain information, as we have already observed, and entertainment; but we attempt any extract from them almost with apprehension, for the extracts of the author himself from former writers are so extensive and incessant, that it is very difficult to decide, even upon cautious examination, when he means to speak for himself, and when he quotes the words of some other person. We shall hazard a few detached passages however, chiefly those describing the town and vicinity of Oporto.

"One of the finest streets in Porto is the Rua Natividа. It forms the continuation of the Calcada dos Crucos, where the market people principally assemble. At the top is situated the beautiful church of the Clericos. From the part where these two streets divide, the Rua das Hortas begins, and terminates in the Rua Nova Almada. Close to the Rua d'entre Vendas, where small wines are sold, is a sort of covered passage, or little bazaar for inferior shops, where the country people are accustomed to make their purchases. In the Rua Largo da Feira, bread, dried fish, fruits and vegetables of all sorts, are sold, as well as groceries and other necessaries. The Rua das Flores, however, is the principal street at Porto, and in which the best shops in every line of business are situated, and where any article almost of English manufacture may be procured. At an 'Armazem de Papel de todas qualidades,' we observed a shield of the Norwich Union fire office placed over the door. In the Rua des Domingos are the bank or Caixa Filial do Banco de Lisboa, the grand front of the Dominican convent, and principal entrance into their church. At the end of the Rua das Flores, and overlooking the

Largo da Feira, is the large Benedictine nunnery, in whose beautiful chapel the sublimest music is frequently heard.

"There is a fine fountain of excellent water in the Rua de bello Monte, which is to the left up a steep street, forming the continuation in a northern direction of the Rua des Domingos, and another beautiful fountain in the Praca de Santa Theresa. From the summit of the elegant tower of the Clerigos, a most commanding view may be obtained over the town and neighbouring wooded heights, the windings of the Douro, a large extent of coast, and the Atlantic ocean. The view from the northerly terrace of the Serra convent above the left bank of the Douro, comprises the public and private buildings of the city, and the remains of the old town wall. The corridors of the convent are extremely long, as may be supposed from the almost interminable line of building which looks towards Porto. From the eastern terrace, at the end of the corridor, a little chapel is distinguished at about six miles distance, perched nearly on the loftiest summit of the Serra, in which are the coal-mines of Vallonga."

The monks of the Senor convent, are of the Augustine order, and possess very considerable lands, which, in common with most of the demesnes of the monasteries in this country, are laid out—

"Into fields, pleasure gardens, orchards, orange and lemon groves, with the addition of fountains and an aqueduct. The rigour of their discipline never permits them to quit the paradise in which they are confined; but they have their rabbit-warren, and preserves for game, which, with their religious occupations and employment in the surrounding grounds, serve to beguile the time. We took a walk one evening in the gardens with the prior, a venerable old man, who was distinguished from his brethren by wearing a ring, set with a large amethyst, on the middle finger of his right hand, and a large silver cross worn round the neck.

"Passing under the Ramada, or walk of vines, which arch over head on trellis-work, supported by rude granite columns about nine feet high, we came to a piece of ground, the extent of twenty acres, situated to the north-east of the convent, and this year bearing a crop of Indian corn, which is estimated, according to the prior's statement, to contain about twenty-seven loads of produce, each load being reckoned forty alcaldes of corn, and the alcalde to be worth a crusado novo, or ninety shillings the load in our money. Thence we ascended to the summit of the aqueduct, which runs down to the convent, and passes over a mill that is worked by the superfluous water; and enjoyed from that elevated position a still more superb view to the east, of the line of high pointed mountains in the distance, and a conically shaped hill, apparently of white granite, with the little chapel on its summit called San Cosme; a noble reach of the river, and the buildings on the right bank, including a large untenanted mansion, called the Quinta de Freijo, to the bishop's public school, as it is called, and which is not yet completed. Down the river again to the westward, a fine expanse of water is seen, with part of the city of Porto in the centre of the view, the remainder being intercepted by the convent groves and buildings.

"But the most interesting prospect by far is obtained from a small chapel advanced on a terrace, which immediately fronts the west, and overhangs Villa Nova and the immense magazines in which the Douro wines are deposited, commanding the whole city, a considerable circuit of the river, the cheerful hill of Gaia, with the remains of an old building on its summit, falsely reputed a Castello dos Mouros, a little below Villa Nova, and apparently locking up the Douro, as you will find in the sketch which accompanies this letter. It is by far the prettiest object seen in the neighbourhood of Porto. To the right again, the view falls upon the bridge of boats, the vessels of different nations at anchor below it, and the new line of quay which runs parallel with the right bank of the river."

We have already spoken of this view, which is one of the most interesting given in the volume. It was taken, the author says, from a

foreign print, ill executed, and very scarce, but was corrected and greatly improved in the course of the re-drawing. From these descriptions and some of those which follow, our readers will perceive that Portugal might be made not altogether unendurable as a residence :—

" In the gardens of the quintas, small channels of water, kept constantly filled from some overflowing fountains, are so skilfully constructed, as to furnish a never-failing supply of moisture to the shrubs and plantations, which would otherwise in summer be burnt up by the heat. The *ulmis adjungere vitem* is well known in poetical description, but in Portugal, besides overshadowing their artificial supporters, the vines are seen attaching themselves to, or hanging down in luxuriant festoons from forest trees, such as the oak, chestnut, and cork, in all the wildness of nature, and not unfrequently insinuating themselves among the branches of myrtle-trees, which attain a considerable size in the hedge-rows, and contrasting their large purple bunches with the snow-white blossom. The union is truly poetical, and its novelty is charming to the eye of a northern traveller. You shall have a sketch of the myrtle and vine in conjunction, faithfully represented. A vine is often purposely planted by the farmer under an oak tree, whose boughs it soon overruns, repaying the little labour expended in its cultivation by its fruit, and the lop of its branches. Ten pipes of green wine, *vinho verde*, expressed from these grapes, will yield one pipe of excellent brandy. Being light and sharp, the vinho verde is preferred by the generality of Portuguese, in the summer, to wines of superior strength and quality.

" The golden pippin-trees are here in as declining a state as they are in England. Great care, however, is taken in their cultivation; and at one of the quintas, where we were hospitably received, we were surprised with finding a nursery of them amounting to nearly a thousand, and apparently in a very healthy condition. It is observed, however, that they invariably become cankered after the growth of a few years. Cider is said to have been first known in Africa, and thence to have made its way across the Iberian and Lusitanian peninsula, by the Pyrenees, into France and Normandy, and ultimately into our country. Were not the vine so luxuriant in Portugal, the inhabitants might be disposed to turn their attention to the increase of apple-trees, which would amply repay every care bestowed upon them by their rich produce, calculated alike for the table and the press. The branches of the fruit-trees are literally breaking down under the weight which has increased upon them. Little care, however, is taken to prevent the mischief by the application of props; for such is the climate and fertility of the soil, that the ensuing spring commonly repairs the injury, and the vigour of the tree seems never to be exhausted. The young trees are generally very great bearers."

The markets of Oporto are much better supplied, Mr. Kinsey says, than those of Lisbon. " Fresh meat is excellent; and particularly pork, during the season." The pork of Portugal, generally, would not be considered good in England. The sweet acorns upon which it is fed, and which Mr. Kinsey afterwards describes as such cheap and admirable provision, diminish the firmness and elasticity of the flesh, though they produce fat very abundantly. The greater part of the Portuguese hogs, from this cause, are unfit to be cured in the shape of bacon; and the fat only of the animal is preserved, which is kept between layers of salt, and called *tocino*. There can never be fine bacon produced except from hogs fed upon corn. The prices of provisions, from the difficulty and expensiveness of all conveyance, vary very considerably in different parts of Portugal. In Lisbon, they are always, comparatively, dear; and the meat is of a very bad quality. It is killed, as some moon-struck persons are insisting that ours should be killed in London, at " abattoirs," and brought into town in carts, making an exhibition, as Mr. Kinsey justly observes, extremely " filthy and revolting." It is fair to observe,

however, that the aspect of the meat brought into Lisbon, is very different from that which we see in London; and that the appearance of the vehicle—the mode of conveying it, &c.—is considerably more slovenly. Fish, fruit and vegetables, are to be had in excellent order in Lisbon; and the shrimps—as large as our English prawns, and very abundant—and the fresh caught sardinhas, are delicacies upon which the most accurate gastronome, even although of Paris or London, can form but one opinion. In the more distant parts of Portugal, on the other hand, the necessaries, and even the luxuries of life, may be obtained at an almost incredibly low rate. Mr. Kinsey says—

"In the fortified town of Elvas, situated near the Guadiana, on the frontier of the Alentejo, about three leagues and a half from Badajoz, on the left bank of the river, a good family house may be procured, as has been stated, for about six pounds for the twelvemonth. Bread of the finest quality may be obtained from Badajoz for one penny the pound, and meat from two-pence to four-pence; wine one penny the bottle; milk one penny a full quart; oranges twelve the penny; three pomegranates for two-pence, and a turkey for about one shilling and sixpence. Colonial produce, however, is nearly ten per cent. dearer than in Lisbon, owing to the additional charge for carriage; but even in Elvas very good Brazil coffee is to be purchased for about fourteen-pence the pound, and refined sugar for sixpence."

The "fortified town of Elvas," if meat and wine could be had for nothing in it, is a place which we should commiserate any body who was forced to dwell in. But the town of Estremoz, about eighteen miles nearer Lisbon, is one of the most delightful situations in the whole Alemtejo; and, as the road between that and Elvas is a reasonably good one, we should suppose, the distance would not produce any material difference of price.

The English troops under General Clinton, were in Portugal at the time of our author's visit; but of their reception or treatment by the inhabitants, he says little; and his notices or observations, taken generally, upon the struggle in which he finds the country engaged, convey little that is new, or that can assist the reader in any opinion as to the probable termination of it. This is a subject which has already been more than once treated in our Magazine; and it is not our intention, at present, to enter into any lengthy argument or discussion of it. For the time, the struggle has now terminated; but the question between free institutions and despotism—education and improvement, or continued bigotry and sottish ignorance—has not terminated; and twelve months will not elapse before it will revive. The really liberal party in the kingdom—we speak of that party which desired a free government, religious toleration, and the instruction and improvement of their fellow men—not of those who joined the ranks of the Constitutionalists, because their interests, or their attachments, carried them to the side of Don Pedro rather than of Don Miguel—that party, ever since the death of John the Sixth, have been combating with a weight about their necks. In maintaining that which they meant should be the cause of liberty, they were in fact maintaining, and compelled to maintain, at least the temporary dependence of Portugal upon the colonial kingdom of Brazil. The national pride—at all hazards—refused to endure this indignity; and it is not surprising that it should have refused to endure it. Liberty, and the charter, desirable as they might have been under other auspices, were intolerable as presented (coupled with the honour of a "Regency") by an ex-colony to the parent state. The cry for the "absolute king!" was a call for the "independent king;" for such a king as would not be a servant to the crown of Brazil, and such a

sovereign as the Portuguese thought their honour concerned in allowing themselves only to be governed by. But the real question of despotism or constitutional freedom, has been lost sight of—not tried or argued—in this contest. It has been silent and in abeyance while a stronger influence ruled men's minds for the instant; when order is restored, and something like tranquillity, we shall begin to hear of it again. The cause of liberty and reform is "hearted" in the country. There are classes who perceive they have an interest in its success; and who cannot resist, if they would, the temptation of aiding it wherever they see the opportunity. Its progress may be slow; for it is opposed by deep seated prejudices, and powerful vested interests; and the character of the people even among whom it will best make its way, is timorous and procrastinating. But it is infatuation to believe that the accession of Don Miguel, (a weak, and notwithstanding his election, unpopular prince,) to the sovereignty, will put an end to a spirit, which has never ceased to exert itself since the termination of the French war. And in fact, the very vices and fooleries which so abundantly adorn his majesty's character, amount to so many pledges for its speedy and prosperous re-exhibition.

The few notices given by Mr. Kinsey of the reception or conduct of our troops, at Lisbon, are trifling and contradictory. In one place, he complains—"Our (the English) officers are openly insulted in the streets by the muleteers; and it is useless for them to make any complaint." Now it is hardly twenty pages back that we had a recollection—one of the first that follows the author's arrival—of a totally opposite character:—

"At the moment we landed at the foot of the packet-stairs, a ludicrous instance of the infliction of summary punishment occurred, which afforded us great amusement. Some quarrel, it would seem, had arisen between some native boatmen and a party of our jolly tars, who were waiting to take an officer off to his ship. The Portuguese had the temerity to strike one of the British seamen with an oar, when the whole boat's crew jumped aboard the Lusitanian, and trundled the Portuguese party into the water—*a case of no unusual occurrence*, as we afterwards learned."

There is another story about the robbery of an English officer, by some Portuguese thieves, which the gentleman concerned will scarcely thank Mr. Kinsey for relating:—

"It was only a few nights since that a young English officer, who had lately joined his regiment in Portugal, and was returning home *on his best horse from the opera, and in his dress regimentals*, was stopped near Sacavem by four *Malcreados*, (supposed to be expatriated Constitutionalists from Spain,) and robbed of every thing but his shirt and pocket-handkerchief, with which the brigands bound his hands, and then left him to his fate. A shrug of the Intendant's shoulders was a sufficient proof that either he could not or would not effectually interfere to procure the restoration of the property lost. *Ex uno disce omnes.* Military men have many such anecdotes to relate of Portuguese magistrates and robbers."

We don't exactly know whether the *ex uno disce omnes* here applies to the intendant, or to the officer: but we trust that it is to the former; for we hardly can believe that our military men have many such anecdotes to relate. Certainly the time has been, when an English officer, "returning on his best horse from the opera," and in his "dress regimentals," if he had been so unfortunate as to be stopped at Sacavem by four malcreados and "robbed of every thing but his shirt and pocket-handkerchief" (an odd association to leave!) instead of applying to any intendant, would have been happy to put up with the loss—not to say jump into the Tagus—in order to keep the adventure a secret.

Our limits, which have already been carried nearly to their extent, prevent us from following Mr. Kinsey in his route, first down the Douro, and then by Coimbra and Leiria, from Oporto back to Lisbon. The tour, however, which he manages to accomplish altogether, includes, if not the whole, certainly the greater part, of the interesting scenery and positions of Portugal. Into the Alemtejo, if we understand rightly, he does not penetrate; but describes it—as he is too apt to do, a great many things—upon "hearsay." The return to Lisbon again brings us back to the dogs and the ecclesiastics, with anecdotes told fifty thousand times before, and laid at five hundred different places, and attributed to more than five hundred different people: all of which the writer may never have heard before, but which, we fear, will be sadly familiar to a great proportion of his readers. There is no very great point, for instance, in such descriptions as the following:—

"Notwithstanding the effects produced by the ardent beams of the sun upon men, and almost every animal excepting the mule, the Lisbon dogs seem to luxuriate under the violence of the heat, and to avoid the shady sides of the streets, though the thermometer of Fahrenheit should indicate the state of the atmosphere to be at 110 degrees; and scarcely an instance of canine madness indeed is ever known to occur. Certain trades and professions, such as grocers and shoemakers, are compelled by law to keep at their doors small sunken cisterns, which are constantly replenished with water for the use of these animals, who, since Junot's bloody edict against them has ceased to have effect, and the restoration of the city to the uninterupted enjoyment of its 'priesthood, and doghood,' and filth, seem to have recovered their former numerical strength.

"The canine confederacy, basking in the sun under our windows or upon the dunghill by the principal entrance into the Franciscan convent, which is opposite, consists of curs of high and of low degree; some without a tail; others with their ears shorn, or an eye lost in battle; some lame, dragging a broken leg after them, perhaps, in addition, writhing under the mange, and proving their antiquity by the leanness of their condition; poodles, who knew a master sixteen long years since; pointers, who have been fixed to the same spot during the tenth part of a century; and others who, from the variety in their colour and difference of shape, can boast no common origin. Such is the character of the motley group of dogs assembled together in the occupation of the Rua San Francisco. During the day, one is constantly molested by the yelpings and growlings and snarlings of the pack, whenever a carriage or horse pass rapidly along, or the permanent possession of their territory seems endangered; and in the night one is agreeably serenaded by the domestic broils of the vigilant cabal over the offerings made, to the great danger of the passenger, from the upper windows of the houses, to noctivagant Cloacina. The singular cry of one old gentleman, who, from infirmity, was not so ready as his brethren in joining the feast, still tingles in my ear."

Considering that, in the very next paragraph we are informed, that, for these dogs "the Portuguese entertain the most religious commiseration, and no one is found to do them an intentional injury," it seems very odd how such an amazing supply of shorn ears and absent tails, lost eyes, and broken legs, can arise, as Mr. Kinsey describes?

The case that follows too, about the apothecary that was starved to death by attending noblemen and gentlemen, is a story for the Morning Post newspaper—for "the charitable and humane, and those whom Providence has blessed with affluence," rather than for the quarto volume of the traveller and historian.

Of the same character with these narratives are far too many other of the strange instances gathered in the course of Mr. Kinsey's travels; but it is not necessary to the advantage of our readers, nor would it be

a work of charity towards the author himself, that we should particularise them. The story of the law-suit about the old coat at Oporto, to give one example, is improbable, and, if true, puerile, and not worth the telling; and the adventure of the Franciscan monk (p. 185), has travelled, we believe, through all the Italian jest books, without an exception, that ever were printed. Another mortal fault about Mr. Kinsey's style of narrative, is the disposition that he has every where to lay a stress upon trifles. At one time, he makes his reader "pause," in the middle of a paragraph, at the gate of the English factory's burying-ground! because—but for the skill and carefulness of some physician, it would have been his own lot—instead of writing a book—to have reposed there! Presently afterwards, he is actually unable to examine the architecture or antiquities of a particular church, on account of the "overpowering stench" (a stench that people endure twice a day, at morning and evening prayer, and swoon not) arising from the practice of burning the dead within the walls of such edifices. And anon, in travelling up a hill to witness some object of peculiar curiosity, stops again to record the urbanity with which some gentleman picked up and restored his missing "white cambric pocket handkerchief." These are pettinesses which weaken our confidence in an author, and disincline us to go on in his company. We distrust the judgment of a traveller, who quits Portugal without witnessing a bull fight, because that species of shew is "cruel," or is "exhibited on a Sunday;" or who passes over the examination of a curious building, because he perceives a disagreeable smell in the inside of it. A still heavier fault, and the last we shall advert to, is the disposition which Mr. Kinsey exhibits, either from natural acerbity of feeling, or from a desire to maintain a tone which shall be high and ex-cathedral, to talk in terms of fierce condemnation, if not of direct invective, of all parties and persons who chance to be opposed to him in religious or political opinions. Thus, through almost every page in which he touches upon the recent contest, we find the words recurring—"artful friars"—"unholy zeal"—"interests of the priesthood"—"restoration of priesthood and dog-hood,"—&c. &c. These figures of speech come ill from the mouth of a clergyman; and from any man they are an argument of weakness, not of strength. No man who has common brains can feel surprised that the ecclesiastics of Spain or Portugal should be anxious to uphold the system by which they live, and preserve their resources and immunities from reduction or spoliation. Whether society at large would do wisely to allow them to uphold that system, and retain those immunities, is a very different consideration; but it is nothing strange, nor does it form any heavy moral imputation against them, as individuals, that they should exert themselves to do so. There are many individuals in England—some whole classes—who think that our own church revenues are needlessly and unreasonably high, and that the system of their application and distribution is a highly inequitable and unjust one. But, nevertheless, we suspect the established clergy would exhibit very little Christian forbearance, if any attack were proposed upon their receipts; and we commonly see sufficient "zeal," either "holy" or "unholy," manifested at the very slightest indication of a disposition to encroachment upon them. Discussion loses all its worth the moment it lapses into abuse; and, besides, there is no just cause for the condemnation here pronounced. We point out the propriety, perhaps the necessity, of breaking up a system, the existence of which has the sanction of ages; but we do not vilify the parties, or find them worse rogues than ourselves, who happen to have an interest in the vigorous

maintenance of it. The faulty judgment of Mr. Kinsey's style upon these last points, as well as on some others which we might mention, will preclude his work, therefore, as we have already stated, from taking any thing like that rank in literature which he seems to have proposed for it. Its chief value lies in the pictorial embellishments, which are numerous, and certainly admirably executed; even the (wood cuts) vignettes—the tail pieces to the chapters—many of them highly lively and characteristic. Of the larger views—the landscapes—we have spoken already. The specimens of costume at the end of the volume, we do not like quite so well as the matters that precede them: they are drawn and engraved by eminent artists; and the costumes are accurately given; but the expression of the countenances—especially in the figures of the peasantry—have not, as it strikes us, the genuine Portuguese character. We should add that the work contains a map of Portugal, corrected by Arrowsmith, from the map of General Foy, and an illustrated table of all the coins of Portuguese currency; and that, as far as the matter of typography, and book embellishment goes, it is one of the handsomest works that ever issued from the press.

SIX WORDS ON THE LATE ELECTION IN IRELAND.

The obtrusive and pernicious exhibition of the Clare "election" is over; and Mr. O'Connell has assumed the title of a Member of Parliament, and, by that which seems a misplaced endurance on the part of the authorities, is exercising some of the privileges of one. The mere act of Mr. O'Connell's being returned to Parliament, amounts only to an indecorous trick; intruded (rather too much in the general taste of our Irish friends) upon that which ought to be a grave and serious proceeding; but, the measures by which that return has been accomplished, will have made a strong impression upon the advocates of Catholic claims in England. It would be a waste of the patience of our readers, and a work that at this late period of the month we have not room for, to enter into any argument upon the competency of the Catholics, under the existing law, to sit in Parliament; nor, shall we go over the ground, already familiar, through the medium of the newspapers, of the genuflexions, exhortations, excommunications, or other mummeries, which were used at Clare, to induce the forty shilling voters to support Mr. O'Connell. All we want—and we shall dwell even upon that very shortly—is the fact, that, either from their natural appetite for tumult, or from the power exercised over them by the "Associations" and the priesthood—on the first display of the standard of rebellion, the freeholders *did* renounce their allegiance to their landlords, and came up to the poll in crowds for the candidate of the opposition.

Now, if there were any thing at all in this proceeding, even like an assertion of independence on the part of the Irish voters, we should rejoice at it: but it is a gross perversion of terms, to talk of the existence of any such manifestation. There is an exhibition of a state of moral principle and feeling, with which freedom disdains to be associated; but nothing else. "Independence," as the word is understood by the reputable part of society, implies the discharge of our debts and duties; not their evasion or defiance. A person the other day in the Court of Requests, pleaded in answer to his creditor's demand, that he was legally freed from all claims, by "having been sentenced by the law to be hanged;" but that individual has not yet been declared in any address from the English pulpit, to be a pre-eminently free, and independent man.

The contract between the Irish landlord, and his "forty shilling"

tenantry, stands thus. Their "freeholds" (much to the abuse of the name) are portions of his property, entrusted to them by him specifically for his use, and, for the holding of which, subject to his application or appointment, they receive a consideration: this stipend is received in the shape of a right to cultivate some bog, or, of a strip of land for a potatoe garden, the rent of which gets into arrear, and while the tenant gives satisfaction, is not expected to be punctually paid. Now, this is a bad description of contract. And it is a bad description of contract by which a man sits in the House of Commons—counterfeiting the position of an independent member—who, in reality, takes his seat for a private borough, to vote and act as the proprietor of that borough shall direct. But, unless all the bonds are to be dissolved, by which society exists and is held together, both these are contracts, as to which, when entered into, *faith is to be kept*. The Irish freeholder knows the bargain which he makes, and seeks it. He receives, and enjoys the advantages which result from it. He may become a free agent if he pleases, by cancelling the bond, and restoring the consideration: but he is a robber, if, for his own interest or passions, he violates its conditions, and trusts to the lawless state of the community in which he lives, to escape the infliction of its penalty.

This latter species of independence, however, is that which has been asserted by the voters of the county of Clare; and it is worthy of remark, that this violation of faith and honour has been recommended and enforced by their spiritual advisers as a duty. Those ministers of religion who best knew how fully and entirely binding in conscience the contract was, were the very men, who, by entreaties, and even by threats, induced them to break it. But, the state of affairs exhibited upon the whole (for our space runs short) is this—it is pretty evident that the peasantry of Ireland, or at least, a very large proportion of them, are at the command, not at all of the legitimate government of the state, but of the priesthood and of the knot of adventurers who are raising money and trying to get into notice by disturbing it; and the question that follows is twofold—"Must such a state of things be allowed to continue?" and "Is it probable that *concession* will alter or remove it?" The answer is, that such a state of things ought, at all hazards to be changed: and that a great many of those who have been the advocates of conciliation, begin now to be afraid that very little is to be expected from it. It would be arguing in the teeth of demonstration, to suppose that any concessions that ever England will make, or ought to make, will satisfy—(and "satisfy" too, quotha!)—the priests, and the self-elected Catholic leaders. And, for the lower classes—is it believed, that any human concessions that ever could be devised can ever deprive men, who are disposed to turbulence, of a pretext for it? The Catholic tenantry of Clare have abandoned their pledges to their landlords; an allegiance—we speak the fact out, let those who can contradict it—which has ten times more practical influence over them than any allegiance they ever bore the British government:—they have abandoned this allegiance, and run all the hazard of ruin and ejectment from their farms and livelihoods likely to be consequent upon it—for the sake of styling a man for a few weeks "Member of Parliament" whom they know is incompetent to sit in Parliament; and who three years voted for a measure which was to exclude them for ever from returning members to Parliament at all. And, can it be supposed, that men who have hazarded all they possess for such an object as this, can ever be at a loss for an excuse for sedition, or for riot? or, that there is any spell in the measure of "Catholic Emancipation" which can deprive them of the disposition for it?

The multitude in Ireland will receive the boon which may be called "Emancipation," or any other boon which may be offered to them by this country, *as their leaders may direct;* and it is clear that, if all that the most liberal portion of the English legislature ever thought of granting were conceded to them, it is not intended that they should be *content* with it. This is no matter of belief or inference: it is a conviction to which those who have been the supporters of concession have come with regret. It is openly, and ostentatiously announced, by those in whom the deluded people are trusting, that the terms which have been discussed in England under the title of "Emancipation" *will not do.* "The church establishment of Ireland must be changed. The act of union must be repealed. The Parliament of Britain must be reformed; and her governors and ministers taught how detestable their names are to the whole world, before the 'Liberators' of Ireland will be satisfied." And to back these pretensions, we are told "that the Catholics are banded: that they have friends, leaders, funds, and communications; that it is in the weakness and the fears of England that they must put their trust; and that the justice which she has insolently denied, she will now find can, and shall be compelled from her."

Now, these are words and demonstrations which can be attended with but one effect: they will lead the thinking part of the English nation to pause; and to recollect that there are other means than those of concession, by which to deal with presumption and seditious insolence. They will begin to perceive that the Protestant party in Ireland, is that—and that alone—upon which this country, in emergency, could rely; and to doubt of the expediency of granting additional power to those, whose ambition or brawling violence is not to be appeased, and who are making so dangerous a use of the power which they possess already. This is the conclusion to which the conduct of the Catholic body is bringing those even who have been the most anxious to avoid it. The argument which has triumphed over the Irish landowner on the late occasion has been too strong a one: it recoils and does mischief to the Catholic cause itself. The reliance has been—and this every Englishman feels—upon the lawless habits of the country. The fear of ejectment would never have been met—even where the disposition to treachery existed, by the tenantry; but the answer was—"They (your landlords) dare not eject you to-day, for fear you should fire their houses in their sleep, or shoot them from behind a hedge to-morrow." Of all errors else, the promulgation of this doctrine has been the most mischievous! The inculcation of a breach of faith upon the lower orders, is the last into which the *Catholic divines* should (openly) have fallen. They must be aware, that the faith which they profess is distrusted as well as disliked in England; and, that the trust of those who supported their cause, was, in the conviction of its powerlessness, not in any supposition of its change. The dangerous principle, that "Truth may be dispensed with, where important objects are concerned," has long been asserted to be an article of their creed; but, it was short-sighted policy in themselves to make the justice of that charge so unequivocally apparent.

We have only space farther to say, that it can scarcely be doubted, that the Catholic cause has suffered considerably by the events of the last month. Their electioneering exertions, carried to the utmost, will never gain them ten additional votes in Ireland; and, if by any accident, a general election was to take place, twenty new members would come in upon the Anti-Catholic interest in England.

History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, by Colonel Napier. Vol. 1; 1828.—This history of the war is of a different, and, in many respects, superior character, to Lord Londonderry's still very respectable publication. It is not, like that, a mere narrative of the achievements of the English troops during the least important campaigns, but will, when completed, present a full view of the whole war, and exhibit in detail the conduct of the French as well as the English forces—the author having had extraordinary facilities for obtaining information from French officers, particularly from Marshal Soult, who, "disdaining national prejudices, with the confidence of a great mind, placed numerous original documents at his disposal, without even a remark to check the freedom of his pen." Colonel Napier's professional experience, and personal acquaintance with the scene, will, moreover, give him a decided superiority over his rival, Southey. He has been not only an executive soldier, but is a political philosopher—somewhat, to be sure, of a radical cast—too much so, to please the leading members of his profession, or to conciliate the great commander to whom he dedicates his book—though he does so on the ground that "he has served long enough under his command to feel why the soldiers of the Tenth Legion were attached to Cæsar." The present volume—a pretty portly one—conducts the story to the battle of Corunna and the death of General Moore, and at least three or four more on the same scale will be required to complete his purpose. He designedly forbears from treating largely of the disjointed and ineffectual operations of the native forces—apocryphal as much of what could have been obtained of them, must necessarily be.

The deliverance of Spain was the work, Colonel Napier maintains, not of the native troops, but of the English armies. The Spaniards conducted the war like savages—unconnectedly—unskilfully; not in manly warfare, but by stealth and brigandage. They were self-sufficient, and stimulated by wounded pride—they were superstitious, and their religious feelings were roused to fury by an over-ruling clergy, who dreaded the loss of their endowments; but, after the first burst of indignation, the cause of independence created very little enthusiasm among them. The leaders were, many of them, traitors, and more of them abhorrers of freedom—pursuing, consequently, their own projects, and neglecting the general cause. Tumults and assassinations terrified and disgusted the sensible part of the community—a corrupt administration of the resources extinguished patriotism, and neglect ruined the armies—and the peasant, a raw soldier, usually fled at the first onset, threw away his arms, and returned home, or joined the banners of men, who, for the most part, originally robbers, were as oppressive to the people as the enemy. The guerilla chiefs would, in their turn, have been quickly exterminated, but that the French, pressed by Lord Wellington, were obliged to keep together in large masses. This was the secret of Spanish constancy. From the moment the English took the field, the Spaniards ceased to act as principals—though the contest obviously involved their existence as an independent nation.

Of the barbarities committed by these Spaniards, Colonel Napier notices some memorable instances, exceeding in atrocity any thing we remember to have ever read. For instance:—

Filanghieri, the Governor of Corunna (at the first explosion), an Italian by birth, was by a tumultuous crowd called upon to exercise the rights of sovereignty, and to declare war in form against the French. Like every man of sense in Spain, he was unwilling to commence such an important revolution upon uncertain grounds; the impatient populace instantly attempted his life, which was then saved by the courage of an officer of his staff; but his horrible fate was only deferred. He was a man of talent, sincerely attached to Spain, and he exerted himself with success in establishing a force in the province: no suspicion of guilt seems to have attached to his conduct, and his death marks the temper of the times, and the inherent ferocity of the people. A part of the regiment of Navarre seized him at Villa Franca del Bierzo, planted the ground with their bayonets, and then tossing him in a blanket, let him fall on the points thus disposed, and there leaving him to struggle, they dispersed and retired to their own houses.

The fate of Colonel Rene, a French officer, was still more horrible:—

He had been sent on a mission to Portugal, previous to the breaking out of hostilities, and was on his return, travelling in the ordinary mode, without arms, attached to no army, engaged in no operations of war; but being recognised as a Frenchman, he was seized, mutilated, and then placed between two planks and sawed alive.

Assassinations similar to those of the Marquis of Solano at Cadiz, and the Conde d'Aguilar at Seville, occurred in every part of Spain:—

Grenada had its murders, adds Col. Napier; Carthagene rivalled Cadiz in ruthless cruelty; and Valencia was foul with slaughter. Don Miguel de Saavedra, the governor of that city, was killed, not in the fury of the moment, for he escaped the first danger and fled, but being pursued and captured, was brought back and deliberately sacrificed. Balthaza Calvo, a canon of the church of St. Isidro, then commenced a massacre of the French residents. For twelve days unchecked he traversed the streets of Valencia, followed by a band of fanatics, brandishing their knives, and filling all places with blood: many hundred helpless people fell the victims of his

thirst for murder; and at last emboldened by the impunity he enjoyed, Calvo proceeded to threaten the junta itself; but there his career was checked. Those worthy personages who (with the exception of Mr. Tupper, the English consul, then a member) had calmly witnessed his previous violence, at once found the means to crush his power when their own safety was concerned. The canon, being in the act of braving their authority, was seized by stratagem, imprisoned, and soon afterwards strangled, together with 200 of his band.

Of the Madrid massacre, on the 2d of May—the source and prelude of these horrors—Colonel Napier speaks and reasons in these terms:—

That it was commenced by the Spaniards is undoubted—their fiery tempers, the irritation produced by passing events, and the habits of violence which they had acquired by their late successful insurrection against Godoy, rendered an explosion inevitable. But if the French had secretly stimulated this disposition, and had prepared in cold blood to make a terrible example, undoubtedly they would have prepared some check on the Spanish soldiers of the garrison, and they would scarcely have left their hospital unguarded—still less, have arranged the plan, so that their own loss should far exceed that of the Spaniards; and surely nothing would have induced them to relinquish the profit of such policy, after having suffered all the injury. Yet Marshal Moncey and General Harispe were actively engaged in restoring order; and it is certain that, *including the peasants shot outside the gates,* the *executions on the Prado,* and in *the barracks* of the *imperial guard,* the whole number of Spaniards did not amount to 120 persons, while more than 700 French fell. Of the imperial guard 70 were wounded, and this fact would suffice to prove that there was no premeditation on the part of Murat; for if he was base enough to sacrifice his own men with such unconcern, he would not have exposed the select soldiers of the French empire, in preference to the conscripts who abounded in his army. The affair itself was certainly accidental, and not very bloody for the patriots; but policy induced both sides to attribute secret motives, and to exaggerate the slaughter, &c.

The convention of Cintra is stoutly defended by Colonel Napier:—

The editors of the daily press,—says he, after discussing the circumstances—adopting all the misrepresentations of the Portuguese minister, and concluding that the silence of government was the consequence of its dissatisfaction at the convention, broke forth with such a torrent of rabid malevolence, that all feelings of right and justice were overborne, and the voice of truth stifled by their obstreperous cry. Many of the public papers were printed with mourning lines around the text, which related to Portuguese affairs; all called for punishment, and some even talked of death to the guilty, before it was possible to know if any crime had been committed; the infamy of the convention was the universal subject of conversation—a general madness seemed to have seized all classes, and like the Athenians, after the sea-fight of Arginusæ, the English people, if their laws would have permitted the exploit, were ready to condemn their generals to death for having gained a victory.

A court of inquiry was held at Chelsea—the report of which was not satisfactory to the government, and the members were required to state their opinions individually. Colonel Napier is inclined to censure them for not speaking plainly. "No set of men," he says, "were ever more favourably placed for giving a severe and just rebuke to popular injustice.—Thus, ended," adds he, "the last act of the celebrated convention of Cintra—the very name of which will always be a signal record of the ignorant and ridiculous vehemence of the public feeling; for the armistice, the negociations, the convention itself, and the execution of its provisions, were all commenced, conducted, and concluded at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connexion, political, military, or local: yet Lord Byron has gravely asserted, in prose and verse, that the convention was signed at the Marquis of Marialva's house, at Cintra; and the author of the 'Diary of an Invalid,' improving upon the poet's discovery, detected *the stains of the ink spilt by Junot on the occasion.*"

The conduct of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, successively foreign secretaries, and that of the agents, civil and military, sent by them to all parts of Spain—with authorities undefined, or incompatible, or contradictory, and independent of the commander-in-chief, and even controlling him—are sharply and deservedly censured. But we have no space, and can only direct the reader's attention to the subject—and, indeed, to every part of the volume may that attention be properly directed.

Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1828.—The proper and distinguishing qualities of a gentleman—of a very high-bred gentleman—it seems, are an exquisite taste in dress, cookery, wines, liveries, sofas, carpets, draperies, &c.; and the scenes of his adventures the drawing-room, the gaming-house, the club, the hotel—the ring, turf, and chase belonging to a rougher class—and if his ambition be of the very loftiest description, Downing-street and the House of Commons—intriguing for place, or planning revenge. For the most part, these are the pursuits of Pelham—he is a very superior person—a dandy in dress, fastidious in sentiment, and exclusive in taste;—in appearance he is absorbed in exhibition and display, but within he has other aspirings—he is in pursuit of higher and incompatible objects—his delight is to be other than he seems—to be thought an idler, but be in fact a fagger—a devotee of Mill, and Bentham, and the Edinburgh, under the cover of a skimmer of novels and verses.

But the prominent object of the volumes, and which indeed constitutes the tale, is the

adventures of Sir Reginald Glanville. This gentleman was a schoolfellow of Pelham's, remarkable for his generous qualities and prodigious abilities—reserved and melancholy, and so, of course, now-a-days, excessively interesting—and, above all, distinguished for the utter absence of selfishness, and eager and active benevolence—which qualities, as we go along, we shall find singularly illustrated. As boys, he and Pelham had been on the most intimate terms; but leaving school, Glanville goes we know not where, and Pelham to Cambridge—of which he speaks in the flippant style common to such as, intent upon the piano and the billiard-table, are too idle to pursue the studies of the place, and to such—a very numerous class—as know nothing whatever about the matter.

After quitting Cambridge, to while away the lagging hours he visits a friend in the country, where were assembled a large party, consisting of persons of more or less importance—one or two conspicuous characters—four or five of the unknown vulgar, good shots and bad matches—elderly ladies, who live in Baker-street, and like long whist—and young ones, who never take wine, and say "Sir," &c. In a day or two, some of the ladies report the appearance of an odd looking man, in a rough coat, with a great dog, who had run after them, and was called off by the rough-clad stranger. By-and-by somebody else sees a man in the churchyard—prostrate—then rising, and clasping his hands towards heaven—and accompanied by a great dog, who was only prostrate, and did not clasp *his* paws. At last, Pelham himself, walking towards this same churchyard, sees the very same man fling himself upon the ground—sob audibly; and, on his getting up—his hat had fallen off—in the broad moonlight appeared the "noble and chiselled features" of his old schoolfellow, Glanville. Glanville also recognizes Pelham, and sinks with a wild cry to the earth, —and we have quite a scene. Pelham kneels by his side, and Glanville throws himself into his arms and weeps like a child, and presently starting up, escapes without leaving a word of explanation on this unaccountable conduct.

Tired of the country and of town, Pelham goes to Paris, where he speedily gets into a quarrel; and an Englishman, whose name is Thornton, of a common cast, volunteers his services as second. This man, a day or two after, he meets again in the Bois de Boulogne, and with him—"who could he be? where had he seen that pale, but more than beautiful countenance? he must be mistaken—the hair is of a different colour." The next day, strolling into a gaming-house, he finds again his new acquaintance, Thornton; and, presently after, he observes another Englishman, in a rough great coat—the same person who had so greatly excited his attention the day before. He was intently watching a man of a swarthy complexion, who was playing with evident anxiety; and never could Pelham forget the stern and ferocious expression with which the man gazed upon the keen and agitated features of the gamester. "In the eye and lip there was neither pleasure, hatred, nor scorn, in their simple and unalloyed elements; but each seemed blent and mingled into one deadly concentration of evil passions." By-and-by, still occupied with this interesting stranger, he meets him again—still in the rough great coat—in the Jardin des Plantes. He was here joined by a young woman, meanly dressed. They exchanged a few words, and the young woman, taking his arm, turned into another path, and they were soon out of sight. A person of so very aristocratic a look, with a mistress apparently so humble, was another mystery. However, "'we all have our foibles,' as the Frenchman said," observes Pelham, "when he boiled his grandmother's head in a pipkin." In an hour or two he meets them again at a cabaret, and overhears a conversation which only throws another cloud on the mystery. It regarded one Tyrrel—apparently the young woman's protector. The aristocrat of the rough coat demanded of her if the £200. Tyrrel had received was certainly the last relic of his property; and upon her assurance, and expressing a hope that, though she was now solely devoted to himself, he would not suffer Tyrrel to die of starvation, he replied in these delectable terms:—"Night and day I pray to God, upon my bended knees, only one unvarying, unceasing prayer; and that is—when the last agonies shall be upon that man—when sick with weariness, pain, disease, hunger, he lies down to die—when the death-gurgle is in the throat, and the eye swims beneath the last dull film—when remembrance peoples the chamber with hell, and his cowardice would falter forth its dastard recantation to heaven—*then—may I be there!*"—which is met by the young lady with—"Spite of the stings of my remorse, as long as I lose not you, I will lose life, honour, hope, even soul itself!"

Pelham's curiosity is now wound up to the highest pitch, and he makes Thornton a call to pump him, but unsuccessfully. In a day or two, however, he has the good fortune to meet the young woman again, accompanied this time by the swarthy gamester; and again—he has capital ears—he overhears what enables him to identify him with the Tyrrel of the former conversation; and, finally, he again encounters Tyrrel and the eternal stranger at a gaming-table—Tyrrel playing, and the stranger glaring on him like a demon. Tyrrel loses every farthing of the £200., and they quit the house at the same moment. On the staircase the stranger stops Tyrrel, and questions him as to his losses; and, on Tyrrel acknowledging his absolute ruin, he lifts up his hand to his head—"Turn!" says he; "your cup is not yet full—look on me, and remember!"

Tyrrel gazed, shrieked, and fell; and Pelham, pressing forward, and casting an intense look upon the stranger—the dark hair was gone—he discovered again the "bright locks and lofty brow of Reginald Glanville."

Some few months elapse, and Pelham is again in England, canvassing an uncle's borough; when meeting with unexpected opposition, though returned, he is quickly ousted on petition. He intrigues with the minister, and performs some of the dirty work of office. In the mean while, he encounters Tyrrel at Cheltenham, as Sir John Tyrrel—he having luckily, by sundry deaths, fallen upon a good estate and a title. In London, too, he meets with Glanville, as Sir Reginald; and, renewing his intimacy, is introduced to a sister, with whom he falls in love; but no explanation of the old mystery takes place with the brother.

Suddenly, Glanville discovers Tyrrel's flourishing condition—he had supposed him dead, and not without pretty good grounds—and dispatches by Pelham a challenge, couched in the most offensive terms. Tyrrel refuses to fight, and quits town. But soon at Newmarket, where Pelham had gone in prosecution of some political intrigue, he meets with Tyrrel, and, the same day, a person in disguise, lying on the heath, whom he suspected to be Glanville. Returning in the evening, he is overtaken by Tyrrel, who expresses some apprehension, particularly as he has money about him, of a man who had been dogging him all day, and proposes to accompany Pelham; but a storm coming on, and Pelham's horse breaking down, he rides forward. Presently, Thornton comes up, Pelham's old Paris acquaintance—now a well known black-leg—and immediately after, in full speed, rides past the person he took for Glanville, and by a glance was confirmed in his suspicion. Suddenly he hears a distant cry, and coming up to the spot, he finds Tyrrel murdered; and appearances bear strongly and irresistibly upon Glanville. Pelham's conviction is rooted, and the subsequent intercourse between them is conducted with much reserve. At last, Glanville proffers explanation. He was not the murderer—he had planned to force Tyrrel to fight, muzzle to muzzle; but he was anticipated by Thornton and a companion.—What was the ground of this determined pursuit of vengeance? Glanville had seduced a young lady—she lived with him as his mistress, and, on a temporary absence of his, Tyrrel had introduced himself—had, basely, no doubt, committed violence, which ended in her insanity and death—the cause of Glanville's appearance in the churchyard—his retaliating seduction of Tyrrel's mistress—and horrible and satanic persecution.

A word with the writer. He is doing mischief, and doing it insidiously. He is a liberal in morals, and entrapping the sympathies of young men and young women, by whom alone he well knows he will be chiefly read, into an approval of profligacy. In Falkland, his very aim was to shew how naturally and interestingly an adultery might be got up—to pity the victim, and admire the criminal; and, in Glanville, seduction, and keeping, and revenge, are elaborately exhibited as actions which detract nothing from the moral worth of a most intellectual and superior being. Nor can the private calumnies interspersed here and there, particularly of Lady Gander—originating, as they manifestly must, in the violations of domestic privacy—do the writer any credit.

Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, *by Charles Hamilton Teeling;* 1828.—The whole strain of the narrative—extravagant, romantic, puerile as it is—*Irish* we might at once have said—is little calculated to accredit the facts which the author puts forth; but unhappily we have evidence confirmative of their general character, of too notorious and irrefragable a nature to question their authenticity. He boldly gives his name, and certainly—save the manifest want of simplicity and plain sense, conspicuous in every leaf of the book, we have no grounds for throwing a shade of suspicion over any part of it, and especially over what he avers to have fallen under his own eye. The narrative, however, is not only told in bad taste, but is indistinctly told. The personal knowledge too, appears to have been slight. He was arrested in 1796, confined for about a twelvemonth, liberated on his own responsibility, and took no active share in the subsequent rebellion. He was thus far the greater part of that tumultuous period in prison, or at large under recognizance, or ill—and moreover a mere boy—though Irish boys no doubt mature early. A slender and unsatisfactory sketch of the insurrection in Wexford, Kildare, and Down, is given, and of the leaders—particularly of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—where Pamela, the "lovely" Pamela, is not forgotten—"formed to charm every heart and command every arm that had not already been enlisted in the cause of Ireland"—intermixed with some details of the atrocious cruelties and scandalous licence, which prevailed among the soldiers and the police, before, and during, and subsequent to the rebellion—with all which the public has been over and over again surfeited, and will scarcely be inclined to lend a very serious ear to the vague, and unparticular statements before us. The part strictly personal, which is really very small, is of more interest, involving, as it does, the conduct of Castlereagh and Carhampton—with the conduct of official persons the public has an intimate concern.

It was not till the autumn of 1796, after the dismissal of Lord Fitzwilliam, that the Irish government, at the head of which was then placed Lord Camden, commenced ac-

tive operations against the united Irishmen—of which government the late Lord Londonderry, then the Hon. Robert Stewart, was the most conspicuous agent. That nobleman himself had been a member of the Irish volunteers, and his name stands recorded among the distinguished persons who formed the great political association in Ulster—the Whig Club of Belfast—and no one knew better than himself who were the most stirring men of the time. Charles Hamilton Teeling, the author, was the first victim of Lord Castlereagh's political delinquency. On the 16th of September—then not eighteen years of age—he was arrested on a charge of high treason, and arrested by him in person. Lord Castlereagh was the friend of Teeling's father, and well acquainted with the youth himself. The father and son were on horseback, and were met in the streets of Lisburne by Lord Castlereagh, who accosted them with his usual courtesy, and politeness, and rode with them till they reached the house of the Marquess of Hertford, Castlereagh's relation, when Teeling and his father being about to proceed in another direction, Lord Castlereagh suddenly said—"I regret your son cannot accompany you," conducting him at the same moment through the outer gates, which were instantly closed, and Teeling found himself surrounded by a guard of soldiers. With some difficulty the father was admitted to take leave of him. Teeling's person being thus secured in Lord Hertford's house, Lord Castlereagh proceeded to the father's to search for papers, and placing a guard at each door, he himself held a pistol to the breast of Teeling's brother, a lad of fourteen, and compelled him to accompany him in his search—opening successively every locker, from which he carried away such papers as he chose to select, and moreover a pair of pistols. In the evening, fatigued with the exertions of the day, he returned to Lord Hertford's, and ordered dinner for himself and his prisoner—at which my Lord talked of his labours, and of the persons he had arrested, Nelson, Russel, &c.—to the great entertainment, of course, of his guest. In the dead of the night a string of ten carriages, containing the prisoners, with a guard, set out for Dublin. At Newry they stopped to bait the horses, but no refreshment was allowed the prisoners—save what the "young and lovely daughters of the maitre d'hôtel"—the innkeeper we suppose—hastened to present them. The soldiers dared not resist "innocence and beauty;" and innocence and beauty accordingly crept under the very horses bellies to convey their cates and dainties to the prisoners. "Heroic countrywomen," exclaims the author, in his rhodomontade style—"if courage had been wanting to animate our cause, your example would have taught us firmness."

On arriving at Dublin, they were quickly taken before Judge Boyd, and committed by him to Kilmainham gaol, and the use of pen, ink, and paper prohibited. Eventually these requisites were introduced under the paste of a Christmas pye, by the ingenuity of one of the author's fair countrywomen—"a ministering angel thou," of course bursts from him. They were at first confined in separate cells, but were soon enabled by the negligence or connivance of the keepers to remove the locks, and communicate; and the author himself, from the good will of the soldiers on guard, and others, had more than one opportunity of escaping, which he disdained to use. Occasionally Lord Carhampton (Luttrell) amused himself with making nocturnal visits to the prison, and once—but the author shall tell his own story.

In one of those excursions in which none but the gloomy and tyrannic soul can take delight, our several departments were entered in succession by the commander-in-chief, accompanied by two officers of his staff, a brutal turnkey, and four soldiers with fixed bayonets. Aroused at the dead hour of the night by this unlooked for and unwelcome intrusion—the fell visage of the turnkey, with a dark lantern in his hand—the presence of soldiers under arms, and the horrid grimace of a countenance the most repelling I ever beheld—all conspired to fill my soul with terror—and the act of assassination presented itself to my mind as already commenced. I sprang from my pallet, and under the influence of horror bordering on despair, determined not to surrender my life without a struggle, and unconscious of whom I assailed, my hand had already grasped at the throat of the noble commander-in-chief. What a specimen of the puerile employment of the man, to whose courage and guidance was committed the protection of the state, and that state hourly threatened with invasion from abroad, and tottering from dissensions at home! Whether a feeling of compassion, or a sense of shame operated on the mind of this distinguished commander, was not the subject of my inquiry—my person was uninjured, and my terrors allayed. "Pray, Sir, how long have you been confined?" "Since September 96." "A long imprisonment." "A painful one," was my reply. "You are Mr. ——?" "And you, I presume, my Lord Carhampton?" "Ha! you know me then—good night, Sir." "Good night, my Lord," and I resumed my pallet.

The apartment in the corridor adjoining to mine was occupied by my friend Nelson, and to this his lordship directed his next visit. The unbarring of the heavy doors, and the hollow sound produced by the tread of feet, had alarmed many of the prisoners, and Nelson was up and dressed when the guardian of Ireland's safety entered his apartment. "You are late up," said his lordship, in a hasty and irritated tone of voice. "Rather early, I think, my lord," said Nelson, "for it is not sunrise." "Pray, Sir, do you know me?" "Oh perfectly," replied Nelson. "Allow me, Sir, to ask you where or when you have known me, for I cannot recollect that I have ever had the honour of your acquaintance?" "I had the honour to be reviewed by your lordship in the first battalion of Irish volunteers, when the light cavalry on the plains of Brougshane—" "Stop, Sir, stop,—those days are gone by—these are not fit subjects for prison reflections—go to bed, Sir, and dream

of something else than Irish volunteers." The commander looked stern—Nelson frowned—the soldiers exchanged significant glances—and his lordship proceeded to the next apartment.

In this were lodged two characters of inestimable worth, the Rev. Sinclair Kilburn, and the celebrated physician Dr. Crawford—good and benevolent men, but of a warmth of disposition which a vexatious imprisonment had rather increased than diminished. They were unacquainted with the person of the gallant commander-in-chief, but perfectly familiar with the notoriety of his exploits. "What! gentlemen, up so early?" "*Up*, replied his reverence, *up* captain, is the order of the day." (*Up* was a popular expression well understood, and synonymous with the word *united*). Then, Sir, I recommend you to be down," said his lordship, with a stern countenance, and pointing to a chair. "I cannot think of sitting down, Sir, while you are standing; allow me, captain, to hand you a chair." "No!" exclaimed his lordship, with the utmost scorn, and apparent contempt; "No, Sir, I shall never sit in company with traitors." "Honi soit qui mal y pense," whispered the worthy divine; but roused by the word traitor, and unable to restrain the honest indignation of his soul, "Traitor," he exclaimed, and bending his dark brow on the pallid countenance of the commander-in-chief, he pronounced in a solemn and emphatic tone, "No, on the sincerity of an Irishman, and the faith of a Christian, there is not a Luttrell within our walls."—In hastening to retire, his lordship's attention was arrested by a small volume, which he perceived in the worthy doctor's hand—"What has been the subject of your study, Sir?" "Locke on Government," was the reply. "A bad book for a prison," rejoined his lordship. "Then carry it to headquarters, Sir," said the doctor, presenting the book with a sarcastic smile.

For about a twelvemonth, or something more, Teeling bore the confinement without injury to his health; but at the end of that period, it gave way, and interest was made for his removal to a friend's house on proper security. The first moment he was able to relieve his bail, he again placed himself at the disposal of the government, and was allowed in consideration, apparently, of his evident ill-health and extreme youth, to be at large on his own responsibility—forbidden only to visit the north, the seat of his relations, and most intimate connections. Of any thing like personal narrative strictly, we find little more. In the heat of the insurrections, it was necessary for him, he says, to have an interview with his brother, and in attempting it, he came within the lines of the rebels, and on explaining, was allowed to proceed. In returning he narrowly escaped the royal troops, but crossing the Boyne, reached a cabin occupied by "Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, who kept a house of entertainment, sold good liquor, and had good call." His noble host, not too lofty for his occupation, took the bridle of his horse, but Teeling, filled with veneration for the glories of his country, and the renown of her defenders, and respect for their descendants, exclaimed, "Pardon me—the descendant of Sarsfield shall never be my groom," &c. Mine 'host of the garter' refused his money even—with this magnificent sentiment—"Sarsfield's cabin is too humble to entertain an Irish gentleman, but a true Irish heart would not refuse the only cheer it could offer—take this back, if Sarsfield's friendship is worth your keeping."

Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, by J. D'Israeli. 2 vols; 1828.—Notwithstanding his propensity to prattle and overrate minute matters—notwithstanding the very bad taste of his composition—notwithstanding the comfortable complacency, the undoubted assurance of unequalled sagacity visible and invisible in all he says—notwithstanding the decided bias he shews in the teeth of professions of imperturbable impartiality, D'Israeli has produced a not unamusing, nor uninstructive book for idle or leisurely people. His object has been to write neither history nor memoirs, but both—to couple secret history with public, as the surest means of fully estimating the characters of agents, and fairly judging of the effect and bearing of events. The two volumes before us embrace about four years of Charles's life, and those of course very far from being the busiest part of it; and his intention is to pursue it to a conclusion, on the same scale we suppose, which with the writer's insatiable passion for inquiry, and paraphrastic style of discussion and digression, will extend to at least twenty tomes—may the good man live to complete, and we to review them. But the simplicity with which he deals out his truisms is really admirable—in the extreme *naïveté* of his feelings he evidently thinks himself in possession of a new and most invaluable test, detected by himself, and known to himself alone, and likely to remain so—a clue to thread the labyrinths of "state secrecy, state policy, and state craft"—"in the humours of influential persons, in the projects of the moment, in divided interests, the strength and weakness of parties." An open avowal is never, it seems, to be looked for among statesmen, and consequently the ostensible motives are never the real ones, and the very signs and symptoms of the passions must be construed as tokens of any thing but what they have been wont to indicate. Though whigs, as he says, have called him tory, and tories called him whig, his leaning is manifestly on the side of power; but altogether the book presents the strangest medley of liberal and illiberal sentiments that ever were mixed together in any man's brains. When he speaks radicalism, it is like the prophet, blessing where he would willingly curse. We question strongly if he felt the full force of what is well said by himself, in speaking of the boasted perfection of the judicature of our forefathers—"For ancient laws to retain their perfection, every thing must remain in the same

state as when those laws were planned; but as all things have altered, do alter, and will alter, an amazing absurdity is the consequence of resting laws on precedents; since by adopting this popular error, we shall find that we have laws for things that no longer exist, and none for things that do exist."

Yet with all Mr. D'Israeli's laborious researches, even among manuscripts, which scarcely any other eye has scanned, it is really surprising how little fresh information, important or unimportant, he has routed out. "Hume," says he, "composed his immortal pages before our great historical collections were given to the world; and ere the public repository of our national history was yet opened. Our epicurean philosopher, when librarian of the advocates' library, loved to indulge his inquiries reclining on his sofa, rather than busying himself among the shelves. Without a tithe of his penetrating genius, we can multiply his scanty information; but with more knowledge we shall often be compelled to come to the conclusions of the philosophical historian." This is as true now as before Mr. D'Israeli began. Hume has of late suffered considerable depreciation. "We writers," adds D'Israeli, "are but sheep, and one bell-wether will serve to lead the flock." Though a thousand petty mistakes have been detected—and it be desirable to see them corrected—the correction will scarcely modify his great results. Hume has often, perhaps, guessed at the truth; but his guesses have been the happiest man ever made.

The almost irresistible tendency of an historical critic is to contradict, and this same spirit of contradiction Mr. D'Israeli is quite unable to repress. Buckingham nobody praises—even Hume can say little in palliation of his follies; but the reader will not be surprised to learn D'Israeli becomes his champion. He finds him to have had much of an English spirit, and numerous good points about him—but to make good his case, he is obliged to darken the shades of Williams's character — Buckingham's protégé, rival, and supplanter—and undoubtedly he has given a new aspect to the matter. The "secret history of the Spanish and French match" adds scarcely any thing to our previous information—nothing, indeed, but some perhaps suspicious matter from the manuscript of one Wadsworth, who was employed to teach the Infanta the English language. He has left a voluminous catalogue of both Buckingham's minutest improprieties, and his more flagrant outrages. "This person," observes D'Israeli, "was an English jesuit, and on his return renounced his Catholicism; and, dubbing himself captain, the renegado proselyte appears to have been himself a loose liver. The charges were doubtless exaggerated, for (a very unsatisfactory *for*) the minutest is not lost in the enumeration. Buckingham called the prince ridiculous names, in mere playfulness, and admitted the lowest women into the king's palace. He fell ill at Madrid, from political vexation, or some other cause, and the court of Spain declared they "would rather put the Infanta into a well than into his hands." Perhaps the secret history of the loan of ships to the French at the siege of Rochelle, is the most successful instance of the author's researches.

We have hinted at D'Israeli's political leaning, and perhaps we could furnish no better proof than the manner in which he has raked together the ancient scandal against those whom he sneeringly terms the first patriots; and so decided is it, that he cannot conceal from himself the necessity of finding some cover to screen the malignity—and what does the reader suppose it to be? Why—Moses was passionate, Abraham lied, Aaron was idolatrous, Sampson was a woman's slave, Thomas was incredulous, Paul was a persecutor, and Peter the denier of his master. What then could be expected from these patriots?

He begins with Elliott, whose fiery patriotism is assigned solely to personal rancour against the favourite Buckingham. In early life he had been Buckingham's intimate companion and fellow-traveller; and, on Buckingham's rise, was among the foremost of his flatterers. In the distribution of the loaves and fishes he was not forgotten —Buckingham was lord high admiral of England, and made his friend vice-admiral of Devonshire. By-and-bye Elliott had a quarrel with his neighbours the Moyles—a reconciliation was attempted by common friends, and in the hour of conviviality, with wine before them, he treacherously stabbed the father in the back. On this barbarous act Elliott fled to London, to solicit his pardon from Buckingham, which was however refused, and a heavy penalty inflicted to expiate the offence. Moyle unexpectedly recovered, and Elliott applied to the duke for a remission of the fine; but the impoverished state of the exchequer made return impracticable, and all he could get was a knighthood. Exasperation at this refusal—coupled with his pressing embarrassments for money—was the source of Elliott's opposition to Charles's government. The reader will see at a glance how much of this is conjectural, and how little it is worth.

Dr. Turner, it seems, "had long haunted the court, but had been contemptuously treated by the king for his *deficient veracity*." This was the foundation of *his* patriotism. We confess (adds the author), that we little value the patriot made out of a discarded place-hunter; a man who hates the court, because the court does not love him.

Upon Hampden he has a difficulty in fixing any invidious motive, and only discovers that "he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society," and brooded upon politics, and so resolved to overturn the go-

vernment. When in parliament, his policy was, it seems, always to speak last in a debate, and so by perplexing the weaker, and tiring out the acuter judgments, he rarely failed of attaining his ends. But then, was there not a *terrible* ambition concealed under the public virtues of the patriotic Hampden? What was his motive for wishing to be governor to the prince?—To make him a root and branch reformer.

Pym was originally a clerk in the Exchequer, and was aiming at the chancellorship of that court, and laboured under the suspicion of taking a heavy bribe from the French minister, and had well deserved the soubriquet of King Pym. The fact of the bribe is stated from recollection—the author cannot recal his authority—but nothing, of course, was to be omitted.

Lord Say and Sele's patriotism was melted by the mastership of the wards—a possession of which Cottington, like the beaver, stript himself to save his own neck, and successfully. No patriot breathed a word against Cottington, after one of their own body got possession of the spoil.

Haslerigg was the fierce exterminator of the bishops, because he was gorging on the fatness of three manors, and the fruitfulness of deaneries and chapel lands—and wanted more, &c. &c.

A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, by a Musical Professor; 1828.—Though no professors, and quite incapable of comprehending the prodigious learning of these pages—with which we have no doubt they will be deemed, even by the fondest amateurs, to be sadly overdone—we have glanced over the contents of this little volume with singular and very unexpected pleasure. The author has an eye and an understanding, as well as an ear, for any thing that is sweet and pleasurable in painting and society, as well as in music, and fancy and feeling as well as musical science. The impressions he conveys of the sense of enjoyment existing among the Germans—their simple habits, and musical propensities—are extremely agreeable; attributed mainly by the author to early rising, and living in the open air, and above all, to cheap living and light taxation. The general gaiety and animal spirits contrast very curiously with our ignorant but inveterate notions of the phlegmatic among them; but this light-heartedness applies chiefly, we presume, to the south: nearer to the fogs of the Baltic will be found some justification of the common conceptions.

The main object of the tour is German music, which required, the author thinks, to be heard and appraised by English ears, to correct the perhaps erroneous notions which the magazines and journals of the country, written of course by natives, spread ignorantly among us. The admiration of German taste in the sciences has produced in some, he says, a ludicrous exaggeration of respect towards people who have no claim to it—just as if we thought none but a German could be a musician, as we do certainly that none but Germans can be sugar-bakers and tailors. Music is, indeed, much more extensively cultivated in Germany than in England; and though no band may be found equal to that of the Philharmonic, fifty may be found but just inferior. In their singers and wind-instrument players (always excepting certain individuals), they are, in the author's opinion, decidedly our superiors; but, in their violin-school, they appear inferior both to England and France.—Then, again, music is the passion of the people, and it is every where cultivated by them more for love than money. In their theatres, too, nothing can exceed the patience of the audience, or their complacency and docility. The desire to be instructed predominates; and an exercise of their critical powers is the last thing they think of—Germany is the very paradise of composers.

The reader shall judge of the style in which the author speaks of the more celebrated composers:—

> Weber was formerly director of the opera in Prague, but quitted the place on his marriage, to reside at Dresden. At the time of his employment at Prague, he had composed no work of importance, merely cantatas and songs, with full accompaniments; and the good fortune of this musician is worthy of observation, as a circumstance, I believe, altogether unprecedented in the history of the art. That a man should live on to within a few years of forty in obscurity, not distinguished in Germany from a host of the same stamp,—that he should be as little endowed by nature as any composer that ever lived, with a store of melody such as the populace might troll about to gladden themselves; yet by one work just suited to the cast of his genius, to leap at once into the most extraordinary favour throughout Europe, not only gaining credit for that he had done, but a certain passport for what he might do,—to be invited to foreign countries—wreathed with laurels in concert-rooms—deafened with applause—and made a show of every where, is a wonderful concatenation of events in the life of a middle-aged gentleman.

Beethoven was just dead when the writer reached Vienna. The Germans have for this composer a very pretty appellation: they call him *Tondichter* (the poet of sounds), instead of the ordinary name, *Tonkünstler* (the scientific musician):—

> How melancholy was the fate of this composer—condemned young and ardent, at the age of twenty-eight, by an incurable deafness, to have his mind imprisoned for ever within itself—the world of sounds for ever shut to him—no rural flute, as he himself pathetically lamented, to disturb in a country walk the sad monotony of his quiet. Though the poet is privileged to enjoy, if he please, the morning sun, or the fresh song of the birds without quitting his apartment, yet confine him to his chamber thoughts, and he shall be as miserable as a lover compelled to live *for ever* on the idea of his mistress. This was the situation of Beethoven; yet it must have been some alle-

viation to his melancholy, that, though unable to share in the pleasure of a new composition, he could at least read in the smiles on the faces of his friends, a proof of the beauty of his ideas, and in that version must have enjoyed them.

In his younger days Beethoven consented to the jurisdiction of musical laws, and obeyed them; his earlier piano-forte works, and his first and second instrumental sinfonias, are pure with respect to progressions, classical in their episodes and general construction, but in advanced life, he set the pedants too heartily at defiance—as he grew older he became more tenacious of the merit of those productions in which he had, as it were, trodden on the confines of forbidden ground—hovering between genius and extravagance. When his friends praised the regularity of his early writings, he preferred the wildness of his later ones; and there never yet was, I believe, a writer who did not reserve the weight of his own liking for the sickliest and ugliest bantlings of his imagination—*for what all the world agrees to call beautiful is in no want of patronage.*

One little passage is worth quoting for the information it conveys of German musicians, and the lesson it might read :—

No artists can be less mercenary in the exercise of their profession, nor more ready to play for the pleasure of their friends, than the great musicians of Germany; but they have no skill in flattering the great, and no appetite for worthless praise. Most of them enjoy that enviable competency, which enables them to pursue fame at their leisure; the little duties of their employment, such as directing an orchestra, or composing a few pieces for the entertainment of the noblemen of whose establishment they are a part, are so easily discharged, as to leave them plenty of time for idleness if it was their taste to indulge in it. But this is not the case—they have that last infirmity of noble minds—an appetite for fame, and labour as hard for the mere pleasure of inventing and combining, as others do for the vulgar acquisition of wealth. The ennobling power of the divine art of music is best felt when among a number of professors each strains to penetrate the deepest into its mysteries, without envy and without sordid interest; and I believe it is the advantageous equality upon which they all start in pursuit of their favourite science, which makes them liberal and ingenious in the appreciation of contemporary talent. Until men of genius in other countries are placed out of the reach of vulgar wants, or the fear of poverty, there can be no competition in any part of Europe with the musicians of Germany.

We cannot forbear whispering that there is one other source, and one in their own hands—ECONOMY—less ambition to shine like gentlemen, in the splendour of furniture and equipage, and the profusion and costliness of dinners and wines. Were men content with the plain accommodations of life, there need be few complaints of this kind. Five out of six, in these parading times, get into difficulties by display.

Two Years in Ava; 1826.—The title misleads—for the book contains nothing but a narrative of the late war conducted by General Campbell, which has been already communicated, in a manner sufficiently ample, by Major Snodgrass, the military secretary to the expedition. Major Snodgrass left the army as soon as the treaty of Melloon was concluded, on the 4th January, 1826, to obtain the signature of the governor general. That treaty, in the mean while, was rejected by the emperor; and the chief value of the present volume is, that it presents the detail of occurrences on the march from Melloon to Yandaboo, where, in March, the final treaty was made; and the subsequent route of a detachment of the army from the Irrawaddy across the country to Aeng in Arracan. In general, the accounts vary little, and scarcely furnish any ground for preferring one to the other. The most remarkable variation consists in the statement of numbers. Major Snodgrass talks, we remember, of sixty and seventy thousands opposed to the handful of British forces; but we do not find the present authority ever venturing on more than *five-and-twenty* thousand. This is a little unaccountable, where both parties must have had pretty much the same opportunities of information—the one military secretary, and the other in the quarter-master-general's department—though he does not give his name. The maps and plans are marked as drawn by Captain T. A. Trant, of the 95th; and he, we conclude, is the man.

In noticing Major Snodgrass's work, we sketched the course of the campaigns; and, with respect to the volume before us, we shall confine ourselves to a few circumstances, which we marked as we went along.

Of the Andamas—the island where the expedition rendezvoused before starting for Rangoon, and which was some years ago colonized as a receptacle for convicts from the presidencies, but since abandoned from the malignity of the climate—the author remarks :—

The inhabitants are represented (it does not appear he saw any) as a most savage and miserable race, almost destitute of the necessaries of life. They are diminutive in stature, and possessing most hideous features, differing materially from all the nations in the vicinity, with the exception of the inhabitants of the Nicobar islands. Their habitations are formed with a few boughs of trees, and their food consists of the produce of the ocean, or indeed almost any thing they can lay their hands upon. Instances have been related of their voracity, which are quite disgusting; but still there is no fact known, which convicts them of the dreadful habit of devouring human flesh, with which they have been taxed. Nature, in one instance, has provided for their wants, by the immense quantity of oysters, and other shell-fish, to be found on the rocks of Port Cornwallis; but when this food fails, and bad weather prevents any other kind of fishing, the poor wretches have literally nothing to exist upon.

Are there no roots, or fruits, or animals?

In describing the splendid Shoe Dagon-Prah—thus awkwardly syllabled by the author—the great pagoda of Rangoon—the

natives, he says, represent it as the combined labour of spirits and men, many thousand years ago; but the sphinxes, crocodiles, griffins, and other customary symbols, seem to indicate a remote connexion with Egypt. No other testimony, however, exists to confirm any such conjecture.

One of the Burman commanders, on taking leave of the "Golden Foot," received from his paw—his hands, we mean—a small fan, which his majesty assured him would turn off all the English balls, if he only waved it to and fro. The notion of invulnerability was very prevalent among them:—

One of their magic charms consists in preparing small pieces of gold, of the size and shape of a silver penny, on which certain mystical characters are engraved, and inserting them into small incisions made in the upper part of the arm; and when the skin has closed upon them, the charm is effected. Others again have mystical emblems tattooed with red on their arms and breast. But the supposed efficacy—adds the author very carefully—of any of these precautions, must have been soon called into question by the Burmahs themselves, as we used to find many of their soldiers, marked in the manner which I have here described, lying amongst the dead after our engagements.

One man, in particular, made himself very conspicuous by his apparent contempt of danger, which he manifested by jumping and dancing on the trench, as if in defiance, and addressing us from thence in the coarsest strain of abuse (could the author construe it?). For some time he was fortunate enough to escape, and I repeatedly saw from forty to fifty shots (what shots the shooters must be!) fired at him without effect; but one day, his protecting charm loosing its virtues, or his good luck failing him, he was struck by a musket-ball, and giving one convulsive bound, fell back, and appeared no more.

At Dalla, the Burmahs had been directed to fire at the officers, and a tall officer of the 89th, who was leading on his men, particularly attracted their notice. *Twenty* of the best shots immediately selected him as a mark, and fired, but missed—when seeing that several men around him had fallen, though he was unhurt, they concluded he bore a charmed life, and immediately fled.

After General Cotton's failure, Bundoolah, the Burmese crack-champion, dispatched two or three Burmahs with a message pretty obviously insidious, but which was exposed in the following manner:—

One of the party struck the fancy of a jolly tar, who was present, and either from good nature or mere frolic, went up to him and said—"Jack, will you drink a glass of grog?" when, to the astonishment of all the spectators, the Burmah answered in capital English—"No; I thank you, Sir." This immediately led to his apprehension, when he confessed he had been educated by one of the king's linguists, (?) and had acquired considerable knowledge of the English language—the Bundoolah therefore desired him, on this occasion, to accompany the other Burmahs to the English fleet, and while seemingly inattentive, gather all the intelligence he could from the conversation of the bystanders. His life was spared (!) and he subsequently was taken into the service of Sir A. Campbell, as interpreter, whence he deserted at Melloon.

Blind musician and prophet:—

I chanced one day to meet with a young Burmah who had been stone blind from his birth, but who, gifted with great talent for music, used to console himself for his misfortune by playing on a species of guitar, and accompanying his voice. When I expressed a wish to hear him perform, he immediately struck out a most brilliant prelude, and then commenced a song, in a bold tone, the subject of which was a prophecy that had been current at Rangoon before we arrived. It predicted the appearance of numerous strangers at that place, and that two masted ships would sail up the Irrawaddy, when all trouble and sorrow would cease.

The Burmahs plume themselves on their knowledge of medicine, but make no great pretensions, it seems, to surgery:—

Talking of the bravery of the white people, they said it was of no use cutting off an arm, when a British soldier seized the summit of a stockade to assist himself in getting over, for that he immediately made use of the other; and that after the action, the English doctors went about the field looking for the severed legs and arms, which they fastened on again.

And once when a Burmah was brought in wounded, and the surgeon cut off his leg; the poor fellow, after amputation, supposing it to be a new kind of torture, calmly held up the other to the surgeon to be served the same way.

The unsuccessful commander in one of the engagements—a wretch who appears to have inflicted all sorts of cruelties on those who were subjected to his command—was ordered himself for execution; and, when forced along, amid the hootings and indignities which the enraged populace were pouring upon him, and on the point of losing sight of the imperial palace, suddenly turned round, and inclining his head, "Let me make one parting obeisance to the residence of my sovereign!" This the author characterizes as *the burst of a fine sentiment of loyalty*—it furnishes a pendant for the libelist in Elizabeth's reign, who, when one hand was cut off, raised his hat with the other, and shouted "God save the queen!"

In the author's march to Aeng, he passed through the territories of the Kiæans—how the word is to be uttered, we know not—a people apparently independent of all civil government—herding in thirties and forties in the recesses of mountains. The only trace of authority was in the priest. The tenets of these Kiæanese, it seems are very simple, and of the supreme deity they have no conception: for, "to my inquiries on the subject," says the author, "my informer answered that they were the offspring of the mountains and of nature; and nature alone (he adds) appears to have any claims on their feelings." These Kiæanese, more-

over, have no idea how the world was formed, and hold drugs in abhorrence. Truly, very ignorant animals! The writer's superiority, in these matters, nobody will think of contesting. He took a likeness of a male and female Kiæaan. "The blue-faced lady, on my examining the manner in which her face was tattooed, hung down her head—would, no doubt, have blushed, had her swarthy visage permitted it—and said, very coyly, that she was "so much ashamed."

Sonnets by David Lester Richardson; 1828.—These are some of them very beautiful effusions—proceeding from feelings, which shrink from the tumults of life, and sigh for the solitudes of nature, and sympathise solely with quietness and peace—whose fondest enjoyments consist in contemplating the glories of the setting sun, and communing with the shades of evening—tolerating no sounds beyond the tones of the nightingale, the bubbling of the brook, the warblings of a village maid, or rather their distant echo—and soliciting the softer scenes, which speak, or remind, of the innocence of childhood, the whispers of early love, and the imperturbedness of unsullied conscience. The whole are set too much to the same tune, but that is a very sweet one, though perhaps too plaintive.

SUN-SET.

The summer sun had set—the blue mist sailed
Along the twilight lake—no sounds arose,
Save such as hallow nature's sweet repose,
And charm the ear of Peace. Young Zephyr hailed
The trembling Echo; o'er the lonely grove
The night's melodious bard, sweet Philomel,
Her plaintive music breathed—the soft notes fell
Like the low-whisper'd vows of timid love!
I paused in adoration, and such dreams
As haunt the pensive soul—intensely fraught
With sacred incommunicable thought,
And silent bliss profound—with fitful gleams,
Caught from the memory of departed years,
Flashed on my mind, and *woke luxurious tears.*

This would be unexceptionably beautiful were it not for Philomel and his music, which is neither soft nor plaintive, save only in the poet's imagination. Nor is it every one who would think the personification of Zephyr and Echo quite in its place.

Poems by Eliza Rennie; 1828.—The collection consists of forty or fifty small occasional pieces, almost, without exception, of the gloomy and sorrowing cast—of broken faith and broken hearts—treacheries of love, and violations of friendship—loss of beloved relatives and ruin of happier prospects—suggested apparently, by personal experience, for so decided a bent must surely have resulted from the reality of facts. So much true and appropriate expression could spring from nothing but natural feeling—so germane to the matter are her thoughts, and so delicate, felicitous and tuneful her language. We quote a few lines written after viewing a monumental group by Chantry, to the memory of Marianne, daughter of the late John Johnes, Esq., of Hafod, South Wales.

She sleeps—the grave,
With all its deep and solemn mysteries,
Hath closed its drear and awful portals on her.
Yet genius, with its mighty power, hath burst
The tomb's strong gate, and given to the eye,
In all its sweet and touching loveliness,
Ere yet decay had sullied with its breath
One grace or charm, her matchless form again.
How fair and beautiful she looks! Grief's burning brand
Not yet hath stamp'd its sign upon her brow.
Smooth, polished, pure, and delicate it gleams,
Her pale, round cheek lies pillow'd on her arm.
What though joy's rosy smile will never light
Its pallid tents again—the tears of care,
The coin with which all pay for life's stern lease,
Will never sully its unblemish'd snow.
Listless and cold is stretch'd the hand which oft
Hath swept the lute's soft strings, and hush'd the voice
Which music breathed, when that sweet lyre was mute,
Grasp'd in her hand that sacred volume lies, &c.

The Boy's own Book; 1828.—This is really a very pretty and tasteful publication—at once appropriate and intelligible—fitted admirably for holiday and birth-day presents, and a superior substitute for the worthless trash on which boys commonly throw away their hoarded shillings. A wider field, as the publishers observe, could not have been taken. The plan embraces a succession of "minor" sports—games with toys—games of agility—games of skill, as chess and draughts—feats of legerdemain—tricks with cards;—and more athletic sports; cricket, archery, gymnastics, and fencing—with angling and swimming. A considerable space, moreover, is occupied with what are called scientific recreations, framed on the principles of arithmetic, chemistry, optics, magnetism, and acoustics; with a series of paradoxes, puzzles, queries, riddles, &c. Numerous wood-cuts, of very superior execution, accompany and illustrate every page. The whole may safely be recommended as unexceptionable—except, perhaps, the fire-works. A still more splendid present is preparing for the young ladies by Christmas next, from the same quarter.

Memorable Events in Paris in 1814—*from the Journal of a Détenu;* 1828.—Mr. Britton, the very respectable topographer, stands sponsor for the writer, who withholds his name. He was one, it appears, of the détenus of 1814 (the number of whom, on the authority of the writer, amounted to between nine hundred and a thousand), but had the good fortune, from some connexion with the leading savans of the day, to procure the privilege of residing at Paris, instead of being consigned to Valenciennes. He was at Paris on the approach of the allied troops in 1814, looking with intense anxiety for their arrival and success—not from any admiration of legitimacy, but as the means of deliverance from a wearisome captivity of

eleven years. The contents of the volume are the results of his own knowledge, or the communications of persons for the most part of distinction, whose veracity he had no reason to question, and whose names he usually gives. The notes commence in January of that year, and extend through the period in which the city was occupied by the allies, and end with an account of Buonaparte's journey to Elba—constituting a valuable addition to the information we already possess of these eventful times.—We select a few anecdotes by way of specimen.

Early in January, when preparations were making for defending Paris, but when few had any apprehensions the enemy would venture to attack the capital, a paper was found stuck on the base of the column in the Place Vendome—"*Passez vîte, il va tomber.*"

And quite as early, an officer was expressing his inability to comprehend what was going on—alluding to the confusion which began to appear in the public offices—when Talleyrand observed, "*C'est le commencement du fin.*"

Of Talleyrand, so strong were Buonaparte's suspicions, that just before his departure for the army, when Savary and Regnaud St. Jean d'Angeley and Talleyrand were with him in his closet, he said, "I think, for my own security, I ought to send *you* to Vincennes—your conduct is equivocal," &c.

In receiving his last instructions from Buonaparte, who was on the point of starting for the army (24th Jan.), Count Real asked, "If, in the course of the campaign, a corps of twenty-five or thirty thousand should elude the French army, and make a dash on Paris, what am I to do?"—"The inhabitants will rise and defend the capital *armes aux bras.*"—"They are more likely to meet the enemy *armes aux pieds,*" was the count's significant reply.

While with the army, the emperor insisted on Savary writing, every night, all the information of all sorts he could possibly collect. When the impression began to be general that he must be got rid of, and the imperial government be subverted, Desmarest said to the Duke of Rovigo, "What can you say to the emperor? who will venture to tell him the truth?"—"Look there," says Rovigo, handing to him the letter he had just finished; "I can give you no hope—you are lost—and if a cannon-ball does not carry you off, I cannot answer what will be your end; such is the feeling of disgust and hatred for the government, and such the wish for your destruction by every rank and class, that there can be no safety for you, or chance of preserving the government."

During the whole of February the streets were filled with soldiers and raw conscripts, whose route lay through the city. No provision was made for subsistence or conveyance, and they were forced to *beg.* On the 7th, sat a court-martial at Meaux, to decimate these miserable wretches. The author saw the judgments, with the names of those who were shot, stuck against the walls of the metropolis. The *number* should have been mentioned.

While walking along the skirts of the Place de Grenelle, the author beheld *innumerable* marks of bullets on that part of the wall near to which the military executions took place of the unfortunate victims of the jealousy and despotism of the imperial government. In a few places a cross had been traced on the wall, and also the name of the unfortunate being who had there ceased to exist. *This* surely requires explanation.

In the advance upon Paris (28th March), Blucher established his head-quarters at Plessis Belleville, and forbade the adjacent village of Ermenonville to be occupied by any part of his army, out of respect to the spot where J. J. Rousseau died and was buried!

Of the conduct of the boys of the Polytechnic School, much was said at the time. According to the author, 270 were engaged in working the guns. M. Français was the only sufferer, and he languished seven months of his wounds. "Yielding to public opinion," says the writer, "Louis XVIII. conferred some crosses of the Legion of Honour on these young gentlemen; but, instead of giving one to the unfortunate M. Français, and to those who were engaged in the Vincennes road, he bestowed them on those who remained at the school the whole of the day."

In the splendid procession of the sovereigns into Paris, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia quitted the line, and placed himself on the side of the road to observe the troops as they passed, and entered into familiar conversation with the by-standers, commenting on the troops.—"Those are Mahommedans. That is the regiment you were told was cut to pieces. That is the hero who beat Vandamme."—Some one asking him if Vandamme was sent to Siberia—"No, he is at Moscow."—"Is Moreau really dead?"—"Does any body doubt it?" He smiled and nodded to many of the common soldiers, crying, "Brave! brave!"—which was returned by a most risible grimace. At length, his own regiment of cuirassiers coming up, he put himself at their head, and joined the procession. "He is tall, stout, well-made, with a fair complexion; his profile is scarcely human—his nose that of a baboon; he is near-sighted, contracting his eyes when looking attentively, which are covered with uncommonly large, light, bushy eyebrows; his voice is hoarse and husky; he has a rough, soldier-like manner; and is sarcastic, yet affable."

The barracks of the Quai Buonaparte were filled with Russian cavalry and infantry. Under the walls of the Quai, on the banks of the river, the author saw a considerable body of Russian soldiers bivouacking—round the blazing fires many were sleep-

ing—some washing their linen—others cooking. Several, entirely naked, were cleansing themselves—and some were holding their shirts over the flames, and turning them rapidly round to prevent their catching fire—the inflated and scorching shirt was then suddenly rolled up, to destroy its minute and many-legged inhabitants.

Among the first acts of the provisional government was a decree emancipating the schools—giving parents and guardians, that is, permission to remove those who had been placed in the public schools against their inclinations—and doing so on the ground that the late government had given too *violent* a direction to military pursuits, and thus cramped the varying energies of nature, which would otherwise have operated to the more general benefit of the nation.

The foreign troops generally—as was natural—were odious to the Parisians; but the first time the public hatred was expressed against the English was at the Théâtre Français, on the representation of Hamlet; "*L'Angleterre en forfaits trop souvent fut féconde*," was received with loud acclamations, though the same line had often been repassed without the slightest notice.

"It was not," says the author, "till the 11th of June that appeared the first official but full demonstration of Talleyrand's observation—that the Bourbons had learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing." In contempt, or rather in ignorance, of the change of manners, customs, prejudices, an ordonnance was published for the strict observance of Sundays, consisting of thirteen articles. One of them, which forbade coffee-houses being open between eight and twelve, under the penalty of 300 francs, excited the greatest dissatisfaction, as the number of persons who breakfasted in these houses from necessity as well as pleasure—particularly on Sundays—was incalculable. By another, bookstalls were forbidden, and all shops were to be closed except those of the apothecaries, which were to be half-closed. A caricature, with the title "*Un déjeûné selon l'ordonnance*," represented a person at the half-opened door of an apothecary's shop, through which he was in the act of having a clyster administered; and several others waiting their turn for the injection. *Ordonnance* is used for a physician's prescription.—On the Sunday following also appeared, for the first time since the Revolution, the procession of the Fête Dieu (Corpus Christi). In Catholic countries, all who meet it kneel when the Host passes; and this kneeling was enforced by some of the more national guards with the butt-end of their muskets, which so incensed the people, that the next Sunday it was received with shouts, and missiles, and mud.—"Thus began," concludes the author, "a series of follies on the part of the Bourbons, the ancient noblesse, and the priests, which brought on a state of feeling in the nation that produced the most extraordinary event in ancient or modern history—the journey of Napoleon from the coast of the Mediterranean to Paris, on his return from the Isle of Elba!—an event as honourable to the French nation, as his repression of the spirit of liberty, which thus placed him a second time on the throne, was disgraceful, and which met with its merited reward."

Some of this may sound like gossiping; but there is much in the book of a more important character, though not so easily compressible.

A General Biographical Dictionary, by John Gorton, 2 vols. 8vo.; 1828.—A very slight comparison will prove the superiority of this work over all similar abridgments. It consists of considerably more than 2,000 pages of very close type, comprising thus treble the matter contained in Dr. Watkins'—the one in most general circulation—and published at a price scarcely exceeding the cost of Dr. Watkins', more than one-fourth. Selected from the best authorities, and collected from all quarters, the articles have been carefully examined, and generally rewritten, to give an uniform tone. A liberal and impartial spirit runs through the whole of it. All acrimonious censure is sedulously avoided, and merit allowed without reference to any exclusive political or sectarian prejudice. Accumulation has not, by any means, been an object. On the contrary, a number of obscure, unimportant, and forgotten names have been withdrawn, to enable the very competent compiler to do more justice to men of more undeniable pretension. The names, however, thus withdrawn are thrown, or rather intended to be thrown, into an alphabetical appendix, in a smaller type; so that nothing, even the worthless, will be wholly lost.

As to the principle of selection, the compiler has omitted names essentially *historical*—those only being selected in which, as he says, the character of the individual distinguishes him from and amidst the transactions in which he was engaged. Generally, sketches of sovereigns, rulers, warriors, and statesmen, can only supply a vague summary of public events, which, in the necessary absence of all detail, must be unsatisfactory. *Scripture* names are wholly omitted, as constituting a distinct department, and usually omitted in collections of this kind. The same may be said of mythological ones.

The number of new names, brought down to the latest period, is very considerable, and very creditable to the industry of the compiler—some of them, to be sure, not of the most memorable cast. Sir Charles Bamfylde, for instance, of whom it is recorded that he was the fifth baronet of his family—sat in seven parliaments—was known in the first circles of fashion, and, moreover, on the turf—and finally assassinated at his own door, in Montague-square, by a man whose wife had lived in his service.

A book of this kind is essentially one for

reference, and should, we think, be written exclusively with this view. The capital qualification required is accuracy as to dates, connexions, actions, writings, discoveries, inventions;—any very nice or elaborate estimate of talents or character, is wide of the purpose; and for a compiler to be indulging, as Dr. Watkins does, his high church and Tory spleen, and damning every person whose creed or whose philosophy does not square with his own narrow conceptions, is perfectly intolerable. We are glad to see a work calculated so usefully to supersede his very contemptible performance, and have no doubt it will soon be in every body's hands.

Gomez Arias, or the Moors of the Alpajarras, by Don Telesporo de Truebo y Cosio, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1828.—This romance is the production of a Spaniard, and exhibits a command of the English language very rarely attained by a foreigner. The phraseology is not merely free from offences against common correctness, which study might readily secure, but from violations of idiom, from which nothing but extraordinary tact, by which we mean some unusual facility in catching the niceties of propriety, could enable the author to steer clear. The whole production has as little as possible the air of a foreign performance, but rather that of a man with a good ear, and no bad taste, not yet thoroughly drilled into the mysteries of composition, and wanting only ease and variety. Not half-a-dozen slip-slops perhaps could be detected through the volume—averred for acknowledged—ungracious for graceless—invulnerable for insensible—and vails for wages—just preclude the suspicion of their not having been well looked over by an English eye. Such success prove the possession of intellectual vigour—though of a kind perhaps not very valuable, if indeed of any, to society, nor, except exerted in particular directions, and that depending on the fashion of the times—very serviceable to the individual. The highest attainable success can scarcely place the most laborious student completely on a level with even the uncultivated native. If there were such a thing as universality of genius, the same labour spent upon some art or science might work up a man into distinction; but probably the superior person in one line, would make but a very poor figure in another, with his utmost exertions. After all, the trial can scarcely ever be made—or the fact established—for distinction in one pursuit swallows up a life.

The tale itself is one mixed up of profligacy and revenge. Gomez, the hero, is another Don Juan. Prompted by ambition—after a series of successful adventures—Gomez is engaged on legitimate terms to a lady, the heiress of the richest and noblest family in Spain, and the marriage is delayed only from the necessity of a temporary absence, while the life of a rival, wounded by him in a recent encounter, is yet in danger. In this little interval, he meets with another lady, the sole daughter of a noble house, whom he tempts from her home, and in a few days, growing weary of his prize, leaves on a mountain, sleeping from fatigue, under the protection of a servant; with instructions to take her, on waking, to a neighbouring convent, whither he himself was proceeding, to make preparations for her reception, and abandon her for ever. Scarcely, however, is he out of sight, when a party of marauding Moors come up—the servant flies, and the lady is conveyed to the Moorish chief. It was in the reign of Isabella, and the Moors were again, after the capture of Grenada, in rebellion.

The chief, delighted with the prize, would have taken immediate advantage of his good fortune, but for the opposition of a renegado companion, who recognises the lady, and immediately sees the chances of obtaining satisfaction for injuries he himself had sustained from Gomez—for Gomez was indefatigable in the pursuit of *his* profession, and spared neither mistress nor maid. Events, however, interrupt the plans of revenge instituted by the renegado—the Christians advance—the Moors are routed—and the lady falls into the hands of Don Alonzo de Aguilar—brother of the great Gonsalvo de Cordova. This Don, moreever, is the father of the very lady to whom Gomez is engaged. The triumphant party speed to Grenada, and the recaptured lady, whose name is Theodora, is, for the present, placed under the protection of Leonor, his daughter, whose marriage with Gomez is now actually to be consummated in a day or two.

Discoveries of course take place—Theodora learns that her betrayer, Gomez, is the hero who is to marry Leonor, and Gomez, to his most serious annoyance, that Theodora is in the house of the bride. On the eve of the marriage Theodora presents herself, dagger in hand, by Gomez' bed-side, but love withheld the meditated blow. Gomez awakes—she announces her resolution, if he perseveres in the marriage, to face him at the altar, and disclose his rascality. Gomez, thus hampered, has nothing for it but dissembling—he promises to break off the said marriage, and conduct herself the very next night to her father's, and make her an honest woman—and on the faith of this promise, the lady with the dagger contentedly withdraws.

Day at length dawns upon the hero's perplexity, and he demands of the father, and next of the bride, a day's delay, under some unsatisfactory pretence. While conferring with his servant on the means of extricating from his embarrassments, the renegado comes up, and overhearing the conversation, undertakes at once to relieve him. Arrangements are consequently made, and in the night, he conducts his victim to a place, pointed out by the renegado, where he finds

the aforesaid Moorish chief, and according to agreement, with all possible coolness, delivers her into his hands, and his servant also, upon his reclamation against this act of villainy. Thus rid of his embarrassment, he flies back to the bride, to solicit the immediate performance of the ceremony, but the young lady's pride is up—some private communications also had enlightened her a little on the subject of the putting off—and she, in her turn, demands a delay—a month—a year—an indefinite period.

Meanwhile the Moors rebel again. Gomez has himself the command of the Spanish forces, and quickly routing the rebels, he returns in triumph to receive the welcome of his sovereign, and, as he fondly hopes, the now not unwilling hand of his offended bride. — Unluckily, the first object which meets his gaze is Theodora, her father, and his own servant. The queen makes short work in the business of justice. She insists upon instant satisfaction. He is compelled to marry Theodora on the spot; and the next moment is committed to prison, on a charge of high treason, for conserting with Moors—for he had delivered, personally, hisTheodora into the hands of the Moor chief, and all intercourse with Moors was expressly prohibited. He is readily convicted, and sentenced to die. The queen is inflexible; but fortunately a noble courtier, now on his death-bed, holds a pledge of favour from the queen, and this pledge he puts into Theodora's hands, who immediately demands the fulfilment, and Gomez is thus rescued on the very scaffold, by his injured, but devoted wife. From the scaffold he is conducted to the queen's court, where he was eagerly expected—the queen herself was delighted at his escape, for he had done good service to the state—when on his entrance, the renegado, in the disguise of a monk, rushes upon him, and plunges a poisoned dagger into his bosom. A finish is thus put to his profligate career, and the poor lady, whose honour was thus forcibly redeemed, but whom happiness seemed to be awaiting—for the hard heart of the traitor was softened by her devotion—is left to pine and wither—and a few months hides her and her sorrows in the grave.

Solitary Walks through many Lands, by Derwent Conway, Author of "Tales of Ardennes," &c. &c. 2 vols.; 1828.—This is a mixture of the tour and the tale, sketched lightly and agreeably—consisting chiefly of personal adventures and unusual scenes—with a tact and delicacy very far from common. The author professes to have travelled over the greater part of Europe, and much of it on foot, solo—taking up with chance companions, and trusting to his good fortune, and conciliating manners, and prompt payments, for civil treatment, and usually finding it. A little affectation is scattered over the volumes—bits of sentiment not always consistent—and *bons bons* of loyalty, with flings at the Holy Alliance as little compatible—the result, of course, of occasionally aiming more at effect than sticking to truth of feeling. Here and there, too, a morsel of Shandyism—never much to our taste even in Sterne, but which, imitated a thousand times as it has been, and as often failing, has fully established its claims to originality—as something beyond the reach of acquirement.

Among the more attractive scraps is the author's voyage in a two-oared bark, from Marseilles across the Bay of Toulon to Nice, where he touches on his way, or rather out of his way, at the unoccupied islet of St. Honorat—over a calm sea—solely for the pleasure of floating on the quiet waters, and the enjoying his own sensations—exciting a sense of pure voluptuousness, with which any one must sympathize, and long to share. Of the writer's power to describe scenes of peril, the sudden flooding of the Adige is a favourable specimen—but a still better is the following—an imaginary one. It is of two newly married young people—

We talked of our journeying on the morrow, and of our return home; and while we spoke of the many happy hours we had spent on this beautiful shore, we had insensibly turned upon the ridge of rocks. "Not this evening," Agnes said, "let us go rather through the citron wood." "Let us first," said I, "take a farewell of our chosen resort." We went forward, remarking that we had never seen the Mediterranean so perfectly realize our early impressions of it—so calm—so lovely. As we proceeded, we separated; for towards the extremity, the ledge next the water is narrow. "Agnes," said I, as I walked on first, "step carefully,"—scarce had I spoken these words, when a piercing shriek, and a plunge—reason is again leaving me; merciful God, preserve it to me yet a little while—I turned, only in time to see her sink, with outstretched arms, beneath the water that calmly closed above her. I saw her, for the water was clear as chrystal; I saw her as if standing: I knew her face—my Agnes' face—and her arms were stretched towards me; but the sea-weed was tangled round her, and held her—and her form waved slowly to and fro. God of heaven—what a sight! the clearness of the water mocked me; I thought I could reach her, and I stretched my arm towards her, but I was deceived; she seemed to look reproachfully at me; and again, with extended arms, appeared to implore me, her husband, to save her. I cried, in the agony of despair, for help; but the sound was convulsed in the throat, and would not come forth. If I cannot save thee, I will perish with thee; and from that moment I but remember the plunge, and that I retained sense long enough to know, that I clasped my wife in my arms beneath the water. This is all I am able to record; I was rescued from the waves; how, I know not; but when I awoke to life, Agnes was not with me.

The second volume is filled chiefly with the Netherlands, particularly Ardennes. All accounts seem to concur as to the extreme unpopularity of the government. A vexatious system of taxation interferes with

the commonest comforts of life, as if the government had no other object than to make itself be felt; and the writer infers, the next revolution in Europe will be in that quarter. They have house duty, and window duty, and hearth duty, and many other taxes bearing heavily upon the poor. "But the most oppressive of them all," adds the writer, "is the tax which is laid on the actual consumption of articles of sustenance. Until you have actually eaten your pig, it cannot be said to be your own—not, at all events, until it is roasting. Your corn is not yours, although you have bought it and paid for it. Before one is at liberty to kill a pig, the king's permission must be obtained; and for this half-a-crown is paid. An ox, of course, pays proportionally more; and before you dare grind your corn, you must also pay a tax to his majesty." But this is treacherous ground—when we think of our own barley, tallow, skins, tea, coffee, bricks, oil-cloth, &c. &c.

The reader will meet with neither churches nor pictures—a well-known work upon Italy, at the conclusion of a long chapter, filled from beginning to end with descriptions of paintings, says—"but they must be seen in order to convey any idea of the wonders which the creative art can work." The writer is of the same opinion; but in the work from which he quotes, "the discovery," he adds, "is made too late, by the whole length of a chapter." —The author recommends a new route—which may be worth some traveller's notice. Instead of going from Paris to Milan by Mount Denis, a far more varied and agreeable route would be, to descend the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon; to travel by land from Avignon to Toulon; to make a coasting voyage from Toulon, either to Nice or Genoa, and from thence to Milan.

Modern Domestic Medicine, by T.J. Graham, M. D.; 1828.—Most people, when they fall ill, fly to the physician, and lose all confidence in their own judgments, however propped by previous study. The very physician will seldom prescribe for himself. Nevertheless, most people like to pore over "domestic medicine;" and few publications have a more general and steady sale than books of this character. Buchan's reign was once universal, till Thompson, with no very legitimate claims, hurled him from his throne; and Thompson, in his turn, is beginning to be pushed from his stool by Dr. Graham, whose book—which now lays before us, and of which we will read as much as we can—has at least the merit of plain sense and distinct statements. Within a few months, it has actually reached a third edition. The writer's main view, he tells us, was to produce a work which might be serviceable to unprofessional people—to the clergy—they not having enough in the *curative* way upon their hands—to heads of families and travellers; and he has accordingly confined himself, with sound discretion, to clear and correct description of the nature, symptoms, causes, distinctions, and most approved treatment of diseases. And as to remedies—none are recommended by him, or detailed, but the best and most manageable for the relief of pain and irritation. The relief of irritation is (he observes) the great object of medicine—the means which are most serviceable in allaying irritation, are the most speedy and effectual in the relief and cure of diseases: the rest may be left, we suppose, safely enough to the *vis medicatrix* of life.

Though dwelling as he does upon what he terms manageable remedies, he has avoided—and he marks it in his preface—any "dissertation on the passions;" a remark which implies a lurking belief that the passions are the sources of disease, or at least have a mighty influence on the career and intensity, and the control of which, we suspect, would prevent many, and check more. To detect the effects of passion—the physical effects, we mean—is the physician's especial province; and we have no doubt the printings of the physician will, nine times out of ten, be more effectual than the denouncings of the preacher: and we have, moreover—which is, by the way, an opinion of our own, and we give utterance to it in the teeth of education-mongers—as little doubt it is of far greater importance to the welfare and happiness of their children, for parents to discipline their passions—meaning here their *temper*, which is the great and early indicator of the passions—than their brains.

Religious Discourses, by a Layman; 1828.—This is too ridiculous. Sir Walter's great name—deservedly great as it is—will not carry with it an excuse for *every* folly. There is no reason upon earth why Sir Walter Scott—if he put his soul into the effort—or any other layman of common sense and literary habits, should not write a tolerable sermon—but these are utterly worthless—nor will either the alleged motives, or the real ones, at all justify the publication. The true history is this—and for the author's credit at least, it should be known. While writing the Waverley novels incognito, Sir Walter had his MSS. copied by a gentleman who was studying for the church; and when the time arrived for his delivering two sermons before the presbytery—one of the usual tests of competent ability in the Scotch church—he expressed in Sir Walter's hearing his apprehensions of failure; upon which Sir Walter offered to write them for him, and actually wrote them, as we learn, the next morning. The sermons were read, and the candidate passed; but failing in getting any church employment, he obtained, through Sir Walter's interest, a place under government in London. Mr. G., however, still wishing to turn these sermons to account, prevailed

on Sir Walter to permit him to do so, and he accordingly sold them to Mr. Colburn for £250.

The subject of the first is a comparison of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, containing nothing but the commonest arguments of the very commonest pulpit discourses—unillumined by one single ray of his undoubted genius—to stamp it as his own. "I came not to destroy, but to fulfil." The words are plainly—if we refer to facts—used in a specific and limited sense. Literally, and in the general application of them, the law was destroyed, for the Christian renounced the use and authority of it as an institute; and the Jew, expelled from his native seat, could no longer execute its provisions. The specific sense, to which we allude, Sir Walter labours hard, and has more difficulty than half the curates—the lowest caste, of course, of theologians—in the country would have had to establish; and concludes with singular infelicity thus:—"In no sense, therefore, was the ancient Mosaic law destroyed;"—followed up with a very brilliant, but scarcely intelligible, and perfectly inapplicable and unillustrating figure. The other sermon is on the blessedness of the righteous, and is as miserable a piece of twaddle as ever was compiled by a fagged or a lazy Saturday night performer, to be inflicted on some unfortunate audience the following morning.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—March 3.—M. Ampere made a verbal report on a work of M. Opoix, regarding the soul when waking and sleeping. M. Arago presented, in the name of M. Fiedler, many vitreous tubes which the donor had collected in sundry parts of Germany. A conversation arising with regard to them, M. Mongez said, that in the cabinet of natural history belonging to the library of St. Genevieve, of which he was the conservator, there was a packet of nails which had been half melted by lightning on board a vessel: the nails were four or five inches long, melted together by the demifusion, and pierced like the vitreous tubes. MM. Dumeril and Latreille reported on a memoir of M. Milne Edwards, relative to certain crustacea inhabiting the western shore of France: the three new species described were the rhea, cuma, and pontia—the fourth was already known but imperfectly, and belonged to the genus nebalia—the paper was thought worthy of being inserted in the "Mémoires des Savans Etrangers." MM. Prony, Poisson, and Savart, made a report, at the requisition of the minister of the interior, on an improved steelyard, made by M. Paret, a mechanist of Montpellier; they considered the instrument might be employed with advantage. M. Coquebert-Montbret made a verbal report on an English work presented by M. Cæsar Moreau, entitled a chronological examination of the finances of Great Britain. —10. MM. Dumeril and Magendie reported on a memoir of M. Malebouche, relative to the method pursued by a Mrs. Leigh for the cure of stammering. The process consists in a series of exercises for the organs of speech, but is as yet a secret. The reporters stated that they had submitted some persons to the care of M. Malebouche, who had been entirely or partially cured—the latter depending upon the patient's own want of attention to the rules prescribed. It was referred to a committee to see whether the persons possessed of the secret could be allowed to receive the prize founded by M. Monthyon, in order to obtain its publication. M. Ampere made a verbal report on M. Opoix's pamphlet relative to the sensations of sound and of light. A letter was read from M. Gendrin, containing numerous observations which he had made on the employment of iodine in cases of gout.—17. A letter was communicated by M. Brongniard from M. J. Acorta, engineer, in Colombia, stating that it was not the city of Bogota, but that of Popayan, which had been destroyed by an earthquake. Bogota, which is 80 leagues distant from the latter place, had, however, been seriously injured. M. Warden informed the Academy that Captain Joshua Coffin, of the Ganges, of New York, had discovered in the South Sea four new islands, not laid down in the charts. The first, which he called Gardner's Island, from the name of his owner, is in lat. 4° 3′ S., lon. 174° 22′ W. of Greenwich; the land here is low and woody. The second, called Coffin Island, is in lat. 31° 13′ S., lon. 178° 54′ 15″ W., about twelve miles to the north of which are some very dangerous reefs. The other two were named the Islands of the Ganges, lat. 10° 25′ S., lon. 160° 45′ W., and 10° S. and 161° W.: they were inhabited, and the natives were unacquainted with fire-arms. M. Arago gave verbally some new details relative to M. Fiedler's fulminary tubes, in answer to various objections made at a preceding sitting; he also communicated an account of certain auroræ boreales observed in the United States on the 27th and 28th of August, 1827. MM. Patal and Dumeril reported on a memoir presented by MM. Martin and Isidore, of St. Hilaire, relative to the peritonean canals in the tortoise and crocodile. This paper presenting a new and important fact in physiology, will be published in the "Recueil des

Savans Etrangers." M. Fourier read a note, entitled "experimental researches on the conducting power of thin bodies submitted to the action of heat, and a description of a new thermometer of contact." M. Hericart de Thury communicated a notice, and exhibited a section of the strata in a well made by boring, near Epinay—the depth from which the water issued was more than 200 feet, and it rose above the surface, supplying about 36,000 quarts, of the temperature of 14°, in 24 hours.—24. M. Poinsot presented a note on the formulæ for the exact determination of the plane of the area resulting from all the areas described round the centre of the sun by all the parts of our planetary system—comprising the sun itself. M. Cuvier exhibited the fossil jaw of an animal, bearing some analogy to an animal found in Van Dieman's Land, the didelphis cynocephala of Havis, or thilacine of Temminck, recently discovered in the quarries of Mont-Martre. M. Damoiseau made a verbal report on a chronological work published at Rome in 1827, by M. E. Olieri.—31. Some letters relative to the death of Major Laing and Captain Clapperton, from M. Rousseau, consul-general of France at Tripoli, were read by M. Barbiedubocage. Dr. Fevenon intimated a design of submitting to the Academy the results of his researches on the circulation and respiration of different classes of animals. MM. Arago and Mathieu reported on a memoir of Major Roger, relative to measurements of Mont Blanc—for which he received the thanks of the Academy, and was solicited to extend his observations to other mountains of Europe. M. Girard commenced the reading of a memoir relative to the supply of water in Paris, and M. Brusant read a memoir on the chemical analyses for determining the composition of minerals.—April 7. A society for mining for pit coal and other mineral substances in the department of the Jura, solicited the advice of the Academy, who referred their memoir to the council of mines. M. G. St. Hilaire announced that some doubts which had arisen relative to the anatomical facts mentioned in the paper of MM. Martin and J. St. Hilaire, had been removed, by the inspection of a tortoise which had died at the Royal Menagerie on April 6. M. Chevreul read a memoir on the influence which two colours may have upon each other when seen simultaneously.—*Annual Meeting of the four Academies.* April 25. Great interest was excited at this meeting by a remarkable discourse by M. Fourier on the progress of science at the present day—also by an abridged account of M. de Labord's recent voyage in the Levant—and by a learned memoir of M. G. St. Hilaire, on the state of natural history among the Egyptians. The commission charged to examine the works sent in to contest the prize founded by Volney, reported by M. de Sacy that the prize was divided between M. Massias and M. Schleyermacher, librarian of Darmstadt.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Earthquake.—Between ten and eleven o'clock at night, on the 9th of March last, an earthquake was felt at Washington and other places in the United States, and which consisted of two distinct shocks, which lasted a little less than thirty seconds—the first was very much stronger than the second. The houses were so shaken, that many persons who were asleep jumped from their beds, and could with difficulty be recovered from the fright they had sustained.

Electric Eels.—It is not only the crocodile and jaguar which in America lie in ambush for the horse, but even among fishes this animal has a dangerous enemy. The marshy waters of Béra and Rastio are filled with the electric eel, whose slimy yellow spotted body sends forth at will terrible shocks. These gymnoti are from five to six feet long, and sufficiently strong to kill the most robust animal when they bring their organs properly into action. At Uritucа they have been obliged to change the direction of the road, because the number of these eels had so much increased in a little river, that annually a number of horses in passing the ford were killed. All animals of their own element fly from these formidable creatures; even man is surprised when angling by the river side; and receives the fatal shock by means of the wetted line. The fishing for the gymnoti, presents a picturesque spectacle. The Indians inclose a marshy spot, and then drive horses and mules into the water, until the noise excites these courageous fishes to the attack. They are seen swimming on the surface like snakes, and adroitly insinuating themselves under the belly of the horses, many of which fall under the violence of these invisible blows; while others, panting, with streaming mane and haggard eyes, expressive of anguish, strive to evade the storm which threatens them, but the Indians, armed with long bamboos, drive them back again into the middle of the water. The impetuosity of this unequal combat at length diminishes; the gymnoti fatigued, disperse like clouds deprived of the electric fluid, and require long repose and abundant nourishment to repair the loss of the galvanic force. Their strokes getting feebler and feebler, produce a less sensible effect, until frightened at length by the trampling of the horses, they timidly approach the banks, and are then struck with harpoons by the Indians, and subsequently pulled on the steppe with dry sticks, non-conductors of the fluid.

Statistics—Commerce.—From an official

statement recently published at New York, it appears that there were 593 vessels of different sizes in the harbour of that city, viz. 96 ships, 124 brigs, 137 schooners, 167 sloops, 24 tow boats, and 43 steam boats; besides a great number of coasting vessels. Of the above 96 ships, 33 were built at New York, and their tonnage amounted to 16,000.

Preservation of Eggs.—Various experiments have at different times been made to ascertain a sure process for preserving eggs from putrefaction: it was discovered a short time since that chlorate of lime was effectual for the purpose—this substance being manufactured in England on a very large scale, may be obtained at a very trifling expence, and it is only necessary to dissolve one ounce of it in a pint of water.

Mammoth.—In excavating the Morris canal near Schooley's Mountain, New Jersey, United States, the skeleton of a mammoth was found, in July 1827, about three feet beneath the surface, in a remarkable state of preservation. It is said to be enormously large, and that one of the tusks weighs 150 pounds, being two feet in circumference, and seven in length, and from appearances it is supposed to have been of a much greater length. The teeth are entire; the enamel on them is round and perfect, and of a shining bright blue veined marble colour: the dimensions of one of them taken on the grinding surface, were three and a half inches wide, and seven long; it weighed four pounds. The remains of a huge megatherium were also discovered, at the beginning of this year, in New Jersey, in a marl pit nine miles south-east of Philadelphia.

The Comet of 1832 *(Damoiseau's).*—Some mischievous wag has been terrifying the old women, as well in petticoats as without, both in this country and on the continent, with fearful prognostications of the destruction of the world in the year 1832, by a ballistic visitation from a comet—the one of which the elements were determined by Damoiseau, whose name it bears, and the periodic time of which is 6·75 years. It is almost needless to say, that from this body there can exist no rational cause of apprehension; at its nearest approach to the earth it will be more than 44 millions of miles distant from it, and might approach a million of times nearer without occasioning any serious consequences. In 1770, a comet approached within 2,062,500 miles. Lalande estimates at 35,750 miles the distance at which a comet might produce upon the earth any sensible effect.

Gold and Platinum Mines of the Oural Mountains.—The following statements collected from some official Russian journals, will not, we conceive, be devoid of interest, particularly in connexion with some articles we have already published on the subject. The quantity of gold obtained during the year 1825, and the first six months of 1826, amounted to 17,448 pounds. Of these, 5,030 pounds were found in the mines belonging to the crown, and the remainder, 12,418, in the mines belonging to private people; making an excess of 7,388 for the latter. The value of this prodigious quantity of gold, estimating it at £62. 10*s.* per pound, is £894,063 sterling. In the same space of 18 months, 1,031 pounds of platinum were procured; of which 410 came from the mines of the crown, and the remainder, 621, from the mines of private persons—giving an excess in favour of the latter of 211 pounds. The town of Catherineburg, near which all this quantity of gold and platinum has been obtained, and which consequently is of some importance, is situated in the government of Perm, under the 56° 50′ 38″ of northern latitude, and with longitude 20° 30′ E. of Petersburg; about 1,105 miles from Moscow, 1,560 from Petersburg, and 225 from the city of Perm.

Spontaneous Human Combustion.—The phenomenon of spontaneous human combustion is one that has been much canvassed of late years, and from their own peculiar views of the subject been rejected by some philosophers. A distinguished French physiologist, M. Julia Fontenelle, having investigated the subject, and paid strict attention to every case of this nature, supported by credible testimony, has communicated to the Institute the result of his researches. 1. Persons who have died by spontaneous combustion have *for the most part* made immoderate use of alcoholic liquors. 2. That this combustion is almost always general, but may be only partial. 3. It is much rarer among men than among women; and nearly all the women who have been the victims of it, have been aged—one only being of the age of 17 years, and her combustion was but partial. 4. That the trunk and the entrails have been constantly burned, while the feet, the hands, and the top of the skull have almost always escaped. 5. Although it is known from experiment that a considerable quantity of wood is required to reduce a body to ashes by the ordinary process of cremation, yet in spontaneous combustion the incineration takes place without the most combustible surrounding objects being burned. In one instance, very remarkable from the coincidence of a double spontaneous combustion taking place in two individuals in the same chamber, it was found that the apartment and furniture did not take fire. 6. It is not proved that the presence of an ignited body is necessary to develop spontaneous human combustion—every thing leads to a different conclusion. 7. Water, far from extinguishing the flame, seems to increase its activity; and when the flame has disappeared, the internal combustion still continues. 8. Spontaneous combustions take place more frequently in winter than in summer. 9. Partial combustions have been

cured, but general combustions never. 10. The victims of spontaneous combustion suffer a very strong internal heat. 11. The combustion developes itself at once, and consumes the body in a few hours. 12. The parts of the body which are not affected by combustion, mortify. 13. The bodies of those affected by spontaneous combustion have a tendency to putridity, immediately inducing gangrene. 14. The residue after this combustion is composed of fatty cinders, and of an unctuous soot, both having a fetid odour, which pervades the apartment, impregnates the furniture, and is perceptible at a great distance. Without entering into the other theories which have been formed to account for this dreadful phenomenon, we shall state the causes which M. Julia Fontenelle assigns of it. We regard, he says, what are called spontaneous human combustions, not as true combustions, but as internal and spontaneous re-actions due to new products, to which a deprivation of the muscles, tendons, entrails, &c. gives rise. These products, when uniting, yield the same phenomena as combustion, without depending at all on the influence of external agents. It may be objected to this, that let the cause which determines the combustion be what it may, the caloric disengaged must be considerable, and consequently would ignite all the neighbouring substances. In answer to this it is replied, that all combustible substances are very far from disengaging an equal quantity of caloric by combustion. While from various experiments of Davy, it seems probable that the products due to the deterioration of the body may be very combustible, yet without disengaging as much caloric as the other combustible bodies known, and without leaving a residue like some of the gases; and it would appear that in some subjects, particularly women, there exists a particular disposition which, united to the weakness occasioned by age, an inactive life, and the abuse of spirituous liquors, may occasion a spontaneous combustion. But Mr. L. is far from considering either alcohol or hydrogen, or excessive fat, as a material cause of this combustion. If alcohol have much to do with this morbid affection, it is in contributing to its production, that is to say, to produce with the above-mentioned causes this deterioration, which gives rise to new products very combustible, of which the reaction determines the combustion of the body.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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The last Number (39) of the new edition of Stephen's Greek Thesaurus, containing the General Index, &c. will be published next month.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIR RALPH WOODFORD, BART.

This respected and lamented individual died on the 17th of May last, in his passage from Jamaica to Falmouth. He had been nearly fifteen years governor of Trinidad; and his good judgment, steadiness, and suavity of manners, brought that island from its turbulent, self-ruining condition, into a state of order, prosperity, and internal happiness. His health being at last affected by so long a residence in a tropical atmosphere, he made a cruise to Jamaica for change of air and scene. But the remedy appears to have proved an ill-advised one; for, quitting that island with an increase of alarming symptoms, his valuable life terminated, as has been described, during his voyage home, to the more salubrious airs of his native country. Sir Ralph Woodford was the only son of a worthy and accomplished baronet of the same name; who must still be fondly remembered by the few left, who, like himself, adorned by their wit and graceful conversation the charming circle of the late celebrated Mrs. Montague. He was maternally descended from a family of old eminence for genius and loyalty—the Brideokes, of clerical memory; of whom Dr. Brideokes, the "sometime" chaplain to James, the fourth Earl of Derby, in the reign of Charles I., was one noted instance. He afterwards became Dean of Salisbury, and, by his extraordinary presence of mind, courage, and address, saved the heroic Countess of Derby, and her house of Latham, from being stormed by the Cromwell army. From this brave and worthy member of the church, descended the more immediate maternal ancestor of Sir Ralph Woodford, Archdeacon Brideokes, the friend of Atterbury: and from whom the family of Woodford now possess the Bible which had belonged to King James the First. Sir Ralph Woodford, the regretted subject of this memoir, was, in every respect, worthy of his descent from such persons. His

powers of mind were equal to theirs; and, with similar energy, directed to the most honourable purposes. It was always his ambition, wherever he went as a servant of his country, "to do his duty!" and, we may say, that, fulfilling it to the utmost, in a distant and dangerous climate, he at last terminated his life in the "very gate of his post!" Never having married, whatever honours are hereditary in the family, devolve on his cousin, General Alexander Woodford, who, while commanding the Foot Guards of Houguemont, behaved with distinguishing gallantry in the memorable day of Waterloo. This gentleman is at present in a military station at Corfu.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE Most Reverend Father in God, his Grace, Charles Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Metropolitan of all England, &c., was a branch of the ducal family of Manners, descendants from the sister of King Edward the Fourth. He was grandson to John, the eleventh Earl, and third Duke of Rutland. His father, Lord George Sutton—so called, from a family alliance with Bridget, only daughter of Robert Sutton, Lord Lexington—married, in the year 1749, Diana, daughter of Thomas Chaplain, of Blankley, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Esq. Charles, his fourth son, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 17th of February, 1755. He was educated at the Charter House, whence he removed to Emanuel College, Cambridge; where, in 1777, we find him one of the triposes, on which occasion he took the degree of A.B. He afterwards proceeded to D.D., and soon obtained ecclesiastical preferment. After holding several livings in succession, he was made Dean of Peterborough, in 1791. On the death of Dr. Horne, in 1792, he was elevated to the See of Norwich; when he relinquished his other livings, and in lieu thereof accepted the Deanery of Windsor.

Dr. Sutton's residence at Windsor introduced him particularly to the late King, whose excellent sense and sound discrimination soon led him to a just estimate of the merits of the new Dean. Dr. Sutton had married, as far back as the 3d of April, 1778, Mary, the daughter of Thomas Thorston, Esq. This lady was honoured with the friendship of her Majesty, Queen Charlotte. It was probably from a knowledge of this favourable combination of circumstances, that the author of "The Pursuits of Literature" was led, in 1797, to predict, for Dr. Sutton, the possession of archiepiscopal honours. To these eminently characteristic lines, we find the following note appended:

> Nay, if you feed on this celestial strain,
> You may with Gods hold converse, not with men;
> Sooner the people's rights shall Horsley prove,
> Or Sutton cease to claim the public love;
> And e'en forego, from dignity of place,
> His polished mind and reconciling face.

"Dr. Charles Manners Sutton, Bishop of Norwich, a prelate whose amiable demeanour, useful learning, and conciliating habits of life, particularly recommend his episcopal character. No man appears to me so peculiarly marked out for the HIGHEST DIGNITY of the church, *sede vacante*, as Dr. Sutton."

On the death of Dr. Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1805, there were three competitors to succeed him:—Dr. Tomline, supported by Mr. Pitt; Dr. Stuart, who claimed on a promise made to him, when he accepted the See of Armagh; and Dr. Sutton, enjoying the especial favour of the King. His Majesty's *congé d'élire* having been issued, Dr. Sutton was duly *elected* on the 12th of February, and *confirmed* on the 21st; when he was also nominated a member of the King's Most Honourable Privy Council.

This Prelate never greatly distinguished himself as a politician. When the Clergy Farming and Residence Bill, introduced by Sir William Scott, was discussed in the House of Peers, in June, 1803, he spoke several times; and, while he insisted on the necessity of the measure, he pointed out the spirit of persecution introduced into the Act of Henry the VIIIth, some of the clauses of which afforded a lucrative employment to informers.—His Lordship spoke for the first time in his archiepiscopal capacity on Moor's Divorce Bill, on the 13th of June, 1805. He availed himself of the occasion, "to deprecate every thing that might give facility to divorces; which, if carried beyond a certaint extent, tended in fact to afford a direct encouragement to the practice of adultery itself."

His Grace was a steady and consistent opponent of the Roman Catholic claims. As early as the year 1805, on the resumed debate on the Roman Catholic Petition, after the Earl of Suffolk and Lord Hutchinson had spoken in behalf, and the Earl of Buckinghamshire against the prayer of it, he arose, and immediately fixed the attention of the House. Enumerating the various privileges which had been conceded to the Roman Catholics, by the 18th, 22nd, 31st, and 33rd, of his Majesty, George III., his Grace "expressed his surprise, that after such a series of concessions, a petition like that on the table should be brought forward. Toleration" he added, "was the brightest ornament of the Church of England; but the claims now meant to be obtained were inconsistent with the very idea of toleration; for they struck at the act of settlement, and tended to give not only equality, but eventual superiority, to the Roman Catholic religion in a Protestant state." The claims of the Protestant Dissenters were treated by his Grace in a different manner. He gave his voice and his vote against Lord Sidmouth's Bill, in 1811; and on the late settlement of those claims, he gave them his vote by proxy, and, so far as in absence he could, his

sentiments, through the medium of his friend, the Bishop of Chester.

Dr. Sutton "was a man of mild, but imposing presence, mingling the humility of the religion, of which he was the eloquent teacher, with the dignity of high birth and lofty station. His voice was full and tuneable, his elocution distinct and unaffected, his arguments well weighed, his words well chosen, his manner grave and simple, his learning accurate, his knowledge comprehensive, and his judgment sound. He spoke fluently and impressively on most subjects, even on those which might have appeared most averse from his general course of study." Notwithstanding his powers in the pulpit, his Grace published only two sermons: one preached before the Peers, on the Fast Day, 1794; the other, before the Society for Propagating the Gospel, in 1797.

He is understood to have been eminently happy in the marriage state. Mrs. Sutton was the woman of his choice; one who, as a wife and as a mother, has been an honour to her station, and a pattern to all. By this lady he has had a family of thirteen children; all of whom, with two exceptions, have been females. His eldest son, the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, is the Speaker of the House of Commons; an office which he has filled with great ability, and unqualified approbation, ever since the resignation of Lord Colchester, in the year 1817. His Grace's eldest daughter was married, in 1806, to the Rev. Hugh Percy, D.D., Bishop of Carlisle, the third son of Algernon, Earl of Beverley. His Grace's fourth daughter was married, in 1812, to the Rev. Dr. Croft, Archdeacon of Canterbury.

After a long illness, his Grace expired at Lambeth Palace, about half past ten in the forenoon of Monday, the 21st of July.

LORD MOUNT-SANDFORD.

Henry Sandford, second Baron Mount-Sandford, of Castlerea, in the county of Roscommon, was born on the 10th of March, 1805; and he succeeded his uncle, Henry Moore Sandford, the late lord (so created on the 30th of July, 1800,) on the 29th of December, 1814. His lordship was the son of the Rev. William Moore Sandford (who died in 1809), by Jane, second daughter of the Right. Hon. Siber Oliver, of Castle Oliver, in the county of Limerick. This amiable and unfortunate young nobleman died at Windsor, on Saturday, the 14th of June, from injuries which he had received in an affray on the morning of Friday, the 6th. It appeared, from the evidence given before the coroner's inquest, that his lordship, with some other gentlemen, had been at Ascot races; that, afterwards, they adjourned to Eton, to play at billiards; and that, between twelve and one in the morning, as they were returning to the Castle Inn at Windsor, where they had been staying, they encountered a drunken rabble of mechanics, with whom, by some means, a quarrel ensued. His lordship was perfectly sober at the time, and was interfering only to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, when, in a minute or two, he was knocked down, and received the brutal blows and kicks which occasioned his death. The jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against Samuel Brinkbett (a shoemaker), as principal, and George and Thomas Hunt, as aiders and abettors therein. The jury also expressed themselves unanimously of opinion, that the treatment received by his lordship, and which caused his death, had been entirely unprovoked on his part. His lordship's remains were interred in the parish church of Windsor on the Tuesday following his decease. His lordship is succeeded by his uncle, George, now third Baron Lord Mount-Sandford.

SIR WILLIAM CONGREVE, BART., M.P., F.R.S., &c.

Sir William Congreve was descended from a family said to have been settled in Staffordshire when that county formed part of the kingdom of Mercia. His father, the first baronet (so created in 1812), was an officer of rank in the artillery. Sir William was born in the year 1770, and entered young into the same branch of military service. Having a great mechanical genius, he effected many important improvements. In 1808, he invented a formidable engine of military annoyance, which, having been tried and approved, was used by Lord Cochrane in Basque Roads—in the expedition against Walcheren—in attacks on several places in Spain—at Waterloo, &c. The effects of these weapons, generally called Congreve rockets, and now adopted in the armies of all the European powers, are tremendous. They have been employed, also, in a modified form, in the whale fishery.

Sir William Congreve was Equerry to the King, Comptroller of the Laboratory at Woolwich, &c. Besides many other works, abounding in ingenious ideas, he published treatises on the Mounting of Iron Ordnance, on his Hydro-Pneumatic Lock for saving Water, on the Means of preventing the Forgery of Bank Notes, &c.

About two years ago, Sir William Congreve was conceived to be deeply implicated in some of the Stock-Exchange bubble concerns; after which he retired to the Continent, where he continued to reside. His death was thus announced in the *Moniteur* of May 23:—"Sir William Congreve, the English general of artillery, who acquired so much renown by the deadly rockets which he invented, died lately at Toulouse, at the age of fifty-seven. It is said, that having foreseen for some time that war would break out in the east, he had submitted two projects to his government—one for the defence of Constantinople, and the other for its destruction, according as England might be favourably or inimically disposed towards the Turks. Towards the latter part of his

life, having totally lost the use of his legs, he had invented a mechanically arranged chair or sofa, which enabled him to move himself about his apartment without any assistance: this machine occasionally served him as a bed, whereon to repose himself. He latterly also discovered means of propelling ships at sea, without the aid of oars, sails, or steam: the details of this plan were printed; it appeared, however, to be more ingenious than practically available. He has left a widow, several children, and an immense fortune."—By Sir William's death, a vacancy occurred in the representation of Plymouth.

MARSHAL COMTE DE LAURISTON.

This gentleman, said to be a descendant from the family of the celebrated Law, of Mississippi notoriety, was the son of a general officer in the French army. He was born in the year 1768. At an early age he embraced the military profession, and obtained rapid promotion in the artillery. He was active, and he enjoyed the friendship of Buonaparte, who made him one of his *aids-de-camp*. Buonaparte also employed him on several important missions. In 1800 he commanded, as brigadier-general, the fourth regiment of Flying Artillery at La Fére. In 1801 he brought to England the ratification of the preliminaries of the peace of Amiens. He was received with customary enthusiasm by the London mob, who took the horses from his carriage, and dragged him in triumph to Downing-street. This circumstance afforded to Cobbett a theme of vituperation for months.

After the death of the Duc d'Enghien, General Lauriston happened to be in the antechamber of the consular court of Buonaparte with M. de Caulaincourt; when, the conversation having turned upon the murder of the prince, and upon the part which Caulaincourt had performed in the affair, Lauriston spiritedly exclaimed—"The first consul has too much esteem for me, to employ me in such a transaction." The conversation grew warm, and it was only through Buonaparte's interference that the quarrel was not carried to a greater height. Though displeased with Lauriston's remark, the consul did not dismiss him, but sent him on an unimportant embassy to Italy, and contrived that he and Caulaincourt should never meet again in his presence.

M. de Lauriston was in every campaign of note in Spain, Germany, and Russia. In 1809 he penetrated into Hungary, and took the fortress of Raab, after a bombardment of eight days. It was Lauriston who decided the victory in favour of the French at the battle of Wagram, by coming up to the charge, at full trot, with 100 pieces of artillery. In 1811 he was appointed ambassador to the court of St. Petersburgh. This mission—the object of which was to obtain the occupation of the ports of Riga and Revel, and to exclude English ships from the Baltic—having failed, he was employed in the Russian campaign; and, after the taking of Moscow, he was sent to the Emperor Alexander, with proposals for an armistice. These proposals were rejected.

General Lauriston, after the retreat from Moscow, commanded an army of observation on the banks of the Elbe. During three months, he defended that river with a small force, and prevented the enemy from entering Hanover. Having distinguished himself at the battle of Leipsic, he retreated to the bridge between that town and Lindenau. Finding the bridge destroyed, he plunged into the river with his horse; but was taken prisoner, and conducted to Berlin, where he was treated with much favour and kindness.

After the conclusion of the general peace, Louis XVIII. created him a knight of St. Louis, grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and captain-lieutenant of the Grey Musketeers, an appointment rendered vacant by the death of General Nansouty. After the 20th of March, 1815, he followed the royal household to the frontiers of France; and then retired to his estate of Richecourt, near La Fére, without taking part in any of the transactions of the hundred days.

On the return of the king, General Lauriston was made president of the Electoral College of the department of L'Aisne, lieut.-general of the first division of Royal Foot Guards, and member of the commission appointed to examine into the conduct of such officers as had served from the 20th of March to the 8th of July, 1815. He was created a commander of the Order of St. Louis in 1816; and, having become an ultra-royalist, he presided, in the course of the same year, over the councils of war appointed for the trial of Admiral Linois, Count Delaborde, &c.

Marshal Lauriston terminated his life at Paris, in a fit of apoplexy, on the 17th of June.

DUGALD STEWART, ESQ.

Dugald Stewart, son of Dr. Matthew Stewart, eminent as professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, was born in the year 1753. In the eighth year of his age he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, to commence the rudiments of the Latin tongue. There he formed an intimacy with Robert Thomson, afterwards a great promoter of classical erudition in his academy at Kensington. These youths were, after a course of six years, at the head of the school. In October, 1766, Mr. Stewart was entered at the university, under the tuition of Dr. Blair and Dr. Fergusson. Through the instructions and example of the former, he became an enthusiastic admirer of beautiful, pathetic, and sublime poetry, in ancient and in modern languages. His principal intellectual pursuits were history, logic, metaphysics, and moral philo-

sophy. To the study of mathematics he paid no more attention than was necessary to avoid the censure of negligence; yet, in the nineteenth year of his age, his father having been seized with an indisposition which incapacitated him from continuing his professional labours for the benefit of his family, he was deputed, as his substitute, to read the mathematical lectures. Such was his ability, that he not only taught his scholars the customary and prescribed lessons of mathematics, but inspired them with a love for the science. About this time, Mr. Stewart, in addition to his intimacy with Mr. Robert Thomson, became acquainted with Mr. John Scott, Mr. Thomas Stewart, Mr. John Playfair, and Dr. William Thomson.

Having taught the mathematical class for about seven years, he was called to the performance of a duty more congenial to his own taste. When Dr. Fergusson was sent to North America on a mission, Mr. Stewart undertook to teach his class in moral philosophy until his return—a task which he performed with ability and reputation.

Mr. Stewart, by the death of his father, was now sole professor of mathematics. Dr. Fergusson had resigned his professorship of moral philosophy. Mr. Stewart was allowed to be the fittest man for succeeding Dr. Fergusson, and Mr. Playfair for succeeding Dr. Stewart. It was, therefore, arranged that Dr. Fergusson and Mr. Stewart should exchange: consequently, Mr. Stewart became sole professor of moral philosophy, and Dr. Fergusson *emeritus* professor of mathematics, with Mr. Playfair for his acting deputy and eventual successor. Mr. Stewart was now extremely intimate with the learned and profound Dr. Reid, to whose talents we are indebted for many valuable additions to our knowledge of the human mind.

Mr. Stewart having devoted much of his attention to similar pursuits, he, in the year 1792, published the first volume of his Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, the second volume of which did not appear till 1813, and the third not till 1827. He published Outlines of Moral Philosophy for the use of Students, in 1793; Dr. Adam Smith's Essays on Philosophical Subjects, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, in 1801; an Account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Robertson, 1803; an Account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Reid; a Statement of Facts relative to the Election of a Mathematical Professor of the University of Edinburgh, 1805; Philosophical Essays, 1810. Since the last-mentioned period, he wrote a part of the Dissertations prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

After the peace of Amiens, Mr. Stewart accompanied Lord Lauderdale upon his mission to France. This was the means of obtaining for him a *sinecure* appointment, which rendered him independent for life. The Marquis of Lansdowne, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, made him gazette-writer for Scotland.

Mr. Stewart's writings procured for him the honour of being elected a member of the Academy of St. Petersburgh, and also of the Academy of Philadelphia. We have heard the style of his compositions termed heavy and prolix, confused and obscure. This opinion is not in accordance with ours. On the contrary, we think, with one of his earlier biographers, that "the *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind* will transmit the author to posterity as a man who united most profound metaphysical genius with elegance and taste; whose learning, with the whole circle of philosophy, included agreeable and light literature; who knew the human understanding and affections in their anatomy and their active force; who comprehended the human character in its genuine nature and operations, as modified by different circumstances, and exhibited in the existing manners of modern society."

Mr. Stewart possessed the manners of a gentleman, as well as the science and genius of a philosopher. He closed a long, meritorious, and amiable life at Edinburgh, on the 11th of June.

THE REV. WILLIAM COXE, A. M., F. R. S., &c.

The Rev. William Coxe was born in Dover-street, Piccadilly, in the year 1747. His father was a physician, and originally intended him also for the medical profession. After about eight years' instruction from the Rev. William Fountaine, whose son became a canon of St. David's, he was sent to Eton, and subsequently to King's College, Cambridge, where he was matriculated in 1764. In the year following, he obtained the scholarship founded by Mr. William Battie, M.D., who assigned an estate of £30. per annum, chiefly as an encouragement to those who were intended for the study of medicine. In 1770, then a middle bachelor of arts, he obtained one of the annual prizes given, for Latin prose composition, by the two representatives of the university, in parliament; and, in 1771, having become a senior bachelor, he was equally successful. He afterwards obtained the degree of M.A.—the highest he ever took—and a fellowship in King's College. In 1772 he took priest's orders, and, for some time, officiated as curate of the parish of Denham, in Essex—a situation which he relinquished to superintend the education of the Marquess of Blandford, now Duke of Marlborough. The latter appointment he held two years; and, subsequently, he was engaged as travelling tutor to the late Earl of Pembroke, the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq., Mr. Portman, and the late Marquess of Cornwallis. With the Earl of Pembroke, he visited France, Germany, and Italy; and, with Mr. Whitbread, his tour was yet more extensive. Thus he rendered himself acquainted with the men and

manners, the customs, languages, and opinions of most of the European nations—was introduced to the first company—and had the honour of associating and conversing with the highest circles.

Mr. Coxe was chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough; but we are not aware that he obtained any church preferment through the influence of his grace's family. When he had reached the age of forty, his college presented him with the vicarage of Kingston-upon-Thames; which, two years afterwards, he was obliged to resign, on obtaining the rectory of Tuggleston-cum-Bemerton, near Salisbury. In 1801, after he had passed his grand climacteric, he was presented by Sir Richard Hoare with the rectory of Slousten; and, nearly at the same time, Dr. Douglas, whose early years had been spent in a manner similar to his own, nominated him one of the six canons of Salisbury cathedral, archdeacon of the county of Wilts, and made him his own domestic chaplain.

It was in the capacity of an author that Mr. Archdeacon Coxe obtained the greatest distinction. In 1799, he published Sketches of Switzerland; in 1780, an Account of the Russian Discoveries between Asia and America—to which are added, the Conquest of Siberia, and the History of the Transactions and Commerce between Russia and China; in 1781, an Account of the Prisons and Hospitals in Russia; and, in 1784, Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. In 1787, Mr. Coxe published a Comparative View of the Russian Discoveries, with those made by Captains Cook and Clarke; his Travels in Switzerland appeared in 1789; in 1790, he sent forth a Letter to Dr. Price, on his Discourse on the Love of our Country, and Biographical Anecdotes of Handel and Smith; in 1792, an Explanation of the Catechism of the Church of England; in 1793, an Explanation of the Service of Confirmation of the Church of England; and, in 1796, Gay's Fables, with Notes.

Mr. Coxe's succeeding works were yet more important. Having, in 1796, been admitted by the Walpole family to inspect the papers in their possession, he published, in 1798, his Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, in three volumes, quarto—a work which forms a useful addition to the history of England. In 1801, having, three years before, accompanied his friend, Sir Richard Hoare, on a journey to Wales, he published his Historical Tour in Monmouthshire, with Notes by Sir Richard C. Hoare, Bart. In 1802, after examining and digesting the contents of one hundred and forty folio volumes, his Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole was followed by his Memoirs of Horatio Lord Walpole. In 1807, he published a History of the House of Austria, from the Foundation of that Monarchy to the Death of Leopold, in three volumes, quarto; and Memoirs of the Kings of Spain, of the House of Bourbon. In 1811, he became editor of the Literary Life and Select Works of Benjamin Stillingfleet, in three volumes, octavo. His latest production, the third and last volume of which was published in 1819, was the Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, in three volumes, quarto. Amongst Mr. Coxe's works, we also find mentioned a Letter on the Secret Tribunals of Westphalia, addressed to the Countess of Pembroke; and a Sermon on the Excellence of British Jurisprudence, preached before the Hon. Sir Francis Buller, Bart., and the Hon. Sir Nash Grosse, Knt., March 10, 1799, in the cathedral church of Salisbury.

Mr. Coxe was a man of much and various learning. As a historian, he is industrious, profound, and accurate; as a biographer, clear and discriminating, but eulogizing, perhaps, too much, the virtues, and softening the vices, of his subject; as a traveller, he is entertaining, moral, and instructive.

Mr. Coxe was a member of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Society of Literature, of London; of the Imperial Economical Society of St. Petersburgh; and of the Royal Society of Sciences, at Copenhagen. At a meeting of the council of the Royal Society of Literature, on the 14th of April last, one of the two royal golden medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, presented annuallly to individuals distinguished by the production of works eminent in literature, was adjudged to Mr. Archdeacon Coxe, as the author of many volumes of great historical research. At the succeeding general annual meeting of the Society, on the 24th of the same month, this adjudication was announced from the chair, by the Bishop of Salisbury, as president. The reception of this honour was acknowledged by the aged and venerable author in a strain of much feeling; and, within a month afterwards, his earthly career was closed!

THE BARON RAMOND.

Ramond, from his earliest youth, seems to have been animated with the love of studying on the spot the beauties of mountain scenery; for which purpose he frequently attained on foot the romantic summits of the Vosgien mountains, and haunted the ruins of their ancient castles: indeed, such effect had these excursions upon his mind, that he there composed not only elegies, but even dramas. "These imposing remains of the middle ages," says M. Cuvier, "inspired him with the idea of painting the manners of those times in a series of continued dialogue pictures, like the historical tragedies of Shakspeare. This work was printed at Basle, in 1780, under the title of *Guerre d'Alsace pendant le grand Schisme d'Occident.* But, at an epoch when the classic rules bore unbounded sway over our literature, it was no wonder that such a work was scarcely ever known beyond the chain of the Vosgien mountains. More

fortunate, however, on the other side of the Rhine, it met with a translation into the German language, and was represented at different theatres. Its Introduction, entitled *Avant-Scène*, ought to have ensured it a reception every where, for it is a piece of history written with energy, and giving, in a few pages, a very interesting idea of a most important epoch."

After Alsace, M. Ramond visited Switzerland; and an idea of the forcible impressions that country made on him may be seen in his notes to his translation of Coxe's "Letters on Switzerland." M. Ramond's work had this singularity attending it, which perhaps leaves it almost without a parallel; *viz.* it was re-translated into its original language with his additions, and, under that form, had more success than the original itself; and at which its English author had the weakness to be offended; and, in a new edition which he afterwards published, he did not even condescend to mention the name of the writer who had so powerfully contributed to make his name and his work known all over Europe.—*Cuvier.*

On M. Ramond's arrival at Paris, he became connected with the *coterie* at the Hôtel de Larochefoucauld, which introduced him to the acquaintance of the Cardinal de Rohan, and with his friend, the miracle-worker, Cagliostro; and, being endowed with a magisterial charge in the little sovereignty of that prince, on the right bank of the Rhine, he enjoyed his favour and confidence. This *début* in the highest circles presented to the orator the frequent necessity of considering with due attention the lives of certain great lords of that epoch, their futile agitations, and their political and philosophical inconsistencies, and that species of inquietude of mind which prompted them to unite the most gross superstitions with avowed infidelity.

In 1781, the miraculous Cagliostro arrived at Strasburgh, preceded, accompanied, and followed by a number of poor people, whom he supported or healed gratuitously, and with true believers, whom he pretended to illuminate with supernatural lights.—Such at least are the terms in which M. Ramond describes his arrival in his *Mémoire* now lying before us. This brilliant assemblage never ceased celebrating him; but nobody knew where he came from, who he was, or from what source he drew his riches, nor by what secret power he exercised over his followers unbounded empire; still every one made his conjectures, and advanced assertions, each more strange than the other. The Cardinal de Rohan not only saw, but entertained him; and, what seemed stranger than all, a Prince of the Church—a nobleman of the first order, who had exercised the highest functions of diplomacy—an academician, united with the most learned men—became, in a short time, the friend, the disciple, nay, the slave of the son of a publican (as it was said) of Palermo. They could not even be separated; or, at least, if that was necessary for particular purposes, they were obliged to have recourse to a mutual friend to keep up their communications—and that friend was M. Ramond, who avowed that he was on the most intimate terms with the grand magician, and that he was witness to several of his miracles!

The conduct of M. Ramond during the revolution was perfectly honourable, and his reputation gained him a seat in the Legislative Assembly, as one of the deputies for the city of Paris. He appeared on several remarkable occasions in the tribune, the friend of liberty and the enemy of anarchy; and, when the opinions he supported fell, he was arrested, and confined (and happily forgotten) in the prison of Tarbes, until the celebrated 9th Thermidor arrived, when he escaped the guillotine.

In 1796 he was nominated professor of natural history to the central school of the Upper Pyrenees, sitting at Tarbes. His frequent journies to the Pic du Midi, which he ascended no less than thirty-five times, gained him the appellation of "*un savant chamois.*" His attempts, finally crowned with success, to gain the summit of Mont Perdu, the most elevated of the chain, furnished him with materials for a third work, which he published under the title of *Voyage au Mont Perdu*, and which presents a general theory of the Pyrenean mountains, both new and important for the study of geology.

Mont Perdu is the first of calcareous mountains, as Mont Blanc is of granitic, and, although less elevated, it neither cedes to Mont Blanc by the aspect of the ruins which surrounds it, nor by the imposing spectacles which characterize these monuments of the sublime revolutions of nature.

"The most interesting of M. Ramond's researches," says M. Cuvier, "were his views on the vegetation of mountains, and the comparison of their zones with the climates of our hemisphere. A little before his death he again brought them before the public, with a more extensive discrimination, in a work entitled, *Mémoire sur la Végétation du Pic du Midi.* Every one admired his history of those living plants which, under perpetual ice, and the double protection of snow and earth, perhaps never see day ten times in a century, but run through their circle of vegetation in the short space of a few weeks, to sleep again in the winter of many years; and of those common plants, lost in some measure in the midst of others, but where the ruins of a hut, or the disjointures of a rock, exhibit their existence."

In 1800, M. Ramond, being elected to the *corps législatif*, fixed the attention of Buonaparte; who, on the establishment of the prefectures, offered him one, which he refused. At length, however, in 1806, having been noticed for his independence of character, he was offered the prefecture of Puy-de-Dome on such terms that he could

not refuse, which gave him the opportunity of frequently remarking that he was made a prefect *par lettre de cachet!* Thus he was placed at the head of the most classical department for geology. He saw himself on the spot where Pascal* had caused to be made the discovery of heights by the barometer; and here it was that M. Ramond brought it to perfection. It was here, also, that he announced his curious views on the diurnal movements of the atmosphere. Nor will his memory be easily forgotten at Auvergne; for it was during his administration that the establishment for the baths of Mont-d'Or took place.

In January, 1813, he obtained leave to retire, and established himself once more at Paris, with the intention of applying the remainder of his days to the education of his son, and in editing definitively his researches on natural history, geology, and botany, to which he added memoirs of his life. But, during the invasion of the allied armies into Paris, his journals, correspondence, and all the materials he had collected, were in one fatal day destroyed by the Cossacks; and, of all his works of forty years, recollections only remained. In such a calamity, nothing now was left him (says M. Cuvier) but to plunge himself again into immediate occupation. He fulfilled, in the most honourable and advantageous manner for France, different functions with which he was charged; and at last was nominated (June, 1818) *conseiller d'état;* from which, without any apparent cause, he was deprived, in 1802. He supported this last disgrace, perfectly unmerited, as he had the other incidents of his life to which fate had exposed him. Neither the gaiety of his conversation, nor the piquant energy of his ideas, suffered: indeed, one might have said that age had added fire to his discourses; and, even to his last moments, his temperament and the vivacity of his manner not only brought to one's recollection the painter of the mountains, but the historian also who ably characterized those persons who had appeared on the political, scientific, and literary horizon, well judging his fellow-beings through all the phases of an adventurous life and a sanguinary revolution.—He died in the present year.

THE HON. MRS. DAMER.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer was the daughter of Field Marshal Conway, by his wife, the beautiful and accomplished widow of the Earl of Aylesbury. Miss Conway was born in the year 1748. Her father lived on terms of intimacy with all the men of genius and taste who were his contemporaries. The Hon. Horatio Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, was one of his oldest friends. Struck, at a very early period, with the dawning genius of Miss Conway, his lordship employed every means within the power of friendship, cultivated taste, and polished society, to render her as complete in every classical perfection of mind, as nature had made her in person. Of all the minor accomplishments indispensable to an elegant woman, she soon became mistress. Nor did she rest satisfied with these, but made herself conversant with the best authors in the English, French, and Italian languages, and also acquired a competent knowledge of Latin. After the dismissal of many a lover, Miss Conway, in 1767, married Mr. Damer. With that gentleman she lived until 1778, when a melancholy death deprived her of his society and protection.

Mrs. Damer was long an interesting object of anxiety to her relatives and friends. It was from her own resources, however, that she derived the truest consolation. She dedicated all her hours to the cultivation of her talents: she read during whole days; and, when reading fatigued her, she took up the pencil, or applied herself to the chisel. Early in life she had began to model in wax; and she gradually attained higher flights of art, until, at length, she established a claim to be ranked amongst the artists of her country. What Maria Cosway and Angelica Kauffman were in painting, Mrs. Damer was in sculpture. Indeed, had it not been for an express, and certainly very ungallant, decree of the Royal Academy, for the exclusion of female artists as members of that body, Mrs. Damer would have been duly enrolled at Somerset House. Ceracchi, who was executed at Paris, in the year 1802, had been one of her masters in sculpture. Amongst the productions of Mrs. Damer's chisel were—a noble statue of King George the Third, which formerly embellished the Leverian Museum; a statue of Mrs. Siddons; several fine busts; the colossal heads of Thame and Isis, which form the ornaments of Henley-bridge; and an eagle, which Horace Walpole fondly compared to the works of Praxiteles.

Wherever taste, elegance, and accomplishments were prized, Mrs. Damer found admirers and friends. His Grace the Duke of Richmond (grand-uncle to the present duke) distinguished her with a very marked portion of his esteem, and obtained, with sincere satisfaction to the lovers of the drama, her assistance in his private theatricals. Mrs. Damer was the Thalia of the scene. Her *Violante*, in "The Wonder," with Lady Henry Fitzgerald, as *Don Felix*—*Mrs. Lovemore*, in "The Way to Keep Him," with Lady Buckinghamshire as the widow *Belmour*—and *Lady Freelove*, in "The Jealous Wife," with Lady Buckinghamshire as *Mrs. Oakley*—are yet remembered by many with feelings of delight and admiration.

Horace Walpole, Lord Orford, the old friend of Mrs. Damer's father, participated

* The famous experiment made at Puy-de-Dome was performed by M. Perrier, the brother-in-law of Pascal; but it was repeated afterwards on the tower of the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, at Paris, where Pascal himself ascertained its complete success.

in all her sentiments. Her genius and her talents shed lustre upon his lordship's little gothic retreat at Strawberry Hill. When he died, in 1797, he left that charming villa to her who could best appreciate and cherish its *agrémens*. Here, after time had dried the tears that bedewed the grave of her venerable friend, Mrs. Damer drew around her a select circle, for whose amusement she fitted up an elegant little theatre. Amongst her occasional visitors were the accomplished Misses Berry, Mrs. Siddons, and the relict of the immortal Garrick. It was on the miniature stage of that theatre that a comedy, entitled "Fashionable Friends," and attributed to the pen of Lord Orford, was first represented. Mr. Kemble obtained permission to transplant the promising flower to the boards of Drury Lane; but, alas! it was a hot-house plant, that could not withstand the rude blasts with which it was assailed in that quarter. It was considered by the public that the author of the play had, in his exhibition of *fashionable* manner, raised the curtain *too high*. The gods exerted their prerogative, and the piece was damned.

Mrs. Damer continued, we believe, to reside at Strawberry Hill till her decease, which occurred on the 28th of May.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

As to the state of the weather and the crops, previously to the late destructive hurricanes, it had partaken of that variable character which has distinguished the spring and summer of the current year, though not to any great or hurtful extreme. Hope was still left of somewhat perhaps beyond the usual average of crops. But, oh! for the vanity of human wishes —or rather the folly of placing a dependence on the most uncertain of all uncertainties, that which itself depends upon wind and weather. Perhaps we may no longer dream of an average of corn crops. Wheat has already taken a start of three or four shillings, and the ensuing will probably be a fortunate season for the farmers of good lands and dry uplands; and fortunate it will be for the great and hard pressed majority, that corn laws no longer exist, which might place an impediment in the way of purchase and importation.

In early districts, and among early and sedulous haymakers, that harvest, a most ample one, has been successful. Its *finale* will be of a different character, and not to the credit of some, who, it is averred, are in the unthrifty habit of employing too few hands. The tares, it is said, so luxuriant and covered with blossom, from late unfavourable causes, will not be productive of seed. On dry and good lands, the wheats blossomed sufficiently early, and were affected by no chills or atmospheric changes, but by too much moisture, and by the rain penetrating and lodging within the flower, which necessarily has an unfavourable effect on the maturing grain. A cold and blighting temperature, accompanying the rains at this critical period, would have ruined the crop. The frequent gales of wind, however, did much mischief to the bloom, and beat down much of the corn. Of the rye, barley, and oats, there is no novelty of report; in general, the corn has not eared so fully to size and weight, as was too sanguinely expected, but promises to be so productive of straw, as to constitute the present a great fodder, as well as grass and hay year. The continual moisture has promoted the generation of an enormous brood of slugs, to reduce which, will by-and-by require the serious and persevering exertion of the harrow and roller, joined with the superinduction of saline and ash manures. In some parts, the beans have suffered so much, from both the slugs and the rooks, that considerable breadths have been mown for cattle. The fly also, has been too free with the peas, both those crops are, nevertheless, of good promise. The turnips, mangel, and potatoes, flourish at the head of our crops. The present season has served to rectify the popular error that, mangel wurtzel is impenetrable to the attacks of the blight fly, since some small part of the crop has suffered considerably from that cause. On the annual large increase of the culture of this plant of paramount utility, a very distant correspondent remarks to us, that it has, at length, overcome the almost indomitable prejudices of the veriest old codgers' of the soil. This is encouraging news to us, who laboured ineffectually during so many years, to introduce the culture, on our own annual and unfailing experience. The same, an intelligent, active, and successful cultivator, writes that he has found it the most useful, in regard to the worth of the second crop, to run the scythe over his extensive grazing pastures. Great annual benefit is lost by the general neglect of this obvious proceeding of common sense. The constant actions of the rain and wind upon the hop plant has no doubt cleared the bine of vermin; but it remains a question whether the early damage received has not been sufficient to outweigh the hope of a heavy crop. The summer fallows, particularly of broad-cast farmers, yet the majority, are foul in the extreme; and will not contribute to repair the difficulties under which our farmers labour. An article has lately appeared in the newspapers, respecting *spurry* grass, a favourite sheep-food with our ancestors. The writer speaks of it as a *weed* and as worthless. He probably did not obtain good seed,

which may be had of Mr. Gibbs. We have grown spurry during some years, with success, and experienced no aversion to it in sheep. The hay when made at its full growth and in flavour, is most excellent food for sheep. Harvest is in hand in the southern counties, but the present constant rains may occasion the turn of a dry and propitious season for those who can defer a while, and for the later districts. The labourers seem generally employed. It is now pretty well ascertained that the old stock of wheat will meet the new with a good face. A reduction of rents is spoken of, particularly in Essex, always the lowest rented, though the first corn county in England, and one of the easiest to cultivate. That fine county has been invariably mistaken by strangers, from days of yore, both in the above respect, and in reference to salubrity. Notwithstanding the great plenty of common summer fruits, much apprehension is entertained on the score of those proper for preserving, during the present rains. The accounts from North Britain, previous to the late tempestuous weather, were highly satisfactory; and with regard to Ireland, it is encouraging to record her decided superiority of late years, in the important articles of butter and bacon, of which she furnishes such an immense supply to this importing country. Irish butter has, some time since, commanded far the highest prices in the English markets, and Irish bacon fully equals the best Wiltshire, which indeed it has long since driven out of the general market. Hibernia, after centuries and iliads of miseries and oppressions, is at length destined to emerge, and that in the most honourable and profitable mode—through her own native energies. They who can deliberate impartially on her long oppressions and disgraces, will never wonder at her enthusiasm, however closely it may seem to border upon madness.

On live stock, little is required to be said, but that there is great plenty in the country, with a superabundance of food for their nourishment. Store cattle have yet been too dear, which has caused much feeding land to be understocked. Prices, however, are declining in some degree. There is little or no variation in the wool market, nor is it probable, in regard to price. This luxurious country must and will be attired with the finest cloth, and our flock-masters, whether they can or not, will not grow wool equal in fineness for such a manufacture.

A recital of the melancholy effects of the late hurricanes and overwhelming rains we must leave to the diurnals. Great and ruinous distress must have been produced in the northern and north western districts, particularly. Overwhelming floods, in one instance, of even twenty miles extent. Buildings, corn, hay, cattle, property of all kinds driven away by the overwhelming element: even lives lost. The damage to the crops of corn beaten down will be immense, in which the whole country will share in various degrees. Whilst writing, we have opened several letters from the middle and eastern parts of Essex, which concur not only in the accounts of the great damage done to their corn crops, by being beaten down by the late storms, but previously, by the variable and blighting effects of the atmosphere. Great part of their wheat will be discoloured, and much smutted. A similar calamity affects Suffolk and Norfolk. All accounts from the opposite continent, state that the late hurricanes extended thither in full force. Every intelligent farmer, ambitious of knowing his true position with that of his country, should read Mr. Jacob's reports.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 4s. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d. —Pork, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.—Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 2d.—Raw fat, 2s. 3d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 48s. to 73s.—Barley, 26s. to 36s.—Oats, 18s. to 30s. —Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. London loaf.—Hay and straw nearly as per last report.

Coals in the Pool, 30s. to 36s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, July 25, 1828.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The demand for Muscovadoes during the last week was steady—the purchases extensive; being estimated at 36,000 hogsheads and tierces. There was not the slightest alteration in the prices. The transactions in refined goods, last week, were considerable; and they would have been extensive if any adequate supplies had appeared. The fine goods met a ready sale.

Coffee.—The public sales of coffee last week were not extensive; the British plantation descriptions declined from 1s. to 2s. per cwt.; the foreign 6d. to 1s. per cwt. Good ordinary pale St. Domingo, 34s.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The purchases of fine Jamaica Rum, last week, were extensive; the prices for strong descriptions were from 4s. to 4s. 3d. Several parcels of Leewards were disposed of at a shade lower. Brandy was heavy: Geneva without alteration.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—Tallow has been steady. In Hemp and Flax there is little variation.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 13. 13½.—Altona, 13. 13½.—Paris, 25. 45.—Bordeaux, 25. 70.—Frankfort, 150½.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Trieste, 10. 3—Madrid, 35½.—Cadiz, 36½.—Bilboa, 35½.—Barcelona, 35.—Seville, 35½.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48½.—Genoa, 25. 40.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 36½.—Palermo, 118.—Lisbon, 46.—Oporto, 45½.——Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 0½d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, 288*l.*—Coventry, 1,030*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 106*l.*—Grand Junction, 307*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 29¼*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 406*l.*—Oxford, 700*l.*—Regent's, 26¾*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 820*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 265*l.*—London Docks (Stock), 87½*l.*—West India (Stock), 215*l.*—East London Water Works, 116*l.*—Grand Junction, —*l.*—West Middlesex, 66*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance, 9½*l.*—Globe, 155*l.*—Guardian, 20¼*l.*—Hope Life, 5⅛*l.*—Imperial Fire, 100*l.*—Gas-Light Westminster Chartered Company, 53½*l.*—City, 0*l.*—British, 8 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of June to the 23d of July 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

R. Atkinson, St. Paul's Church-yard, linendraper
J. Buckley, Upper Mill, Saddleworth, York, dyer
C. Poyner, Winchcombe, Gloucester, mercer
T. Brooks, Cheltenham, carpenter
T. Snell, Bristol, common carrier
A. Haas, Manchester, merchant
J. A. Prudence, Miles lane, wholesale grocer

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 77.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Alderson, T. J. Chancery-lane, money-scrivener. [Weymouth, Gray's-inn
Addison, J. Friskney, Lincoln, miller. [Hall and Bishop, Serjeant's-inn; Tuxford, Boston
Archer, E. Wood-street, warehouseman. [Bowden and Walters, Aldermanbury
Alker, E. Wigan, iron liquor merchant. [Armstrong, Staple-inn; Lord, Wigan
Beadsmoore, S. Ashley-de-la-Zouch, bookseller. [Dax and Son, Gray's-inn
Bailey, J. Derby, mercer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Moss, Derby
Boler, T. Lincoln, brick-maker. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Lee, Newark
Britten, W. Northampton, leather-seller. [Vincent, Temple; Cooke, Northampton
Barnard, J. Commercial-road East, baker. [Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane
Brooks, J. Seymour-street, bill-broker. [Walker, Hatton-garden
Brown, B. Grundisburgh, Suffolk, victualler. [Thompson, George-street, Minories
Bryon, W. Turnham-green-terrace, dealer in hops. [Templer, Tower-street
Beeston, J. Betten Copy, Drayton-in-Hales, Salop, drover. [Heming and Baxter, Gray's-inn; Stanley, Drayton-in-Hales
Brown, G. Monmouth, innkeeper. [Ives, Monmouth
Chadburn, W. Sheffield, optician. [Tattershall, Temple; Palfreyman, Sheffield
Chimley, E. Nottingham, miller. [Knowles, New Inn; Hurst, Nottingham
Corlas, T. Keighley, victualler. [Strangways and Walker, Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds
Crookenden, C. and G. Spitalbury, Bermondsey, tanners. [Alliston and Hundleby, Freeman's-court
Cork, J. New Bond-street, silk-mercer. [Richardson, Ironmonger-lane
Delauncy, P. J. Regent-street, jeweller. [Crosse, Surrey-street, Strand
Dodge, W. Sherborne, linendraper. [Humphrys, Temple
Fraser, C. and G. C. P. Living, St. Helen's-place, merchants. [Kearsey, Lothbury
Faux, C. Bermondsey-wall, warehouseman. [Whiteley, Token-house-yard
Fowke, W. Belper, Derby, joiner. [Wolston, Furnival's inn; Ingle, Belper
Flood, J. Leeds, surgeon. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane
Glass, J. W. Liverpool, commission agent. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Lonsdale, Manchester
Gregory, C. Great Surrey street, Blackfriar's-road, cabinet-maker. [Hume, Blackfriar's-road
Hardacre, G. Old Barge-house Wharf, Blackfriars, wharfinger. [Sandon, Dunster-court, Mincing-lane
Harrison, T. New Bond-street, hosier. [Birkett, New Bond-street
Hill, T. Red Lion-street, Spitalfields, potatoe-merchant. [Bartley, Somerset-street
Hobson, C. Leeds, publican. [King, Bedford-place; Wilkinson, Leeds
Hodge, E. Plymouth, grocer. [Blake, Essex-street; Prideaux, Plymouth
Holmes, J. Kidderminster, grocer. [Dangerfield, Craven-street; Brinton, Kidderminster
Haviside, W. Jerusalem Coffee-house, master-mariner. [Kearsey and Co., Lothbury
Hanson, R. Allen-street, Goswell-street, carman. [Vincent and Peall, Bedford-street
Howarth, G. Liverpool, flag-dealer. [Chester, Staple-inn; Finrow, Liverpool
Jardine, J. Birchin-lane, stationer. [Rice, Gray's-inn
Joseph, R. Somerset-street, hatter. [Hill, Roodlane
Kershaw, E. Butterworth, Lancashire, flannel-manufacturer. [Wheeler, Gray's-inn; Hallsall, Middleton
Lawrence, E. Charlton Kings, Gloucester, hallier. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Pruen and Co. Cheltenham
Lever, G. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Fearnhead and Campbell, Nottingham
Lancaster, T. Leeds, ironmonger. [Makinson and Saunders, Temple; Foden, Leeds
Mellanby, J. Stockton-upon-Tees, ship-builder.

[Blakiston, Symond's-inn ; Read, Bishopwearmouth
Mackrill, H. Whitechapel, chymist. [Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside
Mills, W. Bath, oil-merchant. [Jones, Crosby-square
Manby, T. Argarkirk, Lincoln, butcher. [Dawson and Hawkins, New Boswell-court
Moffat, W. Bermondsey, victualler. [Downes, Furnival's-inn
Mathews, W. Crooked-lane, tin-plate merchant. Hindman and Goddard, Basinghall-street
Owen, H. Jewin-street, draper. [Tanner, Fore-street
Orme, D. Oldham, and Spencer, J. Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple ; Brackenbury, Manchester
Palmer, A. Mincing-lane, merchant. [Spur and Leach, Warnford-court
Parsons, J. Mosterton, Dorset, miller. [Holme and Co., New-inn ; Murley, Crewherne
Ruler, J. Dewsbury, York, draper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Grave, Manchester
Ramage, T. New Bond-street, tailor. [Thomas, Barnard's-inn
Scholefield, R. Barnsley, leather-seller. [Tattershall, Temple ; Palfreyman, Sheffield
Saxon, T. Oxford-street, chinaman. [Robinson and Son, Half-moon-street
Stainton, J. Lincoln, bookseller. [Spike, Temple ; Wells, Gainsburgh
Starling, J. jun. King's Lynn, hatter. [Clowes and Co., Temple ; Jarvis, King's Lynn
Swaine, J. Bristol, innholder. [Jones, Crosby-square ; Saunders, Bristol
Smith, B. Bristol, tailor and draper. [Brittan, Basinghall-street
Smith, J. Diorama, Regent's-park, and of Paris, printer. [Hyde, Ely-place
Thompson, J. North Stoneham, Hants, nurseryman. [Slade and Jones, Bedford-row ; Bryant, Southampton
Tanner, J. Wickwar, Gloucester, tailor. [Whittington, New-inn ; Whittington, Chipping Sodbury
Tranter, W. Greenwich, stone mason. [Sandon, Dunlop-court, Mincing-lane
Townsend, R. Bristol, victualler. [Jones, Crosby-square ; Saunders, Bristol
Venning, T. and T. Tucker, Truro, coachmakers. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn ; Cornish and Son, Bristol
Vaux. J. Stephen-street, Tottenham-court-road, lamp-manufacturer. [Crosse, Surry-street
Walmsley, J. Barnsley, linen-manufacturer. [Pocock, Bartholomew-lane ; Mence, Barnsley
Wright D. and Sykes, G. Sheffield, opticians. [Tattershall, Temple ; Palfreyman, Sheffield
Wearing, C. H. and W. Greenwood, St. Paul's Church yard, merchants. [Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street
Walton, W. Manchester, timber-merchant. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane ; Foulkes and Sons, Manchester
Woolcock, J. Truro, linen-draper. [Sole, Aldermanbury
Whitelegg, T. Ashton-upon-Mersey, Cheshire, rectifyer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane ; Palmer and Son, Bristol
Williams, H. Bath, innkeeper, [Jones, Crosby-square ; Hallings, Bath
Wright, J. Charlotte-street, Percy-street, cheesemonger. [Gibbard, Stangate-street
Withiel, W. P. Penzance, wine-merchant. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street
Wood, J. Manchester, oil-merchant. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Wood, Manchester.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Carter, to be Lecturer of St. Giles's, Oxford.—Rev. J. Watts, to the Rectory of Tarrant Grenville, Dorset.—Rev. E. L. Davies, to be Perpetual Curate of Kenderchurch, Hereford.—Venerable Archdeacon Clarke, to be Prebend of Netheravon.—Rev. C. Grove, to be Prebend of Minor Pars Alton's.—Rev. R. Bathurst, to the Rectory of Heigham, Norfolk.—Rev. A. P. Clayton, to the Rectory of Garvestone, Norfolk.—Rev. Dr. Fancourt, to the Vicarage of St. Mary. Leicester, and the Rev. M. St. John, to that of All Saints.—Rev. T. Silver, to the Vicarage of Charlbury, Oxon.—Rev. J. F. Jowett, to the Rectory of Kingston, Berks.—Rev. W. Greenwood, to the Rectory of Thrapstone, Northampton.—Rev. W. H. Turner, to the Vicarages of Dilham with Honing, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Hubbard, to the Rectories of West Stow and Wordwell, Suffolk.—The Rev. President of St. John's, Oxford, to the Rectory of Handborough, Oxon.—Rev. J. M. King, to the Curacy of Chilton-super-Poulden, Somerset.—Rev. W. L. Bowles, a Canon Residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral.—Rev. H. Richards, to the Benefice of Horfield, Gloucester.—Rev. J. M. Munden, to the Vicarage of Northover, Somerset.—Rev. Dr. H. V. Bayley, to a Prebendary of Westminster.—Rev. E. Egremont, to the Living of Wroxeter, Salop.—Rev. J. East, to the Rectory of Croscombe, Somerset.—Rev. J. Vane, to the living of Wrington, Somerset.—Rev. A. Foster, to the Vicarage of Mudford, Somerset.—Rev. H. Hoskins, to the Prebend of Scampford, Wells Cathedral.—Rev. E. Bower, to the Rectory of Closworth, Somerset.—Rev. C. Heath, to the Rectories of Gunton and Suffield, and vicarage of Hanworth, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Wylde, to the Vicarage of Claverdon, with Norton Lindsey Chapelry, Warwick.—Rev. G. H. Webber, to be Chaplain to Lord Braybrooke.—Rev. A. Huddleston to the Rectory of Bowness.—Rev. T. W. Morley, to the Rectory of Birkby, York.—Rev. J. N. White, to the Vicarage of Reeshall, Norfolk.—Rev. H. Legge, to the Living of East Lavant, Sussex.—Rev. E. Bower, to the Vicarage of Colsworth.—Rev. J. Thynne has been installed Sub-Dean of Lincoln Cathedral.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

T. G. Turner, esq., to be Consul at Gibraltar, for the Free Hanseatic Republics of Hamburgh, Bremen, and Lubeck.—Lord Stuart de Rothesay, to be Ambassador Extraordinary to His Most Christian Majesty.—Lord F. L. Gower, and H. Hobhouse, esq., to be Privy-councillors.—Lord Westmoreland, to be Lord Lieutenant of Northamptonshire.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

June 21.—Anniversary Fete of the Horticultural Society held at Chiswick; fruits excellent—upwards of 3,000 persons present.

24.—The Bishop of London laid the foundation stone of Bishopsgate new church, which is to be called the Holy Trinity Church.

26.—Meeting of Portuguese residents in England held at London Tavern, when the resolution to destroy the medal, formerly voted by them to be presented to Don Miguel, was confirmed.

July 4.—A charter of incorporation received the royal signature, constituting an institution of Civil Engineers, for the general advancement of mechanical science.

— The late Lord Chancellor's judgment affirmed in the House of Lords, relative to the Wellesley Case, in separating a parent from his children.*

— One culprit executed at the Old Bailey—another ordered for execution was found dead in the cell, having poisoned himself; he was Captain John Montgomery, who had been convicted for forgery.

July 5.—Mr. Stratford Canning left town on a special mission respecting the Greeks.

— Public Meeting, at Freemasons' Tavern, held for supporting the completion of the Thames Tunnel, when a considerable subscription was entered into for that purpose.

8.—The revenue statement, up to July 5, states an increase this year of no less a sum than £1,274,651.

— Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 9 prisoners received sentence of death (2 of them women); and 66 were transported, besides several for imprisonment.

— The Additional Churches Bill, given up by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, "because," he said, "the opposition to the measure had been carried beyond all fair opposition !!!"

10.—Petition presented to the House of Lords in favour of the Jews, praying for the removal of all civil and religious disabilities !!!

— Court went into mourning for one week, for the Grand Duke Charles of Saxe Weimar.

— The surrender of Brailow to the Russian forces, after a month's siege, announced by the Foreign Gazettes—the Turks fought most desperately; the Russians lost in killed and wounded more than 2,000 persons.

11.—Public meeting of proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre held, when a favourable report of the state of their affairs was read—the debt had been reduced from £15,521 12s. to £11,161 12s.

— The British Ambassador arrived from Lisbon. Intelligence came also that all the Ambassadors from the different powers on the Continent had likewise left Portugal, in consequence of the usurpation of Don Miguel, who had caused himself to be crowned King by the Three Estates.

— A Deputation from the principal woollen and cotton manufacturers, brewers, distillers, &c., of Dublin and Belfast, had an audience of the Duke of Wellington. The subject principally urged upon the attention of his Grace, was the existing duties on coals, and the necessity of their repeal. —See Article SCOTLAND, of our present number.

12.—Notice sent by Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to Lloyd's, stating that Government had sent a transport off Oporto, for the reception of such British subjects who may choose to embark with their property; and that ships were in, and cruising off, the Tagus, protecting the British trade and interest.

15.—The bill for the sale of game, and for improving the state of the game laws, lost in the House of Lords—64 were for, and 94 against it !!!!!!

MARRIAGES.

J. H. Langham, esq., to the Hon. Margaret Emma, daughter of Lord Kenyon.—Lieut.-Col. Willson, to Miss E. F. Jud.—Hon. A. F. Ellis, M.P., second son of Lord Seaford, to Mary Frances Thurlow, eldest daughter of Sir David Conyngham, Bart.—G. Musgrave, esq., son of the late Sir J. C. Musgrave, Bart., to Charlotte, daughter of the late Sir J. Graham, Bart.—Eugene de la Rive, esq., youngest son of Professor de la Rive, councillor of State at Geneva, to Miss Louisa Marcet—Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., to Miss Catherine Jones.—Captain Rawdon (Coldstream Guards), to Lady Cremorne.—Rev. G. Sivewright, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Lady N. Gore. —G. C. Mostyn, esq., to Caroline, eldest daughter of A Vansittart, esq., and niece of Lords Auckland and Bexley.—R. Ward, esq. (author of *Tremaine*, and *De Vere*), to Mrs. P. Lewin.—Henry Lord Teynham, to Sarah, daughter of Sir Anthony Brabazon, Bart.—E. Saurin, R.N., son of Right Hon. W. Saurin, and nephew to Marquess Thomond, to Lady Mary Ryder, daughter of Lord Harrowby.—C. Brownlow, esq., M.P., to Miss Jane Macneill.

DEATHS.

In Piccadilly, Lady Charlotte Seymour, sister to Marquess Cholmondeley.—Lady Banks, relict of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks.—George Nicol, esq., 89, many years bookseller to George III.—At Twickenham, Eleonora, Countess of Uxbridge, 30.—Lieut. J. Spiller, R.N., superintendant of the telegraph at the Admiralty.—In Crawford-street, Lieut. Gen. Richardson.—At

* "As to evidence warranting the judgment," said one of the *seven* lords who were present, "the expression from one of Mr. Wellesley's letters must abundantly satisfy their lordships—'there are many things which ought to be let alone: a Court of Chancery had no business to interfere between a father and his children; they had a right to go to the devil in their own way.'" Hence may be inferred the danger of joking about the *Devil* and the *Court of Chancery !!!*—Mr. Wellesley has fought one duel upon this subject, and has been challenged again by the same person, and that person a *clergyman*, and the second challenge dated on a *Sunday* too !!! The minister of the Gospel was, however, bound over to keep the *peace!*

Canterbury, Rev. J. Francis, 80.—Hon. C. Wyndham, brother to the Earl of Egremont.—At Hatfield House, the infant daughter of the Marquess of Salisbury.—In Duke street, Westminster, Charlotte Countess Dowager of Suffolk and Berkshire, 75.—In Clarges-street, Lieut.-Col. Clements, Guards.—Lieut.-Gen. J. Macintyre, India Company's service.—Georgiana Maria Hutchinson, wife of General Sarrazin.—In Grosvenor-place, Lord Rivers, 77.—In Wimpole-street, T. Divet, esq., M.P., Lymington.—James, second son of Sir Sandford and Lady Graham.—Viscount Melbourne, 88.—At Lambeth, the Archbishop of Canterbury, 75.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

Mme. Talma (widow of Talma the celebrated performer) to the Count de Chalot, ancien Colonel of dragoons, &c.—Prince Gustavus of Sweden, to the Princess Marianne of the Netherlands, in the presence of the Royal Family!!!—At Paris, at the British Ambassador's chapel, G. C. Legh, esq., to Miss Louisa Charlotte Taylor.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Colonel Moreland.—At Torgau, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.—On passage from Jamaica, Sir Ralph Woodford, governor of Trinadad.—At Dunkirk, Major Woodgate.—At Canton, the lady of his Excellency the Hoppo; her death was announced in the Tartar manner, by saying, "she had gone to ramble among the Genii." The governor and all the great officers of the province called and expressed their "vexation!"—At Zante (Ionian Isles), Capt. F. A. Hastings, son of the late Sir C. Hastings, Bart.—At Rosseau, J. O'Driscol, esq., late Chief Justice of Dominica, and author of a "History of Ireland."—At Dieppe, Sibella Matilda, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A massy silver waiter has been recently presented to S. Ilderton, esq., by the inhabitants of North Shields, as a public testimony of their high estimation, and grateful acknowledgments of his impartial services as a magistrate, during a period of several years.

The following highly recommendatory notice of a day-school, appears in a window at Houghton-le-spring: "Skool hear for Boys and Garls, niten and sowen readen and speling."

At a late examination of paupers in All Saints' parish, Newcastle, there appeared to be in Sandgate Ward—a place enveloped in every description of dirt and filth—about 100 poor women, whose ages average 73 years; the oldest being 102, and the youngest 60.

Public baths are now about to be established at Durham, for the first time.

The county of Durham has been visited with showers of rain, which caused the Wear to be swollen to a great degree: it did frightful damage to the adjacent fields in the vicinity of Durham, which were overflown to the extent of many hundreds of acres. A great part of the fine plain near the village of Shincliffe was covered with water by the tremendous overflowing of the Wear.*

Married.] At Durham, Mr. G. Weddall, to Miss Gleason; Mr. H. W. Dodd, to Miss Martin.—At Doddington, the Rev. William Simpson, to Miss Lang.—At Lyme, Mr. Ham, to Miss Anne Hooke.

Died.] At Gateshead Park, Mrs. Cook.—At Durham, Miss Burrell; Mr. Wm. Pearson.—At Newcastle, Mrs. Handasyde; Thomas Thompson, 103.—At Whorton, Miss M. Dodds.

* Similar complaints of the fatal effects of the late storms have reached us from almost all parts of the country, and if the rainy weather should continue, the consequences cannot fail to be highly disastrous.

YORKSHIRE.

By the death of R. Creyhie, esq., the office of one of the Receivers General for the West Riding is abolished.

The affrays between the Irish and English, which so frequently occur in the metropolis, have extended to Yorkshire. On the 30th of June, at Barnsley, a desperate battle took place between a party of Irish and English weavers, in which one of the latter was killed. An Irishman is committed to York castle for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

Goole, formerly a creek within the port of Hull, is now made a separate and distinct port for the warehousing of goods.

From January to July 29 inquests were held for the town and county of Kingston-upon-Hull, 28 of them within the town.

Steps are taking to erect a new theatre in Leeds; and it is probable that that necessary measure will be carried into effect.

Sheffield and Dewsbury petitioned against the additional churches' bill. There were also petitions sent from Leeds and Sheffield in favour of it.

From the 7th to the 14th of July, an immense quantity of rain fell in Yorkshire: not partially, but all over the county. Wednesday, the 9th, was a complete day of rain—it descended in torrents, and the low lands were every where flooded. At Whitby, and its neighbourhood, three bridges were carried away. At Hull, Beverley, Porklington, Kirbymoor-Side, York, Leeds, Wetherby, Driffield, and, in short, generally throughout this extensive county, the hay which had not been got in was destroyed, the crops of corn were laid flat; and in many places, boats could sail over acres of what had the day before been green fields.

One thousand six hundred species of seeds, principally of hardy herbaceous plants, have been recently presented to the Botanic Garden at Hull, by Mr. Hunneman, collected from all parts of Europe, and most of them hitherto unknown to

the garden. Thirty rare species of plants, natives of New Holland, have been also presented by Mr. Mackay; they arrived in excellent order and are considered great curiosities.

The new church of St. Philip, Sheffield, was consecrated July 2, by the Archbishop of York.

At a meeting held at Leeds, a petition was voted to the legislature, against the New Church Bill passing into a law, and in 18 hours it was signed by no less than 19,712 persons, and sent off to town, the chairman of the meeting carrying it himself.—*Leeds Mercury.*

Married.] At York, G. Legard, esq., to Miss Hawksworth; the Rev. M. Staplyton, to Miss Donnison.—At Bradford, the Rev. James Edwards, to Miss Steadman.—At Halifax, Capt. Ask, to Miss M. W. Haigh.—At Leeds, J. D. Hepworth, esq., to Miss Snowden; Charles Grosvenor, esq., to Miss Bowers.—At Knaresborough, the Rev. A. E. Douglass, to Miss Collins.—At Pickering, John Watson, esq., to Miss Kitching.—At Snaith, E. Gillson, esq., to Miss Moore.—At Hull, the Rev. C. J. Camidge, to Miss Hustwick; W. G. Todd, esq., to Miss M. Stickney.—At Whitby, Capt. Power, to Miss Simpson.

Died.] At Bishop Burton, Mrs. Watt.—At York, John Wearon, esq.—At Cawold, Mr. Geo. Sanley.—At Leeds, Miss Zouch; W. A. Smith, esq.—At Hull, Mrs. Cooper.—At Hedon, the Rev. John Dixon.—At Halifax, John Murphy, esq.—At Shaz, near Halifax, Miss Rawson.

CAMBRIDGE AND LINCOLN.

The Ancholme Navigation was opened June 21, when the neighbouring gentry proceeded in a decorated barge, attended with a large sea-sloop laden with coals, and many others, sailed up the river to the head of the navigation at Bishop Bridge. We have great pleasure in recording the completion of so stupendous an undertaking, as the advantages which the country will ultimately derive from it are incalculable; independent of the great benefit to that extensive tract of land, comprising the Level of Ancholme.

The celebration of the Commencement at Cambridge was well attended; H. R. H. the Chancellor was present, and the produce, after all expenses paid, for the benefit of Addenbrooke's Hospital, amounted to only about £500!!! The enormous demands of the first-rate vocalists, particularly the foreigners (whose importance has been more puffed than merited), accounts for the charitable overplus being so small.

Died.] At Horbling, Rev. J. Shinglar, 72, resident curate at that place 43 years.

DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM.

Died.] At Heanor, Mr. Thomas Gillott, 67, parish clerk, which situation has been punctually fulfilled by the family for more than 150 years, and always by *a Thomas Gillott!*—At Derby, Grace, the wife of Mr. Noble, editor of the *Derby Reporter.*

CHESHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.

On St. Barnabas' day (Sunday June 22) the majority of the children who receive gratuitous instruction in the Sunday Schools at Macclesfield were paraded, in due order, to the different churches and chapels; the following list we subjoin, as it is so extremely honourable to the liberality of the town. Macclesfield School, 2,100; National School, 400; Wesleyan Methodists, 460; Independents, 550; Wesleyan Methodists, New Connexion, 850; Primitive Methodists, 145; General Baptists, 400; Particular Baptists, 135; Brokencross School, 210; Hurdsfield, 200; Roman Catholics, 221 (these last assembled at the chapel, but did not parade the streets)—Total 5,661.

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Warrington, it was unanimously agreed to establish a company for the purpose of laying a branch into the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road, by which means a direct communication will also be made with the Bolton and Leigh rail-road.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

June 30, at All Saints' church, the sexton refused admission for the entry of the corpse of a deceased child into the church-yard, until double fees were paid, *viz.* those for *his* church-yard, and those for the sexton of St. Nicholas, as the parents of the child were living in that parish; the corpse was left in the street for a considerable time, while the curate was waiting in the church to bury it. The circumstance having at length excited sensation in the neighbourhood, and crowds of persons, particularly females, having collected, the corpse was moved into the church, where it remained till the afternoon of the next day, before it was interred!—*Leicester Chronicle.*

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The committee of the Birmingham Society of Arts have opened their exhibition of paintings, to which the neighbouring nobility have contributed the loan of many of their *chefs-d'œuvre*, forming a collection, we may say unrivalled, out of the metropolis. We see the names of Claude Lorraine, Leonardo da Vinci, Salvator Rosa, Sneyders, Cuyp, &c., nor can we forget to mention the portrait of that honour to Warwickshire, Sir William Dugdale.

Married.] At Alveston, H. C. Wise, of the Priory, Warwick, to Harriet, third daughter of Sir Grey Skipwith, Bart.—At Castle-Ashby, Rev. C. J. Pinfold, to Miss Anna Maria Seagrave.

Died.] At Leamington, 76, Sir Joseph Scott, Bart., formerly M.P. for Worcester.—At Warwick, Susannah, 80, relict of Charles Gregory Wade, esq.—Clement Cartwright, esq., 68, uncle to the member for Northamptonshire.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

At the 18th anniversary of the Ross Horticultural Society, no less than 893 specimens were ticketed. The lady of Gen. Sir R. Brownrigge sent a noble specimen of the *leaf* of the original gigantic talipa tree, which was taken from a tree in Ceylon, upwards of 100 feet high: the leaf measured 40 feet in circumference, and being placed behind the prize stand, formed a fan-like screen, singularly interesting and unique!—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

Describing the annual fair at Pershore, recently held there, the *Worcester Journal* says, "We lament that year after year the *church-yard* continues to be desecrated by the scenes of riot, and sounds of ribaldry, which necessarily accompany a fair of this description!!!"

Married.] At Marcle, Rev. R. C. Wilmot, second son of Sir R. Wilmot, Bart., to Miss Ellen Money.

Died.] Rev. J. Martin, of Ham Court.—At Evesham, Rev. L. Butterworth, 88; he had been for 61 years pastor of the Baptist church there.—

At Rochford, E. Harris, esq., 68.—At Worcester, Mrs. Barns, 93.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Three unfortunate men have been lately suffocated with foul air, in emptying a large and deep vault, which received the contents of offices belonging to several houses in Gloucester. They were all fine middle-aged men, of industrious habits, and have left large families to lament their loss.

That beautiful specimen of taste and skill in architecture, St. Stephen's Tower, at Bristol, is no longer to remain in the mutilated condition to which it was barbarously permitted to be reduced a few years since, the Bishop having ordered it to be restored to its pristine elegance; the funds for the purpose are to be raised by the parishioners.

The right of the corporation of Bristol to the import and export duties, has been confirmed by a verdict. This result, so favourable to their claims, was tried by a special jury before the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench.

The *Cheltenham Chronicle* says that the subscription raised for the support of the widow and children of the late Rev. H. Fothergill, who perished in one of the desolating floods of last winter, amounts to £1,373. 2s. 9d., and has been vested in trustees for the family.

Died.] Rev. B. Grisdale, 84, vicar of Chedworth.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

A meeting has been held at Torrington, for taking into consideration the best method of undertaking a new road from thence to Hatherleigh, when subscriptions were entered into for that purpose.

A very numerous and respectable meeting was held at the Town Hall, Devonport, to consider the best means of making some provision for the Rev. J. Hawker, who, the chairman stated, had been curate of Stoke Daramel for upwards of *thirty* years, and who received dismission from the new rector, through the steward of the manor, requiring him "to provide an asylum for himself and numerous family within *six* weeks!"—this too, although he had been promised to be continued in the curacy by the new rector. After several gentlemen had addressed the meeting on the hardship of the case, the chairman announced that the subscription amounted to upwards of £2,600, when the whole assembly simultaneously gave three distinct rounds of applause!!!—The parishioners had some time past memorialized the late Lord Chancellor Eldon (when he was in office), for some small living for Mr. H.'s declining years, but without effect; and Mr. H., it seems, had recently made application to his Diocesan, for some relief, in a way of employ, or in a recommendation to some curacy, but received an answer from his lordship "of his inability to do either!!!"—*Taunton Courier, July* 16.

Died.] At Moorland, Mr. Thomas Macey, 103!—At Bridgewater, Mr. J. Binning, editor and printer of the *Bridgewater and Somersetshire Herald.*—At Bath, J. Moody, 70, and his wife; they were found drowned in their bed in the night of July 8, from the effects of a most tremendous storm that has more or less caused inundations in all parts of the country.

OXFORD, BERKS, AND BUCKS.

July 1, being the anniversary of the establishment of the "Banbury Female Friendship Society," the different members walked in grand cavalcade to the church, preceded by a band of music, and the girls of the Blue and National Schools, bearing banners, &c.; several ladies of Banbury, not forgetting the foundress of the Society, walked also in the procession. After divine service a dinner was given. This useful society has been relieving the sick and lying-in members for these 22 years, in which time, upwards of £4,000 have been expended. It is supported by the foundress (Miss Long), the ladies of Banbury, and the neighbouring gentry. The "Beneficent Society of Friendly Brethren," also held their anniversary the same day, and joined in the procession to and attendance at church.

At the recent annual festival of the Oxford Branch of the Associated Brethren Benefit Society, the chairman announced that it had been established 26 years; that the contributors exceed 3,500; and that full 200 persons are supported weekly from its funds; and that it had, since its commencement, expended not less than £170,000 for benevolent purposes among its members!!!

At Oxford assizes, 4 prisoners were recorded for death, 4 transported, and a few imprisoned. At Abingdon, 6 for death; 5 were transported, one of them was sentenced to transportation for life, "to afford," said Baron Vaughan, "an example of the punishment which the laws of this country awarded to crimes beyond description in brutality"—the culprit had stepped back, and looked one of the witnesses in the face, and then, with great violence, kicked the unfortunate Lord Mountsandford on the head, as he lay bleeding on the ground—the verdict was manslaughter.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The first annual meeting of the members of the Lynn Mechanic, Scientific and Literary Institution, took place July 7, when a very satisfactory report was made of the first year's proceedings, both as regarding donations, and the purchase of books, not forgetting the instructive lectures which had been delivered.

July 4, the first stone, weighing nearly 5 tons, was laid at the Company's works, at Mutford Bridge—thus commencing a harbour at Lake Lothing, and Norwich a port.

At the annual meeting of "The Norfolk and Norwich School Society," the report stated that four new daily, and seven Sunday Schools, comprising about 750 children, had been established during the last year—making *in toto* 186 schools, in this county and city only, and thus affording the blessing of education to more than 10,000 children!!! July 17, the children of the City Schools, to the number of 2,000, were assembled in the nave of the cathedral, all neatly dressed, with their banners arranged up the centre. They were afterwards regaled at St. Andrew's Hall, and sang *God save the King!*

Died.] At Swaffham, Mrs. Gostling, 91, of East Dereham.—At Dunwich, Barne Barne, esq., late M.P.—At Twinsted Hall, Lady Denys, wife of Sir G. W. Denys, Bart.—Mrs. Green, 83, relict of the late E. Green, esq., of Lawford Hall.—Capt. J. M. Browne, son of the late Rev. N. Browne, Minor Canon of Norwich cathedral; Capt. B. had been in the Peninsular War, and was author of "*The State of Portugal, by an Eye-Wit.*

ness," lately published. — At Lynn, Mrs. Ann Wannack, 99.

WALES.

Within the last 10 years only one individual of the Roman Catholic persuasion was to be found in Wrexham and vicinity; but the number now residing in the neighbourhood has been deemed sufficient to call for the erection of a place of worship.—Accordingly one built by subscription, with the co-operation of the Protestants, has been opened, and dedicated to St. David. The chapel was completely filled by the gentry, and respectable inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. High Mass (one of Mozart's) was celebrated by the Bishop of Eurofrum, assisted by about 20 priests, all in grand costume. After the service a dinner was given, at which upwards of 50 ladies and gentlemen attended, when the usual loyal toasts were given.

On Saturday week, as the Hazlebeach ferry-boat was crossing to Pembroke Dock, under sail, with two passengers, it was overtaken by a tremendous whirlwind, and which was observed by the boatman, before it reached him, to draw up the water to a height of between 30 and 40 feet. Before he could lower his foresail, it was shivered to pieces, the boat whirled round and sunk, the water falling upon them, as if from a water-spout. The two men seized an oar each; the woman the sprit, with one hand, having her basket firmly held with the other; they thus buoyed themselves up for about fifteen minutes, when they were relieved from their perilous situation by a boat that had, on discovering the accident, shoved off from his Majesty's dock-yard.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle, July* 11.

SCOTLAND.

The first railway coach constructed in this country, for the conveyance of passengers, made a trial journey in the neighbourhood of Airdrie, lately. It is dragged by one horse, and is to ply on the Kirkintilloch railways in carrying passengers to boats on the canal. It is meant to carry 24 passengers, but started in high style with no less than 40 within and without.

There is likely to be a source of great rivalry between the Scotch manufacturers and the Irish, if the duty on coals should be taken off in Ireland, as it is well known, that both in Dublin and Belfast, the woollen and cotton manufactures are making considerable progress. In consequence, however, of the repeal of all protecting duties in Ireland, and the great improvement in steam navigation, the Irish manufacturers are very hardly pressed by the close and direct competition which they have to sustain with the manufacturers of Glasgow and other places. This competition, the deputation from Ireland that waited lately on the Duke of Wellington (see CHRONOLOGY), stated, they 'were willing to encounter upon terms of perfect equality; but that this equality does not at present exist, inasmuch as coal, which is now so indispensable in every department of their operations, is, in Glasgow, &c., wholly free of duty, and in Dublin and Belfast subject to very considerable taxes,—although in Glasgow and Leeds coal is worth five shillings the ton, in Ireland, owing to its general scarcity, it cannot be purchased, exclusive of duty, for less than thirteen or fourteen shillings. The Duke entered into the question at considerable length, and concluded by promising the deputation, that during the approaching recess he would cause a minute inquiry to be made into the whole subject, with a view to granting the relief sought for. He further stated, that the question of the coal trade of England, and especially that of the port of London, was about to be very fully considered by Government, as he was personally aware that abuses existed, and that the present system tended to enhance the price of coals, especially in London, in a most unreasonable degree.

Married.] At Balgay, Sir William Scott, of Ancrum, Bart., to Miss Anderson.—Sir Paul Bagshot, to Miss Jane Maxwell, of Brediland, Renfrew.

Died] At Hallbeath, near Dumfernline, John M'Lean, collier, 101; his mental faculties remained unimpaired till within a few days of his death.—Dr. Andrew Duncan, 83, senior professor of theory of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and first physician to his Majesty, in Scotland.—At Ran-Keillour, General the Hon. C. Hope, of Craig-hall.

IRELAND.

From the unprecedented occurrence of a Roman Catholic attempting to sit in Parliament, the attention of all the inhabitants of this country has been wholly directed to the election of a representative for the county of Clare, occasioned by its late member, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, having accepted of the offices of Treasurer of the Navy, and President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. The candidates were Mr. V. Fitzgerald, and Mr. O'Connell. At the close of the election several freeholders lodged a protest against the return of Mr. O'Connel, who had gained the majority, on the ground of his being a Catholic, upon which the assessor said:—"If we had the power, I would advise the High Sheriff to give one return for Mr. O'Connel, and another for Mr. Fitzgerald; but that course is not open to a Sheriff in Ireland, and we are not permitted to make a double return to the King's writ. We must select between one candidate and another and if Mr. O'Connell shall have, at the close of the poll, a majority of qualified votes, I will advise the Sheriff to declare him duly elected. But in this novel situation, I will advise the Sheriff to state, on the face of his return to the writ, that after having given notice to the freeholders, two candidates were proposed, Mr. V. Fitzgerald, a Protestant, and Mr. O'Connell, a Catholic; and that the latter announced that he was a Catholic; and further, that a protest against his return was lodged by a certain number of freeholders; but that Mr. O'Connell had a majority of qualified freeholders at the termination of the poll. What responsibility the gentleman thus elected may incur, for, in the words of the Act, presuming to appear in the House of Commons without taking the oaths, is beyond my office to inquire."

The High Sheriff announced the gross poll to be—for Mr. O'Connell, 2,067; and for Mr. Fitzgerald, 982; and declared that Daniel O'Connell, esq., was therefore duly elected as a Knight to represent the county in Parliament. This election proceeded and terminated without drunkenness, and without disorder of any description whatever. The leaders and the priests said the word, and all was attention, calmness, and goodwill; no man of any party was molested.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of June to the 25th of July, 1828.

June.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	211 12	88 ⅛	—	95⅜ ¾	95⅜ ¾	—	19¾	—	—	65 66p	88¾ 89⅜
27	—	88¼ ⅜	—	95⅜	95⅜ ⅜	—	—	—	—	64 66p	89 ⅛
28	—	88¼ ¼	—	95¼	95¼ ⅜	—	19¾ 13-16	—	102p	65 67p	89⅜ ⅜
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	—	88 ⅜	—	95⅜	95⅜ ⅝	—	—	—	—	66 67p	88⅞ 89¼
July											
1	210¼ 11¼	88 ¼	—	95½	95½ ⅝	—	—	—	102 3p	67 70p	88⅞ 89
2	—	87⅜ 88⅛	—	95⅜	95⅜ ¼	—	19¾ 11-16	—	102p	68 70p	88¼ ⅞
3	209½ 10	88 ⅛	—	—	95½	—	19 11-16	—	103p	68 70p	88¼ ⅞
4	209¾ 10¼	88 ⅛	—	95⅝	95⅝ ½	—	19⅜ 11-16	—	103p	67 69p	88⅞ 89⅛
5	—	88 ⅛	—	—	95⅜	—	19⅜ 11-16	—	102 3p	68 69p	88¼ 89⅜
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	—	88 ⅛	87¼ ⅜	95⅝	95½ ¾	101¾ 2	19⅝ ¾	—	104p	68 70p	88⅞
8	209½ 10	87⅜ 88	87 ⅜	95⅜	95⅜ ½	101½ ⅜	19⅜ 11-16	—	104p	68 70p	88⅝ ⅞
9	—	87½ ⅞	86¾ 87⅛	95¼	95¼ ½	101¼ ⅜	19⅜ 11-16	—	104p	69 70p	88½ ⅝
10	—	86¼ ⅞	86 ¼ ⅞	94¼ ⅞	94⅜ 95	100½ 1⅛	19⅜ 11-16	218¼	103 5p	69 70p	87¼ 88⅛
11	—	81⅜ ⅝	85 ⅛ ⅞	91⅜	91½ ⅛	100¼ ⅜	19⅛ 9-16	216½	103 5p	68 70p	87 ⅜
12	—	86⅛ ⅜	85¾ 86¼	—	94¾ 95	100⅝ 1	19 9-16 11-16	216¾	—	68 69p	87 ⅜
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	—	87⅜ ½	86½ ⅜	—	95½ ⅛	101⅛ ⅜	19 11-16 ⅝	—	104 5p	68 70p	88⅛ ⅛
15	210½ ¾	87⅝ ⅜	86½ ⅜	95⅛	95⅜ ⅛	101⅜ ½	19 11-16	215¾	104 5p	69 71p	88¼ ⅛
16	210¼ 11½	87⅛ 88	87⅛ ¼	95⅜ ¾	95½ ⅛	101½ ⅜	19¼ 13-16	—	104 5p	70 72p	88⅜ ⅛
17	210¼ 11½	87⅞ 88	87 ¼	95¼	95⅜ ⅛	101½ ⅜	19⅛ 13-16	—	105p	72 73p	88⅜ ⅛
18	—	87⅞ 88	87⅛ ¼	95⅞	95¼ ⅜	101½	19 13-16	—	105 6p	72 73p	88⅜ ⅝
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	210½	87½ ⅝	86¾ ⅞	—	95⅜ ½	101¼ ½	19 11-16 ¾	214½	107p	73 74p	88¼ ⅜
22	210 11½	87½ ⅝	86⅝ ¾	95½	95¼ ½	101⅛ ⅜	19 11-16 ¾	215	—	73 74p	86¼ ⅜
23	210⅜ 11¼	87⅜ ½	86¼ ⅜	95¼	95¼ ½	101⅛ ½	19⅜ 13-16	—	—	73 74p	86½ ⅝
24	210¾ 11¼	86⅞ 87⅛	86⅛ ⅜	95¼	95 ¼	101¼	19 13-16 ¾	214 ½	111 12p	73 74p	86⅜ ½
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From June 20th to July 19th, 1828.

By William Harris and Co. 50, High Holborn.

June.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			62	73	57	29 85	29 84	80	83	SW	W	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
21	33	☽	60	68	56	29 73	29 75	96	82	WNW	W	Rain	Fine	Fine
22	47		57	75	55	29 70	29 65	87	82	SW	WSW	—	Rain	—
23			57	75	55	29 90	30 13	80	82	NW	NNW	Fine	Fine	—
24			67	72	88	29 13	30 13	83	76	N	N	—	—	—
25			71	75	61	29 15	30 18	81	77	WNW	NW	—	—	—
26			72	74	64	29 18	30 14	79	74	N	SW	—	—	—
27			74	80	60	29 10	30 18	87	78	SW	SE	—	—	—
28			74	79	60	29 94	29 90	90	75	E	E	Clo.	—	—
29		○	72	77	61	29 83	29 81	100	76	ESE	SE	—	—	—
30			70	76	65	29 85	29 81	79	78	ESE	SW	Fine	—	—
July.														
1			72	75	56	29 80	29 77	83	80	W	WSW	—	—	—
2			71	76	74	29 75	29 73	96	47	W	W	Clo.	—	Clo.
3			76	79	72	29 76	29 77	51	45	W	W	—	—	Fine
4	18	☾	75	76	66	29 70	29 75	74	43	SSW	W	—	Rain	Clo.
5			72	74	77	29 72	29 71	46	45	W	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
6			70	70	60	29 73	29 72	43	46	W	NW	Clo.	Clo.	Fine
7			73	76	61	29 74	29 70	55	45	W	SE	—	Fine	—
8	47		76	78	62	29 60	29 78	66	48	ESE	SE	—	Show.	Show.
9	70		77	68	63	29 41	29 44	65	65	NW	N	Rain	Fine	Fine
10			72	70	61	29 50	29 50	58	50	N	W	—	Clo.	Clo.
11			68	73	68	29 83	29 72	60	55	WNW	SE	—	Rain	Rain
12	72	●	73	65	55	29 44	29 40	66	51	NW	NNW	—	Rain	Fine
13			61	64	55	29 23	29 40	50	49	WNW	NNW	—	Clo.	Fine
14	20		64	67	56	29 42	29 40	49	47	W	WNW	Fine	Rain	Rain
15			61	66	55	29 35	29 45	47	48	W	W	Clo.	Clo.	Fine
16			64	72	59	29 61	29 64	48	49	NNW	W	Clo.	Fine	—
17	42		73	72	63	29 58	29 60	49	50	WSW	W	Rain	—	—
18			69	73	61	29 50	29 42	50	50	SW	WSW	Clo.	—	—
19			68	70	58	29 50	29 47	50	50	WNW	W	—	—	Fair

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of June was 3 inches and 49·100ths.

THE

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COURT OF CHANCERY:

No. II.

WERE we to take English equity, under its existing dispensation, as the beau idéal of all equity, we should mistrust the proof given by Montesquieu of the barbarism of his fabled Troglodites, when he tells us they were "si méchans et si féroces *qu'il n'y avoit parmi eux aucun principe d'équité.*" It is, however, necessary to discriminate between the principle of an equitable jurisdiction, and the processes by which it is administered; and we confess we should consider no system of jurisprudence perfect which did not embody some "principe d'équité." "The grand reason for the interference of a court of equity," says the author of the Reminiscences, "is that the imperfection of a legal remedy, in consequence of the universality [and to this we may add the inefficiency] of legislative provisions may be redressed." Yet these are reasons which will last until legislators, instead of having to

> ——— "grope their dull way on
> By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,"

shall have learned to behold all futurity as in a broad meridian sunshine; and have thus acquired the means of foreseeing every possible application of their own limited rules to an ever varying, ever complicating state of society. Bacon remarked, that "the laws of most kingdoms and states had been like buildings of many pieces, patched up from time to time according to occasions, without frame or model;" and we doubt whether patchwork legislation be not to some extent incidental to the condition of humanity. Undoubtedly as jurisprudence becomes, in the progress of civilization, understood as a science, the laws of a country may all be placed on "the wide and rational foundation" of harmonizing principles. But let the foundation be extensive as knowledge can make it, we suspect the superstructure would, before long, be found too con-

fined to furnish all the accommodation which its architects designed. Though difficult, we admit it possible, that at any given epoch of a nation's existence, the collected experience of the past might be combined into a system sufficiently comprehensive to meet the exigencies of the present. Still a time would arise when new aspects of society would call for more extended legislation, and it must never be forgotten that the maturity of one age is infancy to that which is to succeed it. In the hope of conferring eternity on his institutions, the Grecian legislator, with a folly quite consistent with their absurdity, imposed an oath upon his fellow citizens never to violate them until his return; and then banished himself from his country for ever. With somewhat more of philosophy in his legislation, the great Locke, in founding a constitution for Carolina, provided that his laws should be in force but for one century, and then they were to undergo a revision for the purpose of becoming adapted to such alterations in its features as the state had intermediately sustained. "Sous le règne d' Elizabeth," says the author of the Lettres sur la Chancellerie et Jurisprudence Angloise, "l'Angleterre pouvoit déjà être compté parmi les grandes nations. Mais personne ne sera d'avis qu'un code formé pour ce temps-là eut convenu aux sujets de George IV." It is only in the development of the human mind under fresh modifications, and greater variety of circumstance, that the wants of a changeful and civilizing state of society become discovered; and thus, notwithstanding all the nonsense which has been babbled about the wisdom of our ancestors, it is plain that, with reference to posterity, the institutions of each preceding race of man, must, from the scantiness of the materials on which they are founded, be for ever defective. We may legislate up to experience, but we can never go beyond it.

That general collection of provisions, however, now moulded into the system, which, as contra-distinguished from equity, we term law, has for centuries displayed any thing but a legislation up to the experience of the passing time. Partly constructed on the maxims of a noxious political institution,* the annihilation of which has completely altered the posture of society—and altogether founded in a barbarous age, its modern administration presents a constant struggle, either at perverting or evading the very principles on which it stands, while those principles are sometimes admitted even to the production of the most egregious absurdities. Thus feudal institutions having little other policy than to watch over the interests of the tyrants for whose gain they existed, a judicial system founded upon them naturally enough treated all that was opposed to the interests of the feudal lord as opposite to the spirit of the laws. It accordingly became a maxim of law that every thing which interfered with these interests was contrary to "common right," and in conformity with this unique doctrine, a party creating in favour of another a rent out of his *own* estate, was modestly said to be doing an act contrary to "common right," "because he was thereby less able to perform the military services by which he was bound by his tenure." It will hardly be supposed that this absurdity could be carried to a point still more egregious. But so it was. It was said that in every attempted discharge of an interest thus granted in opposition to "common right," the act of the owner should be interpreted most strongly against himself, and in favour of the

* The feudal system.

interest of the lord. The result was, that if the owner of a rent charge issuing out of twenty acres of land, should release its payment out of *one* acre, whatever may have been his intention to the contrary, he thereby *extinguished the whole;* and because the maxim to which feudal principles had at a remote period given birth still exists, the absurdity in question survives to the present hour. No wonder then that under a system of law thus constituted a necessity should exist for some judicial power in the state, which was capable of adaptation with greater flexibility, to a state of society to which the unbending rules of the common law prevented it from accommodating itself. Such a power has all along indeed, been occasionally exercised by the great assembly of the nation. But the judicial operations of Parliament are rather confined to making provision for particular cases than extended to the establishment of new and general heads or principles of law; and the only operative standing power in the state adequate to the achievement of these purposes, may accordingly be considered as residing in the Court of Chancery. We will put an illustration of each of the functions we have described. A party is by fraudulent representations entrapped into incurring the legal obligation of a bond, or he executes it under mistaken impressions of his liabilities. The law nevertheless cannot choose but enforce the obligation against him. As Portia expounded the statutes of Venice, so would be the interpretation of the law in England—

> "For the intent and purpose of the law
> Hath full relation to the penalty,
> Which *here appeareth due upon the bond.*"

Confessing the instrument of obligation, a court of law would not allow the party to ground his defence upon the extrinsic circumstances in which it was given. Equity would, however, upon proof of these circumstances, interfere to order its cancellation. Again a tenant for life of a family estate takes upon himself to cut down the ornamental trees which are scattered about the Park. If law give any remedy at all, it is only by way of forcing damages from the offender. But money, though it will do a great deal in this kingdom of mammon, will not reinstate trees that have been once felled. The remedy at law then may prove little better, than the shutting the stable door after the steed is stolen. Equity, however, interferes not with the tardy compensation for the mischief which alone the law can afford. It brings the remedy which experience had dictated to be the only efficient one; and by its process of injunction *prevents* the mischief, as soon as it has received sufficient evidence of its meditated perpetration. The administration, however, of this species of redress constitutes only a part of the jurisdiction of equity. In our historical sketch of the court which we gave in a former number,* we have seen the mass and variety of other subjects which has been constantly bringing within its jurisdiction. This accumulation there, was the proof of the meagreness of the common law—nor could it be expected that as the offspring of increasing civilization and increasing wealth, they would find provision in a system, which had been moulded before the wants which had gave birth to them had existence.

We are far, however, from conceding that the Court of Chancery (setting aside all consideration as to its external forms of procedure) is

* Court of Chancery, No. 30.

either sufficiently imbued with the remedial principle to counteract the contracted legislation of the common law; or that it is altogether the appropriate tribunal for the purpose. With respect to the first, it must be remembered that although in the earlier periods of its history, the subjects and extent of its judicature were very much left to the individual who presided on its bench, it has in later times become moulded into a formal system. It proceeds on principles as clearly defined, as nicely circumscribed as those of the common law; and, perhaps, the only difference between the two, lies in the extent of their *range*. With some little allowance for '*friction*,' the latter is bound by the circumscribed knowledge of the age in which it was founded; the expanse of the former is measured by a few more centuries growth of society. We are not about to quarrel with this certainty of system—we should be the last to trust legislation to the arbitrary caprice of a chancellor; and, indeed, even if "our fathers had not declared before us, we should have seen in our own time" abundant proof of the danger. When we behold a tribunal assuming the extraordinary jurisdiction of snatching children from the custody of their parent, because the pious horror felt by its judge of the Great Lady of Babylon had extended itself to a dread of all the naughty women of London—and when we mark the same tribunal, pausing in the exercise of its ordinary functions, to hold its preliminary censorship upon the press—we have enough to bid us to prefer the dispensation of justice under some such definite heads as Fraud, Accident, Mistake, Trust, Account, to its administration under the more captivating title of 'Moral Equity.' It is obvious, however, that unless a specific grievance can be brought under some one of its general subjects of jurisdiction, redress may be sought in vain within the walls of this court; and we affirm that grievances of this description are of frequent occurrence. It is true that the doctrine is often bandied about that where no remedy can be obtained at law, relief is, *ex necessitate*, afforded in equity. This will be found correct, however, in those cases alone in which the subject matter can be brought within a recognized head of jurisdiction. When pressed to interfere in matter without this limit, judges have again and again refused relief, because they could be furnished with neither general principle or express precedent for their warrant. A former Marquis of Lansdowne had suffered one of the settled estates of the family to go into decay—and after his death his successor laid out considerable sums of money in repairing the dilapidations of his predecessor. For the recovery of these he had no remedy at law; because the injury was what the law terms a personal wrong, and the action for these dies with the offender. He accordingly instituted a suit in equity against the representatives of the deceased marquis, for repayment out of his assets of the monies expended. But the court refused his prayer, alleging that there were in its annals no instances of similar applications to be found. In this it was mistaken. An analogous case had occurred under the chancellorship of Lord Cowper; and he then dismissed the bill, with the broad confession that for grievances of this description "there was no remedy either at law or in equity." This is, however, not a solitary instance; and it is obvious, therefore, that comparatively wide as are the principles of equity, they are not yet sufficiently comprehensive for the existing wants of society.

To inquire the best process for securing an adaptation of the laws

of a country to the changes of its political aspect, is to enter upon a wide field of speculation. The Court of Chancery has achieved almost all that it has accomplished through the exercise of a power in its inception almost entirely arbitrary. Against a repetition of a similar mode of operation, we have already entered our protest. We see nothing then left to trust to than either a periodical revision of the whole body of the law, or the creation of some permanent responsible body in the state exercising a surveillance over it, and, indeed, with a perpetual power to supply its deficiencies.—Among other excellent suggestions for the reformation of our laws, Mr. Cooper, in his work on this subject,* has recommended the adoption of a similar plan.—"Nothing," says he, "would tend more to the improvement of our laws than the appointment of a perpetual commission to receive communications from the judges and other individuals as to the alterations or additions which they require. The shadow of such an institution has existed two centuries in the grand committee of courts of justice."—Our readers may, probably, not be aware, that the committee of courts of justice to which Mr. Cooper alludes, is a standing committee of Parliament for the improvement of the law, which was indebted for its being to the energies of former times—but which now has an existence only in name.—We know not how it happens, but drowsiness is a complaint which seems to visit all associated bodies of men, who are not in constant collision with the public—and, therefore, in the formation of such a body, a large proportion of flappers would probably be found necessary to keep them awake.—These, however, we doubt not, might be provided; and if we could only secure the diligence and efficiency of the functionaries, we know of no office in the state which could be rendered more valuable. If it did not divert altogether from Parliament its judicial legislation, it would necessarily be a part of the province of the officers to prepare the several acts submitted for enactment; and our statute book might then groan a little less heavily than it does at present, with acts passed in each succeeding session only to redress the blunders of the last.

Regarding the extraordinary jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, however less as a provision for exigencies which have yet to be discovered, than as a corrective to an inadequacy of the common law already ascertained, the consolidation of the two courts of law and equity into one tribunal, as in the Supreme Civil Court of Scotland, has been urged, and by high authority; while the philosophical reasoning of the jurists has been backed by the contemptible cry of the "*practical men*," who, in their utter ignorance of jurisprudence as a science, can find in the principles of equity nothing else than what they call abstract right,† and who have, consequently, been extremely puzzled when they have been told of a difference existing between two such analogous things as law and equity. If we have made ourselves understood, these gentlemen might here discover that there is somewhat more in the distinction than "their philosophy had dreamed of." We cannot here recapitulate, for their accommodation, all we have said on the subject; but we must, however, remind those who have followed us through our paper, that while

* Parliamentary Proceedings as to the Court of Chancery, the House of Lords, and Bankruptcy. By C. P. Cooper, Esq. Murray; 1828.

† By the by, we believe these gentlemen know as much about the meaning of the term abstract right, as Sidrophel knew of the inhabitants of Mercury.

a part of the duty of the court is to afford relief in cases in which the universality of the rules of the common law would otherwise be productive of individual injustice, the provision of remedies, in emergencies altogether unprovided by law, is by far the most comprehensive subject of its jurisdiction. Without entering, then, very deeply into this difficult subject, we may just observe that we doubt not, that a considerable improvement might be effected by infusion into each branch of jurisdiction, of many of the principles which are now only recognized by the other. Thus, for instance, because the ownership derived through the medium of trusts was not in existence at the time the doctrine of the law became settled into a system, the law to this day persists in refusing to recognize their existence in its proceedings. Although the law admits, therefore, a legal settlement to be a bar of a widow's dower, it refuses to acknowledge that equitable species of jointure which has been created through the instrumentality of a trust estate. Equity, however, acting upon a more liberal or more modernized policy, pronounces it good. The result is, that a widow may come into a court of law to sue for her dower, in the teeth of a jointure, which, in equity, would prevent her recovery, and the owner of the lands would be compelled to resort to the expense and trouble of a suit in equity to restrain her, because one branch of the law had refused to incorporate into its doctrines principles to which their recognition in the other court, had proved that the necessities of society had given birth.—Not that the refusal to notice the jointure is, in the case in question, attended with much *practical* mischief. In point of fact, the fear of being saddled with the costs of an injunction in equity, would be a "raison suffisante" to deter the dowress from prosecuting her legal remedies. We merely select the case as an apt illustration of the principle for which we are contending; but there are instances, and those pretty numerous, in which the refusal of the courts of common law to avail themselves of the more enlightened principles of equity serves only to add to that "disease of infinite accumulation" under which the Court of Chancery is already well nigh sinking. Thus, in equity, as justice would naturally enough have dictated, a mortgagee, who, under a judgment obtained against his debtor, had been let into receipt of the rents of his land, would be held accountable for all that he had *actually* received during the time of his possession. At law, however, he would be liable to account according to the value at which the lands were extended to him. But the extended value is generally little more than a *third* of the real value; consequently, at law, he would be liable only for about *one-third of what he had received.* And a mortgager, who did not like to put up with the loss of two-thirds of his annual rents, would have no other means of redress than by filing a bill in equity for an account. On the other hand, the reluctance of the Court of Chancery to deal with subjects more strictly of legal cognizance, even when that treatment is almost forced upon it in the course of its own operations, tends very largely to the general complication of legal proceedings. It often happens, for instance, to the court, in the course of a suit, to require a construction to be placed upon the language of a will. When the devise is of those trust or equitable interests which are the peculiar province of the court, it takes upon itself to determine it. Notwithstanding, however, the rules of construction in the devises of legal or equitable interests, are pretty much the same in both courts, if the devise happen to be one of a legal interest, the chancellor constantly resigns its

construction to the judges of the common law; and thus subjects the parties to all the expence and protracted litigation of an additional trial, in order to get a decision upon that with which he was already conversant, and just as capable of resolving as the court of law could possibly have been. We doubt not the removal of this mutual coyness in either court to avail itself of the practice and principles of the other, would be productive of considerable simplicity in the general administration of justice; and, as far as the common law is concerned, we know nothing which would so effectually bring it up to a level with the wants of the present time.—Referring to a legislative measure, for the purpose of accomplishing this result, in common with another for removing doubts upon points which now furnish what he terms a constant harvest of litigation, Mr. Cooper remarks:—"A gentleman of the greatest experience in the court, thinks, with myself, that, in this way, one-fifth part of the chancery business might be annihilated."—p. 183. Great, however, as would be the advantage of thus altering the present absurd postures of the two courts, we do not see that it is necessary, in order to achieve this, to consolidate their jurisdictions under one tribunal. Under some of the foreign codes, and particularly under the Dutch civil code, to which we alluded in our former article on the subject, the common law judge is intrusted with the exercise of so much of the equitable functions as will enable him to suspend, in particular exigencies, the application of the general rules of his own court. This undoubtedly realizes all the gain to be produced by close communication between two jurisdictions taking cognizance of the same common subject—and this we admit to be no small advantage. But then, it must be remembered, that although intrusting their administration to the same individual, this still perpetuates the respective provinces of law and equity in distinct existence; and it is well worth considering, whether, as the subjects which fall within them accumulate, with the accumulating litigation of a great country, these provinces will be even capable of sustaining this blended administration.

The functions of the court of equity are not moreover merely *corrective* of the provisions of the common law. We have seen that a large part of the jurisdiction of the court is either to supply remedies to grievances in which the law furnishes none, or does not furnish that which is required. An individual enters into a contract for the sale of an estate, which the other party refuses to perform. The doors of the courts of law and equity are alike open to the purchaser for redress. If he seek compensation, however, in the shape of damages for the refusal, he enters the former. But suppose nothing less than the possession of the estate will satisfy him he goes into equity, for process compelling the vendor to execute a conveyance of it to him. It is true that he is driven there from the inadequacy of the common law. This is, however, only saying that the law does not afford all the remedies his case demands; and it is obvious that, in point of fact, the only difference between the two, lies in the difference of the remedy. In addition to this, a large part of the business of the court is purely *agency*. Parties in fiduciary situations, as guardians, executors, trustees, &c., find it a convenient mode of relieving themselves of the responsibility of their trust, to impose its direction upon the Court of Chancery, and accordingly frequently place property within the jurisdiction of the court for the mere purpose of acquiring its indemnity. "A great deal of the business of the court," says Mr. Forster,

the Solicitor, in his evidence before the Chancery Commissioners, "and the chief part done by the present house of my name, chiefly consists of proceedings in the Court of Chancery of an amicable nature; family concerns, in which the circumstances I have described (alluding to certain chicaneries practised in the court) do not exist. In these cases proceedings may be conducted with great expedition by consent, but, I must add, with lamentable expense. For great estates and great fortunes, there is no security so good, and no trustee so safe, as the Court of Chancery, but to little fortunes it is *ruin*." But these are all matters so distinct in themselves, and constituting such separate heads of jurisdiction, that even were the cognizance of the whole imposed upon one court they would require to be delegated to separate functionaries, and certainly as far as the parties interested were concerned, whether all their various affairs and remedies were administered under separate branches of one court, or under courts originally distinct, would be a matter of no more difference, than whether the judge who presided in one had three tails to his wig, or in the other had four; or if, indeed (Heaven forgive the blasphemy!) neither judge had any wig at all. It is certain that many of the American states, after having tried the effect of a consolidation of their courts of law and equity, have at length placed them upon a separate footing. We are, however, not sufficiently acquainted with the principles of their jurisprudence, to know whether this necessity has originated from causes common to all courts, or peculiar to their own; and, as we consider experience to consist not in the mere knowledge of a fact, but in a concomitant acquaintance with the causes in which it originated, we know not whether to draw from thence any general argument in behalf of a separation of the tribunals or not.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the great fault of all our courts is a want of sufficient separation in the subjects of their jurisdiction. It is obvious that, in proportion as the mass of matter to be got through is distributed into numerous departments, will be the rapidity with which it is dispatched; and it is, perhaps, the want of attention to this principle of distribution, which makes the Court of Chancery so utterly inefficient to the purposes for which it has existence. There are many subjects within its jurisdiction of so incongruous a nature, that they seem of themselves almost naturally to point to a division. Thus, for instance, what can be more distinct than bankruptcy, lunacy, and the custody of infants? Bankruptcy alone occupies about a third of the time of the court; and, perhaps, lunacy about a fourth. Of petitions, in these two subjects alone, there were actually set down for hearing, in the three years 1821, 1822, 1823, of lunacy, 929, and of bankruptcy 1667; and these are all constantly pressing upon the personal attention of the chancellor. Bankruptcy is certainly not very widely separated from insolvency; and yet, we have a court specially devoted to this. Indeed so it may be said we have in bankruptcy, by those who call the meetings of the commissioners in Basinghall-street a court. For ourselves, however, we should not be inclined to dignify it with any such title; and it may be sufficient to stop our readers from doing so, to inform them that, in addition to the fact, that the Chancellor is burthened with the original issuing of all commissions, the bulk of the bankrupt petitions which come into the Court of Chancery, are not in the shape of appeals from the decisions of the commissioners, but are original applications to the court. "Out of 253 petitions," says Mr. Cooper, "that were in the Vice-Chan-

cellor's paper for hearing in July 1826, only 27 were appeals from the decisions of the commissioners. In the Lord Chancellor's paper for the same month of July, there were sixty-seven petitions, and of these Mr. Montague has stated, he believed there were not more than eight which were appeals from the commissioners." With respect to infants, the administration of their affairs originally was the province of a distinct court, called the Court of Wards; and, indeed, it was only upon its abolition that that administration has devolved upon the Court of Chancery. Independently of this, the history of other countries affords us an ample precedent for making this a separate subject of jurisdiction. In the appendix to the Chancery Commission, there is an account given of certain courts, denominated Orphan Courts, which existed in the United States for the protection of the properties of infants, in which it is said, that the guardians and others, having the management of such properties, were compellable in a summary way by mere summons or order, to account for them, and to pay into court all monies, from time to time coming to their hands. These accounts were regularly settled, and the balances paid at stated periods; so that, on each infant's attaining majority, or being married, the amount was in readiness to be paid over to them: and it is added, "that the expence was so trifling, that it was no burthen on very small properties."

In thus advocating, however, the policy of a greater subdivision of the jurisdiction of the court, let us not be understood as seeking utterly to wrest the whole out of the cognizance of the Chancellor. We propose still to leave him invested with the appellate jurisdiction to each; and indeed, we have serious doubts whether his personal jurisdiction, instead of being an original one with reference to any of the subjects which are administered in his court, ought not to be appellate to the whole. It seems an absurdity that the first law officer of the state should be engaged on subjects, presenting little or no difficulty in decision, but making immense demands on his time. Yet, such is, in point of fact, the character of nine-tenths of the causes which are litigated in the court. The unravelling of the facts is generally the only difficulty. This once accomplished, the law is plain enough; and surely matters of this kind might well enough be adjudicated by individuals of less dignity than the chief officer of the court. Under the jurisprudence of France, the elucidation of all matters of fact is confined to inferior tribunals. The Court of Cassation, which is the court of special appeal to all, decides simply upon the law of the cases submitted to it; and owing mainly to this—to the comparative simplicity of their laws—and to the multiplicity of their inferior tribunals, we believe such a thing as arrear of business is scarcely known to the courts of France. But not only is there no arrear, causes are always urged on with so much dispatch, that it is not often their litigation exceeds a twelvemonth, while under the blessed administration of our Court of Chancery, the author of the Proceedings, a practised advocate of the court, states, that he is taking "a very favourable view of even a common chancery suit, for the payment of a few wretched creditors and legatees, when he announces they will receive their debts "at the end of *five* years!" And again, he says, speaking of the same description of suit, "a daughter, to whom a testator leaves a legacy of 10,000*l.*, charged upon his real estate, must wait *eight* years before she can receive interest or principal; and, during more

than half this time, the cause remains on the lists of the Vice Chancellor, waiting its turn to be heard."—p. 90, 91.

With all this, it is manifest there must come an addition of judges in the court. The cost of these would not be large—a few additional thousands a year at the outside—and we should think the purchase of quick and efficient justice, at an increased annual expenditure of some six or twelve thousand pounds, would not be thought dear for the accomplishment of such a purpose.

Nor must the security for efficiency stop with the creation of new judges. Let those already in existence become divested of the troublesome diversion of cabinet distractions. Let our chancellors be rendered judicial officers, and not intriguing diplomatists. On these points we say no more at present. We propose, however, to recur to them hereafter, for the purpose of examining them more in detail; but there is so much popular ignorance on the general nature of an equitable jurisdiction, that we thought it better to preface our future observations with such as might lead not only to a better understanding of the subject, generally, but to a clearer apprehension of what we may hereafter venture to adduce. If we have spoken somewhat favourably of the principles of equity in general, or even of the doctrines of English equity, let this not be construed into a reconciliation with the outward ceremonials of their administration in its court. Until we see these thoroughly altered and reformed—until we cease to behold its miserable suitors, year after year, pacing its floor, awaiting its decrees, with hearts sickening from hopes, kindled only to be deferred, we shall scarcely be enabled to dispossess ourselves of the idea, that the Court of Chancery is, in reality, the valley of the shadow of death, while we may fancy we hear its weary travellers bemoaning in the strain of the poet:—

> "Full knowest thou that hast not tried,
> What hell it is in *suing* long to bide;
> To lose good days that might be better spent—
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent—
> To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
> To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow:
> To fret thy soul with crosses and with care,
> To eat thy heart through comfortless despair—
> To fawn, to crouch, to *wait*, to ride, to run,
> To *spend*, to give, to *want*, to be UNDONE!"

MINE HOST'S SECOND STORY.

"You have been at Messina, Sir?" said old Carmelo to me, one fine summer evening, whilst I was forgetting the effects of a late sirocco in a comfortable goblet of *dimonata gelata*.—"You have been at Messina? Well, then, you will remember that dark, precipitous hill, that lies just at the back of the city, and almost seems to overhang it; they call it the Antenna Mare,—I know not why. 'Tis an admired object, and you travellers are fond of getting up to the guard-house for the sake of the fine prospect. Aye! it is a glorious and a cheerful sight! Milazzo, pushing far out into the sea;—the curving coast, and its proud succession of cities—Catania, Augusta, and Syracuse;—Castro Giovanni, lifted up like a giant in the clouds;—and above this, and the whole Pelorian range, Ætna, wreathed in its eternal snows. 'Tis a glorious scene! but it is years since I have endured to gaze upon it from that point. I shudder when I reflect upon the last visit, and the occasion on which I made it to that solitary height. If you are disposed, Sir, I will relate to you the circumstances as they occurred."

Mine host was clearly in one of his most talkative and entertaining moods; and I had too often known the value of his conversation to bridle it at present by any unreadiness to become a listener. The old man threw up his eyes for a moment, and patted his brow, as one searching for and reclaiming the scattered recollections of the period; and little need had he for more artful conjuration, as the fidelity of his narrative abandantly proved. After this short pause, he proceeded.

"It was during a very different season to this blessed time of autumn that I was summoned to grace the marriage-ceremony of a fair young relation in the city of Messina—I think in December of the year 1811. The piercing cold that seems almost reflected from the icy tops of the neighbouring hills, was at this period particularly felt in that part of the island. It was a severe winter, and, as you say, the Sicilian temper is ill accommodated to the privations and gloom of such a climate. We are naturally as gay in feeling, though not in show, as our transmarine kindred of Calabria. But though the outward chill strikes as deep into the recesses of our spirits, we are yet content with our happy homes, and can find a substitute in the warm looks of our kinsmen. Can our Neapolitan cousins say as much, master traveller?

"Never did I see this truth more completely verified than ever at the nuptials of my young niece, Rosalia. She was a pet of the whole family—a wicked little thing, with a quick eye, that seemed to fasten itself good-humouredly on every thing around her that could by possibility give reason for a smile;—alternately the plague and the comfort of her mother, whose steadier age was sometimes unequal to keep pace with the merry essays of roguery and playfulness of her little darling, but who treasured her through it all, perhaps, with a firmer love for those very chasms and breaks, during which she had a clear ground to measure her own maternal feelings, and the general attractions of the object that excited them. With a full and almost sorrowful heart, she affianced her child.—Oh, Sir! that must be an hour the most painful of any that occurs in the long and difficult administration of a mother's duties! Then, when the young creature has just attained its capacity to be a source of comfort and support;—when its perilous age has passed by, and it becomes in

some sort able to return the service of life by due offices and affectionate care ;—when it has ceased to be propped, and may now become a staff ;—when its childish inferiority has given way to an equal and companionable faculty ;—the future friend—the sympathizing counsellor—the sweet companion—all, all is lost ! and what remains is a cold, outward figure of a dear idol, with an estranged or divided heart, and an allegiance broken entirely off, saving one or two slight bonds of reluctant and dubious attachment ! I speak with fervour, Sir ; for I have sate in a circle from which one, the gem, the most precious gem had gone ! I have seen the puppet hurrying with heartless tears from her paternal threshold, which she cared not again to recross ;—I have seen the whole arrears of gratitude for such deeds of fatherly fondness swept off and unremembered in the gratification of a woman's vanity.—But this is not to the purpose.

" As I said before, Rosalia's marriage was cheerful as May-time. I well remember the very room, and the position of the bridal guests. At one end sate the young couple, glancing at each other with smiles no longer furtive—each adorned in the country fashion, as their rank allowed :—her dark hair drawn and tied back by ribbons and a silver *spatella ;* a rose-coloured satin boddice was half concealed by a loose silk handkerchief thrown over her neck and bosom ; the outer striped silk petticoat festooned up by means of ribbons even as high as the knee, to disclose the under and more ornamented one of richly-coloured cloth. Her spouse appeared in blue velvet, with a red silk sash, and a famous glitter of those worked silver buttons, which you may have observed frequently on the waistcoats of our lower orders : they are the hereditary wealth of the rustics, and treasured for many generations. In all this finery were the two principals of the ceremony attired. Then came the bridegroom's mother, with a basket on her arm, which was soon to be filled with no insufficient portion for the young couple. Some of the guests presented rings ; others, as their fancy or judgment dictated, added other little gifts of use or ornament—ribbons, shoes, combs, a shawl, and the like. Then the whole measure was transferred by her to her children, with much comment and admiration of each article, as one by one they were produced. Nor was this all. The good mother presently replenished her baskets, as is our custom, partly with toasted *ciceri,* partly with comfits and sugar-plums, which were distributed to the guests. What healths and good wishes then followed, as the sturdy attendant brought round the great jar, so well stored with the best lachrymæ ! And then how lustily we commenced the tarantulla, and footed it away to a merry song—not yet releasing the married pair, who no doubt longed for the dissolution of our party ! But, alas ! that party, so festive, so careless, was not to be broken up in a spirit of gaiety ! This happy scene became embittered by very different events ; and many a heavy heart vented its emotions in a sigh, where a laugh and a joke had served the purpose so recently.—But you shall hear.

" I should remind you that, at that period, the island was under the protection of your country. Lord William Bentinck, as far as my memory will serve, was the commander of your forces, and his vigilance in his office is well known. His troops were stationed at different fortified posts all over the island, and, by constant intermingling with the natives, had become tolerably well known even individually to us. On this evening, as the gay doings were proceeding, and the male visitors

had nearly all sung their praises of the bride, a quick, hurried step was suddenly heard along the pavement. It stopped, and a loud knocking at the door abruptly started us in our hymeneal festivities. The door was opened, and there stood the figure of an English soldier, whitened with the snow, which was then, and had been for two days, falling. No pause occurred—no interval of suspense, or ceremonious greeting. He rapidly saluted the assembly, and inquired earnestly for my brother. I should have told you that Salvo was generally known to the troops as the readiest and handiest tradesman, if any of their little luxuries—vegetables, or fruit, or tobacco—were required. When not on duty, the soldiers were fond of lounging for a minute or two into his *trattoria*, to sip a glass of rosolio, and talk unintelligible Sicilian to his little brunette of a daughter; and from him a piece of intelligence was now sought, which this familiarity might have put him in possession of, but which neither he nor any man on earth could ever adequately supply.

"'Salvo,' said the soldier, 'I am sent here by my commanding-officer to inquire whether you saw any thing of our detachment from the guard-house of Antenna Mare, which was sent down yesterday morning for provisions?'

"'Aye,—I think they must have been the men who called for tobacco. Four, were they not?'

"'Yes,' answered the soldier; 'four of our people. You know the 31st? Well, a fatigue-party was ordered here yesterday, as I said before, and we have heard nothing of them since.'

"'Not heard of them!' replied Salvo; 'why, they left me all well about two o'clock, and talked in high spirits of having found a short cut up the mountain. It would have been daylight till past five.'

"'And the white snow, father,' interposed little Rosalia—'that would have lighted them on their road.'

"'The snow, child? Heaven forbid! It could not be that they would—— Did you attempt to trace their footsteps, friend, down the descent, as you came just now?'

"'Why, that would have been impossible, you know?' answered the soldier; 'for the snow has covered over the tracks of yesterday long since.'

"'Now the saints have mercy upon them, poor fellows! If they have gone out of the beaten road, 'tis hard to say what mischief may not have befallen them.'

"'Was Mackenzie of the number, father?' again asked Rosalia, with an interest which startled her young husband. But the feeling that prompted the question was only a natural desire to know the fate of an old acquaintance, who had visited them more often than the rest; and it was not subdued by the look of half-reproach cast upon her by her liege lord.

"'Yes,' replied the soldier, 'as fine a fellow as ever bore a musket; he and his comrades gone, God knows where!—But I can't stay;—if there is one amongst you who would like to bear a hand in searching for them, we are going out with torches, and it would be a charity to assist us.'

"The proposal was not made in vain. Several of the men instantly jumped up, and throwing aside the gaudy ribbons and gewgaws that had decked them in honour of the ceremony, seized their caps, and binding their sashes more firmly round their loins, stood prepared to accompany

the soldiers in the search. Then in a moment passed away the brilliant looks of the visitors; the merriment had died; the jar of lachrymæ stopped in the round; and those few who were kept back from joining in the expedition, shewed in their countenance no promise of being able to renew the broken feast. The fair girls, pale and anxious, looked out with tearful eyes at the raw, cheerless night. The bride clung closely to the bridegroom's arm, half-fearing that he himself might join the party so honourably employed. But you could scarcely observe what passed beyond this; for the short interval between determination and action was now elapsed, and the little troop went from the bridal-chamber. It was a cold and wretched night; and a strong wind separating the larger flakes of snow, caused them to drift in a smooth, undulating bank on one side of the street. We advanced without many words to where some others of the same regiment were collecting to await the answer of their messenger from Salvo.

"'What tidings, Bill?' was the general cry, as we approached.

"'Neither good nor bad; but yet nearer bad than good,' answered their messmate, who forthwith acquainted them with the issue of his embassy. It was no sooner communicated than the one resolution spread throughout the whole audience, that no time should be lost in surveying the mountain-paths leading to the summit of Antenna Mare. This impulse was strengthened by an order from a superior officer; and we proceeded with torches to the points in question. Our numbers were presently increased by many of the peasantry, who, attracted by the lights, and moved by the cause, hesitated not to expose themselves to the inclement air for the generous service in which we employed them. After reaching the base of the hill, we divided off several small detachments of natives, who were better acquainted with the ground, to penetrate the by-ways and scale the precipitous crags, wherever there seemed a probability of the soldiers having strayed. The military themselves, from an ignorance of any but the direct route, confined themselves to the more beaten tracks, or made only small and occasional deviations from them. With two friends I toiled up an unusual ascent, not unaccompanied by danger; for the footing was insecure, and the eddies of snow frequently deceived us by a shew of level ground, where, in reality, there was only a covered chasm. The sleet struck against our faces with unequal violence, as the wind carried it in gusts down the mountain's side. We became farther and farther removed from our associates; but their lights were visible far and wide, and we kept up a communication by hallooing and cheering them, the sounds of our voices being transmitted clearly and entirely through the sharp atmosphere. We were spread at distances almost completely round the bosom of the hill, at different elevations—sometimes one, sometimes another party, meeting with an easier ascent. Hours passed on—but no success. A cheerless negative answered us, if ever we approached so nearly to our companions as to put an audible question. But no one was dispirited. On, on we laboured, and pushed our way. The air became sharper, and the surface of the hill, broken into a thousand irregularities, rendered our path at every step more perilous and slow. We had advanced nearly two thousand feet, perhaps, from the starting-point, and the dribbling sleet fell less collectively than before. The masses of grey cloud seemed to be displaced and drawn higher into the vault of heaven, and to our longing eyes it appeared that now and then a pale star might be discerned in a

little space left for a minute by two disjoined sheets of vapour, which instantly afterwards reunited and darkened as before. But it was with something like certainty that we observed, slowly and faintly ascending from the eastern horizon, a veiled, but cheerful light—a distinguishable brightness, that stole on the overspread darkness like a smile. Sweetly that point of brilliancy enlarged into size, and became a sheet of light, contending with the black curtain that withdrew slowly at its approach. The shades of night still were hanging on the confused outline of the mountain, when this forerunner of the morning cheered us on our way. But no rays of the lingering sun aided us as yet; when one of my companions suddenly stopt short in his track, and with rivetted eyes pointed to an object just beneath him.—Blessed Virgin! forgive an old man for this weakness."——

A tear stood in his dim eye, and an agueish chill seemed to run through his frame. He sank on his chair in a state of temporary convulsion, which left him tremulous and pale, scarcely to complete the tale which he had voluntarily begun.

——"Sir," he proceeded, "your kind wishes to curtail this sorrowful narrative are unnecessary for my peace. Were I to discontinue it at present, I might be haunted for many a day with that image which has now so forcibly appalled me. It will be lost sight of in the train of the story, which I shall have a sad satisfaction in completing.—As I said before, one of our party abruptly stopped towards the dawn of day, and by his manner, not by his words, collected us in an instant at the same spot. There—oh! horrible sight!—there reposed, like a statue of snow, a figure that we had little difficulty in recognizing as one of the lost Englishmen. We could trace the outline of a human form, and, by clearing away some of the superficial snow, we distinguished the posture and even features of the frozen man. He sate upright on a low mound, his arms crossed upon his breast, his head fallen forward, and his whole appearance that of a wearied traveller, who, having rested himself on his way, was overtaken as he rested by a slumber that proved eternal. Stiff and hard, his limbs were not to be released from that his last posture on earth;—a living attitude that sculptors might imitate in stone, but which could never again start up with the energy, and buoyancy, and strength of vigorous life. We had not well familiarized ourselves with this sad spectacle, when a shout from another detachment announced the discovery of two more sufferers, who had fallen into one of the numerous ravines, and were imbedded in a shroud of sepulchral snow. Whether their death had been more gradual or more speedy than that of their comrade, it were vain to inquire. They were found close together, the rigid hand of one tightly grasped in the palm of his fellow-victim, and apparently the twin partners of the same final misfortune —whirled away in one torrent, and buried under the same sheet of snow. —But the catalogue of these spectacles was as yet incomplete. The increasing light marked out clearly to us the several less-frequented routes to the guard-house; and we determined, before the heat of sunshine had melted any part of the outer ice, to survey, as rapidly and well as possible, the intervening space of ground.

"You may know, Sir, that the point on which this building is placed is calculated as being 3,700 feet above the level of the sea. Hence, for the winter season it is generally surrounded by an enclosure of snow, which extends for a considerable distance down the crest of the moun-

tain. The fresh layer of ice not yet incorporated with the old crust of this region was now partially liquified, and resting on a surface of frozen ground that rendered it as slippery as quicksilver. But the rapid converging of the hill to the point of its summit gave us a smaller scope for survey than before; and, with a sanguine confidence of the speedy end to our labours, we recommenced them stoutly and effectively. But the sun was already high in the heavens, and our hearts had sunk at the delay of our hopes, when, at a little way from the road-side, some one discovered an object more hideous than I can fully describe—distorted, ghastly—rather a heap of carrion flesh, than a human being. Some birds of prey that had settled on it, disturbed by our approach, first gave notice of its situation by the heavy flapping of their wings, as, with angry cries, they raised themselves, unsated with their repast, from the mangled carcass. Slowly wheeling round and round at the height of a few yards above us, they watched us, as if eager to recommence their dainty meal on the first shew of our departure. They had left the dead man—they had spared much; but a mother could not have known such a son again. His features all confused and eaten away—his person rigid and stiffened, or gorged upon by the eagles and vultures! Most horrible! most awful! We had recognized the three former corpses, and there remained no doubt as to the identity of this one. It could be no other than the relic of that fine and manly youth for whom Rosalia had exhibited so generous an interest on the preceding evening. Within sight, within hearing of his messmates in the guard-room, Mackenzie had probably found it impossible to resist the last impulse of that fatal weariness which closes the eyelids of the wayfarer with a sleep as cold as the ice around him. The snow that must so soon have buried him was kept or cleared off by the greedy birds that we startled at their feast; and there he lay, a spectacle so piteous, so horrid, that the most cruel of hearts must needs be softened even by the recollection of it!

"This has been a most inhospitable story, Sir; for neither you nor I have much merriment at the end of it; and a host's tale should be pregnant with laughter, as an epigram winds up with its point.—Come, Sir, let me pour you out another cupful; and believe me, that when next you honour me with so long a hearing, I will find out something for you better worth your courtesy.—But here comes my little grand-niece, Manina—the first-born of that same laughing girl of whom I talked just now. She shall make my peace with you, and obliterate all thoughts of the Antenna Mare."

——She *did* come!—Ah, me!—that the lively prattle of a child should leave a deeper sorrow than the miserable record which I have here set down! ÆVAH.

TRAVELLING PARTICULARITIES:

No. V.

A Cheap Journey.

It cannot be doubted that there are numerous persons in England, well qualified to appreciate the advantages of foreign travel, and to enjoy its pleasures, who are deterred from even thinking of undertaking it themselves, from a feeling that it requires an outlay, both of time and money, which is altogether inconsistent with their occupations and means. We shall perhaps be performing a useful and acceptable service to such persons, if we can make it appear to them, that for the very same sum which it would cost them to fool or dawdle away a fortnight of their time "comfortably" at some cockney "watering-place," they may, during the same period of time, travel over five hundred miles of *three different kingdoms,* and visit five or six great foreign towns, and as many smaller ones, allowing themselves sufficient time to gain a clear and characteristic general notion of each, and of all the varieties of intermediate country, modes of travelling, external manners and appearance of the people, &c.; and all this without stinting themselves in any one thing that may conduce to their personal comfort on the journey.

To most of those who have travelled in foreign countries, and to all who have not, this will appear, as a bare proposition, incredible. We shall therefore proceed at once to *prove* its truth. But as this can only be done by descending into details, of a kind which do not ordinarily find a place in works whose paramount object is amusement, our readers will have the goodness to bear in mind, that, for this once, our wish is, not so much to present them with ready-made amusement, as to point out to them the means by which they may create or gather it for themselves.

Our object will perhaps best be gained by supposing the case of a bachelor (for the time-being, at any rate), who is incumbered with no more luggage than will go into one "leathern convenience," no more nationality than he can lay aside in cases where he would be better without it, and no more fastidiousness than just enough to make him merely *prefer,* without positively *requiring,* the best of all possible accommodations in the way of inns, vehicles, &c. These qualities supposed, added to a general desire to be pleased in his mind, and a ten pound Bank of England note in his pocket, and we will engage to put him in the certain way of passing a more agreeable and instructive fortnight than he ever yet did pass, if he has never quitted his native country.

To avoid the possibility of either doubt or misunderstanding as to our proposed method of going to work, we will give "chapter and verse" for every thing, under the form of a journal of the supposed fourteen days; and in order to avoid the *dryness* which almost necessarily appertains to the due performance of our main design, we will add a hasty glance at "men and things" as they throng by us in our brief passage. The journey we shall choose is, from London to Brussels, by the way of Calais, and (for variety's sake) back by the way of Ostend. Time, of course the long days of summer. We will start our traveller by the London steamer from the Tower stairs, on (say) the first Monday in July.

Monday, 5 o'clock p.m.—Those who have never adopted this comparatively new method of reaching France, should be informed that it saves half in expense, as much in time, and five-sixths in the little troubles

and disagreeables attendant on the ordinary mode of getting from the capital by land to the coast, &c. Not that these are the least worth attending to, where time and money are not material objects of consideration in forming the plan of any given journey in search of amusement; because, if these little (so called) inconveniences—such as the changes of coaches, coachmen, &c.—the stoppages at inns—the delay of a night at the place of embarkation—the getting on board the packet in the morning—and so forth—if these are not the actual pleasures of travelling, they are at least the things which lead to and enhance them. But to our supposed traveller time and money *are* material points. He will therefore, of course, choose the only *sure* means of reaching his first resting-place in a given time, and for a fixed sum—namely, twelve hours, and thirty-three shillings. In naming this price, however, we are paying him the somewhat ill compliment of supposing, that, under the imaginary circumstances of the case, he will be foppish enough to spend eleven shillings extra, for the privilege of passing an imaginary line on the deck of the vessel which he is to quit in the afternoon of the day on which he enters it. On this point he will of course consult his own taste.

The morning half of this little voyage slips away swifty and pleasantly enough, in looking at the innumerable objects upon, and on either side of, the river, as you descend it; and the afternoon part, if it *hangs* a little as you are looking out in vain (and at length *not* in vain) for the new scene to which you are bound, is at least filled up by thoughts, feelings, and fancies, that are not without their after use and value.

Our traveller will enter the harbour of Calais at about five o'clock—having breakfasted on board, but having (if he be wise) reserved his dinner appetite till he can gratify it *safely* on dry land. As the steamer ploughs its way into the harbour between the two interminable wooden jetties of which the said harbour, in fact consists, his attention will perhaps be attracted by the noble appearance of some of the French seamen; and he will not readily divine how such a race of men can have been held in utter contempt (and with impunity too) for a long series of years. He will, in fact, now for the first time recognise, in a *real* sailor, that *beau-idéal* of one, which he has hitherto met with only in the person of Mr. T. P. Cooke, as Long Tom, or Jack Handspike, at the Cobourg or Adelphi theatres.

On the vessel at length laying herself up alongside the pier, these, and all other specific reflections, feelings, and ideas whatsoever, will at once be put to flight, or confounded inextricably one with another, by the utter confusion attendant on a hundred and fifty persons trying to get ashore by any means they can, while half as many are trying all means of preventing them from so doing, except under particular regulations and restrictions. It is the business of the packet people to see that you do not set your foot off the deck till you have a second time proved to them (by producing your receipts, &c.) that you have paid your passage. On getting past *them*, and mounting the ladder, it is the business of the hotel keepers' agents to prevent you from putting more than one foot on shore till you have openly and audibly made your election, as to which among them you will choose to be fleeced by. When you have escaped from nine-tenths of these, by throwing yourself in despair into the hands of one or two, it becomes the business of certain ragged little vagabonds, calling themselves "commissioners," to disburthen you, by main force, of

anything about you which you do not actually carry on your back, or in your pocket. An umbrella is a load for two, and it is by chance if two more do not divide your travelling cap between them!—Finally, it is the business of a host of custom-house officers to see that you and your train of helpers do not take a step to the right hand, or to the left, in your progress, till you are all fairly housed in the filthy den, which they dignify by the style and title of "*Douanes Royales.*"

Among the numerous hotels of Calais—more in number than in any other town of its size in Europe, and upon the whole better adapted respectively to the wants and habits of the persons who frequent them—we shall, having our traveller entirely at our mercy, give him the choice of two only—the snug little Hôtel de l'Europe, in the Rue Royale, and the Hôtel de la Couronne (half a step higher in grade), situated close to one of the gates of the port. Calais, though not including a single individual object of particular interest, is well worth a few hours' general examination—especially as the first foreign town at which our traveller arrives. But he will do well to defer this till to-morrow—merely attending to his personal comforts to-night, by ordering a good dinner (which, as he will not get it till seven o'clock, he may, as a first approach to foreign habits, call a supper), and then seeing to the comforts of his bed-room, toilet, &c. If he is not a long sitter after dinner, he cannot do better than finish the evening by passing an hour or so of it at the theatre—not, however, without having first sipped his cup of *café noir* immediately after his fruit—which he will find one of the most agreeable, as well as healthful, of French dinner-table habits.

Tuesday.—Having taken his place in one of the afternoon diligences for Dunkerque, our traveller will spend the rest of the day in walking through the various streets of Calais; visiting the port and pier; getting a sight (if he can) of the tribe of "fine animals" (as Mr. O'Connel would call them) who get their pittance of black bread and dried cod-fish, by catching shrimps on the sands; making the tour of the ramparts; entering the church; examining the shops; taking a glance at the various hotels; looking in at one or two of the best appointed *cafés*; and, if his dinner and time of departure permit, wandering here and there outside some of the gates, to get an *un*intelligible notion of the fortifications which shut in this lively and pleasant little town. At either three or five o'clock he will quit Calais by the Basse-Ville, having previously paid, for his various accommodations since his arrival yesterday afternoon, the sum of twelve shillings, English money. This is, without exception, the dearest bill he will have to pay during his journey, in proportion to the accommodations he will receive in return; for Calais is the dearest provincial town in all France, and its hotels especially; and moreover, its authorities, in consequence of the unrivalled advantages of its situation, are enabled to exact dues for luggage, passport, &c., which are not demanded elsewhere.

Quitting Calais at 5, p.m., our traveller will reach Dunkerque at about half-past ten, passing through Gravelines in his route—a town remarkable for nothing but its dead and desolate appearance, and for the open effrontery (as it will seem to an English traveller) with which its inhabitants pursue their almost exclusive occupation of smuggling. He will probably observe, in passing through the principal street, piles of spirit kegs, with each a large paving-stone attached to it by a cord, ready to be shipped off to the coast of England the first favourable night,

and dropped into the water at a point where the ebbing tide will leave them dry, to be picked up by accomplices on the other side. They, no doubt, think this kind of "free trade" all very just and honourable; and it would be hard to prove that they are very wrong in so thinking, since they risk, and are prepared to take the consequences, of being caught in the pursuing of it. The somewhat ungracious truth perhaps is, that the only difference against smuggling, as compared with most other modes of "getting an honest livelihood," is, that the former engenders habits of reckless courage which sometimes lead to the most fatal crimes. In passing into and out of Gravelines, our traveller will remark the singular effect of the triple line of fortifications, by which it is defended on all sides but that of the sea. It is by far the strongest town he will pass through during his journey. On reaching Dunkerque he will get to bed as soon as may be, at the *Hôtel du Chapeau Rouge*.

WEDNESDAY.—As we cannot well allow our traveller more than one whole day at Dunkerque, we must engage him to "be stirring with the lark;" for the town is not only well worth a general examination, but it includes several individual objects, each of which will repay a particular visit of an hour or so. As Dunkerque is built on a singularly regular plan for so old a town (the principal streets all branching off from the four corners of the Grande Place, and being intersected at right angles by the secondary ones, &c.), half of it may well enough be run over in the couple of hours preceding breakfast—that is to say, if our traveller is blessed with alimentary organs that admit of this liberty being taken with them. The rest of the day, till a late dinner, will be filled up by separate visits, during the course of which, the rest of the town will necessarily be seen. The port (which is a singularly fine and extensive one) and its dependencies, form the chief points of attraction. In particular, the great basin, with its sluices, which have lately been completed, and the object of which is gradually to wash away the *bar* which at present impedes the entrance of vessels of very heavy burthen into the harbour, is a noble work, finely imagined, and admirably executed If our traveller is lucky enough to have hit upon a day on which the sluices are put into action (which is, however, not more than about once a-week), he may witness one of the finest sights, of its kind, that can be seen, and one, the grandeur of which can scarcely be imagined beforehand, as connected with a work of mere art. The body of water, first retained within the basin by the sluice gates, and afterwards (at low water) let out by them in a tremendous torrent during more than two hours, acts visibly upon the whole body of water at the mouth of the harbour, at not less than two miles distant from the shore; and so violent is the effect *within* the harbour, that a signal flag is hung out at various points, for several hours before the intended opening of the sluices, to warn the vessels of the necessity of putting on additional moorings. The objects next in point of interest are, the fine old square belfry tower, standing detached near one corner of the Grande Place; and the noble façade of the principal church, close to the same spot. The view from the top of the first of these is well worth the trouble of mounting to see; and the interior of the latter will of course be visited with some minuteness. Not that it contains anything in the way of pictures or decorations that calls for very particular attention: but there can be no such thing met with in a *Catholic* country, as a church that will not, on some account or other, repay a passing visit from the inhabitant of a *Protestant* country. The minor points of interest at Dunkerque are, the two other churches;

the excellent arrangements of the locks, drawbridges, &c., connected with the various canals that intersect the whole surrounding country, and meet here, as at a centre; the little Park, and the Plain, as they are called—open spaces of cheerful green, which are seldom to be met with in close towns on the continent; the Caserne, the Salle de Spectacle, &c. The evening of to-day can scarcely be better filled up than by a walk to Rosendal, a very pretty village closely adjoining to one of the gates, and consisting entirely of gardens and summer-houses, including three or four public ones, to which the whole population of the place flock on the afternoon of every fine Sunday of spring and summer. The day's expenses (including the fare of yesterday's diligence from Calais) will be within ten shillings.

Thursday.—At six o'clock to-day our traveller will start by the *barque* on his way to Bruges. For the first ten miles or so, his journey will be insipid enough, on account of the absolute flatness of the country through which the canal is cut. But in fine weather there must always be something pleasant in gliding along in the open air through meadows and cornfields, or between scattered villages: to say nothing of *everything* being pleasant that is new. At about nine o'clock the boat is changed, at a little hut on the frontier between France and the Netherlands. There is no delay, but the second boat immediately proceeds to Furnes, which it reaches about eleven. Furnes is a little insignificant town, of which enough is seen in passing through it on foot to reach the third boat, which starts for Nieuport immediately on the arrival of that from the frontier. In about two hours more you reach Nieuport, through the same absolutely flat and uninteresting country. At Nieuport the character of the conveyance improves, and with it the country through which you pass. You are fairly in the Netherlands, where the cottages, and every thing else, have an air of more ease, as well as neatness, than heretofore. In short, after Nieuport, every thing has a *Flemish* look, which is a great step in advance towards an *English* one, in point of comfort and completeness. This last boat does not reach Bruges till between seven and eight; so that the journey (of about thirty miles) occupies nearly ten hours.—It costs four shillings and sixpence, including the gratuities expected by the boatmen. It must not be supposed that we would *recommend* this mode of reaching the interior of the Netherlands from France, as possessing a balance of advantages over the other public mode by diligence; for assuredly its cheapness does not make up for its tediousness, even where (as in *our* journey) economy is a main consideration. We have chosen it simply because it is by far the less beaten track, and because there is no other means of becoming acquainted with the kind of scenery, &c., that here presents itself.

If our traveller should have hitherto found himself somewhat *ennuyé* by to-day's journey, the conclusion of it will at once revive and recompense him. Bruges is a noble relic of the olden days. For an air of green and flourishing old age, there are few continental towns that can compare with it, and none in England that bear it the slightest resemblance. A sufficing notion of its great extent will be gained, by the distance that must be walked, from the spot where the boat arrives, to the centre of the town—where the hotel which we shall choose is situated—the Hôtel d'Angleterre, Rue des Pierres. Our traveller will reach his resting-place just in time to put himself a little to rights before the Table d'Hôte supper is announced; which he will of course partake of; for the ludicrous indifference of the Flemings to their worldly

interests is such, that the arrangement and correspondence of the various boats in which the day's journey has been performed, has not allowed him a single quarter of an hour for refreshment, &c.

Friday.—As the particular nature of our plan does not admit of more than one day being allowed to that which might well enough occupy five or six—(as in the case of Bruges, for example)—our traveller will, of course, make the most of the little time he has. He does not travel (this time at least) to "take his ease at his inn," but to cast furtive glances at a vast variety of objects, and not permit his attention, if it be ever so disposed, to dwell and repose upon any. Whatever, therefore, his habits may be at home, here he must contrive to be up and abroad not long after the sun; especially as he can, without any prejudice to his views, gain at night what he loses in the morning.

Before breakfast, to day, he cannot do better than wander about at random, from the central point where his hotel is situated, and let things in general produce their own impressions upon him. But after breakfast, he had better take some one with him, to conduct him, by the shortest road, to the most noticeable objects and points of observation. He will find plenty of "guides" at his inn door, and the worst of them will prove quite as useful and instructive as the best he can purchase at the booksellers' shops.

In a Flemish town the churches are always the chief points of interest, and not one should be passed by without a visit. Among the other public edifices of this fine and most characteristic old town, there are two of peculiar interest—the spire of the Town Hall, in the Grande Place, and the belfry tower, in the Great Market.

In the matter of *meals*, our traveller will of course have the good sense to follow the customs of the country he is in—which, in Flanders, will conveniently divide his day into three parts, and thus allow three agreeable intervals of rest from his pleasant labours. He will return to his inn to an early breakfast; dine at the Table d'Hôte at between one and two; and sup in the same manner at between eight and nine: for every thing of this kind goes on like clockwork among the sober-thoughted Flemings.

Before retiring to rest to-night, he will make his arrangements for starting by the boat to Ghent, at nine to-morrow—an hour which allows him time to take another wander through some of the two hundred and fifty fine old streets of which Bruges consists. His bill, on quitting his hotel after breakfast to-morrow, will be twelve shillings, including the proper gratuities to servants, and also wine, and such like *un*-necessaries—which, however, he is not *expected* to take, unless it suits his views and habits to do so. Twelve shillings for two nights' lodging, two breakfasts, and three dinners!—for the suppers may be looked upon as late dinners, and are served as profusely as if they were so—soup only excepted. It is in fact a "vulgar prejudice" to suppose that travelling is not singularly cheap on the continent, and a still more vulgar practice to *make* it otherwise (as most of our countrymen do), by not falling in with the hours, habits, and tastes of those whom they come among. An hotel keeper in Flanders had rather you would dine for a florin (about one shilling and eight-pence) at his Table d'Hôte, and partake of ten different dishes, than pay him treble that sum for preparing you two or three at an unseasonable hour.

Saturday.—Having taken his ramble, and then his breakfast, our traveller will, at nine o'clock, step on board the Ghent boat, and com-

mence one of the pleasantest days that can be imagined, if he happens to be fortunate in his weather, his temper, and his fellow travellers. These boats are always filled with company; so that he will feel no lack of food for observation in that particular. The accommodations, and the rate of going are, by contrast with those of the two previous days' journeys, every thing that can be desired. And, above all, the scenery through which the journey lies is perfectly and uniformly agreeable throughout. In fact, though the track of the canal from Bruges to Ghent does not present a single *striking* point of view, it would be very difficult to name one of the same length in any country, which is more calculated at once to please and satisfy the spectator;—unless, indeed, he is one who travels in search of the picturesque. In this latter case, he has no business in the Netherlands at all; for there, on the one hand, nothing is suffered to run to waste or fall into decay; and, on the other hand, cultivation is carried to the very utmost point of perfection that is consistent with profit and utility, but not a step farther; and thus two grand sources of the "picturesque" are utterly cut off. The agreeableness (for we must not call it *beauty*) of all that our traveller will meet with to-day in the way of external scenery, will be found, on examination, to result from its perfect appropriateness and adaptation to the purposes sought to be derived from it; and that it never rises into beauty may perhaps be attributed to the fact, that utility is the obvious and paramount object of it all; and though all that is beautiful is, for that reason alone, useful, that which is merely useful is seldom or never beautiful. Hitherto, since he quitted France, our traveller (if an English one) must have been struck with the grievous contrast between the external scenery which he has come among, and that which he left behind him. To-day, all such feelings will be put an end to the moment he commences his journey. Instead of interminable districts of open marshes, partly drained by the wet ditches which intersect them every here and there, he will see bright meadows, or rich corn fields, or neat gardens, all divided from each other by high black thorn or other hedge-rows. Instead of here and there a scraggy ash rising out of endless lines of grey pollard willows, he will find a profusion of wood everywhere, and of every variety, and all flourishing as if it loved the spot where it is placed. Finally, instead of sad, sorrowful looking houses, large enough and wretched enough for a barrack, or little ruined sheds, scarcely big enough for a dog-kennel, he will see either handsome châteaux, where an air of orderly propriety reigns over every part, or lines of neat cottages, all different, but all painted like pictures, and their bright window panes seeming to beam forth the air of quiet comfort that dwells within. In short, instead of that *dreary* monotony which bespeaks, if not actual misery, at least that general indifference to comfort, which is almost as bad, he will meet with that *pleasant* monotony which bespeaks the general and almost equable diffusion of the fruits of an easy and flourishing prosperity.

From Bruges to Ghent, the canal winds about like an English cross road; it is green with turf to its very waters; and its sides are ornamented, almost without intermission, by lines of fine young forest trees. During the first half or so of the journey these consist chiefly of ashes, oaks, Lombardy poplars, and a few willows—only just enough of the latter to give a soft appearance to the scenery, without giving it a cold and grey one. During the latter half, the banks rise abruptly into a sort of high causeway of turf, on either side, on the top of which is a

narrow road for the small vehicles of the peasantry, shaded by a double row of beautiful young beeches. This continues almost unbroken till within a very short distance of Ghent. About four or five miles on this side of Ghent, the canal divides into two a most pretty village, consisting half of handsome country houses, half of bright-coloured cottages; and immediately on passing this, the noble old city of Ghent rises dimly in the distance, out of the dense mass of trees which intervenes. This view is a fine exception to the general absence of any thing *striking* in the scenery of the day's journey.

On reaching, at about half past four o'clock, the quay of the canal, at the entrance of Ghent, our traveller will be besieged by numerous porters, lacqueys, and guides, from the whole of whom he will do well at once to escape, by putting himself and his portmanteau into the Brussels' diligence, which he will see standing in an open space on the opposite side of the basin:—leaving Ghent to be visited on his return. This diligence is connected with the boat, and starts immediately on the arrival of the latter. The journey is performed at least as quickly and commodiously as those by our ordinary stages, and is concluded about eleven at night. The expenses of the whole day, including an excellent dinner in the boat (the very best that will be met with on the journey) will amount to less than ten shillings. It should here be observed that, though in the journey from London to Calais, we have, by implication, advised our traveller to choose the inferior part of the vessel, on account of the great difference in expense, as compared with the merely imaginary difference in accommodation, we have ever since placed him, as a matter of course, in the best places out of three—because here it was not in the least degree worth while to dispense with the positive comforts that the difference would afford him, especially in the case of bad weather. But it is right to mention, that in almost every case he *might* have made the journey, in the same vehicle, for considerably less than the price we have named. On reaching Brussels, he will desire to be conducted to the *Hôtel de Suède, Rue de l'Evêque.*

SUNDAY.—Our traveller has now reached a very lively, stirring, well-conducted, and agreeable city; but one which is as much overrated in some respects as it is underrated in others. He will, however, not be so unreasonable as to expect, that the two or three days which his plans permit him to devote to Brussels, will enable him to do more than gain a general and superficial notion of it. It is to this end alone, therefore, that our desultory hints will be directed.

The first random sally forth of our traveller from the central point, at which we have placed him, will give him the idea of a busy, flourishing, and populous *provincial* city, consisting of many poor, some tolerable, and a few good, but not one fine or striking street, or public place whatever; and, with a single exception, this impression will only be the more confirmed the more he sees. Further (still with one exception), he will meet with no fine public edifices finely placed—no richness in the private residences—no splendour in the shops—and no striking general effect in the *ensemble* of any particular spot, or collection of buildings, public or private. In short (still with the one general exception that we have already made), he would, not knowing to the contrary, never suppose himself in the capital of a kingdom, and the residence of a court, but, on the contrary (as we have hinted above), in a crowded, bustling, and wealthy, but ill-constructed and ill-arranged *provincial* town. His first morning's ramble will probably leave this

kind of impression; for it is not likely that he will have found his way already to the fine exception which is presently to offer itself to all that we have said. Not to keep him long in suspense, he had best devote the middle and after-part of his first day to getting rid of this impression: which he will find a very unpleasant one, if any thing has led him to look for one of an exactly opposite nature. To this end he has only to inquire his way to the Place Royale, which he will reach by a long, winding, mounting, and irregular street—the best in Brussels, and if not much worse, certainly not much better, than the best in Bristol. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the spot he has now reached, and those which he has passed through to reach it. Let him now at once place himself in the centre of this fine, though not very spacious, square of noble houses, and he will see before him one of the finest *coups-d'œil* in Europe, of its kind. That from the centre of the Place de Louis XV. in Paris, is inferior to it in one or two particulars, and is not much superior to it in any, except its vast extent and variety. In London we have nothing that can compare with it. In order, however, to take in the whole extent of the *coup-d'œil*, it must be viewed from a little farther on, where the Place Royale opens out into the great square, formed by the buildings surrounding the Park. From this point of view the eye takes in three palaces—(those of the King, the Prince of Orange, and the States General)—several ranges of private houses, the noble taste of which gives them the air of palaces, and the principal sides of the Place Royale itself, the effect of which is scarcely inferior to any of the other parts of the view. The centre of the vast oblong square formed by all these, is occupied by what is called the Park—a spot which, though little answerable to the *English* meaning of the name, is a most delightful promenade, blending the regularity of the French mode of arranging grounds with the luxuriance of the English mode, in a very novel and effective manner.

Having placed our traveller in view of this really fine and delightful part of Brussels, we shall leave him to pursue his own course, *that* being almost always the most agreeable, and, consequently, the most likely to produce permanently agreeable impressions and recollections. This desultory ramble of to-day will probably have shewn him *all* the fine, that is to say all the *modern* portion of Brussels—consisting of the streets adjacent to the great square, the delightful new Boulevards, the new Porte Guillaume, the buildings that are in progress as part of the new Botanic Garden, and, finally, the noble *Allée Verte*, a magnificent quadruple line of old elms and linden trees mixed, forming one of the most striking and perfect promenades of the kind in Europe, and running unbroken along the right bank of the Antwerp Canal for two miles. By the by, this noble avenue is one striking exception to our position, that no part of Brussels is at all fine, or conveys the idea of a great capital, but those portions which are modern.

Having indulged our traveller with one whole day's desultory ramble, we would counsel him to conclude it at one of the two theatres, looking in at the Café des Milles Colonnes in his way: and then make his arrangements for to-morrow, by procuring (through the waiter at his inn) a decent guide to the rest of the sights at Brussels; for utterly as we would discountenance this mode of sight-seeing under ordinary circumstances, it is, in the present case, a necessary nuisance that cannot be dispensed with.

MONDAY.—To-day, our traveller had better devote his time to visiting all those objects which possess an external interest only; such as the public squares, the portes, the market places, the fountains, the quays, &c.; during the course of which examination he will over-run every part of the town that he need desire to see. The only very remarkable of the squares, after those alluded to above, is that called the Grande Place, in the centre of the town, where are situated the Hôtel de Ville, a building of great interest for its antiquity. The Place de la Monnaie is the next in interest. It contains the new theatre—a building as much vaunted for its beauty as it deserves to be condemned for its absolute ugliness. In fact, it is as ugly outside as it is inside: which is the utmost that can be said in the way of depreciation. It has, however, the merit of being entirely *detached*. Among the fountains, perhaps the most remarkable is one in the Place du Grand Sablon, built, in 1768, by an English nobleman (Lord Bruce), to commemorate and repay the pleasure he enjoyed during a lengthened residence in this city.

It is probable that an early breakfast will enable our traveller to see all that is needful in the above department of sights before dinner; in which case he will devote the after-part of the day to the interior of some of the churches—*all* of which should, if possible, be looked into, and some dwelt upon with particular attention. He cannot do better than conclude his day at the cafés and theatres, as before; there he is sure of amusement, and (in the former in particular) can never lack food for observation.

TUESDAY.—Again the churches,—which, as they are only eleven or twelve in number, a long day may finish. That which merits most attention is St. Gudule. Its exterior has that fine advantage, in point of effect, of being entered (at its principal door at least) by a flight of steps, about forty in number. Its interior is embellished, among other antiquities, by one of those carved oak pulpits, of which so many are to be seen in the continental churches, and particularly the Flemish ones. This is perhaps the finest of them all. It is, in fact, executed with infinite force, spirit, and truth. The subject of it (including the supports, &c.) is Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise, the figures being the size of life.—Again finish by the cafés and theatres; for of these a passing visitor of a foreign country cannot have too much.

WEDNESDAY.—To-day will be principally occupied by a visit to the Museum of Pictures, the Public Library, the Cabinet of Natural History, and the Botanic Garden—all of which are united at the Palace of the Old Court, as it is called. None of these collections are very distinguished in their several classes; but all will repay a brief visit. After he has dispatched them, our traveller may, if he pleases, make an effort to see the interior of the royal palaces. Whether he succeed or not in gaining admittance, will depend on the circumstances of the moment. That of Schoonenberg, situated at a village two miles from the town, is well worth a visit, and may, with proper management, be made to come within the limits of our circumscribed plan; to which end the other palaces may, if necessary, be well enough passed over.

We must to-night venture to mulct our traveller of his due portion of rest, in order to gain for him a whole day at Ghent. He will make his arrangements to leave Brussels by the diligence, which starts at about midnight, and reaches Ghent by about six in the morning. His bill at the hotel will amount to thirteen shillings, which will include a

pint of good wine at each dinner, and the gratuities to servants. The items of his bill will consist of three nights' lodgings, three breakfasts, and three dinners—all excellent in their way. We have not reckoned upon his taking any thing *at his hotel* after dinner, having allowed him *carte blanche* at the café. We shall reckon these latter, together with theatres, gratuities to guide, servants at public institutions, &c., at seven shillings more—making his whole expences at this chief place amount to one pound sterling.

Thursday.—*Ghent. Hôtel de Vienne, Marché aux Grains.*—Our traveller, if not a singularly well seasoned one, will not be much disposed towards a random ramble, after rumbling over *pavé* all night. And it is not much matter; for he might wander all day long in this great but by no means agreeable city, without meeting with any thing worth his particular attention. His plan, therefore, will be to take an early breakfast, and then immediately provide himself with the means of arriving by the shortest road at all that *is* worth seeing here. As at Brussels and Bruges, the churches will be the chief points of attraction; and he will find more good pictures in one or two of them than in all those of Brussels united. Besides the churches, the chief objects of interest are, the Botanical Garden; the University, with its Museum of Natural History, &c.; the Academy of Painting, &c.; and the celebrated prison, called the *Maison de Force.* The time of our traveller, after having visited all the churches, will not allow him to see the whole of the institutions just named; therefore he will choose between them, as his taste may direct. Let him bear in mind, however, that museums of natural history, botanical gardens, and libraries of books can be seen every where, and are every where pretty much alike; but a fine picture is a thing individual to itself, and like no other thing in existence: consequently, that to miss the sight of one that might have been seen is to sustain a loss that nothing else can repair. There is in this city a very fine private collection of pictures, belonging to a Mr. Skamp, to which access may be gained without much difficulty. If, therefore, our traveller can contrive to see these, at the expense of abandoning *all* the above-named lions of Ghent, he will be wise to do so. At night he will visit the cafés of the Place d'Armes, and then retire to an early bed—having previously arranged to start for Bruges by the barque to-morrow at about nine, and from thence to proceed onward immediately by another to Ostend. His expenses at this place will amount to fourteen shillings, including four and sixpence for his diligence from Brussels last night.

Friday.—Our traveller will do well, instead of breakfasting at his inn, and then getting into the barque from the quay, to rise early enough to allow him time to walk on to a little village with some unspeakable Flemish name, about five miles from Ghent, on the banks of the canal. Here he will breakfast at one of the little delicately nice cabarets, and will perchance grow romantic in his admiration of the quiet happiness that seems to reign every where around. There will be no great harm done if he forms certain indefinite plans of, "some day or other," coming back to live here, in a charming little house that shall cost him some eight or ten pounds sterling per annum, and surrounded by all sorts of *agrémens*, except that greatest of all in the eyes of some folks—the facility of spending money! If he *should* form such a plan, we will answer for his being able to put it in practice—always provided he does not insist on spending more than about a hundred and fifty pounds a year

upon a family of six or seven persons. The barque will take him in at this village, about ten o'clock, and will convey him to Bruges by three —through the uniformly agreeable tract of scenery which we have before glanced at. On his arrival at Bruges, another barque will be waiting to receive him at the opposite extremity of the city. This he must reach by a somewhat tiresome walk of not much less than three miles, over round-headed paving stones; unless, indeed, he prefers paying the price of his whole journey to Ostend for being conveyed thither in one of the coaches that will in all probability be waiting for this purpose. The Ostend barque will start immediately all the passengers have had time to get on board.

Immediately on setting his foot in the barque that is to convey him to Ostend, our traveller will observe a striking difference, to the disadvantage of the scenery, on either side him, as compared with that adjoining to the opposite extremity of the city; and every mile he proceeds it will become poorer and poorer; till, at length, he will wish himself at his journey's end before he gets there—which we cannot think was the case in the previous part of the day. However, his journey is but a short one. He will reach Ostend in time for a late dinner, or an early supper—whichever name he is minded to call it by—and will have to pay five shillings for his whole day's travelling, &c., including his breakfast. He will choose for his inn the Lion d'Or.

SATURDAY.—A place may be very agreeable to look about oneself in, even for a whole day, without having any thing worth describing, or even remembering: and such a place is Ostend. Like Dunkerque, it is built for the most part on a regular plan; its streets intersecting each other at right angles. But it wants that air of mingled liveliness and comfort which makes Dunkerque the most agreeable looking town in all this part of the Continent. There are some spacious open squares in Ostend: that in which the Lion d'Or is situated is the chief. There is also a good elevated walk looking on the sea. But, upon the whole, Ostend is somewhat *triste*, and by no means attractive to any but those who love quiet and their own company more than all other things. Above all, there is one fault about Ostend, which cannot be forgiven to any town, even though it were El Dorado itself, namely, the grass grows between the stones of some of its streets. *Au reste*, it is one of the cheapest dwelling-places that can any where be pitched upon; and its position gives it many advantages in this respect. But our traveller will find little to admire in it, after what he has seen elsewhere; and he will probably not be sorry to take leave of it at day-break to-morrow by the London steamer, and thus conclude a journey which, we venture to persuade ourselves, he will set down as at once the cheapest, pleasantest, and most instructive that he has ever performed, supposing, as we have done all along, that it is the first he has made out of his own country. His bill at Ostend (including all expenses of embarkation, &c.) will amount to about twelve shillings; and his passage to London (in the best cabin) thirty-five, including the necessary refreshments.

Finally, our traveller will please to bear in mind, that we pledge ourselves to the correctness of every *particular* that we have here put down; and if he will take the trouble to reckon up the amount of his alleged expenses, he will find we were considerably within bounds in stating, that the whole cost will not be more than that of spending an idle fortnight at Brighton or Cheltenham.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

As our palaces and public buildings, and all the various improvements of the metropolis are so rapidly approaching to completion, it is time for every lover of the arts to look about him, and to see and judge of the manner in which so much public money is expended; for although those who pay for all this mass of masonry that is rising around us, have no control over it, yet they are not debarred the comfort of criticising. The liberty of praise and blame is left to the public; and the journalists, as well as our contemporary periodicals, have certainly not been sparing of their criticisms. So generally, indeed, has the public opinion been expressed upon the merits—or rather the demerits of one building, which proves the principal feature of these improvements, that, for a wonder, it attracted the notice of a high personage, who either out of deference to the public, or actuated by his own good taste, gave immediate directions that the defect complained of should be remedied by an additional expenditure of 25,000*l.* on each of the wings of the palace: for such is the amount which this alteration is to cost according to Mr. Nash's evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons. The palace is by this means rendered a much more sightly building, but still it wants to be relieved of the square towers and preposterously small dome—which Mr. Nash himself acknowledges he did not think would be so conspicuous from the park. In criticising any building, erected as this is, under the immediate control of a personage whom nobody may contradict, we can find much apology for an architect which *he* may not, and does not make for himself. In every-day life how many of the constructions of the architect are spoiled by the ignorant interference of his employer, who dictates a room here, or a portico there, which the judgment of the architect knows to be misplaced, but to which dictation he is obliged to bow—There are, however, a great many beauties in this palace, and while the public have so generally condemned the front towards the park, the really elegant western, or garden façade, seems has been entirely overlooked and unmentioned. Had the palace, however, been an assemblage of beauties, we should still have reiterated our former opinion of its being misplaced.

Either of the spots pointed out by Mr. Soane, or by Colonel Trench, would have been far superior in any point of view.

Mr. Soane's plan was to have placed it at the top of Constitution-hill, with an entrance from a triumphal arch at the Piccadilly end; and to have formed a road through the park and Downing-street to the House of Lords; so that the King, in his progress to open or prorogue Parliament, should pass through one continued line of public buildings, consisting of Buckingham-house, St. James's-palace, the Horse-guards, triumphal arches to the memories of the Battle of Trafalgar and Waterloo, all the Government offices, and finally, Westminster-hall and the courts of law.

This was a grand conception, and was, we believe, once so well thought of in high quarters, that a portion of the general design was commenced; but change of men or of measures—a sudden and unusual fit of economy—the fear of Mr. Hume, or some other paralyser of the progress of art, prevented its accomplishment.

Colonel Trench, in the improvements recommended by him, proposed two situations for the palace; one in the centre of Hyde Park, by which

means the beautiful gardens of Kensington might have been made available; and the other in the Green Park, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present basin. Any of these situations, from being more elevated, would have been far preferable to the hollow in which Buckingham Palace is placed—and there would have been no necessity for the excavation of artificial lakes, the only apology for which is the necessity for an artificial mound or mountain to shut out unpleasant neighbours.

The choice of situation did not, however, depend upon the architect, and therefore no blame should rest with him upon this score. He has an opportunity now of redeeming the credit of his palace, and we shall leave all further criticism on its merits till its completion.

It was our intention, in this paper, to have taken up the improvements proposed by Colonel Trench in the year 1826, and to have compared them with those which are actually taking place under the direction of Mr. Nash, and those which have been proposed by other projectors—but we find this comparison would so far exceed our present limits, that we must postpone it for some future number, when Mr. Soane's and Colonel Trench's books, together with the new improvements, shall have our full consideration.

At present we must confine ourselves to things as they are, and not diverge into things as they might have been.

Carlton House, that scene of royal revelry, whose saloons have so often echoed to the wit of Sheridan, Fox, Windham, and Tierney—to the follies and coxcombry of Brummell—and to others that we must not—or at least, shall not speak of, has disappeared. This looks as though Mr. Barber Beaumont, with his great staring front at the County Fire Office, had literally looked his sovereign out of countenance. For there stands the fire office, the production of Mr. Barber Beaumont and his *engineers*, while poor Carlton House is levelled with the ground.

The principal beauty of this building, consisted in its portico, which was most injudiciously hid from the public admiration by the screen which we all remember in Pall Mall. A great dispute has arisen as to the appropriation of these columns. Mr. Nash's plan is to add eight more to them, and to construct a fountain temple—that is, a temple with a fountain in the centre of it—in the opening between the houses which are now erecting to form Carlton House-terrace. The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to investigate the office of works and public buildings, and, if possible, to sift the jobs to the bottom, however object to this temple; first on account of the cost of 1000*l.* per annum, which they think too much to pay for water—and we most cordially agree with them—and secondly, because they wish patriotically that this great opening should terminate by a grand flight of steps, for the use of the public, leading into St. James's Park. We, for our own parts, hope that the recommendation of the Select Committee on this point will be carried into effect; for we would not have this opening obstructed, and the park shut out from our view by the most beautiful temple that the elegant fancy of Mr. Nash could design; a spot of green in the midst of a metropolis is delicious; and we would not change its freshness for all the beauties which bricks and mortar—or even Parian marble might assume under the hands of the most tasteful artist in the world.

Carlton House-terrace is rapidly growing into shape—immense quantities of rubbish and earth are hourly casting into this space to give it its intended elevation, which is, why or wherefore we could never under-

stand, to be ten or a dozen feet above the level of Pall Mall. The right wing of the terrace is all in carcase, and undergoing the disgraceful process of cement—we say disgraceful, because buildings of this calibre —and improvements of this magnitude, in such a metropolis as that of England, ought not to be executed in such a perishable and gingerbread commodity.

In the left wing Mr. Nash, or rather the government, has been treated very shabbily by certain noble applicants for the ground. When the plan was first proposed for building dwellings on the site of Carlton House gardens, the applications for the ground was so numerous, that Mr. Nash had the greatest difficulty not to offend, in selecting the highest of the aristocratic applicants, who wished to place their domiciles on the ci-devant seat of royalty.

Either the lack of money, change of disposition, or some other cause, has however prevented many of these selected applicants from confirming their agreements, and a great portion of the ground has, therefore, been left upon hand. This ground might easily be disposed of to building speculation, but such a disposal of it would risk the derangement of the original plan of keeping this 'quarter' a kind of reserve for the *élite* of the high people of London. To prevent, however, the plan from remaining incomplete, and the place thus becoming for some years a detriment and nuisance to its nighbourhood rather than an ornament to the park and the metropolis, Mr. Nash, has with a spirit worthy of his projected improvements, undertaken the whole of the remaining buildings on his own account, and the foundations are now actually laying at his expense.

The New United Service Club erecting under the superintendence of Mr. Nash, and the Athenæum building under the direction of Mr. Decimus Burton are also rapidly proceeding. These buildings form the entrance to the new square opposite Waterloo-place, and are most injudiciously made dissimilar—a circumstance which is in some measure explained by Mr. Burton in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons.

In the United Service Club are two rooms of one hundred feet by fifty the floors are constructed of cast iron girders, which Mr. Nash has compelled most of the lessees in this part of his plan to use in their new buildings.—At the back of each of these Club Houses and of the houses in Pall Mall, is a large ornamental garden which will indeed, be a most desirable addition to the improvements; and, when Carlton House shall still have its opening to Charing Cross through the end of Warwick and Cockspur Streets, this will certainly be one of the finest parts of the metropolis, and be an equal credit to the projector, with the general plan of the New Street. Would we could say as much for the detail both of the public and private buildings which are comprised in these improvements, as we can of the general plan of them.

But, while the monopoly of the Board of Works, which has in the late evidence given before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, been proved to confine all the public works to *three* architects only, all competition of taste and talent is prevented, and these three have more to do than twenty superior men could do sufficient justice to.—It is this that crowds our streets with the heavy composition of pilaster and columns, to which Mr. Smirke lends his name—though he really ought to be ashamed to permit them to come out of his office, looking like the cruder productions of a mere schoolboy in the art. In Mr. Soane, and

Mr. Nash, at least, there is invention and variety—some mark of originality and of thought, but in those of the third gentleman there is to be traced nothing but literal copies of the remains of Greek architecture, crowded into heavy masses like that of the Union Club House and the College of Physicians, which we are sorry to find is to be repeated on the other side of the great square that is to be formed in front of the Old Mews. Uniformity is certainly one admirable quality in architecture, but heaven defend us from it, when it is only to be obtained by one deformity being imitated by another.

While we are on this subject, we cannot sufficiently reprobate the uncouth and heavy columns with which Mr. Nash is basing his terrace towards the park—only a few of them are yet up, and we trust that he will himself become sensible of their very bad effect, in time to alter this part of his design.

Every Londoner owes so much to the exertion and genius of Mr. Nash that we wish to have no fault to find with him; and he has with such *bon-hommie* and honesty acknowledged his faults in the New Palace, before the Committee of the House of Commons, that we wish him to have no more to acknowledge himself, or for us to find out.

When we first saw that this Select Committee was formed, we were in hope that the monopoly in architecture would have been thrown open, but in spite of the evident maladministration as well as malconstruction of the office of works from which all improvements proceed, and by which they are also executed, they have merely recommended such a partial alteration as can do no effectual good.

While there are so many young architects educated in our first offices, as well as students in the schools of Greece and Rome, who are waiting only for that opportunity to display their taste and talent, which is precluded them by this monopoly, it is a shame that this office is not constructed upon a more liberal and extended scale, and that our numerous public buildings are not laid open to the competition of talent, instead of being confined merely to three architects, who, during the last ten years, have shared upwards of 100,000*l.* of the public money.

S. S.

THE DURRENSTEIN.

The valley of the Wachau, or rather the whole tract of the Danube, from Rosenburg to where the river falls into the plain of Vienna, is proverbially one of the most fantastic and beautiful of the south of Europe. A succession of all that makes the romance of landscape, perpetually varies before the eye; stupendous crags, deep and sunless defiles, solemn woods, that look as old as the days of Arminius, and whose paths had often heard the trampling and the shouts of the tribes on their march to shake the empires of the world; wailing whirlpools, and the central mighty stream, the father Danube himself, that unites the cross with the crescent, and pours the waters of the German hills to wash the foot of the seraglio.

But this striking country is not yet plagued with the more than Egyptian plague, of being a regular haunt of summer tourists. The honest citizens of Vienna, almost within sight of the valley, are luckily born without the organ of tourism, and have substituted for it the organ of cooking, fiddling, and the patrician love of a Sunday's drive over the pavement of the Leopoldstat, or the plebeian love of a Sunday's walk in the Prater.

The Italian never travels, but for purposes which have more of philosophy than of the passion for sight seeing. He travels for the general good of mankind, for without him, half the dwellings of continental Europe would be buried by the soot of their own chimnies, the fabric of wooden spoons and plaster images would be lost to mankind; and there would be a mortality among dancing dogs, and fantoccini, from Paris to Petersburg. The Frenchman never travels at all, and will never travel while he can find all the charms of coffee, *écarté*, quadrilling, and courtship, within the walls of one city.

Even the English have scarcely found their way to this fine tract. No circulating library has yet shown its front, placarded with new novels from top to toe. No newspaper establishment contributes scandal to the great, and perplexes the little with politics on the most puzzling scale. No steam-boat throws up its blackening column to distain the blue of the native sky for many a league behind, and no spruce bugler on the top of the brilliantly varnished and high-flying stage coach, shoots along before the startled eye, at the rate of twenty miles an hour "stoppages included," making the precipices ring to the echoes of "I've been roaming."

All is solitude, loftiness, and sacred silence, broken but by a gush of the waters foaming round some rock, or the cry of the kites and falcons as they sweep over the summits of the wilderness of oaks and pines.

Yet the traveller sometimes makes his way into this scene of stateliness; and twenty years ago, I ranged the region during a whole summer, until the doubt with the peasantry lay between my being a magician, a madman, or an agent of Napoleon, fraught with a portfolio full of defiles, bridges, waters, and passes, which were were to bring *La Grande Armée* headlong upon their cottages in the next war. But, luckily, the native love of tranquillity prevailed; and as I paid for my provisions with English punctuality, and without Austrian remonstrance at the little tax which they added to their price, as a cure for conscience in thus assisting the enemies of their country; as I made love to no man's female establishment, and shot no great lord's game, I was suf-

fered, at pleasure, to ramble, draw, eat, and pay. Like the great globe itself, I was kept in my position by the "vis inertiæ."

But one evening my solitude was pleasantly varied by the sight of some berlines straggling along the road below the Castle of Durrenstein. The German postilions had of course lost their way, or pretended that they had lost it, as is the custom, when they know that a tolerable inn lies within half a mile of them, and feel more disposed to enjoy themselves there than "be borrowers of the night" for ten miles further.

I hailed the travellers, and found that they were a party of *attachés* to the foreign ministers at Vienna, who, finding the world at peace, the capital hot as an oven, and the dinner and dancing season at an end, had come to kill the month of indolence among the wonders of the Danube. My services were accepted, first as a guide to their berlines, and next, as a *cicerone* to themselves. I showed them the famous "rose-garden" of Schreckenwold, a name whose very sound is descriptive of its ruthless hearer, to any who can pronounce it and live. I pointed out the precise *locale* of the iron door, where this mountain chief thrust his unlucky victims over the precipice, and where those who had not their necks broken at once, were sure to die of famine. And, after startling my makers of manifestos with the atrocity of a robber who destroyed mankind by one at a time, I relieved their humanity by shewing the hole, at the foot of the rock, by which the knight had escaped from this living grave, who was to overthrow the power of the robber, and hurl Schreckenwold among the roses of his own garden.

With equal applause I showed them the hollow in the river side, where Rudiger, the merchant, entrapped the formidable brothers Hadmar the Kuenringer, and Heinrich van Weitra, both surnamed by the terrified peasantry, "the Hounds." "There," said I, in the words of the legend, "under that weeping willow steered the bold merchant from Regensburg, with his decks covered with temptation. There, on the corner of the frowning precipice above, stood Hadmar and Heinrich, pike in hand, and waiting only the striking of the good ship on yonder fatal sandbank, to give a general order to their pikemen and archers, clustered under those mulberry bushes, to jump on board, and possess themselves of fur caps, woollen cloaks, and Moravian cheeses, enough to clothe the household and stock the castle for ten years to come.

"On that awful height, where now moulders the renowned castle of Aggstein, every casement was then glistening with eyes, as the stately ship breasted the treacherous stream, and every chamber of it echoed with shouts of delight, as under the walls the stately vessel came to a full stop. All was now exultation, the robber chieftains commanded the merchant to surrender. He cried out for mercy in vain. Kneeling on the deck, he implored them to spare his cargo; they announced to him that it was against their principles. He then bade them take his life in compensation. They answered that they would take both. The unfortunate trader next tried an appeal to their feelings, and prayed them by the beards of their father and mother, by the beauty of their wives, and the hopes of their children, to spare his last fragment of property under the stars.

"Their reply was brief—'That as they intended to give him only the alternative of being hanged or drowned, the property could be of no moment to him.' The merchant, in obvious despair, then retired to the

helm, to die as he had lived, with the emblem of management in his hand. The chieftains made but one bound from the precipice to the deck, and were followed by a knot of their most agile plunderers. They opened chest after chest, never had so much Saxon broad cloth, Bavarian earthen ware, and Styrian peach brandy, fallen into the hands of any of the family for three generations of spoil. At length they came to one cabin which defied their pike handles. The merchant was commanded to open the door. He warned them against the crime of seizing 'the last, and, he would allow, the most valuable property that he had on board.' They insisted. The scene of supplication was again gone through, but more at length, and more violently. In the mean time the wind freshened, and the vessel had heeled a little off the shore. 'Villain,' said Hadmar, drawing his knife, 'we shall be kept here all night, by coming on board without our sledge-hammers and picklocks.' 'Villain,' said Heinrich, flourishing his sabre over the unhappy merchant, 'we will not stay here five minutes longer for the souls and bodies of all the burghers of Vienna. So open this infernal door instantly. If I have not cut off your head already, it is because I only waited till you had turned the key in this great beast of a lock. But as you persist in your rebellion against the lawful lords of every thing that sails upon the river, and runs upon the bank, you die without the law's delay.'

"The sabre swept round, but Hadmar interposed, observing, that though the merchant's life was worth no more than that of any other merchant, and that no more than of any other animal of burthen, the opening of the door would not be advanced by the abscision of the delinquent's head. A sudden roll of the vessel at once showed that it was now in the centre of the stream, and threw the whole crew, chieftains and all, over each other. The merchant opened the door, a pile of chests fell out, and after them jumped forth fifty of the imperial soldiery, every man in full armour, and sword in hand. Their enemy was rolling on the floor. Their battle was already fought by the billows; and before the illustrious Hadmar could recover his legs, or the heroic Heinrich grasp his pike, both were in stout hands, that paid no respect to their thirty-two quarterings, but put their patrician limbs in irons. Their followers were put to the rout with equal expedition. The shouts of joy from the castle turrets had been turned into roars of rage, they were now turned into howlings of despair. Their friends, one by one, after many a pike thrust on both sides, were tumbled into the stream. To pull them out was the only hope, as no power short of wings could reach the vessel, which continually enlarged the distance from the shore, and was rapidly rolling down to the dungeons of the Emperor Frederic in Vienna.

"There the merchant took his leave of the brother chieftains, consigning them to the imperial gaoler, and warning them, on all future occasions, to take the master of the cargo's advice as to what portion of the freight would be good for their purposes. The historian loves to investigate the final career of fallen greatness, and he has told us that after a dozen years of fetters, bread and water, and working in the ditch of these ramparts, which, afterwards, in the memorable siege of 1683, kept off the Ottomans until Sobieski came to cut off their beards, and unturban their three-tailed pachas, the chieftains of Aggstein petitioned to change their condition. The merchant, Rudiger, was by this time opulent,

from being employed to bring a succession of similar potentates to their senses by similar means; with native singleness of soul, he had always employed the same bait, which the German chieftainry always swallowed with the same appetite. But he was old, and thought of retiring from his profession, though a gold mine to him since he had discovered the art of helping himself, in the first instance, to the spoils. Both his wealth and his age gave him influence with the minister, who set himself down for the merchant's heir, and that, too, at no remote date. The brothers laid their sorrows before him, and he recollecting that they had made his fortune, laid them before the minister. The petition was instantly attended to, the irons struck off, the spade resigned, the rations of rye-bread and ditch water exchanged for less heathenish provisions; and, finally after six months' attendance on sermons preached by the most "searching divines" of Vienna, a torture to which, they protested, the irons were infinitely preferable, they were let loose, with a vast deal of good advice, and permission to beg their bread, only saving this interdict, that they should not be found begging it in Vienna, on pain of five hundred lashes a piece for the first offence, and the wheel for the second.

"The brothers now set forth on the grand experiment of living on the world's compassion. But it failed them in a week. They had not the art of touching the feelings, and they were on the point of starving in company, just as the spires of Vienna rose once more to their view. The same thought started to both their tongues—'Shall that rascal Rudiger fatten on our robbery?' They determined to be masters of his wealth. Hadmar, a daring fellow, who knew no more of the world than that it was more easily frightened than reasoned into doing its duty, went to the sword-cutler's, bought a trusty weapon, and forced an entrance into the merchant's immense mansion at midnight. He found Rudiger wasted to a skeleton by age and avarice, and calculating how many farthings he would lose by the difference of paper and specie. Hadmar demanded his money. The old miser screamed out. A whole army of relations, who slept in the house to have the first grasp of his ducats, thinking that he was giving up the ghost, started up from their beds, and came running, half naked, to attend the dying hour of their 'excellent and much-lamented relative.' Hadmar was overpowered by numbers, seized, pinioned, tried upon the spot, and as the cousins, aunts, and uncles of the miser conceived that there were claimants enough already, they treated the new interloper as they would have been delighted to treat each other; they threw out a cord from the balcony, and the rising sun saw Hadmar hanging from its finely-flourished bars.

"Heinrich had, by some accident, gained a surer knowledge of the way to wealth, and, instead of going to the sword-cutler's, he had gone to the gates of a convent. He there wept, prayed the loudest in the chapel, ate the least in the refectory, and his saintship was promulged through all the city, before the quarter was out. The saint next presented himself to Rudiger as the only saint who could wash his conscience clear of all peccability. It was exactly such a man that the merchant's crazy conscience wanted. The confessor entered. The relations soon received a hint to withdraw. They were slow in understanding it, and, finally, one evening, the whole blood of the Rudiger lineage was turned into the street. But the effort was formidable at the merchant's age; and as the last echo of their cries, he uttered one which

he never repeated. His will was produced. The lawyers would perish if the style became popular. Nothing could be less wordy or more distinct. It contained but these expressive sentences—'My relations are rogues. I shall show them that they can be made fools of besides. Heinrich is my heir.'

"The relations were astonished. But the lawyers saw good ground for making a handsome suit out of the occasion, and they commenced proceedings before the judges. Heinrich declared himself the most injured man in the world, and offered to give up every thing in his possession on receiving just half what the suit would have cost. The proposal was relished by every one but the lawyers. The money was subscribed, and Heinrich, setting the seals of the parties on the doors, received the money at the bank of Vienna.

"The house was opened. They found all as empty as a royal chapel when it gets wind at court that the king is not to be there. The relatives were indefatigable; bags, boxes, wainscots, every thing were tried, turned inside out, torn down, cut up, unsewed, broken, yet nothing transpired. The confessor was gone; and it was presumed, that, as the business of a confessor is to secure human weakness from evil, Heinrich had thought himself authorized to remove the root of all evil—gold.

"Before the spring shed her violets and primroses on the fields of the Milanese, the confessor was a gallant captain of Condottieri, in the service of Milan, and ready for the service of any and every Italian potentate according to pay and plunder. He lived long, happy, and rich, died in his bed, and had a monument, half as high as the Duomo, declaring, 'that as every virtue lived, so the world's delight died, with the most renowned, heroic, and holy Count Enrico di Castello di bona Fortuna.'"

My hearers politely professed themselves charmed with the poetic justice of the story; and I should have probably proceeded to reap additional applause, and vindicate the dexterity of imperial robber catchers on a larger scale, but for one of the customary incidents of mountain excursions—the settling of a mass of heavy clouds on the pinnacles above our heads. The sun sank sullenly under this purple veil. Murmurings were heard through the forest, with which mortals had nothing to do. Fires were seen glittering behind the solid shade of precipices, where never gipsy ventured to light them. The horses gave sensible signs of an inclination to find their way to the first stable; and the yawning postilions swore in twenty forms of imprecation against the crime of suffering themselves and their beasts to stay out sight-seeing, when all that could be got in exchange for supper and shelter was as thorough a wetting as ever drenched ambassadorial livery. We took their advice, seconded as it was by the gusty howlings of the forest, and the deeper volumes of vapour that now began to stoop from the pinnacles to the ravine. A dash of rain, the *avant-coureur* of a deluge, put us all in motion; and I had the honour of being appointed guide to the little Wirthhaus,* where I had pitched my tent for the last week, and which its portly and pence-loving landlord, Herr Michael Squeezegelt, would have felt it as an affront of the blackest dye to hear called by a less title than Gasthaus.†

I invited my new visitors to make merry, ordered the best supper that

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* Alehouse. † Hotel.

our bustling and overwhelmed cook could give us on so brief a notice; produced some capital claret, a travelling companion, whose society I had often found indispensable to console me for the *désagrémens* of all other; and by the help of a large stowage of faggots on the hearth, and a bundle of wax tapers, which I fear had been consecrated at the shrine of "Maria Tapferl," the most famous sanctuary of this part of Austria, but now, in defiance of piety and pilgrimage, lighted for our profane supper-table, I contrived to make up a party as much disposed to be happy as if they were sitting round the gold plate, and under the silver chandeliers of his Serenity the Prince Lichtenstein.

The postilions had been perfectly in the right. The storm came on in full force before we had sent round the first bottle. Thunderclaps, bursts of rain, roarings of wind, and sheets of lightning, that made us all look blue, first followed each other with the rapidity of musket firing, then came all together, and at last, as they say of the compass in storms at sea, the land storm fairly stopped the rotation of the bottle. We left the feast upon the table, and crowded to the little casements to see the peformance of the angry elements on so suitable a stage. Nothing could be finer or fiercer. The grim features of the mountains, under the changes of the light and the vapours, took the hue and aspect of every thing marvellous, and would have made the fortune of a new Goëthe, or a new Retesh. All the witcheries of the playmate hags of the Hartz, were peaceable and legitimate occupations to the furious fantasies that nature here disported before our wondering eyes. The hills seemed nervously alive: the torrents danced and sprang about in the most direct contradiction to the laws of gravity; the forest tossed, groaned, and flamed, as if the days of old necromancy were come again, and every tree contained its tortured spirit. All was fire, hail, water, and uproar.

But the rock of Durrenstein, with its ruined fortress on its summit, a fitting crown for this monarch of the realm of ravines, still held its superiority over the less renowned victims of the storm. It stood in the centre of the conflict, and, alternately lost and seen as the sea of cloud rolled by, looked like some mighty ship of a hundred thousand tons, some huge leviathan of war, plunging and rising, battling with and baffling an ocean of mad billows. With the shifting of the clouds came perpetual changes, and every gazer had his favourite comparison. But at last all agreed in one; and every voice almost at the same moment cried out "the sorcerer." The tempest had lulled for a moment, and suffered the vapours to gather in a heavy white fleece round the summit of the hill; below this rolling turban the rocks were bare, and broken into the most striking resemblance of the withered and darkened visage that, from time immemorial, we attribute to the dealers in forbidden arts. While we looked, the costume was completed by a gush of waters which had forced its way through a hollow of the rock, and covered the magician's chin and front with a most venerable and sweeping beard of foam a hundred and fifty feet long.

The sight was curious enough to be worth some record. I had seated myself at the table, and taken out my crayon to sketch the outline, when a general cry from the window brought me back. I saw, to my astonishment, standing in the orifice, which we had established as the sorcerer's mouth, a figure which visibly moved—but whether man, bear, or fiend, none could ascertain. It lingered for awhile on this tremendous

spot, apparently quite at its ease, in a tumult, which would have startled Æolus himself. The night was falling fast, and we began to fear that we should lose sight of the phenomenon before we had determined its species. But, as if it heard our wishes, it came forward, and stood gazing from the edge of the precipice at the play of the torrent, as it tumbled down the magician's black bosom. The spot would have turned the head of a chamois; yet there stood this imperturbable being like a piece of the rock itself. The adventurer now occupied us all; and to ascertain what he was, became the grand business of life for the next half hour. A German, once *attaché* to the Austrian embassy in London, offered to settle the point *à-la-mode Anglaise*, by a bet of six to four, that it was any thing that any body else thought it was not, and *vice versâ*. An old Italian envoy offered to make the discovery, by cutting the cards in the infallible way by which the Neapolitan ladies settle their affairs with destiny for the day, and are secure, from sunrise to sunset, against earthquakes, losses at play, the sickness of lapdogs, and the faithlessness of *cavaliere serventi*. A French colonel, who wore the croix of St. Louis, and the legion of honour, in amicable conjunction, at his button-hole, proposed to settle the doubt by a long shot from his Tyrolese rifle; arguing, that "as it was utterly impossible that any man but a lunatic could venture to such a spot, no harm could be done by bringing him down, whom, if he escaped, it was so much gained, and if an end was put to him, it was but one madman the less in a world where there were so many besides. If it was a bear, we should have a couple of capital hams to add to our stock, in a place where another day's confinement would see us starved, unless we should eat the fat landlord. And if a demon, our firing at it might be a merit in another place, and wipe out a thousand years of purgatory."

The brilliant Frenchman had heated himself into so strong a conviction of the reasonableness of his proposal, that in scorn of our doubts, whether firing even at a ghost might not be punishable by law in a country so strict in the preservation of its game as Austria, he was hammering his flint for action, when the figure made a sudden bound from the edge of the gulph, disappeared, was seen again standing on a lower shelf of the precipice, again darted down the torrent, re-appeared from the side of the ravine, and, rushing across the road, knocked furiously at our door, dripping like a water-god.

A little altercation heard without between him and the landlord, who probably thought that he was not likely to benefit much by such an arrival, or that his house already contained unmanageable guests enough, induced my interference in favour of the laws of hospitality. I went to the door, and with many an ominous frown of Herr Michael, invited the stranger to take shelter for the hour. He was all polite reluctance, but the storm allowed of no medium, and he, at last, followed me into the presence of my fellow naturalists. As he entered, bowing on all sides, and with the language of a man of the world, I saw the French sharpshooter blush, at least as much as a Frenchman ever does, quietly deposit the rifle in a corner, and give that curiously-expressive glance round the circle, which tells how close one has run to the edge of some blunder of the first magnitude.

But we kept his secret with honour; and a fresh bottle, a new bundle of faggots, and the loan of my surtout, soon made the circle and its new addition the gayest of the gay. We found this scaler of mountains and

swimmer of torrents altogether a very striking personage, speaking the several languages of our miscellaneous company with native ease; evidently familiar with Europe and with a considerable extent of Asia, and giving now and then a piquant anecdote of the great, which made our diplomatists raise their eyebrows in wonder at discoveries which they had treasured in their own bosoms as the "immediate jewels of their souls."

The hour flew, and the stranger was the first to remark that the storm had subsided. But to suffer him to take his leave for the night was out of the question. He at length consented, though with considerable difficulty, to remain. The Frenchman, who probably thought himself bound to make atonement for the favour which he had intended him, insisted on surrendering his bed, his wardrobe, or his bodily existence, for the benefit of his "bosom friend." While we were enjoying our cups, and enchanted into a round of pleasantries, which brought out every man, and promised to keep us from our beds till daybreak, I heard a heavy foot occasionally pass the door. Whatever might be our dialogue, there was no necessity for its being overheard; and I at length went out to put an end to the investigation. I found the landlord alone, in his nightcap and slippers, and seldom looked the Herr Michael less in good humour with the world. "Twelve o'clock, Sir," he grumbled; "full time for all honest men to be in their beds."

I told him that there was nothing to prevent his honesty from its full indulgence in slumber, and that I would be responsible for the security of every iron spoon and wooden trencher under his roof.

The Herr's urbanity was not his most conspicuous virtue at any time. But I believe that he had due reliance on one who had so long resisted the temptations of his table equipage; and with some rough attempt at a bow, he set me at my ease on the point of honour, and said, that his only objection to our sitting up for the next twelve hours, or years, was the presumptuous nature of the thing. "This is an awful night, Sir," said he; "such storms seldom come for good. This is the 29th of September: St. Michael's night, my patron saint; and, heaven preserve us! the night of the Red Woman of Durrenstein."

A burst of thunder, that tore the ear and shook the strong building round us, gave such authentic evidence to the Herr's opinions, that I could extract nothing more from him on the sacred subject; but, shrinking and startled, he left me, as he said, to examine what new damage had been done by the witch's annual visit, and implored me once more to get my noisy companions to bed as soon as possible.

But the landlord's beer-loving soul had never known the courage of Chateau Margot; and on my communicating his fears, my only answer was a general burst of laughter, and a pledge to see the adventure out, to defy St. Michael and his storms, and to receive the witch-queen of the mountain with bumpers, if she should honour us with a visit.

I had heard of her before, and the conversation turning upon the extraordinary propensity of the peasantry in all countries to add to the natural troubles of their station by imaginary evils, I gave such details as occurred to me of the "Red Woman of Durrenstein." The stranger followed, but if his knowledge on other topics was striking, here it was unbounded. He poured out a ready heap of curious anecdote and incident of the mountain superstitions; some nearly monstrous of course, but some picturesque, and which would have been a treasure to the painter; and even some so like what we deem a power above nature,

yet within reality, a so subtle entwining of things that perplexed belief with facts easily comprehensible, and of no unusual occurrence, that we all listened with an interest which we probably should not have been ashamed to acknowledge in our most composed hours. But now, with the thunder rattling over the roof, St. Michael's night, the "bell then beating one," and the very palace of the she-sorcerer showing from our windows its wild battlements edged with perpetual lightnings, and, it must not be forgotten, with a dozen of excellent claret already discussed, we gave the homage of our ears to the man of legend, as if he were Simon Magus himself.

"Yet, after all," said he, with a smile round the listening circle, as he closed a story whose strange mixture of oddity and horror had fixed us in silent attention; "what is this passion for being vexed and made hypochondriac by fancy, but an additional proof of the original foolery of man? the only fool, by the by, that creation exhibits. Every other animal has the due quantum of understanding. The bustard that betrays itself by its booming, the ostrich that leaves its eggs in the sand; all that we are in the habit of charging with want of brains, have a sufficient object in their contrivances: even the ass is libelled. He knows what he is about infinitely better than hundreds of his riders, and if his natural taste be for thistles, and his back be made for blows and burthens, he has a much better claim to respect than many a showy personage, who for the glories of a ribbon or a place, is content to swallow the thistle and bear the blow and the burthen, without the excuse of nature."

This was plain speaking among so many chevaliers, with so many stars and crosses. But boldness, when it is seconded by truth, goes far; and we were too much in good-humour with ourselves to think of examining the point for the present. "But do you actually believe in those preternatural influences?" said the Frenchman, turning to some remark of mine.

"I feel like Plato," was my reply; "the more I think on such subjects, the less I am able to come to a decision."

"For my part," said the German, palpably a student of the Helvetius school, "what I cannot see, I cannot believe."

"Strange," interrupted the Italian. "How then can you answer the innumerable evidences of interposition among us; you, who have seen the winkings of the Madonna's eyes, the tears running down St. Catherine's cheeks, and the moving of the Magdalen's bosom?"

"Those affairs make an exception to my maxim," replied the German, "for those I have seen, and cannot believe."

"But now for your opinion," said I to the stranger.

"Why, then, if you will have it out, I side with the gentleman who has made the eye the judge. We have not got those faculties for the purpose of being led into absurdity by them. I do not believe that there is a word of truth in any legend of witchery, red, blue, or green, from Bohemia to Lapland.—But, ha! look there."—

A broad blue stripe of flame darted through the crevice of the shutter, and rested on the opposite wall, throwing our candles into eclipse by its strong brilliancy, and what struck us as more singular still, giving a kind of motion to the figures of the fair dames and gallant knights that had, hitherto, lurked in the general dinginess of the court of the Emperor Charlemagne, on black paper, apparently as old as its theme.

The stranger was delighted with the sight, which he protested was

worth living even in a German Wirthhaus for a twelvemonth to see. And, certainly, when the first surprise allowed us to look *en philosophe*, at the phenomenon, nothing could be more attractive. It seemed a phantasmagoria of the most vivid kind, not the puzzled and misty light that makes our magic-lantern figures as hard to be traced as a hieroglyphic, and deserving of the lynx eyes of M. Champollion alone; but an intense and steady splendour, that actually rekindled the faded gilding and perished purple velvet of monarchs, plumed chevaliers, and dames of pride, beauty, and distended petticoats, glowing from hip to heel with every flower of the parterre, an embroidered paradise.

I glanced into the open air to ascertain from what meteor, or accidental firing of the woods, the light was produced. But, except an occasional flash of the exhausted and thinning cloud, darkness had resumed her "leaden sceptre o'er the drowsy world." The storm had been fairly tired out, and the grim coronal of Durrenstein was distinguishable only by the phosphoric glimmer of the torrent still tumbling down the front of the mountain.

I was suddenly recalled from my view by a general exclamation. Across the ceiling, which had hitherto looked as black as its pitch-pine rafters could have made it, the procession of knights and dames was again glittering, and in the rear of the procession moved a shape that we all with one voice pronounced to be the Red Woman of Durrenstein herself, or something worse, if our gallantry would allow us to conceive it invested in the female garb. The shape was covered from head to foot with a cloak of the most powerfully sanguine colour; but under the hood looked out a face, which, whether it was fact, or the heated fancy of gentlemen loving their wine "not wisely but too well," contained all the ingredients of hazard to hearts and heads. It was excessively lovely, but with a pair of wild and deep eyes, that gleamed like the very seats of unhappy mystery. She came glittering in prismatic beauty from the darkness, like the kings and magicians of Rembrandt, and grew upon us until the eye absolutely shrunk from her concentrated lustre.

The German exclaimed, that "Frauenhoffer himself would be puzzled to make such a magic lantern: he would lay ten to one on the point with any man."

The Italian said, that he "had seen nothing so bright since the last eruption of Vesuvius, nor so beautiful since the last illumination of St. Peter's."

The Frenchman was unnationally silent, and sat, with his eyes alternately turned on the vision and the stranger, who had leaned his head on the table, and who, but for a broken word now and then, I should have supposed to be asleep in quiet contempt of our phantom.

But be it what it might, I found that it had made us all grave, and I proposed calling in the landlord, if he should be still out of bed, to tell us what he knew of the matter. The little hall was dark as the night itself, and while I was feeling my way, awkwardly enough, along the walls, my foot struck against a heavy human incumbrance towards the end of the passage, which a groan and a few exclamations of alarm told me was the valorous Herr Michael. I raised him up, and convincing him, with some difficulty, that I was not among the spectral visitors of his sins of innkeeping, I rather carried than led him in to our festal room, which, however, had now become as silent as any sepulchre in the Abbey of Molk. The Herr was a most reluctant witness, and nothing but the

most persevering cross examination could extort an idea from his intense solidity of skull.

He was evidently afraid of the disastrous reputation of keeping a ghostly house, which would have prohibited for ever the sale of the very considerable quantity of damaged Bavarian beer, that, mixed with Vienna brandy, made his staple. Not a peasant would have been guilty of the immorality of getting drunk under the roof of a landlord who had dealings with ghosts; and the result to the Herr Michael would, as he pathetically observed, "be worse than purgatory, inasmuch as masses, though they may take a man out of future fire, were never yet able to take him out of jail." At length he acknowledged that sights of the kind which had perplexed us, had made his life miserable every year since he taken this cursed "gasthaus;" that an anniversary storm, enough to tear the skies down, had attended certain sounds and appearances, of which he dreaded to speak, and of which, indeed, he knew "little more than that they generally made him incapable of examining at the time, or wishing to examine them at any time after, as long as he lived."

The spectre upon the ceiling had vanished into a faint gleam that barely shewed the outline. But no persuasion could induce the shuddering landlord to presume so much as to survey even this diminished majesty of terror. He stood leaning his huge bulk on his hands, his hands on the table, and his eyes invincibly shut. Farther inquiry was useless with a boor half dead with fright; and we unanimously voted his dismissal, which he accepted with great gratitude, imploring, in the humblest terms, that the subject of the night "should never be mentioned, as it could be mentioned only to his undoing."

As he was blindly turning away, piloting himself by his hands, he rather abrubtly touched the stranger, who started on his feet with an angry interjection, and gazed round for the offender. But whatever might be his surprise, it could not have been superior to ours. Never did I see such a change in the human countenance in so short a period. Ten minutes before, when he laid his head on the table, he was one of the handsomest men that I had seen in Germany; in the vigour of life, with a peculiarly bright eye, a high-coloured cheek, every feature full of health; the whole physiognomy like that of a gallant and animated soldier, bronzed by campaigning. Yet, but for his sitting in the same seat, I could not possibly have known the man who now sent his ghastly glare upon us. His fine Italian eyes were hollow and dim; his colour was leaden; his cheek hollow and wrinkled; and when, in answer to the general inquiry, "whether he was ill?" which might have naturally occurred from his drenching in the torrent, he attempted to make some acknowledgment, the tremor and almost idiotic difficulty of his utterance were painful to the ear. Fifty years had passed over him in these fifteen minutes.

He tried to laugh off his embarrassment; but it would not do. His laugh was even more painful than his speech; and, after an effort equally violent and abortive to recover his ground, he sank back on his seat, and burst into tears. We now altogether decided on what must have been the cause of his illness, and entreated him to go to rest, or at least lie down on our cloaks before the fire. But he resisted our nursing with almost passionate obstinacy, contended that he never was better in his life, sang a popular *chanson* to prove his undiminished gaiety, and, after

this display, in a voice quivering and dissonant with weakness, he began to tell his stories of the court with laborious vivacity. But the charm was at an end; and though I, as the entertainer, kept my seat, my guests gave palpable symptoms of a wish to consult their pillows.

But the German, who led the way in those natural though ungracious signs of weariness, which have cut short the periods of many an orator, had scarcely accomplished his profoundest yawn, when our invalid, starting from his chair, begged that he might be permitted to caution "that gentleman, or any of us, who should be imprudent enough to think of sleeping before day, against the hazards of that night of 'all nights in the year.'"

Here was something for our curiosity, and we waited for the disclosure with undissembled impatience.

"You saw me, Sir, I believe," addressing himself to me, as the host, "under rather singular circumstances this evening, of which you probably can give a much better account than I can, for the whole passed before me rather like a dream than any thing else. I am in the military service of the King of Bavaria; and, during the summer furlough of my regiment, of which I am colonel, finding the heat of the lower country oppressive, I have been a great deal in the habit of shooting among the mountains. Last year, a little later in the season, I happened to be in this neighbourhood, which I found in great confusion, in consequence of some strange appearances, on this 29th of September, which were followed by not less strange results upon a hunting party of nobles, who had treated the popular belief on the subject with a too ostentatious contempt. Insanity was, in some instances, the unquestionable results. In others, a succession of eccentric notions of having lost valuable property, of having seen extraordinary displays of juggling, of having drank some medicated liquors, which long bewildered them—and so forth. In short, the peasantry were, as usual, full of histories of the preternatural vengeance taken on the scorners, and fuller than ever of the marvellous power of the Red Woman of Durrenstein.

"Hating superstition of all kinds, I was wise enough to attempt bringing the peasantry to reason; but as argument was soon hopeless, I pledged myself to be upon the spot of enchantment, the very centre of the witch's kingdom, on the next 29th day of September, and there in person to shew the absurdity of the whole story.

"I have now been in the mountains a week; the peasantry had general notice of my determination to outface the Lady of the Rock. Many an entreaty was made to me to relinquish the unhallowed hazard, and many a prayer followed me, when, in the sight of the population of a dozen villages, I set out this morning. The true time to reach the Durrenstein is midnight; but the storm drove me out of my covert to find shelter where best I could. Turning the base of the hill, I saw this wirthhaus; but the difficulties between rendered all hope of reaching it totally idle. I sat down under a projection of the rock, to linger until the storm should be past. While I was amusing the time by sketching the veins in a remarkably fine slab of coloured marble, out of the solid rock moved a figure. I know how severe a tax this must lay on belief; but I can only tell what I saw. There stood before me, as clearly and fully defined —in fact, as substantial as the figure of any gentleman round this table —that personage which, whether from heaven above, or from earth below, was the one that I had promised to meet and hold at defiance.

How I felt at the moment, I have no power to explain. I hope that, on all suitable occasions, I should not want nerve; but the sensation was less like any thing that I could call alarm, than a feeling of complete helplessness. In the perfect possession of my senses and my understanding, I yet found that the physical powers were extinguished—perfectly paralyzed; as if flesh and blood were not made to abide the presence of such a being. I sat gazing on her as she advanced. I could not have spoken, nor moved a muscle, for the crown of Austria. Her words were brief, and in a tone of singular mildness, yet which penetrated me like a cold weapon. She reproved me 'for the haughly presumption which had doubted of her power, and declared, as a sign of her displeasure, that, when next I saw her, I should know that she was come for vengeance.'

"She vanished even while my eyes were fixed on her—the solid wall of rock received her, and she was gone. What was scarcely less surprising to me, was the sudden recovery of my limbs. Their past feebleness seemed to be made up for by supernatural strength: at all events, whether in the strength of frenzy or terror, I darted from the cavern, sprang the precipice, and swam the torrent—to any one of which no bribe of earth could have tempted me half an hour before. I here found the hospitality to which I acknowledge myself so deeply indebted; and I began to hope that the vision had been merely one of those fantasies that play on the mind, exhausted by the considerable fatigue that I had undergone since morning, and shaping the absurdities of superstition into reality.

"But the glare upon the wall of this chamber, seconded by a certain indescribable sensation as if danger were near—such a sensation as a blind man may experience who knows that he is treading on the edge of a gulph, without knowing on which side of him it lies—told me that the time of the visitation was come. The figure that passed over the ceiling decided the question. It was, in every feature, the one that I had seen come forth from the solid block of marble, which opened and closed, as if it had been a curtain shaken by the wind."——He paused, and his wandering eye seemed involuntarily searching for the phenomenon. Then, with an effort to smile, he resumed:—

"If I have exhibited any perturbation, I trust that it was not unmanly, nor beyond the natural embarrassment of finding one's-self in so peculiar a position. You will forgive me, I know, for my talking no more on this painful subject. I perhaps have already said more than I ought, when the very presence of this extraordinary being may be visible the next moment."

His voice sank, and he sat in an attitude of the deepest dejection; his countenance grew yet more depressed than when it first shocked us, and I insisted on his trying to rest. We actually feared for the life of this interesting and unfortunate man, whether the victim of his own heated fancy, of fever, or of fact, still alike unfortunate and in danger.

As I assisted him to the door, he turned, and said, almost in a tone of despair, "If you should find me by to-morrow, gentlemen, under the circumstances to which I have alluded, deprived of my faculties, or even beyond all the sufferings that can depress the human heart, do me the justice to believe that I deeply thank you for your forbearance with my strange malady; and do me the farther justice to believe that I fell a victim to a desire of doing public service.—To you, Sir," said he to me, "I leave the painful but friendly task of acquainting my relatives in

Bavaria with the event, though I wish that as few particulars of this unhappy night may be given as possible. Would that I had died as a soldier, in the service of my good and gallant king, and of my loved and honoured country!"

We all listened with profound deference, and promised.

At the door, a sudden thought flashed across him, and he stopped again. —"Gentlemen," said he, "there is one thing that, in my confusion, I had forgot. I heard among the peasantry, that the only hope of escaping the wrath of this fatal being was remaining sleepless, at least until day-break. I leave you now only because I feel myself unfit for society; but I shall try to resist sleep, unless that too be a part of the infliction. May I make it a solemn request, perhaps a dying one, that you will remain together till morning, or, if you should go to your chambers, that you will not suffer yourselves to be overtaken by sleep."

He waved his hand with a graceful and sad farewell, and, led by me, tottered to the lowly recess, which was all the receptacle that the wirth-haus afforded on occasions of superfluous tenantry. Grave discussion of the whole story was occupying my guests when I returned. In the spirit of master of the board, I proposed a round of toasts to the better health of the Bavarian: the proposal was honoured, but we were not the merrier. At last the German, with a yawn deep as the North Sea, declared that he must go to bed, though fifty witches were waiting to carry him on their broomsticks over every hill in the empire. I combated the motion; but sleep was in my eyes, contradicting my eloquence; and my resistance only inspirited the Italian to let out a little of his secret soul, and scorn alike the wonders of earth, air, and friars. The Frenchman was asleep during the last half-hour, but, on being roused by the bitter sneer of the Italian, declared that the witch had very handsome eyes, the better in his estimation for being *un peu malins;* and that a visit would be quite an adventure after his own heart. The hint of danger, in fact, made it an obligation on us to take our chance. The question was put and carried by a general yawn; our last laugh was given to the nonsense of being kept out of our beds by the whims of an unlucky devil of a Bavarian, shaking in mind and body with the ague; the simple sight of our beds was a resistless spell; and, to judge by the universal snore that echoed from cell to cell in the first five minutes, my whole company were of the most ghost-defying description.

But the snore began to sound more distant in my ears. I was anxious to keep awake, if for no other reason than to assist the invalid during the night. But nature said otherwise. I tossed and turned—walked about my chamber—broke my shins against bed-posts, chairs, and the crazy table—sat down to think what I should do next to rub the poppies from my sensorium—and, in the act of discovering an infallible contrivance for keeping awake for ever, dropped back on my pillow, and was, as the bards of the almanacks say, instantly lulled in the feathery arms of Morpheus.

My sleep was, like that of every man who finishes his day in the jovial style of mine, crowded with dreams, and every dream was, of course, a new version of the tale of the day. The Red Woman was flying about me, over me, with me, frowning, howling, fixing her flame-coloured fangs in my throat, and drying up my circulation with her intense eyes. At last the struggle broke my sleep. The Red Woman herself was standing before me!—I never remember to have been so thoroughly

overpowered.—I could not breathe.—My pulses were dead; my limbs were stiffened into stone. The sight had paralyzed me as it had the unfortunate colonel. The phantom stalked slowly through the chamber. I saw her lay her hand on the table, which returned a pale gleam. She approached the pillow, and leaned over me. I was looking full at her. She started back; waved her hand in solemn adjuration; and with a low and ominous moan walked through the stone wall.

Whether I continued awake after this, or fell into a doze, I cannot tell to this day. But I still could not have stirred, from the singular dizziness of my brain, and the feebleness of my limbs. At length a confused sound, and a broad burst of light completely roused me. I thought that the catastrophe was come, whether it was to be insanity or extinction; and bracing up my lost fortitude, determined, if I must perish, to leave behind no ground for suspicion that I had perished like a craven. On throwing open my shutters, I was rejoiced to find that the glare was from the sun, then not far from his "meridian tour." The sounds were still to be accounted for, and they grew more unaccountable every instant, a chaos of exclamations, rage, imprecations, and laughter.—I heard tables rolled about, chairs dashed against the wall, the old windows crashing in all quarters. I was beginning to doubt whether the witch's vengeance had not already fallen on the sleepers, or whether the frenzy was my own. I at length opened my door—the passage was full of broken furniture, in the midst of which stood the Italian in violent fits of laughter. The German was forcing his heavy frame across a bar that held one-half of his door fast, the other half he had contrived to tear down. The Frenchman was still barred in his dungeon, which he was belabouring on all sides with a poker; and venting his fury in screams, roars, and imprecations, on the hand that had thus encroached on his natural liberty.

The Italian's laughter was contagious, and I joined him by the strength of sympathy, to the increased displeasure, as I was sorry to see, of the honest German, who grumbled something about "a couple of fools." But as I appeared to pay more attention to the remark than under the circumstances it perhaps deserved, my bulky friend recovered his temper, and with the face of a Diogenes, in jest, asked me "What o'clock it was?" I felt for my repeater.—It was gone.—"I must have left it in my chamber."—It was not there. My repeater was not the only absentee.—My purse, my pistols, my valise, my boots, my whole wardrobe, were gone along with it.

Every man of the party was in the same condition. The accident of sleeping in our clothes alone prevented us from being stark naked. I roared for the landlord. He was "deaf or dead," no answer came. I darted down stairs, every door was bolted and barred as firmly as if it were midnight. I thought of my invalid—he too was "deaf or dead" when I knocked. On second thoughts I kicked the door open.—The bird was flown.—The Red Woman had robbed us all.—There was not a florin, a brooch, a ring, a snuff-box, or a second shirt in our whole *coterie*.—The spoliation had been managed with matchless dexterity.—We might be thankful that it had pleased the Red Woman to let us keep our skins.

To make the *dénouement* more palatable, the story spread over the neighbourhood with a rapidity worthy of the Red Woman herself, and while we were considering how we should exist for the day, crowds came pouring about the house, and honouring each of us that appeared at the

window with roars of merriment. As the tale spread, the neighbouring nobles came in to enjoy their share of the amusement, and in our dismantled condition we were thus compelled to run the gauntlet of laughing condolence and burlesque compliment on our sagacity, from fair ladies and magnificent lords, who had seen us flourishing away among the circles of Vienna.

A year after, as I was on a mission to inspect the fortresses along our Rhenish boundary, I was struck with a familiar face among the prisoners working at Ehrenbreitstein. The fellow turned away; but I had marked my man, and on the bell's tolling for the close of their work, I accosted my old acquaintance, the Herr Michael Squeezegelt.

He had one surviving virtue, candour in great abundance, and when I had satisfied him that his story should not diminish his rations nor increase his chains, he was willing to let me have every secret of his soul. I, however, confined my curiosity to the "Red Woman," and her victim.

"That fellow," said the Herr, "was the cause of my ruin. He and I became acquainted in the course of the war, in which he had deserted from the Archduke's army the night before he was to be hanged as a French spy, and deserted from Napoleon's army the night before he was to be hanged as an Austrain one. He was a clever knave, however, and as trade was low at the Gasthaus, I found him now and then useful to bring it up by a little smuggling, a little gambling, and, I am afraid, by a little tax-gathering among the gentlemen who came to see the beauties of the country."

"But the Red Woman, the lights, the procession on the walls and ceiling—what were these? juggling?"

"My comrade had been twenty things after his escape from the gallows, for it is hard, in these times, for a man with but one trade to live. Among his talents was firework-making, and he could do what he pleased with figures and lights of all kinds. His equal never sent up a rocket from the Prater. I had overheard you, some days before, asking questions about the Durrenstein and the odd lights that every ploughman in Lower Austria is ready to swear to. I had laid a little plan to raise a trifle on you myself out of the story. But the coming of the whole party in the storm, made me give up my own idea for Signior Ignatio Trombone, which was to take in the entire company. His appearances and disappearances on the mountain, his sudden illness, for which he painted his face as it was lying on the table, and a couple of bottles of my best prepared claret put in the place of yours, when the palate could not have distinguished brandy from beer, put you all in the proper state. His recommendation that no one who was afraid should go to bed, would, he knew, only make gentlemen, particularly when heated by wine, the surer to defy the consequences; and, at all events, he knew that his opium would do its business. The signior played the Red Woman in person, and startled as he was by finding you broad awake, he contrived to go through the affair in a tolerably complete style."

The fellow could not help laughing at the feat, and I own that I could not help joining him.

"But you ran away and left your trade to shift for itself?" said I.

"It had done that long before," was the answer. "I was on the point of running away the week you came to the house, but you paid handsomely, and I waited for something to turn up worth making a

grand exit. The plunder of the company on St. Michael's night, was a grand prize in the lottery, and with it the signior and I took our leave of the Durrenstein."

"But where is the signior now?"

"He robbed me as we were passing the frontier. I swore I would give him up to justice. He knew that I was a man to make my words good, and, accordingly, he lost no time, but brought a pair of police officers to my bed-side; I saw him receive the reward for my caption, and walk off free as air, while I was sent to dig in these ditches. The last I heard of the signior was, that he had set up a *rouge et noir* table, a coach, and an opera box in Paris; though which of us will be hanged before the other, not even the Red Woman would be able to tell. But here comes the guard—and now for clean straw, horse-bean soup, and duck-weed water."

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

"And still the green is bright with flowers;
And dancing through the sunny hours,
Like blossoms from enchanted bowers
On a sudden wafted by,
Obedient to the changeful air,
And proudly feeling they are fair,
Glide bird and butterfly:
But where is the tiny hunter-rout,
That revelled on with dance and shout,
Against their airy prey?"——WILSON.

THE Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the fire is quenched and gone,
That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone;
The place where mirth and music met is hushed through day and night:
Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that here made light!

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,
Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more;
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's grief or mirth,
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas! the lonely Hearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung;
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone—
The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate—the bright fire quenched and gone!

But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee?
Those voices, are they lovely still? still sweet on land or sea?
Oh! some are hushed, and some are changed—and never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again!

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-remembered years,
Alas! the brother knows not now where fall the sister's tears!
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone;
For broken is the household chain—the bright fire quenched and gone!

Not so!—'tis *not* a broken chain—thy memory binds them still,
Thou holy Hearth of other days, though silent now and chill!
The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by thine attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice—the mother's prayer—though called from earth away—
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,
Though the loved Hearth be desolate, the bright fire quenched and gone.

F. H.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

THE prorogation (at last) of both Houses of Parliament, on the 28th of July, has left the landowners at liberty to look to the getting-in of their harvest, and the lawyers to attend their no less profitable "duties" on the autumn circuit. The event, too, has been a grateful one to the editors of the newspapers; who, towards the end of every session, begin to be 'a weary' of the dense dark column, and to cry with Macbeth, "Bring me no more *reports*—let them fly all!" And to the Parliamentary reporters it is deliverance from the land of Egypt!—who, even from the 1st of May, regularly curse Mr. Hume a hundred and fifty times a night, and threaten physical force upon the uprisings of Dr. Lushington, or Sir James Mackintosh.*

The session, although lengthy, has been more marked in the devisial of business than the disposal of it. One of the measures to which the country looked with the most anxiety—Lord Wharncliffe's Game Bill—was lost. The Currency question does not appear to be yet finally settled, and a report exists that Mr. Peel will resign his office upon it—a report which, it is hardly necessary to say, we trust is without foundation; since the loss of Mr. Peel's services at the present moment would be a matter of infinite disadvantage to the country. And the deliberations of the Finance Committee, of Mr. Brougham's Commission on the State of the Law, and the Committee of Police, will not be in a shape for consideration (at the earliest) before next year.

In the mean time, the address from the throne, which accompanied the prorogation, though satisfactory as far as it goes, contains little intelligence that is conclusive or material. In fact, upon foreign affairs, it was scarcely possible that any information could be communicated of a definite character. The clouds that arose six months since in our political horizon, have not burst; nor, on the other hand, are they dissipated. Nothing has occurred materially to increase the chance of a continental war; nor any thing to diminish the hazard or possibility of it. Russia, in spite of some sharp fighting, and a threat of the plague, on the part of the Turks, is advancing, steadily, and not very slowly, in the direction of Constantinople. The King of England's speech formally recognizes these hostilities, as "undertaken by Russia, on her own account, and on grounds unconnected with the Treaty of July, 1827." In a few weeks more, the Porte, which already seems inclining to a belief that insolence is not strength, will be contented, by abandoning all her claims on Greece, to purchase the aid or the mediation of the European powers. And, whether, when this interference appears, the Russian monarch will be content to retire from his conquest, upon such indemnity as France, and Austria, and England may think it safe to award him, is the point upon which the question of peace or war must turn:—which

* There are particular speakers in the House of Commons who are always unpopular in "the gallery;" and among these, especially, are Sir James Mackintosh and Dr. Lushington. Mr. Hume is an awful bugbear towards the close of an evening; but there is a practical purpose in what he says, and he is not "classical"—he does not declaim! But the right hon. ex-judge, and the learned civilian, when *they* rise, "leave hope behind." For, from the first, you may make sure of a "set speech," no matter what the occasion is, or what the subject. And the last, though irregular enough in his style, has only to be entrusted with a coal tax petition, and out there inevitably rushes a gurgling torrent at the length of twenty minutes, about every topic, and upon every question, but that before the House.

point is just as far from being concluded as it was before the first Cossack crossed the Turkish frontier.

Apart from the unsettled aspect of the East, there seems little else in the state of foreign politics that should disturb us. The Portuguese contest, for instance, notwithstanding the interest which a peculiar party is endeavouring to give to it, we must be deprived of reason to think of taking any part in. The real motive, and the only competent justification, of our undertaking the cost of sending troops two years ago to Portugal, was the threatened interference of Spain in Portuguese interests and affairs, while Spain herself was governed by the armies of our rival, France. That cause of interposition has now ceased. Civil dissensions will at present, under any government, continue to agitate Portugal; and, at some period or other, a revolution—sweeping away not this or the other particular monarch, but the whole existing political and religious system of the country—will terminate the contest: but that æra, we are afraid, is still distant; and certain it is that any British minister would merit to be impeached who should propose to lay out one shilling in hastening its progress. For the present, at least, the constitutional question is over. Don Pedro may endeavour to make an effort to enforce what he calls his "title"—that is, to regain possession of Portugal—and to continue to rule it by a regency from Brazil;—but he has no means (of his own power) of bringing half a regiment into the field for such a purpose; and, if he had, the question is one with which we have nothing at all to do. There is no public principle, nor any political consideration, which should prevent us from recognizing Don Miguel (if it suits our purpose to do so) to-morrow. If it was possible for the South American colonies to declare themselves independent of the old states of Europe, surely, *à fortiori*, it is competent to those states to hold themselves independent of their heretofore colonies? The course, however, of England in the affair is easy and plain. We have no title whatever, nor any interest, to interfere in the contest. We should continue our communications with the *de facto* government of Portugal—whatever it may be—as far as they are necessary for our convenience, as long as the struggle exists, and feel no scruple in "acknowledging" the victorious party at its conclusion.

From foreign policy, turning to domestic affairs, the first subject, of course, that presents itself for discussion, is—"The state of Ireland." There is plenty of choice in the topic: turn which way we will, some variety of it occurs: "Irish distresses," and "Irish rights," and Irish cant, and Irish bluster; with, pretty nearly on all sides, Irish disposition to do mischief, whenever the opportunity may present itself of attempting it with success.

We are not disposed to exhaust the patience of our readers upon a subject, on which, in spite of themselves, they have already been forced to hear too much; especially as the suggestion of any safe or useful policy with reference to it, seems to become every day more impracticable. Our personal support has been given, firmly and uniformly, to the policy of Concession: but there are concessions which it is impossible to grant, and a tone of demand which no government, that means to be a government, can dare to listen to. The direct avowal of the Catholic body, through the medium of their "Association," is now—not that the Catholics must have "Emancipation," but "that the terms which have been asked for under the title of Emancipation *will not do*." "The

people," we are told, "are organized; the weakness of England is their sure ally; and nothing short of full equal rights and powers with Protestants, a change of the Irish Church establishment, a repeal of the Act of Union, and a separate Legislature, shall content them!" Now, passing over the question—and our own answer to it, we avow, would be in the negative—Whether these are concessions which England ought to make? it is perfectly certain that there is no one of them, which, without a physical struggle, *she ever will make.* And the point then arises, which the opponents of Catholic claims generally (we are compelled to do them this justice) have constantly desired to stand upon:—"If we *must have a contest in the end,* is it not idiocy to be giving additional powers to the party that we shall have to contend with?"

Now there may be doubts as to the conclusiveness of this proposition, but there can be none as to its very considerable truth and force; and, unfortunately, almost every fresh act done by the Catholics is a matter of triumph to the party by which it is maintained. The language of the Catholics now, is precisely that which their antagonists have uniformly declared it would be: that which we *have done* for them is held up—and vauntingly and insolently held up—as a cause why we should be compelled to do still more. We are told, and in words of menace and contempt, by the very people who now pay a voluntary tax to forward the objects of riot and sedition, and who not five years since were asking for charity to preserve them from starvation at our door, that "we *stand committed* by what we have yielded already, and have lost the power now of refusing whatever they may demand." That we should have kept the Catholics of Ireland poor and degraded when we had them so: that our error has been in allowing them to acquire wealth and reputation: that we ought to have upheld the penal statutes, which kept them in exile, and moral and physical prostration: in short, that, unless we meant to make them our equals (or our masters), we should have kept them in the position of our slaves.

The policy then properly applicable to every question, must change with any change of aspect which that question may assume; and there can be little doubt that the events of the last six months have weakened the hopes of the supporters of Catholic conciliation very considerably.

The demand of "equality," as a matter of necessary right, in any case, is trash: the servant might assert it against his master; the very dog against the hand that feeds him: a little more brawl and babble about "equality," and the Catholic cause, for the next quarter of a century, is irrecoverably gone. As the cause stands, it has suffered mischief, and material mischief. The Irish members in the House of Commons may still vote for it; some from love—the greater part, from fear. The ultra Whigs may give it their support, because they fancy their political characters pledged to it; and they will judge no great mischief can ensue from the vote, if it is not likely to be carried. But the independent members, whose opinions were favourable to catholic conciliation, because they believed that Ireland would be satisfied with those concessions which England could afford to grant; these friends need but a little more to fall from the cause rapidly; and out of Parliament, they are already, we are much afraid, falling off in all directions. Under such circumstances, the duty of a government must necessarily be difficult; but the intentions of the present ministry—as far as it is possible to form an opinion of them—seem to be pretty nearly these:—They will

concede (unless on good securities) *nothing:* irritate *as little as possible:* look to the gradual progress of civilization and education for improvement in the dispositions of the Irish people: and, in the event of an insurrection bursting out—be prepared to dispose of it.

The Thames Tunnel.—An evening paper contains the following paragraph. It appears that this highly-ingenious and perfectly-useless undertaking is at last (as we always predicted it must be) abandoned:—

"The Thames Tunnel is now entirely at a stand. A brick wall has been completed at the farther extremity of the excavation, which, being made water-tight, prevents any water oozing in in that part, and also does away with the fear entertained, that, if left in its unfinished state, another break-in of the river might be the consequence. The water the Tunnel *makes* (if we may use the expression) at present is very trifling, and the whole of the interior is as firm as before any accident happened. The workmen, with the exception of a very few hands who are employed in thoroughly removing every appearance of the late disaster, have been discharged; and even the few now at work will in another week no longer be needed. Public curiosity appears to have slackened in a great measure, as the number of visitors to inspect this wonderful attempt of art is now very limited; and, from the slowness with which money is collected for its completion, the undertaking would appear to have completely slipped the recollection of the public. Notwithstanding the appeals made, and the time that has elapsed since the new plan was first proposed and adopted, little more than a tenth part of the sum required to finish the work has been got together. We understand that it has been proposed, in the event of the sum of 100,000*l.* being raised, to commence working from the other side of the Thames as far as they can go; and, in case of the water breaking in, as they approach the dangerous part, which is the centre of the river, building up a similar wall to that now placed at the end of the present works, and afterwards completing the centre by means of the coffer-dam."

The Report of the Parliamentary Committee on Police, &c., has found its way, by fragments, into circulation, and various opinions are put forth, as to its importance or utility. We are not ourselves disposed to consider a subject of so much moment upon partial or uncertain information; but, if the fact be, as we find it stated in some respectable quarters, that the Committee has bestowed great labour upon taking evidence as to the "detail and machinery" of crime, its researches on that head, we suspect, are likely to prove more curious than practically beneficial. The origin of crime, in London and its vicinity (we speak here of crimes against property) needs very little witchcraft in the way of discovery. It is not distress; for the lower classes are well paid, and the *thieves* are never distressed people: it is the desire of a certain number of individuals always to consume more of beef steak and brandy than they have the means legitimately of earning; and, instead of being idle one or two days in the seven, to pass the week in leisure and dissipation altogether.

We are afraid that this disposition, to be dealt with effectually, must be met by a change in the system of our criminal punishment, rather than in that of our police. Preventive measures will never do a great deal in a country constituted as ours is: the thieves will always outnumber and outwatch the thief takers, and, for the question of force, our police has physical strength enough to do all that the law will at present allow it to do (and more). The desideratum is some means by which we can render thieving a *less prosperous trade*, and thus deter a larger portion of the community from engaging in it; and, still more, by which we can *clear the country of our rogues*, after we have suffered

by, taken, and convicted them. A very few words will be sufficient here to explain our meaning. As the law and the punishment system stand, what between the difficulty of finding a thief after he has committed a robbery; the dislike of parties to undertake the expense and trouble of prosecuting; the uncertainty, where prosecution occurs, of making a case out in evidence; and the legal quibbles which seem left in our law purposely, to enable the culprit, when all other chances are against him, to get off: taking into consideration all these hindrances, we speak certainly within very guarded limits, when we say not one offence in six ever becomes the subject of discovery, trial, and conviction. But this is not the worst—the greatest evil is, that, of every ten men *convicted* in England, nine are speedily turned out to prey upon society again. Full one-half of the criminals tried at every sessions and assizes, consist of men who have been tried, and convicted (very often only in the preceding session) of offences before! The slightest attention to those cases in which offenders suffer the last punishment of the law (when the details of their lives generally come out) will shew that this estimate is not overrated.* We sentence one man—a confirmed and notorious pickpocket—to twelve months' imprisonment in Bridewell. A shop lifter is sent to the hulks—from which he is probably liberated at the end of a couple of years. A horse stealer is sentenced to transportation for life, but escapes probably with a limited term of confinement. A case hardly occurs—except in the instance of forgery—of a man being hanged, who has not been capitally convicted four or five times.

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* A case immediately before us described in the *West Briton* (Cornish paper) may serve to illustrate this fact.

"EXECUTION.—On Thursday morning *Thomas Pring*, who was convicted of three burglaries at the last assizes, was executed at Bodmin, pursuant to his sentence. From the time of his conviction the unfortunate young man behaved in a manner becoming his situation, and met his unhappy fate with resignation and fortitude. At an early hour of the morning he was visited by the chaplain of the gaol, and attended divine service and received the sacrament in the chapel, with much apparent devotion. About half-past ten o'clock he ascended the platform with firmness; and after remaining a short time in prayer with the clergyman the drop fell, and his sufferings terminated after a few struggles. According to a statement made by him to the chaplain of the prison, he was about twenty-one years of age at the time of his execution. When he was about five years of age, his father, who lived at Stokeclimsland, was found guilty of stealing cattle, and was sentenced to be transported. His mother died when he was seven years of age, and he was bound apprentice, by the parish officers, to a farmer. He eloped frequently, and was, in his youth, more than once an inmate of Bodmin prison, for leaving his master, robbing orchards, gardens, &c. During one of his rambles, he robbed Mr. Mill's dairy of some butter, for which he was convicted and sentenced to be transported for seven years; but being sent to the Penitentiary at Milbank, he conducted himself so well there, that he was discharged in February last. In passing from Devonport, where he had been sent from the Penitentiary, he broke into a house, and stole a few shillings. In the early part of March, he went towards Truro, to seek for work, and on his way broke into a house near the Indian Queens, from which he stole six teaspoons and other articles. He lived with Mr. Peters, of St. Clements, for a few weeks, when he left, and afterwards returned and broke into the house. For this offence he was committed to Bodmin gaol, where he robbed a fellow prisoner, and was, in consequence, confined in a solitary cell, out of which he broke. He tried to catch a horse in a field near the prison, but not being able to do so, he broke into a stable, stole a horse, on which he rode to the Jamaica Inn, and broke into it in order to get some clothes to conceal his prison dress. He then rode to another public-house, which he also broke into, and drank liquor until nearly intoxicated. He then rode to the house of his old prosecutor, Mr. Mill, which he entered and carried off a variety of articles, with a bottle of spirits. He then entered an orchard, drank until he became intoxicated, and fell asleep. He slept several hours, and was awakened by the constable and three other persons, who took him into custody, and conveyed him back to the gaol from which he had escaped a short time before."

Now the root of this mischief lies in the expensiveness to the country of the punishment of transportation beyond seas. We let the rat loose after we have caught him, because we don't care to put him to death, and it is too much trouble the carrying him to a distance. And, if there were no other resource than that of incurring this heavy charge, or of substituting capital punishment freely for transportion, we must let things remain as they are; but a scheme has been proposed by which convicts transported might be made to pay their own expenses, and, without assuming to decide in this place upon its practicability, we are certain that it is a question which ought to be inquired into. It is matter of notoriety, that the demand for convict labour, both in Australia and Van Diemen's Land, is intense. The heaviest misfortune that could befal the residents in these colonies, would be that the people of Great Britain should all become honest. The very caterpillers that prey upon society in this country, become, by their mere change of place, active and valuable subjects on the other side the hemisphere; applications are made to the authorities for their services, long before they reach their new country; and the general demand for them is not only constant, but far greater than it is possible to satisfy. Under such circumstances is it difficult to doubt, looking to the high wages obtained by free workmen, in these countries, and the demand already described for the services of transports, that a vast deal, if not the whole, of that valuable labour which is now given gratuitously by government, might be sold? and notwithstanding some alleged difficulties in the details, we have yet heard no perfectly satisfactory reason alleged why it should not be so. The same parties who now contend so actively for the possession of convict labourers—and with reason, for to such men the meat, drink, and clothes that they furnish, does not amount to one-third of the wages that they must pay to a free labourer—such employers would gladly pay to government a moderate premium for the services of each individual; and a tax of only *two shillings per week* received on the hire of each convict, would, in four years, more than pay all the charge of his transportation.

We know that one objection taken to this plan has been, that it would lead to abuse. That culprits transported from this country for robbery, and carrying with them (as it frequently happens) a considerable booty, would be taken on hire by some previously liberated associate, and live in a condition of ease and idleness, instead of suffering punishment. But besides the difficulty which might be thrown in the way of these arrangements by the practice of disposing of the labourers by lot, the fact is, that already the man who carries about him a stock of money, will live at his ease in Botany Bay—as he would every where else! The settler, to whom such a person may be allotted, wants nothing of him but his labour; and as long as he will pay that settler the hire of a free servant, he may enjoy his leisure, and his liberty, and welcome, for the free workman is of course more valuable than himself. This objection, therefore, which, at first sight, appears considerable, dwindles almost to nothing in importance upon closer consideration, and we confess we have not heard any other which is capable in the slightest degree of being maintained.

At any rate, we think it is much to be desired that the attention of a Committee of the House of Commons were addressed to this particular subject. No system can be devised that will be wholly free from objec-

tion; but we strongly believe that the more free use of the punishment of transportation would be beneficial to the parties immediately concerned as well as to the public. We say this in perfect seriousness. Judges are not—nor are lawgivers—much gulled by the doctrine of "reformation." They know that there is no reformation for a thief after the second offence; scarcely ever after the first. Such a man cannot reform—he cannot recover his character, and with it his only means of livelihood—in this country, if he would; and, with his old associates about him (tempted on by the mere fact of his escape), he would not if he could. The only true cause of the comparative disuse of the punishment of transportation is its expensiveness; and that difficulty, the system which we have recommended, if found practicable, would remove. For the notion which has got abroad that thieves are mightily pleased with such a sentence—we would venture for once to give them the benefit of their liking: but, in plain terms, we doubt the fact. We believe that the fondness for a sentence of transportation occurs chiefly when it comes (as it commonly now does) in the shape of a reprieve from the sentence of death; but, if it be so peculiarly agreeable as is assumed, our argument is strengthened—it is rather hard that only the most desperate culprits should be selected to enjoy the advantages of it."

The *Examiner* of last Sunday says—"A person who has taken the pains to ascertain the fact, states that, of the persons who entered a celebrated *gin-shop* in Westminster within a given time, the women were in the proportion of nineteen to one man,"—Lackington, the bookseller, observes, in his Autobiography, on the authority of Wesley the preacher, "that more women are converted to *methodism* than men."

The following paragraph from the *Bucks' Gazette*, has been making the round of the London papers:—

"*Windsor Castle.*—It is now ascertained that it will be impossible to get the Castle in a sufficient state of forwardness to enable his Majesty to dine there with any thing like comfort on the 12th. It is expected, therefore, that his Majesty will entertain a splendid dinner party at Virginia Water on his birth-day.—The brass guns, which have hitherto stood in front of Cumberland-lodge, will be forthwith removed to the battery lately erected at the Belvedere, opposite the Chinese-house.—Within a few days a new opening to the terrace has been made, contiguous to the Store Tower, and, *judging from the spirit with which it has been commenced*, many more days will not be required for its completion. The new gate, which is to be of open iron work, will in future, therefore present from the Castle-yard a splendid view of *some portion of that delightful scenery, which, heretofore, could only be seen one day in the week from the Terrace.*—In addition to raising the Round Tower, which is being commenced, we hear that it is in contemplation to form a *magnificent collection of pictures*, to be called the Waterloo Gallery, and as there is not any accommodation for such a collection, it is presumed that a new gallery will be forthwith erected for that purpose. Should it be found practicable to carry this desirable object into effect, it is, we understand, his Majesty's intention to throw the new gallery open to the public. In furtherance of this plan, purchases have been already made to the amount of between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.*—In order to prevent interruption to the workmen employed in the improvements at the Castle, the public are still rigidly excluded; no one being admitted except the members of the Royal Family and the visitors at the Royal Lodge.—It is but justice to state, and we do it with the sincerest pleasure, that Mr. Wyatville has *very kindly interceded and used his best exertions to obtain for the public admission to the New Grand Terrace;* objections on this head, however, are supposed to be still entertained in a high quarter."

We have always resisted, as a mistake, as well as rather a cockney piece of insolence, the claim, as a right, on the part of the public, of access to the palaces or mansions of the crown. Such a doctrine has always seemed to us to involve a good deal of mean feeling, as well as of obtrusive impudence. The Sovereign has the same right to the privacy of his palace that a simple tradesman has to that of his dwelling-house. The paltry fact of its being built with what is called "the public money," makes no difference in the case. The seats of many of the noblest families in the country have been built or purchased with the "public money;" that is, with money most fitly and politicly granted to them for services that they have performed; but the "public" has never yet been held to possess any "right of entry" to such edifices; and a good many of the owners, we suspect, would be inclined to restore them to the public, if any such right could be made out. But, on the other hand, there is something horribly offensive in the contents of this Windsor paragraph; something very humble, and yet very craving; very disgraceful to all real English heart and feeling, and likely to be a tit-bit for the columns of an American newspaper. The deep admiration of the writer at the "*spirit*" with which a hole has been broken through the store-house wall, to make an additional opening to the terrace! And the joyous anticipation of seeing, *through* "the new gate," which is to be built of "open iron-work," some portion of that "delightful scenery" all the week, which he has hitherto only been allowed to contemplate on a Sunday! This is all base, and mean, and hungering; and, what is basest of all, hungering after luxury: an honest man would go without "scenery" for ever, rather than purchase it on such terms. The suggested purchases "to the amount of 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.*" for the "Waterloo Gallery" of pictures, we rather hope exist only in the writer's heated imagination, or, at least, that such an outlay is not to be made at the national expense; because his Majesty, we believe, already possesses as many pictures as he can well dispose of for his private entertainment; and an expenditure of 40,000*l.* to fit up a new picture gallery at Windsor Castle would sound almost like extravagance, when we are dismissing twenty inferior clerks to save 2000*l.* a year. The last four lines of the nonsense, however, contain the crowning morsel! The protecting "exertions"—we are really overpowered with the thought! —the kind "mediation" of the excellent architect!—the "intercessions" of "Mr. Wyatville," the builder, on behalf of the British nation! It is impossible not to be moved by the beneficent interference of this excellent gentleman, in favour of the whole of the inhabitants of England, Scotland, and Ireland—not to speak of the natives of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the people that drop in occasionally from India and the colonies! to obtain "admission" for them to the "New Grand Terrace," and to remove the "objections entertained in a high quarter" to their enjoyment of so much indulgence! But the thing really passes a joke, and rises into the pathetic. The British public indulged at the "intercession" of Mr. Wyatville! What an intellect must the man have who could imagine that even a suggestion offered on such a subject and from such a quarter could be listened to, and what a heart, if he could consent—were an advantage offered to him so obtained—to accept it! We owe the justice to Mr. Wyatville to believe that he has in no way authorized this monstrous hanging-up of his own name to ridicule. It is as impossible that he should have desired to have it supposed that

he was mad enough to offer his mediation upon a question of public arrangement to the King of England, as that his Majesty personally should have failed to expire with laughter, had any such "kind intercession" been proposed. But country news-papers are read by a large class of persons whose means of information are limited; and, to suffer a paragraph like this to pass without notice, might lead to a belief that it was possible for persons of decent feeling to read it without contempt.

The Hackney-coach proprietors of the metropolis, who have, for some time past, found their trade, more than their vehicles, upon the "go," have held a meeting at the sign of the "Hercules' Pillars," in Great Queen Street, to receive the report of a petition laid before the Lords of the Treasury, against their opponents, the "cabriolet" drivers, and to consider of farther measures for obtaining what they call "fare" play. The owner of the coach "No. 1" of all England was called to the chair; and, mixed up with a good deal of erroneous philosophy, the parties seemed most of them to have some glimmerings as to the real causes of their ill condition.

The petition presented to the Lords of the Treasury, prayed, that, for the relief of the suffering hackney-coach proprietors, an act might be passed, as nearly as we can collect, to the following effect:—1st. That the fares of the hackney-coaches should be reduced by the sum of two-pence per mile.—2d. That all *drivers* should be compelled to have licences.—3d. That stage-coaches should be prevented from taking up or setting down passengers *in the streets;* and that all "branch coaches" (coaches which the stage proprietors send round town to collect passengers from their different booking-offices) should be stopped.—And, 4th. that "plates" should be made transferrable, from coaches to cabriolets, and *vice versâ*, at the pleasure of the holder.

Now the petition of the hackney-coachman, even although we can only agree in the propriety of a portion of it, deserved a better reception than the reply from the Lords of the Treasury, that, "after due consideration, they did not deem it expedient that its suggestions should be adopted." The third and fourth clauses—those curtailing the privileges of the stage-coaches—are wholly inadmissible. It is true that a change is wanted in the arrangement; but it is a change the other way; and the increased and increasing extent of London on every side, renders it disgraceful to the controllers of our police that the restrictions upon "short stages," as they are called, have not long since been removed altogether. Upon what principle is it that an individual, whose business happens to call him from Oxford-street to Blackfriars, or from Charing Cross to the Bank, when a conveyance as good as he desires for the distance can be supplied to him for nine-pence, should be compelled to use one which costs half-a-crown or three shillings? Why must such a person be compelled to walk on foot, through the heat of July, or the rain and mud of February and December, merely because he cannot afford to pay three shillings for a ride, which a hundred traders (but for the prohibition of the law) would be glad to furnish him for one? Here is no duty paid to the state; no supply carried to the public revenue; which a man may be consoled for having contributed even in an objectionable shape; because, if he had not paid it in that form, he must have paid it in some other. The tax is merely imposed for the benefit of our friends, the "hackney-coachmen," who have no earthly title to inflict any such penalty upon the public; and, whom in fact, it does *not serve* when all

is done—for the law does not *enable* a man to pay three shillings, when it forbids him to purchase at one shilling; and the consequence is that he pays neither—he goes without the convenience.

The second request—the stoppage of the "branch coaches"—though a point of less importance, stands upon the same principle. In this case, no objection would arise on the part of the "proprietary." The stage-coach masters, who *charge* nothing for this collection of their customers, have adopted it only to meet competition in their own trade, and would be sufficiently contented with a law which should prohibit the practice generally. But then there is no reason why a traveller, who is about to pay—thanks to an open trade, and the most profitable disposition of capital and power—only thirty shillings for his conveyance from London to Liverpool, should be compelled to pay five shillings for his conveyance, a fiftieth part of the distance, from Marylebone to the "Swan with Two Necks," or the "Bull and Mouth;" more especially when the "Bull and Mouth" coachmaster is ready to take the trouble of carrying him that journey without any charge at all. The restrictive system, therefore, must be given up. In fact, the best thing the "hackney" gentlemen could do would be at once to abandon it, and try to turn their property to account by the establishment of the very "street stages" which they now reprehend. But all that part of their plan which goes to the amelioration of their own commodity, is well judged, and merited aid and consideration. The reduction of "fare" we do not think would exactly have the effect that they propose. The same abatement of profit would be better laid out in the improvement of their vehicles, which are, in general, in but a ricketty condition; and even at the ten-pence per mile—the price that they offer to come down to—they are mistaken if they suppose they will ever compete with the "cabriolets."

The cabriolet—especially the description of vehicle last produced—is a better thing for the purposes for which people want hackney-coaches, than either the coach or the chariot. It can be better got up—built, horsed, and appointed—at eight-pence a mile, than the coach or chariot can at one shilling; and, from the superior neatness of its equipment, the rapid rate at which it is worked, and the peculiar facility with which it is directed in driving from place to place about town, even if the rates of fare were equal, it would always get the preference, in fine weather and with single individuals. In fact, many of the cabriolets are now built and horsed in a manner which can hardly be surpassed by any private equipage. We suspect, therefore, that the hackney-coach owners had better improve their carriages than reduce their (lawful) fares; but their good intentions, fortunately, need not consume for want of exercise on this point—the distinction between the fare *payable* to a hackney-coachman, and the fare *paid*, as times go, is a very material one; and this discrepancy, with a very great many other nuisances and mischiefs, would be got rid of by the course proposed of "licensing" the drivers.

It is only justice to the individuals who make a profession of driving of hackney-coaches, to declare, that they contain within their guild, or body, a sprinkling of the most eminent rascals about town. In burglaries, their accessoryship is known to be considerable. They do a good deal in the way of picking pockets, on wet nights, at the opera or the theatres; and are invaluable coadjutors to the receivers of stolen property and the

"resurrection-men." And, for the matter of *charge*, as the practice stands, extortion is part of the purchase. Every man who hires a hackney-coach expects, as a necessary corollary to the act, either to have a squabble, or to pay fifty per cent. over the amount of his fare: which is practically so much added to the hiring rate of the conveyance. Now we cannot expect to make these conductors scrupulous people; but there is still room for amendment; and we see no course by which that amendment is likely to be attained, so readily, as by subjecting them all to the control of a licence. At present, the means of redress, where evil has been done, are (practically) slight. A man feels indisposed to wait several hours in "summoning" a rogue by whom he has been cheated of eighteen-pence; and, besides, he feels the inutility of the proceeding. He takes another coach, and, within fifteen minutes, is cheated again. There is obviously no good effected, unless the whole 1,200 dignitaries of the box had but one person, so that he could take them all to "Essex Street" at the same time. A few examples of degradation, or even temporary suspension from the seat of power, such as it would be in the power of the magistrates (if the system of "licensing" were adopted) to inflict, would probably make these artists feel the convenience of conducting themselves more guardedly.

There remains but one more point, then, in the carriers of men's petition—the desire that they may be at liberty to apply their "plates" to covered vehicles or cabriolets, as they think fit; and this is a request, we think, so reasonable that some plain and sufficient objection ought to be assigned if it is not to be granted to them. If the trade is to be in any degree an open one, then the holders of the cabriolets can have no right to a monopoly of the employment of that carriage; they have enjoyed the advantage already for a considerable period of its prior introduction. And, if the Commissioners are to use their authority for the purpose of determining what quantity and what description of accommodation the convenience of the town demands, then their decision at present is a most absurd or a most unjust one; because the cabriolets are too few for the public demand, and the coaches and chariots (as the long ranks that stand for hours in the streets sufficiently testify) very greatly too many. Certainly, with a view to general convenience, the power of transferring the "plates" or licences here demanded would be desirable: as the mere change of season makes a difference in the description of carriage likely to be in request: and its refusal to the coach-owners challenges the closer examination, because there are persons likely to possess influence—Mr. Bradshaw, the banker, for instance, and "the Hon. Mr. Ponsonby Staples"—among their opponents, the holders of the cabriolets.

Cobbett, who is always mad four times a year upon some new conundrum, is now rampant on the subject of producing Indian corn in England. The following is an account of an experiment made by himself in its cultivation.

"I should think that eight acres had bestowed upon them about twenty large cart-loads of tolerably good manure, taking one part with the other, and no more. The corn has had two complete and good hand hoeings, and the ground is now as clean as a parterre ought to be. The field, as I said before, is the handsomest Indian corn-field that I ever saw, and I have seen millions of acres. Every body knows what *sort of a summer we have had;* that we have had full six weeks of wet and shady weather, beginning about the 8th of

July, and ending on the 18th of August, just the very part of the summer when we might have hoped for that heat which is so favourable for plants of this description. I was afraid to *look* at the corn: I skulked away for a whole month; but, St. Swithin appearing, on Monday last, to have brought the dispensation of his favours to a termination, I mustered up courage to come and take a survey of his ravages upon my Indian corn. I have now examined it well; and I can *see no reason for believing that it will not ripen;* and, if it do ripen, I have not the smallest doubt that it will produce a hundred Winchester bushels to the acre. If it ripen this summer, there never will be a summer in which it will not ripen, if sowed in proper time. In about a month from this time we shall cut off the *tassels* and the *long leaves*, which give a prodigious quantity of fodder to the acre, and which fodder, weight for weight, sells much dearer than the best hay in America. The ears then remain on the stalks until the latter end of October, by which time the grain is hard, and then the ears are plucked off, and put away for preservation. The great stalks are then cut off or pulled up; and, if given to hogs, they will gnaw them to pieces, and live upon them for a good while: at the least, they will serve to bed up yards and styes. In America, where the weather is hot enough to dry these stalks through, they serve as fodder for cows throughout the winter, and cows will do much better upon them than upon hay of the very best quality. The truth is, every part of the plant abounds with saccharine matter. My field is of the *dwarf* kind of corn, such as I have never seen in America; it does not grow to much more than half the height, but is more productive, acre for acre.

An inveterate Thief.—A French paper gives an account of the escape of a prisoner, who was being conveyed before the Juge d'Instruction at the Palais de Justice in Paris, by tripping up his two guards, and running along the roof of the palace, in sight of the police agents. It seems that he has been recaptured, but he had not lost any time: he had cut off his whiskers, and taken a place in the Havre coach, at the Messageries Royales, under the name of *Henri*. He was taken just as he was getting into the coach. On being taken, he said, "I shall escape again; *and the next time, I will take the jailor with me.*" He is charged with several flagrant robberies, but belongs to a wealthy and respectable family at Macon.

The petition from the county of Clare, claiming the effective majority in the election for Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, gives a curious history of the impositions and mummeries by which Mr. O'Connell's return was obtained. Among other frauds upon the lamentable ignorance of the multitude, it is stated that "an empty coffin was carried in procession, amidst an immense concourse of people, through the town of Ennis, on the fourth day of the election, by the contrivance and with the connivance of Mr. O'Connell, his committee, agents, friends, and supporters—particularly of the priests, who gave out that the coffin contained the body of a freeholder, who had died suddenly, in consequence of having voted against Mr. O'Connell!!"—This sort of trash can only serve to convince the people of England, that the Irish Catholics have more "political rights" already than they are competent properly to manage.

A Paris correspondent of the *Globe*, commenting upon the state of criminal law in France, declares that, "on one point, all parties are agreed; *viz.* the uselessness of executions, even in cases of murder." And this opinion is supported by the testimony of several considerable lawyers at the Parisian bar. The writer continues:—

"Any person who has had an opportunity of witnessing an execution in Paris, will bear testimony to the heartless levity and indifference which pre-

vail upon such melancholy occasions. The number of females, and those of the most respectable appearance, usually greatly exceeds that of the men, and one would rather imagine the ceremony to be intended to celebrate some joyful circumstance, than for the purpose of witnessing the last sad struggle of a wretched criminal. All the wine shops in the neighbourhood are crowded with labourers, who usually leave their work to carouse upon such occasions. Cakes, lemonade, and refreshments of various kinds, are hawked about the crowd, who amuse themselves with every species of *badinage* without one single reflection upon the suffering about to be inflicted upon a fellow-creature.

At an execution which took place a year or two ago, a hearty laugh broke from the assembled crowd at the moment the axe fell upon the neck of the criminal, which was caused by the shrill cry of a woman, who vociferated '*Gateaux de Nanterre!*' just at the fatal period, without paying the least attention to what was going forward, and solely intent upon selling her hot cakes."

The error of this theory lies in the supposing, that, because people are indifferent about seeing their neighbours hanged, they are, therefore, at all the less disposed to avoid being hanged themselves. It is in the very necessary course of things, that the spectacle of a public execution should be looked at (unless under very rare and peculiar circumstances) with little other than feelings of vulgar curiosity. Mankind in general —we may choose to overlook the fact, but we cannot alter it—feel almost solely for themselves. Any portion of danger or suffering, that we see pressing upon a third party, affects, or fails to affect us, almost entirely, as there seems a possibility that the same malady may arise, immediately or remotely, to ourselves. We shrink from the narrative of a "fire," or of the overturning of a mail-coach, or the foundering of a steam boat, because these are casualties to which we may to-morrow be personally subject: but we feel very little sympathy at seeing a man hanged, because hanging is out of our way; it is not a risk that we believe we shall ever be called upon to encounter. As far as the reasoning faculties are concerned therefore, men can hardly be expected to take any deep interest in the execution of a criminal; and, for all beyond this, the *spectacle* is not of a *character* to produce any very active impression upon the senses. To excite the feelings strongly, there must be a display of actual, unequivocal suffering; few men ever witness a military punishment, though for the fiftieth time, without sensations of acute pain. Here the suffering stands forward, and is made clearly apparent to us. We hear the lashes fall, and witness the writhings or supplications of the offender: and, moreover, we are sensible, probably, that the fault for which the punishment is inflicted is but slight. But we feel little compassion (on reflection) for a culprit condemned to the scaffold, who we know has amply deserved his sentence, or he never would have received it; and the forms of an execution, both in France and England, are purposely so arranged, as to give as little offence to the feelings of decorum or humanity as possible. Were the thing otherwise, however, it is nonsense to contend, that the apathy which we exhibit for the fate of others, has any thing to do with the regardlessness of similar infliction upon ourselves; it would be just as reasonable to assume, that because men see funerals pass them every day, without comment, or even notice, they are, therefore, less careful to avoid all that seems likely to produce death in their own persons. "Mister Corder," the gentleman who has just been hanged in Suffolk; who murdered the woman

with whom he cohabited, and who had borne him children; kept articles of her property, after the murder, about him in the way of remembrance; made *equivoques*, when questioned as to what had become of her; and altogether exhibited the most philosophical *sang froid* in *her* death; the moment *his own* appears to be on the approach, becomes the most concerned and anxious person imaginable. The real truth is—and, in despite of theories, the feelings of every man approve it—that the penalty of death is the severest, and, in the way of example, acts as the severest that can be inflicted. Crimes are committed, not in despite of the gallows, but in the hope of escape from it. The story about the *Gateaux de Nanterre* proves nothing more than that people are generally seized upon by any thing that is violently unexpected or incongruous. In the deepest scene of a tragedy, the chance pop of a soda water bottle sets a whole audience laughing. For the vender of cakes herself, she merely acted as all the world acts: with the same object and feeling, though under less ordinary circumstances. She came to the execution, because there would be a crowd there, who would be likely to buy her pastry. And she cried, "*Gateaux de Nanterre!*" not because she underrated the inconvenience of hanging, but because her affair was *to be heard*, in the seeking of her livelihood.

That ghosts do not return from the grave is certain, or we should sometimes hear of the tearing to pieces of a biographer. In addition to the hundred and one volumes of twaddle already printed about Dr. Parr, Mr. Barker, of Thetford, has put forth a hundred and second thick octavo, of "Parriana;" and threatens to deliver himself even of another. This first infliction of Mr. Barker's consists principally of trivialities at second hand, digested or reprinted, from the histories of earlier writers. We afford a few extracts to exemplify how the follies of a really learned, though very tedious, man, may be raked up to disparage and throw ridicule upon his memory. The first reminiscences are from the pen of the Rev. John Stewart, curate of Sporle, in Norfolk:—

"I think I never saw a genuine, fame-loving whist-player except Parr. Victory was his sole aim. The spoils of it he left to others. One rubber always amused him—he seldom played a second—he paid always, when he lost—he never accepted payment when he won, in so far as I have seen him. It so happened that, upon the night in question, Parr's partner ruinously finessed, and Parr remonstrated. The former, who had hoped to 'shadow himself with laurels,' felt compelled, on the contrary, to 'pass under the yoke.' To extenuate his own disgrace, he flew at a noble quarry, and made a sharp and offensive retort. As he waxed warmer, Parr became cooler, until the latter had finally reasoned down his temper to the most enviable repose. For some time he remained silent; but it was an eloquent silence, felt as well as seen; and when at last he did speak, in place of the terrible chastisement fairly earned, and by me anticipated, Parr coolly reviewed and pointedly censured his faults, both of play and temper, demonstrated, triumphantly, his egregious blunders in each, and made him the slave of his pity rather than his anger."

Now what fourteen out of fifteen of these eloquent lines mean, we profess ourselves at a loss to understand. But we give another story from the same "sweet remembrancer." The prostration of all these narrators before their great Apollo, is the most curious part of the affair. "I prithee put thy foot upon my neck!" seems to breathe out in every sentence that they utter.

"One morning I hastily entered his library, and found him calmly occupied in dictating to two amanuenses at the same moment. He appeared the very personification of the '*clarum et venerabile nomen*;' enjoying '*otium cum dignitate.*' Seated in his easy chair, and crowned with his *bonnet rouge*, with paper-matches, a lighted candle, and ammunition-saucer of prime Nicotiana, upon a very small table to his right, there he held his long pipe with a graceful *nonchalance*; awaiting in a half-recumbent posture of tranquillity and self-possession, the transcription of his thoughts. His whole expression of face seemed an expansion of intellect, and his ideas to be concentrated in even more than an usual profundity of reflection. I was ashamed to have broken in upon him; but he did not manifest the slightest displeasure; silently bowed me into a chair opposite, and left me to the undisturbed observation of what was passing. I noticed that according as each amanuensis finished copying the portion repeated, Parr proceeded directly, without pause or embarrassment, to dictate farther to whichever of the two might require it first. I remarked, with admiration, that the intervention of the one or the other had no effect to snap or even entangle the respective threads of his communications. The same distinctness, and acuteness, and energy, were exercised in speaking to each. No matter whether the first he dictated to, was the first to have done, or, *vice versâ*; it was quite the same to Parr. At last, there was, of necessity, a stop. The sage's tube had to be cleared by a couple of smart taps on the small table, before he could enter upon the process of replenishing; and while the interlude lasted, he thus accosted me:—'My friend, mind!—Voltaire could occupy three secretaries at the same time. I am able to cut out work for two!' The pipe was already renewed; its active fragrance was felt; and Parr's eye bent on me, and his finger at the same instant pressed upon his lips, significantly enjoined silence. I readily obeyed the warning, while business progressed rapidly, regularly, and without an apparent effort."

This idolatrous adoration of mediocrity, is the vice, we are afraid, of gentlemen generally who live very much in the country; but the good Doctor's own view of his havings, it is but fair to observe, fully bears out the estimate of his historians:—

"The Doctor's pupils in and about Norwich wished to present him with a piece of plate. We had a small committee to conduct the business: and found it less difficult to raise the money than to provide an appropriate inscription. One produced a scrap of Greek, another a sentence of Latin. The Doctor having an intimation of what was going forward, relieved us by sending an inscription with three superlatives, *doctissimo, optimo, integerrimo,* in which we readily acquiesced."

In another case.—This is from the recollections of a clergyman of the established church:—

"Left to himself Parr was a sloven; but he was very punctilious, when he meant to be dressed. He plumed himself much upon the fulness of his gown, and bade me admire it. In the vestry he bade me examine his dress to see that all was correct. Observing sometimes, what did not please him in the buckling of his shoes, he put up his foot, and with a smile said—'Here, you dog, alter this.'"

One more anecdote is all that we can afford: although the story of Mr. Stewart's flannel waistcoat, and the half glass of brandy in his last cup of tea, is worth the whole price of the book if we had room for it:—

"Soon after this I went with him to the gallery of the House of Commons. Sir James Mackintosh, I think, went with him. The debate was of great importance. The Doctor sate in the side-gallery, from whence he could see and be seen by the leading members of the opposition. Mr. Fox rose, and spoke. The Doctor's eyes sparkled with animation. As Mr. Fox proceeded,

the Doctor grew more animated, and at last rose as if with the intention of speaking. He was reminded of the impropriety, and immediately sat down. After Mr. Fox had concluded, he exclaimed:—'Had I followed any other profession, I might have been sitting by the side of that illustrious statesman; I should have had all his powers of argument,—all Erskine's eloquence,—and all Hargrave's law.'"

Mr. Field's second volume of "Memoirs" (the first we noticed in our Magazine some numbers back) is out; with a good characteristic likeness of Parr, by way of frontispiece. It is dull as a narrative; but, as it contains less "personal anecdote" than the former volume, it exhibits the learned Doctor under an aspect less ludicrous.

A writer in the *Post* of this morning, who signs himself "A Friend to Fair Dealing," is prodigiously angry with our review of Mr. Kinsey's "Illustrations of Portugal." If "Fair Dealing" have no better friends than this gentleman, her condition is somewhat an unlucky one; but the poor *Post* is absolutely run mad these last twelve months, about politics and religion. There is a stop to all that choice "Fashionable Intelligence," and still more to those inimitable "musical and dramatic criticisms," which we used to copy out every month for the admiration of our readers; and the editor does nothing, as it were, but sit upon the house top—at the office, just by Exeter 'Change, in the Strand—crying out "The Duke of Wellington, and the Established church!" from one month's end to another. We confess we don't like these symptoms about the *Post*. Calling us heretics and Atheists, because we refuse to damn French barbers for going to the play on a Sunday! And we shall watch its symptoms, and perhaps admonish it from time to time as we see reason.

The whole "Protestant interest" of Ireland, is looking, in open-mouthed astonishment, to the speech of their heretofore representative and champion, Mr. George Dawson, the member for Derry. Mr. Dawson, it appears, as violent people on all subjects are not unapt to do, has all at once entirely changed his opinions upon the Catholic question; and the reasons which he assigns as having produced this alteration of view, we shall give in his own words, as we find them in the Irish report of the Derry meeting. After describing the universal interest felt by all classes in Ireland on political subjects, Mr. Dawson says—

"It is true that we have a government to which an outward obedience is shown, which is responsible to parliament, and answerable to God for the manner of administering its functions; but it is equally true, that an immense majority of the people look up, not to the legitimate government, but to an irresponsible and to a self-constituted association, for the administration of the affairs of the country. *The peace of Ireland depends not upon the government, but upon the dictation of the Catholic Association.* It has *defied the government*, and *trampled upon the law of the land*—and it is beyond contradiction, that the same power which banished a cabinet minister from the representation of his county, because he was a minister of the king, can maintain or disturb the peace of the country just as it suits their caprice or ambition. The same danger impends over every institution established by law. The church enjoys its dignity, and the clergy enjoy their revenues by the law of the land; *but we know not how soon it may please the Catholic Association to issue its anathemas against the payment of tithes; and what man is hardy enough to say, that the Catholic people will disobey its mandates?* It depends upon the Catholic Association—no man can deny it—whether the clergy are to receive their incomes or not. The condition of the landlords is not more consoling—already they

have been robbed of their influence over their tenantry—already they are become but mere ciphers upon their estates—nay, in many places they are *worse than ciphers—they have been forced to become the tools of their domineering masters, the Catholic priesthood;* and it depends upon a single breath, a single resolution of the Catholic Association, whether the landlords are to be robbed of their rents or not. So perfect *a system of organization* was never yet achieved by any body not possessing the legitimate powers of government; it is powerful, it is arrogant—*it derides, and it has triumphed, over the enactments of the legislature*, and is filling its coffers from the voluntary contributions of the people. I say, that the Catholic Association, by securing the voluntary contributions of the people, consolidates to itself a power *from which it may supply the sinews of war*, or undermine, by endless litigation and persecution, the established institutions of the country. Such is the power of this new phenomenon; and I will ask any man, has it been slow to exercise its influence? The aristocracy, the clergy, the gentry, are all prostrate before it. In those devoted regions a perfect abandonment of all the dignity and influence belonging to station and rank, seems to have taken place; or if a struggle be made, as in Clare, it is only to insure the triumph of this daring autocrat."

Now it will hardly be a matter of much surprise, that this address, delivered in the town of Derry, was received with very unequivocal tokens of disapprobation; and, notwithstanding the "utter contempt" which Mr. Dawson professed to feel for the individuals who opposed him, we suspect that the hon. gentleman's change of opinion will have lost him the greater part of his old friends, without gaining him many new ones. That which is exaggerated in his speech (which is a good deal) will be treated, by all parties, as a cry of "Wolf!" set up to cover his own flight, or excuse his apprehension: that which is sound and true (which is a very great deal) *he ought to have discovered some years ago.* The rights of the Catholics of Ireland have not increased one jot, since Mr. Dawson was among their most determined opponents. If it be their threats which have worked upon him, such a conversion does almost as little credit to his personal honour, as to his political judgment. For ourselves, as we shall rejoice to see this question in any fair way amicably settled, we are content to find one more seceder from the policy that resisted concession altogether. But we are compelled to say that Mr. Dawson's arguments in favour of accommodation, are likely to excite more opposition to that course, than any he ever used against it. The question is not quite *yet*, as he puts it—"Whether we will meet the hazard of a rebellion in Ireland, or submit to its dictation?" But, if such were the case, painful as either alternative would be, we should not hesitate a moment in deciding upon the former.

The evening papers of to-day, state that "the pistols" with which Mr. Corder committed murder, have become an object of great curiosity and contention, in Suffolk. The police officer, Lea, "*who is collecting a museum of weapons with which persons have been destroyed,*" claimed them as a "present" made to him by the culprit on his first apprehension: and the High Sheriff of the county, who also, we presume, is forming an armorial collection of some description, insisted that they were his by forfeiture in virtue of his office. The newspapers, in describing the controversy, say—

"At the close of the proceedings, the High Sheriff proceeded to the gaol, and after transacting some business, he said to the gaoler—'Mr. Orridge, my carriage is at the gate, you had better *put the sword and pistols into it.*' Mr. Orridge represented to him that Lea had *sworn* they had been presented to

him by the prisoner, when he was only suspected. To this the High Sheriff replied, 'No, no! why, man, *I would not part with them for one hundred guineas.*' The sword and pistols were *then* put into the sheriff's carriage."

The worshipful Sheriff's profession of the estimate that he sets upon the property, is rather an odd mode of answering another person's claim to it. But it occurs to us that "presents" ought not to be received by officers of justice from criminals in their custody; and, indeed, that the interchange of courtesies generally between parties so situated, has been carried, by modern refinement, to rather too extended a degree. There should be some demonstration, at least outwardly affected by the ministers of our gaols, that a robber or a murderer is a scoundrel; and not merely a gentleman who has to try a question with the law, which unfortunately may be serious if it goes against him. We should be inclined even almost to object to conversations in the manner of the following—described as having taken place between Mr. Lea, the thief-taker, and Mr. Corder, a few days before his trial; and given, by the daily prints, for greater perspicuity, in the form of question and answer.

Lea.—"Well, Mr. Corder: I promised to call upon you; and *I am glad to see you so well.*"

[This is to a fellow who is about to be hanged, for one of the most cold-blooded, cowardly, and brutal murders that ever perhaps was put upon record!]

Corder.—"I am much obliged to you *for your kindness.*"—*Shaking hands with him very heartily.*

[This friendly recognition is to the very gentleman, to whose particular offices the "obliged" party is, in a great measure, indebted for his approaching execution.]

After the trial and sentence—the material point in the case being settled—a more general and discursive kind of conversation is used to pass away the time of Corder. And accordingly, one of the guardians who sits up with the murderer in the condemned cell, opens a very pleasant, edifying colloquy with him, *on the manner in which he got a wife by advertisement!*

Another individual, belonging to the gaol, speaks at another time of the murder, somewhat as of a curious and interesting experiment.—"Mr. Corder, you must have *had a good deal of nerve* to dig that grave with the dead body of the woman there beside you!" &c. &c.

There is an offence to reason, as well as to decency, in thus coqueting with the cutting of throats. A murderer should be a person with whom we decline "shaking hands heartily;" and "table-talk" is out of its place, with a person going to suffer the last penalties of the law to-morrow. The officers of the law, especially, who are responsible to the public for the decorum of their conduct, should be made to understand that they are not to enter into such communications. The treatment of criminals, whether under accusation only, or under sentence, should be temperate, and free from all needless cruelty; but the affair of justice is not to jest or trifle with such people; and even among the lowest of her ministers, the sternness of her character should not be lost sight of.

New books are scanty always in the present season. Nothing in the shape of light reading has appeared in the course of the last month: and Dr. Granville's "Russia," from which a good deal is expected, is not yet out. There is one book, however, Dr. Burrows's Commentaries on Insanity, which we recommend to all our readers—who can afford to read on such

a subject. It is a work no less valuable as a production of science, than curious from the great mass of singular and striking anecdote that it contains: not more grave and instructive with "wise saws," than entertaining with modern instances. We restrict our recommendation, however, of perusal, to those who can venture to read upon such a subject: and a very great many may take our word for it, they cannot. Nervous persons, and those of lively imaginations, should eschew the study of medical works generally, and especially of those which treat upon insanity. We are all of us very much the creatures of sympathy and imitation. The impression made by any scene or description of horror, is got over for the time: but, in an after hour of sickness or dejection, it is apt to return, and sometimes with a vividness, the effect of which it may be difficult to calculate upon.

We copy the following paragraph from a London evening paper:—

"The Bishop of London Elect.—The amount of subscriptions raised in the parish of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, for the piece of plate to be presented to the new Bishop of London, on his departure from that parish, is about 500*l.* The amount would have been much greater, but that the meeting on the subject was 'got up' by some of his lordship's indiscreet friends, who, in the hurry of their zeal, *forgot to consult the proper parochial authorities*—the churchwardens and others: what was intended to be a general measure, dwindled into the act of a few forward individuals. One of the churchwardens went out of town a day or two before the meeting; and although their names were put on the committee, it was without their sanction, and they have not since co-operated with any zeal in the proceedings. A confectioner in Bishopsgate-street-Within, in answer to an application by the committee for his subscription, said *he had but little to give in charity; and what he had to bestow he gave to the poor—not to a rich bishop, who wanted nothing earthly he could desire.* The piece of plate is to be a splendid *epergne*, about two feet high, richly chased.

Without intending the slightest offence to the noble and reverend prelate here particularly in question, it seems to us that the confectioner had all the reason in the world. Ninety-nine "subscription" affairs of this kind out of a hundred, are, to say the best of them, very excessive impertinencies. The last of the kind, the "Duke of Clarence's Medal," is a job offensive to common honesty; and one which we are surprised the Royal Duke should have been wrought upon even to lend his name to. It must require a vanity beyond the vanity of princes, that should induce his Royal Highness to believe, that there is any thing in his personal pretensions, or connexion with the navy, which should dispose a long list of junior officers, cramped upon the narrow allowance of half-pay, to give a guinea for a copper medal—a pocket-piece—bearing his likeness; and if this be not the case, what is the whole proceeding but an indirect extortion? a legal forcible obtaining of so many guineas from a number of men who can very ill indeed afford to part with them, and who submit to the demand absolutely from no other cause than dread that refusal may "injure them in the course of their profession?" The Bishop of London's collection is of a less offensive character than this; because the object is one which lays no compulsion upon the contributors; but still it challenges a number of men (under no sort of authority), to publish their private opinions of a particular individual; and moreover, to *pay a fine of twenty shillings*, if the judgment be a favourable one. A tradesman may be perfectly well satisfied with the conduct of the clergyman of his parish, without being induced to place a silver *epergne* upon the reverend gentleman's table—while, perhaps, he finds a difficulty in putting a joint of mutton upon his own. It is

curious, too, the reason assigned in this case for the subscription having only reached 500*l.*:—the "indiscreet" neglect to propitiate the "churchwardens," and other local dignitaries, in the first instance. Hence it appears that the real question—whether the tribute suggested should be paid to the late reverend incumbent of St. Botholph's?—did not depend upon the feeling of the parishioners, but on the countenance that the "vestry" might or might not give to the object. Such "subscribing propositions" generally are the jobs of a handful of meddling individuals, who are desirous to pay some court or serve some private purpose, at the expense of their neighbours; and the public is indebted to every individual who has the courage to risk unpopularity by setting the example of resistance to them.

The public attention continues to be devoted very sedulously to the subject of Mr. Corder's murder; and a weekly newspaper advertises "the picturesque" of it! in a series of wood-cuts, engraved for the occasion. The *John Bull*, speaking of the result of Corder's trial, makes a very extraordinary assertion. "It is singular," he says, "that *of all the murders on record*, not *six* have been committed with impunity!" John's wish, we are afraid, has been father to his belief here. To go back to "all the murders upon record," or even to those on record within the last ten years, collecting all particulars of name and place, would be more trouble than we can bestow just now upon the subject. But, within only the last twelvemonths, *four* cases at once suggest themselves to us, in which murders have been "committed with impunity." The case of the old man, Akehurst (if we recollect the name right), and his housekeeper, near Leatherhead, for which William Page and Mary Acres were tried and acquitted; the case of Mrs. Jeffs, for which Jones was tried and acquitted; the case, only a few weeks since, at Bedford, in which Eavestaff was tried for the murder of a woman, found in a wood with her throat cut, and (very properly, upon the evidence) acquitted; and the case of Sheen, who cut his own child's head off, and who was also tried, and, upon an informality in the indictment, acquitted. Besides these, there is at once the case of Mrs. Donatty, and a number of others which we could refer to: but the names and dates are not exactly in our memory, and they will probably be familiar to the greater portion of our readers.

It is a singular feature, in the case of this fellow Corder, who seems to have been a "cogging rascal" all his life, that he makes what he calls a confession of his guilt before he dies, and even that confession is a lie. His story of "the quarrel," and "the scuffle," in which he is, in our view, wholly unworthy of credit. It is too inconsistent with the fact of his having *enticed the woman from her home by a false statement;* and, besides, it is manifestly a piracy from the scheme first hit upon for his defence—that he should acknowledge the manslaughter, and fudge some story of "a struggle" in which the fatal wound had been given. The denial, too, of having inflicted the wounds with a sharp instrument, seems to us to be entitled to no consideration. It becomes a question of importance, whether the medical men examined were, or even could be, entirely in error in all that they stated. And we do not think that the evidence of intelligent and respectable individuals, ought for a moment to be impugned upon the statement of such a ruffian.

The newspapers have announced the final resignation of the Duke of Clarence as Lord High Admiral. His highness and the heads of the government are known to have been jarring for some time; but the

immediate cause of his retirement is variously stated. The *Globe* says, in noticing the difficulties likely to follow the event—

"One story which has been propagated—that the expense of his Royal Highness's tours has been a subject of difference between him and the First Lord of the Treasury—may be true, but can scarcely be the real cause of his removal. The expense must have been in itself very trifling, and *if it had been much greater, must have been repaid by the activity which a vigilant superintendence produces.* To suppose, however, that the difference between the Prime Minister and the High Admiral arose on a question of economy, though a trifling one, is to put it on the footing most favourable to the former. If the real cause of the resignation of the Duke of Clarence was the desire of the ministry to interfere with the patronage of the navy, the event will be deeply discreditable to them."

The true spirit of Whiggery peeps out in this paragraph. The expense of his royal highness's fêtes and tours, at the rate at which it was proceeding, would have spent more in a fortnight than all Mr. Hume's motions of economy could save in a month. And the *Globe*, and those who support it, if the expences had been paid, would have been the first to exclaim against the "profligate extravagance" of ministers for allowing them. The true cause of this sudden and unwonted liberality on the part of the *Globe*, is that the Duke of Clarence is supposed to be in some way or other opposed to the Duke of Wellington, and that he was one of the stays set up to prop the tottering throne of Mr. Canning.

We observed a little way back, in noticing Dr. Burrows's "Commentaries upon Insanity," upon the disposition of that malady to communicate itself by sympathy. It is universally admitted, indeed, that a great proportion of individuals, if compelled to associate with persons in a state of derangement, would become mad in the course of a short time themselves; and there is as little doubt that many of the medical men, whose practice has been devoted nearly altogether to cases of lunacy, have gradually undergone a change in their habits and demeanour very nearly approaching, at times, to mental alienation. A singular instance of this fact presented itself only a few weeks since to a foreigner of some distinction, who was desirous of seeing the interior of a lunatic asylum. He visited (by permission) an establishment of considerable eminence, and was a good deal interested by what was shewn to him, though something uneasy at finding himself occasionally almost left alone by the officer who attended him, among a number of persons who walked about perfectly at liberty, but who were, nevertheless, as he was assured, in a state, many of them, of incurable insanity. One man was described to be religiously mad; a second as melancholy; a third, who had been confined seven years, could not be convinced that he was not a hairdresser: but all walked about the passages and avenues of the building, and conversed with the keeper, occasionally, apparently with reason and good sense. At length, as they were passing through one of the lower halls, a man of very singular aspect and manner came up and spoke to the attendant. He was a little man, very spare in figure, dressed in black clothes, and spoke with great rapidity and gesticulation; he talked for some moments, laughing repeatedly, and, at parting, shook hands repeatedly with the superintendent.—"What is the matter with *that man*, now?" asked the visitor, who had been struck by the oddity of the person's demeanour; and concluded of course that he was a patient. "Him?" was the reply—"Why, that is our house-apothecary!"

The veracity of hunters and anglers is proverbially held of a punic description. A huntsman who can tell how many hairs a fox has in

his tail, by the very way in which he breaks cover; and a fisher, who professed that he could throw his line blindfolded, and, the moment he got a rise, swear to the weight of the fish at the end of it, would either of them be considered in many companies to be "using the sportsman's privilege." Sir Humphrey Davy, however, in his "Salmonia," throws all former performers of miracles into shade; and we hope that his testimony will put an end to these heretofore injurious suspicions. The three fishers—Halieus, Physicus, and Poietes—are angling in the Colne; and Halieus—the adept—(understood to be Sir Humphrey himself)—has caught a trout, which the two others are admiring. The dialogue then continues thus:—

"Poiet.—This great fish, that you have just caught, must be nearly of the weight I assigned to him.

"Hal.—O no; he is, I think, above 5lbs. but not 6lbs.; but we can form a more correct opinion by measuring him, which I can easily do, the butt of my rod being a measure. *He measures, from nose to fork, a very little less than twenty-four inches*, and, consequently, *upon the scale which is appropriate to well-fed trouts, should weigh 5lbs. 10oz.*—which, within an ounce, I doubt not is his weight.

"Phys.—O, I see you take the mathematical law, that similar solids are to each other in the triplicate ratio of one of their dimensions.

"Hal.—You are right.

"Phys.—But I think you are below the mark, for this appears to me an extraordinarily thick fish.

"Hal. He is a clean fish, but, in proportion, not so thick as my model, which was a fish of 17 inches by 9 inches, and weighed 2lbs.—this is my standard solid. We will try him. Ho! Mrs. B.!—bring your scales, and weigh this fish. There, you see, he weighs 5lbs. 10½oz."

The nicety of the gentleman in the play who calculates the expences of taking Breda.—"Please your highness, it will cost you one thousand two hundred and forty dead on the field—six hundred and ninety-seven legs—three hundred and twenty-eight arms—a hundred and fourteen compound fractures—ninety-two operations for the trepan," &c. &c.—was a trifle compared to the fractional accuracy of our friend Sir Humphrey Davy.

The Poor Laws in Ireland.—The author of a clever and tersely-written pamphlet just published, entitled, "Finance and Currency" [of England] "for the year 1828," desires to have the establishment of a system of Poor Laws in Ireland made one of the very earliest objects of parliamentary consideration.

"Why," he asks, "should Ireland have the liberty of *exporting her poor*, and her produce, free to Great Britain, and yet herself be exempt from land-tax, small tithes, and *poor's-rate?*" Why should England continue to uphold a system, "which enables the absentee Irish landlord *to extract to himself more of the produce of the land than the landowner of any other country*, and that at the expense, and to the injury, of Great Britain?"

Now we are among those who take the English poor laws, when fairly administered, to be an incomparable advantage and relief, rather than a burthen to the country; and as far as the interests of humanity and public order are concerned in their existence, we should be extremely glad to find them capable of being introduced into Ireland; but we think that those who expect that the establishment of poor laws in Ireland, will stop the emigration of Irish poor into this country, will find themselves

mistaken.—For example. The wages of labour in Ireland are at present very low—incomparably lower than either in Scotland or England. Some of the best-informed witnesses who gave evidence before Mr. Wilmot Horton's Emigration Committee, state that an able-bodied Irish labourer may be considered fortunate who earns, through the year, seven-pence a day; and that the common diet of the agricultural classes, (who expect little better), is "potatoes and water." Now, if this be the condition of labourers *in employ*, it becomes necessary, of course, that the relief afforded by a *poor rate* in Ireland should be fixed at a very low rate indeed; or else men would have no inducement to prefer obtaining work, to throwing themselves upon the parish. And then, if the relief given, is to be of this very narrow character, can it be expected that an Irish reaper will remain at home—say on a parish allowance equal to three-pence per day, when he can get a shilling, or even eight-pence, by coming over to work in England? This position of affairs alone, we suspect, will be quite sufficient to answer those who believe that the establishment of poor laws in Ireland will at once produce an important relief to this country. But the argument, if we are not mistaken, might be carried even farther than this; and, instead of *materially preventing* the influx of Irish pauperism into England, it is by no means clear that the establishment of an Irish poor law would not tend rather *to increase it*. The emigration of Irish labourers to England, even though only for a season, is already encouraged by all those who possess property in Ireland; and it is even in proof that societies have been regularly formed for the purpose of assisting and promoting it. There is nothing in this surprising. It is natural that the Irish landowners should desire to clear a surplus and starving population as much as possible off their estates. But if they are thus anxious, as the matter stands already, to send their poor to England—when, in fact, they are no way bound, even indirectly, to contribute to their support—how much more interested they would become in the accomplishment of the same object, if a law existed by which they were compelled to maintain them! It may be urged, that the enactment of a poor law in Ireland would have other effects beyond those which we have stated; that it would render parishes in that country liable for the charge attendant on their poor in this; and that the expense of their removal, &c. from time to time, would diminish the gain accruing to the proprietors by getting them over. But, practically, this would not be the case; for it is not the *Irish* labourer who, in the surplus supply of labour beyond the demand, will become chargeable in this country. The Irishman will *get the work that there is;* for he will be content to take it at ten-pence the day: the man who becomes chargeable will be the *Englishman*, whom the stranger displaces, and who cannot afford to perform the same work under two shillings, or, taking the lowest rate, under eighteen-pence. The fact, we are afraid, is, that there are no means of maintaining a different rate of wages long in two countries which have the means of ready communication with each other, unless by some arbitrary enactment which should prevent men from travelling from their homes. A good deal of misery will be saved, and a good deal of common begging and pilfering checked in Ireland, by the establishment of poor laws; but the labourer will still continue to take advantage, where he sees a possibility of doing it, of the increased gain to be acquired by coming to offer his services in this country.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Burton's Diary. 4 *vols.* 8*vo.*; 1828.—Here are four goodly volumes of parliamentary debates during the Protectorate, not an atom respecting which was ever supposed to have been preserved, and of the recovery of which, of course, no mortal could ever have dreamt. To Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution, and his passion for old papers, are the public indebted for these inestimable treasures—inestimable they are, for they introduce us directly, and most intimately, to a conference on scores of subjects, with scores of distinguished men, whose names and general achievements are as well known to us as "our own houses," but of whose specific sentiments on any one topic we had scarcely any memorial.

Here then we are, we had almost said, suddenly deluged with such information—the supply is not only unexpected, but abundant, and almost superabundant. It is cut and come again to satiety—but to a satiety contrary to the common course of things—which quickly reproduces an appetite—if it does not exactly grow by what it feeds upon. We have read them, and shall read them over and over again—for really no conceivable mode of communication could be so directly calculated to give a thorough acquaintance with the characters of men, who had, numbers of them, played distinguished parts on the theatre of the world, and whose inextinguishable energies, though kept down for a time by the strong pressure of a powerful and iron hand, were continually bursting forth.

But the reader is yet very much in the dark, and can have little sympathy with us; and it is our sole business to tell him what he has to expect in the volumes before us.—The Diary then consists of the debates of Oliver Cromwell's last parliament, and Richard's only one. Oliver's parliament assembled on the 17th of September 1656, and sat till the 26th of the following June—about nine months. The Diary commences on the 3d December, has a gap from January to April, and then resumes—proceeding uninterruptedly to the end of the session. The same parliament, the reader will know, re-assembled, according to the terms of its prorogation, on the 20th of January, 1658, and was dissolved at the end of a fortnight. Of this short session Burton's reports are complete and minute. In the September of this year Oliver died; and on the 27th January, 1659, Richard assembled a new parliament, which sat about three months—the debates of this also are complete and minute.

The MS. of these debates were placed by the discoverer in the hands of Mr. Towill Rutt, who has in numerous places illustrated them with biographical and historical notes, collected with great research and ability. In the course of his labours he had the good fortune to unearth, from the piles of MSS. in the British Museum, a considerable volume, containing another Diary, written by Guibon Goddard, a member of the 1654 parliament, which record the discussions through the whole session, but without individualizing the speakers. The substance of the debates is given collectively, while Burton exhibits the sentiments, speaker by speaker—regularly, and very much after the supposed improved manner of our own days. This MS. of Goddard's contained several speeches of Cromwell's, which, as is believed, were never published—bearing upon them the stamp of unquestionable authenticity.

The possession of all these treasures prompted the editor to present the public with a complete view of the whole of the Protectorate parliaments, and accordingly, in the volumes before us, the reader will find, first, the proceedings of the Little Parliament, or Barebone's Parliament, as Hume ridiculously calls it—but taken literally—there was no other source—from the common journals. Then follow those of the second parliament, which assembled under the sanction and authority of the Instrument, on the third of September, 1654, and sat till it was abruptly broken up by Cromwell in the following January. The materials are supplied wholly by Goddard's MS.—who was himself member for King's Lynn, and colleague of Gen. Skippon, and one of those who accepted a certificate of approval from Cromwell's council, to enable him to retain his seat through the session—"though condemning," he says, "the breach of privilege (*i. e.* being excluded from admittance into the House, but upon submitting to receive a certificate of approval) as much as any, yet he doubted not but to acquit himself to God and his country, in so doing, rather than put the nation in another combustion and confusion."—Next follows Cromwell's third parliament, the proceedings of which are taken from the journals from the opening of the first session till Burton's Diary begins, and from the same common source is supplied the middle of the session—the remainder, and the whole of the succeeding session, and the whole of Richard's parliament, are, as we said, all furnished by Burton's Diary.

This, then, is the feast which is ready for the reader's enjoyment—we assure him he will find a rich repast. Let him not suppose, for a moment, that, because Cromwell kept a tight hand over his institutions, there is a lack of freedom of debate. He had turbulent and energetic spirits to deal with. There is abundance of plain speaking, and that by men of eminent abilities—much, indeed, upon topics of private interests, but more, and for the most part, on subjects of permanent importance. Oliver's

last parliament was occupied during a part of the first session chiefly on matters of a private, but often of a very interesting character—the whole of the discussion relative to Nayler, the crazy quaker, are of the most instructive kind. About the middle of the session was detected the conspiracy by Sexby, Sindercomb, &c., against Cromwell's life; and from that period was started the project for making the Protector king. The remainder of the session was in consequence taken up in arranging the terms of the "Humble Petition and Advice," by which Cromwell was to be invested with the name and attributes of royalty, and empowered to name another house, consisting of 70 members. When presented for his acceptance, the articles of this "Petition and Advice" were, in many respects, distasteful to the Protector, and underwent, in consequence, a long and minute revision; and finally, as every body knows, he found it expedient to reject the dazzling offer, but accepted the powers (which indeed he exercised before) conferred by the new instrument, under his old title of Protector, and appointed *another* house. A new inauguration took place, amidst a most splendid ceremonial.

When the period of prorogation expired, the parliament re-assembled, and among the members re-appeared as many of the 93, who had been excluded at the beginning of the former session, as had not before, by one means or other, procured their re-admission. Some of these were men of the most resolute spirits, and, above all, Harlerigge. He had been nominated to the other house, but insisted on taking his seat in the Commons. Tumultuous scenes of debate followed, chiefly on the name and powers of the *other* house—the Commons refused to acknowledge them as *peers*, and at the end of a fortnight—all hopes of accommodation being despaired of—they were abruptly and angrily dissolved.

On the assembling of Richard's parliament, the same resolute persons re-appeared—and besides, Vane, Ludlow, and others; and the same determination was shewn to resist the usurping authority of the other house—the "negative voice upon the people of England"—augmented now by the little respect or dread they felt for the old protector's feeble successor. The Commons immediately questioned his right to the "succession"—day after day was the question keenly and fiercely debated; and when at length the point was conceded, others of equal interest succeeded—the privileges of the other house—the Scotch and Irish members—the militia, &c., for full three months, till, finally, by the cabals of Wallingford House—sanctioned by Fleetwood, the dupe of more designing men—Richard was induced to dissolve, and, in a few weeks, himself to resign.

The debates of Richard's parliament occupy two of the volumes, and are detailed at greater length, and with greater care than those of the preceding one—there is more vigour and interest, both in the matter and manner.

Independently of all historical value, and that is incalculable—these volumes furnish a mass of colloquial phraseology, a body of sound and vernacular English, that contrasts most advantageously with the more laboured and artificial writings of the period—shews how little is *our* real improvement—and often puts to shame the stilting, parading, balancing elaborations of our own days.

Salmonia, or the Days of Fly-Fishing; 1828.—A volume of dialogues on the art and mystery of fly-fishing—written in studied imitation of Isaac Walton's fantastic but not unamusing book, and, like most other imitations, with scarcely an atom of the original spirit. Indeed, the very attempt at imitation seems to involve a consciousness of the lack of independent and distinctive power; for surely no man, possessed of it, would think of servilely tracking the path of another—he would insensibly pursue the impulses of his own soul. One man of genius, it is true, cried out, on contemplating a picture, "I too am a painter!" and proved it too—but not by imitating the artist, whose performances had aroused his own latent energies.

The author of the little volume before us—no less a personage than Sir Humphrey Davy—has not, we repeat, a spark of Isaac's fire about him; though excelling him, no doubt, in extent of positive facts, and perhaps in sagacity of inference—and yet, for the apparent abundance of his facts, we may trace him to well-known sources.

Excepting as a record of certain facts, the whole concern—particularly the machinery of it—is stupid and pedantic to a most intolerable degree. The characters chosen to support the conversations are—Halieus, an accomplished fly-fisher; Ornither, generally fond of the sports of the field, though not a finished master of the art of angling; Poietes, an enthusiastic lover of nature, and partially acquainted with the mysteries of fly-fishing; and Physicus, who knows nothing of angling, but is fond of inquiries in natural history and philosophy. The sentiments of each are of course meant to be characteristic. But Halieus—the accomplished, the finished fly-fisher—he is prime talker, as well as director and performer. He is *au fait* in all departments. The rest of the dialoguists are insignificant, and the poet a fool.

The introductory dialogue is occupied in rebutting the squeamish charge of cruelty, and in finding out—a more difficult task, and a very superfluous one—the moral advantages of fly-fishing. For the first, the fishing in question is fly-fishing, and with the *artificial* fly—so much for the bait; and as to the fish—its nervous system, it seems, and that indeed of all cold-blooded animals,

is less sensitive than that of warm-blooded ones; and if not, the hook is usually fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are *no* nerves. Besides, fishes often, after they have been hooked—with the hook still sticking in their jaws—will leap at the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had happened; and, moreover, the catcher usually knocks his prize on the head, and thus puts a speedy end to any tortures it may by possibility suffer. And as for the moral advantages of fly-fishing, it so obviously demands patience, forbearance, and command of temper, that not a word need be said—and no doubt every fisherman practises with an especial view to the cultivation of these virtues.

The fisherman, moreover, is favourably placed for acquiring "natural" knowledge. His attention is insensibly directed to the modes of life of fishes, insects, birds; and, moreover, fly-fishing furnishes materials for the poet—"green meadows—shady trees—songs of nightingales—full and clear rivers"—and similar stuff.

The rest of the conversations are taken up with the details of eight days' fishing in the Colne and the Wondle, for trout—in the lochs and rivers of Scotland, for salmon—in the Downton, for graylings—and finally in the Traun, of Upper Austria, for something else. The whole circle of the sciences is enlisted in the service—philosophy, metaphysics, and mathematics. Mathematics? —Yes. Similar solids are to each other in the triplicate ratio of one of their dimensions. What then? Why, if you have ascertained the proportions and weight of one fish, you can, by merely measuring in one direction, calculate the weight of another of the same species (nature never errs, though man may), and thus save the trouble of carrying scales with your fishing-tackle. To determine the weight of a fish is evidently—by the stress laid upon it through every day's fishing—of indispensable importance.

Then, again, Sir Humphrey's geology and chemistry find a place—in discussing the *colours* of waters; Ornither talks of migrations, and the physician of the generation of eels; and prodigious taste, judgment, and ability are shewn by the whole party in cookery, flavours, and digestion—the red mullet has the most exquisite flavour of all our fish—a fresh fish, if not crimped, is *generally* tough—&c.

The real knowledge the volume contains—which is considerable, and entirely to be depended on, we have no doubt—we should like, for our own parts, to have had in some other shape. The dialogue is all an incumbrance, and, we should think, must prove so to the most passionate or dogged admirer of the sport. How his companions could tolerate the insufferable coxcombry and conceit of Master Halieus, is to us a marvel. He is absolutely oppressive with his superiority, and could surely excite no other emulation than which should kick him first—the temptation to duck him, too, must have been irresistible.

We must give up our hopes of seeing a mermaid, we perceive—Sir Humphrey has clapped a *logical* extinguisher upon them. After quizzing Sir John Sinclair about his Caithness mermaid—which proved to be nothing but a *gentleman* with unclipped locks, at some distance from the shore, seen not by himself, but some young ladies, who very naturally mistook the genus and the sex—"I do not," Halieus solemnly declares, "I do not believe God ever did make a mermaid."—And why?

Because wisdom and order are found in all his works, and the parts of the animals are always in harmony with each other, and always adapted to certain ends consistent with the analogy of nature; and a human head, human hands, and human mammæ are wholly inconsistent with a fish's tail. The human head is adapted for an erect posture, and in such a posture an animal with a fish's tail could not swim—and a creature with lungs must be on the surface several times in a day—and the sea is an inconvenient breathing place; and hands are instruments of manufacture—and the depths of the ocean are little fitted for fabricating that mirror which our old prints gave to the mermaid. Such an animal, if created, could not long exist; and with scarce any locomotive power, would be the prey of other fishes formed in a manner more suited to their element, &c.

This is not begging the question—nor exhausting the resources of nature—nor, in some respects, arguing in the teeth of facts—Is it?

Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim, from the Latin of Lewis Holberg; 1828. —Niels Klim is a poor scholar of Norway, whose ardour for science prompted him to explore some distant cavern of unknown dimensions. Scarcely had he descended ten or twelve yards, when the rope by which he was let down snapped, and he shot down with the rapidity of lightning, for some quarter of an hour or so, as near as he could guess, till he found himself alighting in a new world—the reigning inhabitants of which were not human beings, but trees with human passions, but with manners and understandings philosophically disciplined. In the scale of intellect and honours, these arborescents ranked according to their branches—the more boughs the more brains; and the object of the author is to represent their customs and institutions, and contrast them with those of us bipeds above—very much, of course, to our disadvantage. Among other indications of superiority, one is that among them offices are assigned according to the qualities of individuals; and Klim himself, after due investigation, is made running-footman to the government, from the extraordinary make and length of his legs—the extreme quickness and consequent slipperiness of his intellect disqualifying him for any more important appointment among people

as much distinguished for the slowness of their deliberations as of their locomotion. Mortified at this contemptuous treatment, he never rests a moment till he discovers some mode of proving his capability of more usefulness; and at length, by dint of importunity, he is employed in surveying the globe—which it was calculated he might accomplish in a couple of months, though two years or more would be required by one of themselves. In this tour he meets with all sorts of varieties—some nations all oaks—some all cypresses—some with one ocular power, some with two, and others more—some, as to their creeds, tolerant, and some intolerant—some devotees, others mere moralists—in some the young had the privileges of age, and the old exhibited the follies of youth—in some the females ruled, and kept the gentlemen in subjection—some were all philosophers, and of course every thing was in sixes-and-sevens—some all reasoners and wiseacres, and the great lack of the nation was folly—some saw clearly at immense distances, and nothing under their noses—&c. &c.

Returning, and communicating the results of his survey, his merits are still overlooked; but, nothing daunted, and still sighing for distinction, he proposes to the nation some new law—which not being approved, by the custom of the country, on such occasions, he is ordered for execution; but the punishment is finally commuted for banishment by the post-birds. These are migratory birds, returning periodically from nobody knows where. To one of these, pursuant to sentence, he is attached, and borne along with perfect ease and safety to another planet, where new races are presented to his wondering eyes—chiefly quadrupeds and birds—and eventually he drops on a nation in a state of semi-barbarism, which, by his European superiorities, he drills into order, and, by the introduction of gunpowder, enables them to overcome their enemies—particularly a neighbouring people of tigers. Grateful for these benefits, they elect him king; but seared, according to the common course of things, with the common vice of grasping, he makes war on all sides, and adds kingdom to kingdom — elephants — monkeys—cats, &c.—thus founding the Fifth monarchy—till at last his cruelty and despotism, fostered as usual by success, rouses up numerous enemies; and, in a sudden explosion of the public feeling, he flies for his life, and taking shelter in a hole, and pursuing it to its exit, he unexpectedly discovers a passage to the upper world, where he arrives in safety, stript of his subterranean crown.

No mortal can read the book. The whole is a sheer piece of extravagance, where the object originally contemplated is fairly lost sight of in the extreme absurdity of the contrivance. The source of the failure lies in the want of the minutiæ. Every thing is too vague and general. The author has nothing approaching the wit or the particularity of Swift. Instead of aiming at endless variety, he should have confined himself, as Swift did, to developing two or three—and at least satirizing intelligibly.

The Dialect of Craven, by a Native. 2 *vols.*; 1828.—The deanery of Craven is a kind of insulated district in the rocky regions of the West Riding of Yorkshire, extending to the distance of thirty miles each way, and embracing twenty-five parishes, with about 60,000 inhabitants. The pronunciation of the natives is, in some respects, quite peculiar; and words and phrases abound which are thought to be used in no other spot on the globe. The marking peculiarity of the pronunciation is the *breadth* of it, making monosyllables dissyllables—*co-al*, *fo-al*, *no-a*, *so-a*, *bre-ad*, *le-ad*, &c.; but its native purity is, it seems, fast corrupting. The southern boundaries partake of the dialect of Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax; and to the eastward, house, and mouse, and cow, is *hoose*, and *moose*, and *coo*, exactly as in the North and East Ridings. Its vernacular beauty is to be found solely in the interior of the district—perhaps from Skipton to Strother; and even there it is evaporating. The author, from his own knowledge and experience, testifies that many words and expressions, which were in constant use thirty or forty years ago, are either lost or imperfectly understood by the rising generation.

The language of Craven, says he, with becoming pride, is not the contemptible slang and patois which the refined inhabitants of the southern parts of the kingdom are apt to account it, "but the language of crowned heads, of the court, and of the most eminent historians, divines, and poets of former ages." He has his own theory as to its genealogy, and, upon the whole, the soundest we have seen among philologers—corresponding best at least with admitted historical facts. The language of Craven is that of the Saxons—if not altogether in its original state, certainly in its highest existing purity. The Saxons drove the English to the frontiers—to Wales—to the lowlands of Scotland; the English, in like manner, drove the Scotch to the hills, and the Saxons pursued the English even there. The conquerors imposed their laws and language (the one is not, however, we dare say, so easily accomplished as the other), and the language of England and the lowlands of Scotland became thus essentially one—the effect was only not so complete in Scotland, as in the northern counties of England. The language of the hills continued distinct—call it Gaelic—Irish—British—it was the same, both there and in Wales, and in Cornwall, and in Ireland.

In spite of all Dr. Jamieson's learning and authority, the lowland Scotch and the English of our northern counties is, in the author's opinion, the same—Saxon. Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil establishes

the fact. The old English authors—Langland, Brunne, Chaucer, Gower, Spencer, Fairfax, Wiclif, Verstegan, Elyot, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, Hall, Bacon, Beaumont, Shakspeare, &c.—contain numerous words now unintelligible in the south, but well understood in the northern counties; and many expressions, now obsolete there, are still common in Scotland—the lowlands—but evidently imported from England. The language travelled *north*.

The lowland Scotch is nothing but a corruption of that which is now spoken in Craven and the northern counties of England. The author is doubtless a little too peremptory. If our old English writers be better understood by the Scotch lowlands than by our northern counties, then must the Scotch be the *less* corrupted. He is, however, imperative—he is fully convinced, if the Scottish dialect were accurately analyzed, and all the English words, now in use in the northern counties, extracted from it, the residuum would be a moderate portion of archaisms, and a large quantity of modern slang. But what would be those archaisms? Might not some of them be Saxon—the words now lost in Craven? No doubt the men of the Hills would leave some Gaelic behind them; but our historical conclusion —we have no knowledge of the facts—would be, there is more Saxon in Scotland than in Craven.

In the execution of his task, the author's principle has been to admit no word which he or his friends have not heard used in the deanery. With this we quarrel—the principle is evidently wrong—he should have confined himself strictly to *peculiarities*. As it is, his work is full of words and phrases that are met with in every corner of the kingdom—some the language of the unlearned, or even the learned—others the slang of the refined—many perfectly legitimate, and admitted as such in every circle—and others sheer modern introductions. Much of this must arise from misapprehension—from not knowing what is actually in colloquial use in other parts of the country. He is himself a Cravenite; and, learned as he undoubtedly is, his is the learning of books, and books only. We must make good our assertion in as few words as we can.

These are mere slips:—*autority* for authority—*bacco* for tobacco—*dacity* for audacity—*consate* and *dissait* for conceit and deceit—*bailey* for bailiff—*priminary* for præmunire—*souger* for soldier—*howsomdiver* for howsoever—*admirablest*—*argufy*—*hainous*—*mends* (for amends)—&c.

Others are universally received.—*Boot*, "something given to effect an exchange"—no, a sort of make-weight;—to *badger*, "to bait, to give trouble;" borrowed from the animal so frequently exposed to barbarous treatment"—no doubt about it at all—consult Lord Goderich; *back-stitch*, a needle-work phrase, understood and used by all who *use* a needle—*barring-out*, the school-boy's saturnalia—*castor*, a little box, pepper-box—*cheatry*, fraud—*churching*, thanksgiving after childbirth—*cockering*, indulging—*dog-ears*, the twisted or crumpled corners of leaves—rather dog's-ears—*dumpy*, short and fat—*dunderhead*, blockhead—*fidgit*, restless, impatient—*finnikin*, particular in dress, trifling—*footing*, money given by a person to his fellow-labourers, when he enters on a new office or employment—*fiddle-faddle*—*Scotch-fiddle*—*gauky*, "simpleton, staring vacantly; TEUT. *gauch*, stultus; SWE. *gack*," but obviously it seems to us from the French *gauche*, with an English or ignorant pronunciation—*goose*, a silly fellow—*greenhorn*, inexperienced youth—to *haggle*, to attempt to lower a bargain, to higgle—*handsel*, the first use of a thing—*harum-scarum*, *helter-skelter*—*jog-trot*, a gentle, equable pace—*lickspittle*, a toad-eater, a base parasite—*moonshine*, a mere pretence, illusive shadow —*chatterbox*—*ragamuffin*, covered or *muffled* in rags—*narrow-souled*, parsimonious, ungenerous—*nest-egg*, "a fund laid up against adversity;" rather the beginning of such a fund—to *pet*, to indulge—*prial*, three cards of a sort, a corruption of pair-royal—*smallish*, rather small—*sess-pool*, an excavation in the ground for receiving the deposition of streamlets—(could not the author have said simply, a reservoir for drains?) —and very many more.

Others are every where equally intelligible, though used colloquially only, from one end of the kingdom to the other. As—*It's all Dicky with him*—*he's dished*—*he's done up*—*balderdash*—*gab*—*Old Nick*—*granny*—*span-new* (i. e. new-spun)—*sly boots*—*side-wipe*, for indirect censure—*prim'd*, drunk, exhilirated with liquor—*Sawny*, for Scotchman—*quandary*, from French *quand-irai-je*, or *qu'en dirai-je*, or *qu'en dirai*—*fudge*, not, according to Mr. Todd (whose *dicta* are seldom worth a rush), introduced by Goldsmith, for the author finds *fage* used by John Lidgate, which, however may not be the source of *fudge*—*squad*, a party, or company—*banger*, large; she's a *banger*—*whap*, blow—*king's picture*, "money;" rather, formerly, a guinea —*Adam's ale*, for water—*butter-fingered*, "one not afraid of touching any heated vessel or instrument;" is it not one who cannot holdfast?—and, finally, AUMACKS, "all sorts," intelligible to us for the first time.

Others are merely coarse or vulgar.—*Flea-bite*, a matter of indifference—*greedy-guts*—*thorough-go-nimble*—*foddum-clean* (what implications!) *sir reverence*, i. e. according to Mr. Nares, *salvâ reverentiâ*, corrupted to *sa' reverence*, and thence *sir* or *sur reverence*—*game-leg*, from *cam*, crooked—*down i' th' mouth*—*word o' mouth*—*born-days*—*marrow*, for equal—*muzzy*, drunk—&c. &c.

Others, modern flippancies:—*Circumbendibus*—*uncomeatable*—*undercumstand*—*schism-shop*, a dissenting-chapel—*scandal-broth*, tea—&c.

Others, though provincial, are as well known in Leicestershire, for instance, as in Craven—as *jist*, cattle taken to graze—*clam*, to hunger, to starve.

The book, again, is stuffed with proverbial phrases, familiar to every body, high and low;—as, *to have other fish to fry—to make fish of one, and fowl of another—to burn one's fingers—to burn daylight—to make ducks and drakes of one's money—to make no bones of a thing—to stick in the gizzard—to grumble in his gizzard—in apple-pie order—in black and white—blind man's holiday—to kick the bucket* (an unfeeling phrase, adds the author, for to die)—*to give the go-by*;—and others too coarse at present for common usage; as, *to look as big as bull-beef—to make a bridge of one's nose*, which is used, he says, by a party of topers drinking out of a common vessel. Thus, if the first drink, and, by way of joke, offers to give the mug to the third, the second will exclaim, "Stop thear, thou sall'nt make a brig o' my noaz." We have heard it used, by good authority, in the provinces, for "thrusting your nose where you have no business." Of these phrases, generally, the *use*, not the origin, is explained.

Here and there quaint phrases, still not peculiar to Craven, are successfully illustrated. *Cater-cousins—quatre*-cousins, or intimate friends, or near relatives, being within the first four degrees of kinship, (Blount). *Jack Robinson*—What a strange perversion of words will time frequently occasion! (is the author's exclamation). "As soon as you can say Jack Robinson," is a phrase common in every part of the kingdom; but who would suppose that it is a corruption of the following quotation?—

> "A work it ys as easie to be doone
> As 'tys to saye, Jack! *robys on.*"
> *Old Play.*

Bishopp'd—the bishop has had his foot in it, &c. We were going to quote; but we perceive, by a second glance, the author has left the obscurity where he found it.

We may say the same of *bonfire*. He talks of the *Baal hills*, as hillocks on the moor, where fires have formerly been, which he refers to the ancient idolatry of Baal; and then asks, "Is not Baal-fire the true etymon of bonfire?" Mr. Todd (whose guesses are no worse than his *dicta*) supposes the primitive meaning to be a fire made of bones. This, notwithstanding his profound veneration for Mr. Todd, to whom he dedicates, does not satisfy the author. The Craven pronunciation *baan* for bone, changing the letter *n* for *l*, exactly corresponds with *Baal*. Here be proofs! Moreover, he doubts if a sufficient quantity of bones could be collected, on any public occasion, to make such a fire—but does *not* doubt whether bones, were they collected, would readily make a blaze.

On the word *fell*, a hill, he again questions his patron's correctness, though not without throwing a screen before him. Mr. Todd's authority was—

> "So shall the first of all our *fells* be thine;"

which, one Mr. Moor observed, was irrelevant. The *fell* here mentioned (in the verse) is synonymous with the Craven word *fall*, or a crop of lambs. The *following* line confirms the supposition, as it relates solely to cows and goats:—

> "And with the beestning of our goats and kine;"

which shews that, though Mr. Todd, with many another critic besides, can read one line, he cannot read two.

Under the rose—a derivation is suggested from the Persian *ander-raz*, in secrecy.

To *patter*, to speak hastily; "the people patter and praie" (Chaucer). Will not this come from repeating the *pater*-noster, in the way in which such repetitions were and are notoriously performed?—To *peg away*, "to move hastily." Has not this a reference to the game of cribbage?

We have no space to notice illustrations of sundry customs, particularly such as relate to courtship and marriage. The *pighul*, or farthing candle—the *pitchering*—throwing the stocking, virgin garlands, &c.; nor of the dialogues—in which the author professes to furnish specimens of the dialect in its most immaculate elegance.

Italy as it is, or Three Years in Italy; 1828.—This is another volume by the author of "Four Years in France." The writer is well known as Mr. Best, who some years ago became somewhat conspicuous for his apostacy—rather a harsh term, to be sure—from the church of England, of which he was a minister, to the idolatries of the church of Rome. This very decisive act—the result of the purest *conviction*, however absurd it may sound to Protestant ears—nobody can by possibility impute such an act by such a man, so circumstanced, to sinister motives—deprived him of certain civil rights—placed him, to a certain extent, in a state of degradation; and, by the generosity of the *world*—by which must always be understood the reigning party—he found himself comparatively cut—curtailed of his fair proportions—his former acquaintance shying him—and, in imagination still more than in reality, a sort of outcast—a proscribed offender. Luckily for him, he was independent in fortune, and could go where he liked; and, accordingly, he withdrew with his family to the Continent, at once to screen himself and his children from mortifications, and educate them in a Catholic country. After a seven years' residence in France and Italy, he returns to England, less sensitive perhaps than when he left it, and more capable, we trust, of sustaining, without wincing, the arrogance of his orthodox contemporaries.

The ostensible motive for publication is his conviction of peculiar advantages for describing Italy. His is not the narrative of a

tour, but of a residence—not of the residence of an individual, but of a family—the results of the varied and multiplied impressions of many individuals—not of one who "protests" against the religion of the country he visits, but of one who professes it, and well understands the religions of both;—not of one—we give nearly the author's own words—who, proud of his own rights and privileges, looks with contempt upon every country unblessed with English institutions, but of one who is relieved from all extravagant admiration of his own government, by being *refused* all share in it—placed, in short, *inter ærarios*—with no privilege, but that of paying taxes.

Mr. Best is plainly a reformer by circumstances—necessity forces him forward; not led by ratiocination, nor prompted by any generous desires to promote the common advantages of improved institutions, but driven by suffering. As a Fellow at Oxford, and reading for the Bampton lecture, he was, we scarcely doubt, a zealous champion for the powers that be—a railer, perhaps, at Catholics and dissenters—charging all opponents of the existing administration with a wilful design to pull down the church and the constitution, so long the admiration of the world—resolute to keep down all that were down—exclaiming against change as innovation, and treachery, and treason—imputing scandalous motives where it was safe, and damning with faint praise where it was not. Now he takes the tone of a man born in oppression—the iron has sunk into his soul—the sense of wrong is inveterate in him—he is alienated from his country—is blinded to her superiorities—sympathizes with his Catholic brethren of Ireland—vindicates their rights to freedom and independence—is spiteful towards King William, and rails at the Custom-house. "Is an ecclesiastic a fit person to be a temporal sovereign?" he asks, when discussing the Pope's sovereignty. "Why, as to the internal government of a state, if by this phrase is meant all the farrago of protecting, prohibiting, and countervailing duties, and interference in the affairs of commerce, down to the retail trade of the lowest shopkeeper—if it mean the balancing of party interests, and the work of determining how far the good of the whole should be sacrificed to the clamours of parties—if it mean the business of remedying the irremediable evil of poverty, an evil only aggravated by political regulation—if it mean the preservation of hares and partridges from the profane touch of those on whose land they are nourished—if such and such be the senses in which the words 'internal government of a state' are to be understood, an ecclesiastical person is an unfit head of the state," &c.

Nevertheless, the author's thorough good-nature occasionally overcomes his ill-humour, and his natural turn for the facetious throws a gleam of sunshine over the gloomy and querulous cast of his political sentiments. It is difficult—zealous Catholic as no doubt he is—to believe that he is not laughing in his sleeve, even when taking his sternest tone of defence. At Turin, he speaks of a chapel much frequented by Protestants for a sight of the holy napkin, exhibited to the faithless once a year, but to the faithful at any time on especial application, and "assisting" at mass. Protestants visit, it seems, for the sake of saying something in their "tour" about miracles—"as the colonel put sticking-plaister on his shoulder, that he might in his dispatches report himself wounded. Fortunately for the mockers," he continues, "there is somewhere in Flanders *another holy napkin*: it follows, therefore, that no veneration is to be paid to relics, and that popery is a cheat throughout, Q. E. D." What thinks the Protestant of this retort? Again: "at Florence is a picture of the blessed Virgin, said to be by St. Luke; it is a relic much venerated, and kept in a little chapel, which, being an inclosure of bars of brass, looks like an aviary or other large cage. It is enriched with all that looks glittering and precious; a golden lamp, the present of Charles IV., hangs from the ceiling. The picture was exposed twice during our stay: once on occasion of prayers for rain, and once during the lying-in of the archduchess—both times with good success; for the archduchess recovered, and the rain came *subito*, as a workman in the Palazzo Nicolini observed to me, immediately on the exposition of the picture. I know not if the conservators of this madonna had the prudence of the Bishop of Avignon. His clergy waited on him to propose that the image of St. Agricol should be carried through the streets in procession, with prayers for rain: the bishop went to look at his barometer, and seeing the top of the mercury to be quite spherical, said, 'Messieurs, ne compromettons pas le crédit du saint; attendons.'" After telling this story, the author adds, with all imaginable gravity, "This will be called trickery by those who blame the Catholic clergy for believing in modern miracles, and at the same time for not expecting them to be wrought whenever they ask for them. The church of England has in its prayer-book prayers for rain and fair weather, which are recited at times, I believe, in the country parishes during haymaking and harvest."

The church of St. Paul fuori delle Mura, in the Via Appia, by the carelessness of some workmen repairing the roof, took fire, and burnt furiously thirty-six hours, when the roof fell in, and the whole was a mass of ruins. The beautiful marble pillars were found calcined, or fallen, or cracked, or tottering. The shrine in which repose the relics of the apostle, though in the centre of the conflagration, was unhurt. "Yet so incredulous is the age," observes the author, "that no one cried out, 'A miracle! a miracle!' Does the miraculous nature of a fact depend on human belief? If so, 'tis

man, not God, that works the miracle."—*Anticyram ratio illi destinet omnem!* At Naples he describes the church, where—taking his own phrases—"the precious treasure, or precious trickery, as faith or incredulity may decide, of the blood of St. Januarius is seen. Kneeling at the rails of the altar, I touched with my lips, and, by consequence, had very near to my eyes a phial, in which was a liquid substance resembling blood. Persons of my family testify to having seen this substance in a solid state a few minutes before, when the phial was turned in every direction by the hands of the priest."

Speaking of the late Pope Pius VII., he observes he was a man of great mildness and urbanity, and of a tolerant spirit; of which an instance occurred a few years before his death. The Duchess of Devonshire, then at Rome, said to an Anglican clergyman, "It would be a great comfort, if, on a Sunday, you would read prayers to us;" meaning by *us* those English in Rome who might wish to attend. The clergyman assented, with some apprehension of giving offence to the papal government. The duchess undertook to speak to Cardinal Gonsalvi, and the cardinal communicated her wishes to his holiness. The pope quietly answered, "Meglio il parlo senza—Better, that is, *do it,* and *don't ask.*"

It is very much, he observes, in the style of Italian finesse to let a deceit work its own way. An English gentleman at Florence had a fall from his horse; besides some slight bruises, he felt great pain in one of his thumbs, which was soon attended with inflammation; and the surgeon continued to dress this thumb after the other hurts were cured. One day his son attended in his stead—"Have you visited the Signor Inglese?" said the father to the son in the evening. "Yes, I have drawn out the thorn, and——" "Pazzo che sei!" cried the father, "ecco finita la bottega—*Blockhead that thou art! then there is an end of the shop!*"

The volume is full of churches and pictures; but really, after all, we find nothing to distinguish it above the common run of tours, which he inclines so much to depreciate; nor any thing that shews very conspicuously the advantage of a residence over a tour.

The Cambrian Tourist; 1828.—For touring people, little compendiums of this kind, if not absolutely indispensable, are at least very useful reminders of local historical events; and of the existing state of things, if they do not always make the most accurate reports, they enable you, by suggesting on the spot the specific subjects of interest, to do more for yourself by personal inquiry than you would without them. Nor are they altogether useless to the *stay-at-home*—for our own parts, we, who must always be supposed to be spell-bound in the centre of the publishing circle, glanced over the pages of the Cambrian Tourist not without pleasure, from the reminiscences it suggested, and which without it might have been extinguished for ever.

The similarity of productions of this kind is worth remarking.—One might readily believe them all written by one person—they have all the same tone—see with the same eyes, and think (!) with the same soul: but as they cannot all be the products of the same pen, there must be some common cause, and that, we suppose, is to be sought for in the means which are universally had recourse to, to *make the book sell*—to please those, that is, who are likely to buy the book, or to recommend it. Accordingly, every where, especially at watering-places—all the establishments—libraries—rooms—hotels—baths, are of the most admirable kind—skilfully arranged, and capitally and courteously conducted. Then as to the magnificoes in a neighbourhood, their houses and grounds are all beautiful and in excellent order—their manners conciliatory and affable—their liberality unbounded, &c. Next, as the great are all tories, and those who cater for their accommodation, of course, tories also—there are no limits to the extollings of our excellent constitution—our laws—our liberties—and, above all, our unparalleled sovereign. All this is supposed to hit the taste of the wealthy—and who but the wealthy travel—and who but the traveller buys a Tourist?

But be the taste, or the sentiments, or the composition, what they will—books of this kind are next to indispensable, and this is as good as any of its class. It is strictly a tour—with a single exception, from Abergavenny to Caermarthen—coursing the boundaries only—from Chepstow to Chepstow again. There are maps of North and South Wales, and a view of the beauti- Menai bridge, to this sixth edition of the Cambrian Tourist, and rules for uttering unutterable Welch.

Illustrations of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century, by J. Nicholls. Vol. V.; 1828.—This is a posthumous volume of that incomparable scraper-together of odds and ends—good, bad, and indifferent—the veteran John Nicholls: two more are still to come. Nicholls was an excellent man of business, with a good deal of *bonhommie* and simplicity about him, curiously mixed up with conceit and coxcombry—a collector and compiler, equally indefatigable and indiscriminating—connected, beyond any man of his time, with the minor fry of authors—topographers, and antiquarians, and black-letter folks—the peddlers and pioneers of literature—critics, and editors, and publishers—himself the Cerberus of a bottomless pit, into which were thrown monthly the rags and fag-ends of the learned and unlearned—the very refuse of which grew into piles and pyramids, convertible all to publishing purposes.

From the masses of acquisition, thus gathered in the course of a long life, the good man published first—we know not how many volumes of what he called Literary Anecdotes; and then the immediate precursors of the present, which, with his usual felicity, he termed "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," intended to be in character, as well as in order, the "sequel" of the Anecdotes—bushels of chaff, with but here and there a grain of corn. The particular volume before us contains, if possible, still fewer "grains" of a marketable quality—scarcely, indeed, any thing of general or permanent interest; and yet an idle hour may not unagreeably be spent in turning over the pages even by those who never heard of the numerous persons here celebrated for every virtue under heaven; and no doubt with deep interest by their surviving friends. Most people like to see their *dead* acquaintance brought into notice; it gives distinction to themselves.—"I knew him."

The more remarkable part of the original materials are some letters of Dean Swift's—not the Dean's, but a relative of his—to Nicholls, when Nicholls was projecting an edition of the Dean's works, containing—the Letters we mean—particulars, especially of his birth—invaluable to his biographers, and we cannot imagine why they were not communicated to Sir Walter Scott, who certainly fished in Mr. Theophilus Swift's reservoir. There are half-a-dozen letters also of Priestley's, chiefly concerning his "Theological Repository," of no intrinsic value; some of George Steevens, Sir Henry Croft, Daines Barrington; and others from persons who were never, we imagine, heard of in their own days, and it would puzzle any body to find out why they should be in ours.

Of the biographical parts, there are lives of Malone, by a son of Jemmy Boswell's—of Windham, by Malone—the sum and substance of which have already figured in the Gentleman's Magazine—of Parsons, Bishop of Peterborough—of Pearson, master of Sidney—of Barrington, Bishop of Durham—and Milner, the Catholic bishop—the latter, by-the-way, much the most attractive of the volume. Among others of still less significance are those of Jefferson, Archdeacon of Colchester—Christopher Hunter, tutor of Sidney—Dr. Ford, of Melton—Hugh Moises, of Newcastle, Lord Eldon's tutor—&c.; the whole exhibited in a laudatory strain—written, indeed, by the friends of the parties—where all is told *en beau*, and whatever does not tell well is suppressed. Archdeacon Jefferson's preferment was all conferred *unsolicited*—to enhance his merits—which may, for any thing we know, have been very considerable; but then we do know that he was tutor to some of the Duke of Beaufort's children, and got what he did get, mainly or wholly, through the interest of the family.

A long story is told of one Mr. Gulstone, a gentleman of somewhat eccentric habits, who contrived to get through a magnificent property without himself knowing how, and who died a ruined man at forty-one—*nobody's enemy but his own*. Nevertheless, it seems, he brought legitimate and illegitimate children into the world—neglected the education of some, and left all without a provision. He was, however, a collector of old books and papers, and had "completed a biographical dictionary of all the foreigners who had ever been in England, forming a supplement to Granger." At his death, the voluminous MS. sold for little; and, it is believed, bought by Mr. Jeffery, the bookseller, of Pall Mall.

We distinguished Swift's Letters, and will give an extract:—

It is true that a negative upon all occasions is hard to be proved, and sometimes almost beyond the power of reason to prove, so far as to convince gainsayers, if an alibi do not intervene. But happily for the reputation of Swift's mother, it was quite, nay absolutely impossible, she could have had any connexion or intrigue with Sir William Temple; for Sir William was constantly resident at Brussels, as appears from his correspondence with the ministers of state in England, from September 1665, until the January after Dr. Swift was born. And Swift's mother immediately after her marriage went over to Ireland, where his sister was born about a year, I suppose, or thereabouts, before her brother; and her husband having died a very young man, about the time of the spring assizes, in the year 1667, she was invited to my grandfather, Counsellor Swift's house, in Dublin. And, as I have been told, and believe it to be true, she was then so young with child, that properly speaking, she was not aware of it, and the Doctor was born at my grandfather's house, the 30th of November following. How soon after the doctor's birth his mother returned to Leicester, where I think she was born, I cannot exactly say, but at Leicester she spent the remainder of her days, and lived to be an old woman. Neither was Swift's mother ever out of the English dominions, *excepting* in *Ireland*, during her whole life. What I have said to you respecting the doctor's mother, I declare to you upon my honour, or *what is infinitely more sacred*, I will declare to you upon my oath, if you please, that I believe it to be true. And if true, is not that negative proved by an alibi to a demonstration? Or, is it possible to resist the force of it? All I shall further say is, that, if you were acquainted with the name and spirit of the Swifts, you would soon acknowledge, that if a woman of infamous conduct, after marriage with any of the family, should have the impudence to attempt a visit to one of her husband's relations, instead of meeting with favour or pity, she would have had the door shut in her face; or, if she happened first to get into the hall, she would as suddenly be turned out of the house with reproach and contempt. And give me leave to assure you, that it is a remark in the Swift family, and so delivered down by tradition, that no woman of the name was ever known to be guilty of misconduct; nor, what is more extraordinary, was any woman that ever married into the family guilty of the like.

The same Swift, speaking of the Dean's works, says—

> As for the Journal to Stella, not one line of it would ever have been printed, if it had not been for me.—In short, I was the person who about the year 1740 saved all that part of the journal from the flames, which was published by Hawkesworth. In the next place, the first paragraph in Hawkesworth's preface is really and truly a confounded lie, for Swift never in his days gave one line of his writings to that Dr. Lyon, who had no more capacity to judge of Swift's productions, either in prose or verse, than he had to write an Iliad. Neither had Swift any the least intention that his letters to Stella, which now go by the title of his journal, or perhaps any other letters in that collection, should ever be published. And now I must tell you, that if Hawkesworth had not published that part of the journal, I never should have published the rest of it, &c.

But he was plainly a hot-headed person; and little is the reliance to be placed on a memory, or a judgment, which passion is so likely to over-rule.

Specimens of the Lyrical, Descriptive, and Narrative Poets of Great Britain, from Chaucer to the present Day, by John Johnstone. One small volume; 1828.—This is a companion to the Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry published a short time since by the same editor. To the selections are added an animated sketch of the history of early English poetry, and short biographical accounts of the more distinguished poets. Remarkable for neatness of construction, the absence of prejudice, and independence of tone, the selections themselves give evidence of the editor's sound judgment.

His object is to put into the hands of young people, with whom poetry is a passion, but whose tastes are necessarily false or unripe, a volume of specimens calculated to raise their poetical feelings to a higher standard — even to the highest of all — that formed by the fathers of English poetry. No specimen is introduced which has not stood the test of time, or been allowed to possess enduring qualities. The volume contains, in the editor's judgment, more beautiful verse—far more of the very highest order —than is likely to appear in all the periodical volumes that shall be published for the next hundred years—glancing, we suppose, at the *annuals.* The larger extracts are taken from the early poets, for the purpose of diffusing a more intimate knowledge of them—such as Herrick, Caren, Lovelace, and the Nut-brown Maid. The specimens from living poets are very defective. We were struck by some omissions. Among the ladies, we do not find Miss Mitford; and, by the way, we are not sure Mr. Dyer, in his collections of poets, has noticed her; and certainly his reviewer, Leigh Hunt, has not.

In his preface, Mr. Johnstone expresses a wish it were possible, by some *short-hand* process of printing yet undiscovered, to compress half the pages of Wordsworth into a cheap work, adapted to the daily household use of the people of England—it would gladly have been done in the warm and sincere conviction, that no poems of nearly equal merit now remain to be freely diffused among them; and among the specimens so fitted for popular use, is *Ruth*—which ends, the reader may remember, with the following doggerel:—

> Farewell! and when thy days are told,
> Ill-fated Ruth! in hallow'd mould
> Thy corpse shall buried be;
> For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
> And all the congregation sing
> A Christian psalm for thee.

On Indigestion, by David Uwins, M.D.; 1828.—Some men indulge their vanity by professing to know more than others—Dr Uwins gratifies his by professing to know less, and the gratification, we venture to say, is at least equally exquisite. The book before us is as full of conceit, to use a vulgar but expressive illustration, 'as an egg's full of meat.' His very abnegations become as pretty affirmances as even he, in the fullness of pride, could desire. Ingeniously and delightfully this contempt for cotemporaries involves a self-superiority, which shines through the liquid veil of his humility with a brilliancy perfectly unclouded. Refusing, as this important person does, to affirm one thing to be fact, or to adopt another, or admit a third, or indeed any thing at all, Truth herself, delighted with his fastidiousness, in her own naked charms, rushes to the Doctor's exclusive embrace. To reject is all the art he knows to make men wise and keep them so—what is left, at the bottom of the crucible, is the ευρηκα—though it be often nothing but a *caput mortuum.* Others, at a pinch, take the reverse of wrong for right; but Dr. Uwins will neither accede to the one, nor take to the opposite; no, nor turn in a middle path, if that should be one which another could trace; he will have nothing to do with what is common, nor scarcely with what is uncommon—he will take no precedent, nor is he inclined to make one.

This is the general complexion of the book. Now and then the author starts a paradox—rather of the oldest too: for instance—seeing is not always believing, even in medicine; for disorders of the skin, which are most obvious to sight, are the least understood; or a truism, as—disorder is not the same thing in every body—the idiosyncrasy of the individual makes a new disease. What then? Why, then, Dr. Uwins will have no classing for it—no naming it—no vulgar treatment of it. Every case becomes thus a new case—one *sui generis*—not to be judged of by others, but exclusively on its own merits, and all experience must go for nothing, for you never meet with a case a second time. For our own parts, ignorant as we confessedly are of

these matters—(but then the book was written expressly to illuminate persons in our unenlightened state)—we see not how Dr. Uwins can himself, with any consistency, venture upon prescribing at all—not even a grain of his favourite fox-glove—and yet we ourselves saw a prescription of his the other day lying on the counter of a druggist's shop. With his convictions, prescribing must be altogether, and at all times, *tentative*—a matter of chance and guess-work. To prove the soundness of his conclusions, he produces cases, where the disease has, with the profession, taken a name—been attended with common symptoms, and treated for a time in the usual manner—and where, by some chance or other, a different course being adopted, a patient, before despaired of, recovers—"all which," he says, with the utmost gravity, and as becomes the latent oracle—"proves that there is something more in the workings of the morbid state than the philosophy of morbid anatomy dreams of."

If this course be not enough to establish covertly the loftiest pretensions, the Doctor takes another tack—he raises the more alarming and terrible shadows, and then by a wave of his magic wand disperses them into invisible air. "There is no such thing," says he, "as an abstract disease." No body says there is; but, then, to destroy an assumption is something, though it be your own. "If I am asked"—this is Dr. Uwins himself—"whether I subscribe to the doctrine of Clutterbuck or Broussais? I reply to both and to neither. Does any one appeal to me on a disputed point (no matter what) whether asthma and hooping-cough are affections of the stomach or the lungs? I say, they are both and neither. Is fever contagious? I say it is, and it is not." Could the inquirer do any thing but laugh in the Doctor's face? If there was any definite sense in these dicta, we should have supposed he might, by possibility, mean that the seat of disease was sometimes one place, and sometimes another, the source of it sometimes one thing, and sometimes another—but, in his own language, which he considers to be popular, these discrepancies are referrable to the "constituent and circumstantial variety of condition with which the excitant is engaged." We assure Dr. U. he is not yet entitled to take the high tone of authority he does—notwithstanding he contributes, as he informs us he does, to the Quarterly. While affecting to ridicule practitioners, who assign the stomach, or the brain, or the lining of internal surfaces, as the primary seat of all disease, he exposes himself to a similar charge of quackery—for with him even all is referrable to indigestion. Abstracting, however, all the affectation, verbiage, and pretension, the common sense of the book, and there is some of that valuable quality in it, amounts to this, that every man, in the matter of indigestion, may be his own best doctor. Every man must know *what* sits uneasily on his stomach—and that it is for him to avoid, and thus avoid also two other disagreeable things—swallowing drugs, and paying fees.

The Beauties of Don Juan, including those Passages only which are calculated to extend the real Fame of Lord Byron; 1828.—This is well meant, but ill planned. The object may be good, but it is impracticable. There is no handling pitch without soiling the fingers. Obvious gaps—broken stanzas—interrupted narrative—what are they but exciters to curiosity—setting the imagination a working, and suggesting probably worse than what is suppressed—they are signals for the entrance of forbidden topics.

And, to mend the matter, the expurgator tells us in the preface what has been omitted, with respect to which, also—lest, perhaps, he or *she* should be thought not to appreciate the passages thoroughly—the most superlative terms of eulogy are employed. "Innumerable passages of the most brilliant wit and caustic satire have been omitted, but a fearless sacrifice has been hereby made to Lord Byron's *real* fame, &c."—Pray, who that reads for the first time—and the book is expressly meant for such—will not choose to see this brilliant wit, &c.? Again, "if much of the wit and humour of Lord Byron's powers, and of the astonishing insight he possessed into the deepest and most dangerous recesses of the human heart, *have been sacrificed,* all the serious and contemplative parts of his poem have been retained, together with a considerable portion of its playfulness and variety." Really the good lady had better have said nothing about the matter—does she suppose *nobody* will see the preface? Or is the preface meant for one class of readers, and the book for another?

> The great difficulty in the general selection has arisen out of that extravagant admixture of the burlesque with the pathetic, in which the original abounds. In many instances the burlesque has been carried to such excess as to neutralise the pathetic entirely; and there is something almost withering in the scorn, with which the noble author, after having awakened the best and most elevated feelings of the human heart, dashes the cup of promise from our lips, and with a sudden and a stern misanthropy, surrenders to ridicule and contempt the very emotions his genius had inspired. It has been the object of the present volume to defend the reader, as far as possible, against the pain of this cruel and unjust reaction, &c.

This is well said; but the very persons for whom the writer cuts and carves will defeat the project. The bad must go with the good—there is no clapping an extinguisher upon it—they must go together—and make their own impression. The good may correct the bad, as well as the bad cor-

rupt the good. Why should the writer suppose none will feel the incongruity but herself?

"A lady of my acquaintance," says Mr. Best, in his Three Years in Italy, "was standing, with her little boy, before a naked bronze Cupid, that supported the wax lights on the sideboard. The figure was regarded by the child with peculiar complacency; and the lady, for the purpose of correcting the expression of fun that appeared in the eyes of her little one, said, as if addressing the cupid—'Naughty little boy.'—'No,' said the child, 'not naughty, mamma, only no clothes on.'"

An Account of the Public Charities of the Town of Bedford, by R. B. Hankin, Solicitor, Bedford. 1828.—Our readers may think "An Account of the Public Charities of the Town of Bedford," perhaps, hardly deserving a place in a review of literary productions. The utility of such works, however, may plead an excuse for the indulgence. The *idea*, at least, is a new one; and if it had been acted upon some years ago, through the different towns in the kingdom, there would, probably, have been less occasion for the labours of Mr. Brougham on the subject of public charities. The present book is dedicated to the Duke of Bedford; and the editor begins with an analysis of a very recent act of parliament, for the better management of what is called, commonly, "The Harpur Charity." He afterwards gives an account of a great many minor bequests and donations, at different periods, for the benefit of the town of Bedford; and concludes with a topographical description of the place. The notice of the town will not be uninteresting, even to a stranger—and it seems that Mr. Hankin has not been contented with availing himself of the researches of others, but has frequently gone in quest of antiquarian novelties himself. We hope his example may be generally followed; and that the inhabitants of other places may, by similar publications, be made acquainted with the nature and extent of their advantages, and be able to obviate or correct the abuses which are the inevitable consequence of their being unknown or disregarded.

A Compendium of Modern Geography, for Schools, by the Rev. Alex. Stewart; 1828.—Mr. Stewart is favourably known by some judicious school abridgments of histories. The advantages offered in this compendium—similar compendiums abounding—is first, "by a judicious typography," more information in the same compass. It contains all the usual materials of what is now-a-days called a geographical grammar, with exercises, questions, &c.; but what the compiler avowedly wishes to be regarded as the characteristic superiority is the tabular list of the more remarkable places annexed to the description of each country, with vernacular pronunciation of each word critically marked. This, correctly performed, must prove unquestionably a great accommodation to untravelled Englishmen—tutors and governesses; but correctness in this matter, not only for Europe, but the world, is not easy of accomplishment, and even if the difficulty of acquisition be overcome, the author may not succeed in conveying his knowledge correctly to the reader. Mr. Stewart has, probably, upon the whole, done as well as any one individual can be expected to do; but looking to his English list, he has plainly given us some of his own *Scotch*. Leicester is directed to be pronounced Leester—Reading, Reed'ing—Chichester, Chec'chester—Lincoln, Ling'-con, when Lin'cun would have been nearer the mark—Doncaster, Dong'-caster. Is Chee'vot for Cheviot right? Evesham is accented Ev'esham, though it should be Ee'sham—Kes'sick, but Kess'ick would be nearer the sound.

The Scotch, we have no doubt, are all correct enough, and we shall, for our own parts, confide in them. The Irish are generally, we believe, right, though Monaghan is not—Mr. S. directs Mona'gan, but it should be Mona'an, or perhaps Monawn. But when right himself, he may mislead by placing the accent, when it is used with the last syllable, on the last letter—that is where that last letter is what grammarians call a silent e—for instance, he marks Ballinrobé, Athloné, Kildaré. To be sure, this will mislead no Englishman who ever heard of these places; but the same system will inevitably mislead pursued with the French names. Alsace is marked and spelt Alsancé—Angouleme, Angoolamé—Puy de Dome, Pwee de Domé—The Spanish Badajoz is directed to be uttered Vad'ahos—Barcelona, Var-the-lóna, which is a useless nicety. Granada is not accented at all. The Portuguese Braganza is Vagran'ha—Coimbra, Coimvra—all which, though correct enough, will be adopted by nobody. In Greece, Scio is described Skéo, which, we believe, should be Shéo. The penult of Egina is accented according to the quantity, we suppose, in ancient days; but the modern Greeks undoubtedly make it short.

The Compendium is the best and fullest we have seen.

An Etymological Dictionary of the Latin Language, by the Rev. F. E. I. Valpy, A.M.; 1828.—To discover what a writer is driving at, is of course the prime object with every reasonable person, when reading the language of his own country, or any modern language with the idiom of which he is familiar, without troubling himself much with the involutions of phrases, or their general or specific senses—much less with the niceties of particular terms—an obscure conception of a few words obscures but little the ultimate glance—his habitual acquaintance with customary combinations

carries him lightly, but safely, over passages, with the minutiæ of which, if he dwelt upon them, he would soon be perplexed. But with languages which exist *only* in books, which are only to be understood by dint of great labour—by searching and sifting—single phrases, and even single words become of prior, if not of mightier importance—for before you can get at the sense of the whole, you must detect, and, to a certain degree, define that of the parts. For the accomplishment of this purpose, etymological learning comes usefully in—not that the bare knowledge of immediate derivations will carry you safely through writers of every kind and every age, who use the language. Amidst an abiding analogy, and a general steadiness, there are great and progressive changes, which have arisen not only from changes as to the knowledge of the thing the word indicates, but from the introduction of new phrases by successive writers, and the consequent application of the old to new purposes, or at least a modification of the old usage, for they were seldom utterly abandoned—and these from a variety of causes—fashion—whim—intercourse with foreigners—pedantry—power. But still the tracing back to their sources tends to specificate the sense, and frequently suggests to the inquirer the causes that led to new or unusual applications. It is a sort of general index—or, still better, it is the polarity of the language. Every body feels that he has a firmer hold of his native tongue, the more he knows of the sources, whether Greek, Latin, or Saxon, from which it flows; and the same satisfaction, in degree, is derivable from the same sort of knowledge in every other language, though it be true that he cannot get thoroughly to the root of them.

The author of the volume before us, one of the numerous, industrious, and learned family of the Valpys, who come into the world with Latin at their tongue's end, as some do with their teeth ready cut, has made a very useful book—nothing of the kind has hitherto been introduced to schools—compiled from a variety of books, most of which are beyond the reach of numbers, and quite useless to learners—not that we mean to insinuate the volume is wholly borrowed, for the author has shewn considerable sagacity, and, occasionally, no little dexterity. In the preface, he proves that the Latin and Greek are relative languages—mother and daughter—not sisters or cousins—by a very obvious and satisfactory process; for instance, Domus and Δομος—plainly the some words—which is the progenitor? What can we make of Domus in Latin? Nothing. What of Δομος in Greek? Refer it to Δεμω, to build, and that to Δεω, to bind, or bind together. Therefore, Domus comes from Δομος, and not Δομος from Domus. To be sure both, by possibility, may be traceable farther back, and to a common source, and thus be proved to be sisters—though we have no great expectation from oriental sources, not even from the Sanskrit, to which certain scholars seem disposed to point; and none at all from the north—though Egypt we think not utterly unlikely, should the present researches of Champollion, Young, &c. make any progress. The very history of Greece and Rome, however, leads to a confirmation of the author's hypothesis; and the dates are precisely marked of numerous words, when they passed from Greece to Rome. At all events, the more the Latin language is looked into, the more are words traceable to significance. Vossius, as Mr. Valpy remarks, did not know that πρωινα was the source of pruina—ss a thing of the morning—hoar frost.

The great fault of the book is too fixed a determination to find a Greek origin for every thing, and the consequent admittance of wild and random guesses. Too much reliance, again, is placed upon analogous substitutions of letters—e. g. "Dirus for dinus," says Mr. Valpy, "from δεινος;" and by way of proof, or, at least. of illustration and confirmation, he adds, "mora from μονη." Refer to μονη, and you find it supported in like manner, by dirus from δεινος; and so they prop one another. But farther, to shew that dirus may very well come from δεινος, that is, that in this case *n* may be changed into *r*, an instance is produced where *r* is changed into *n*, as donum from δωρον, which itself, if it really have any thing to do with the matter in hand, wants authority. But other sources are, it seems, thought worthy of being quoted. It may come from δεος, δειος, fear; for νυος makes nurus, which latter, though it be true enough, will go a very little way in establishing the other. Or again—this is still Mr. Valpy—if the Greek utterly fail, the Anglo-Saxon may be called into requisition—*dere*, hurtful, mischievous—Shakspeare has, "would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,"—which itself had surely better be read direst—but who, except an etymologist by profession, would have gone to Anglo-Saxons for a word in use with the Romans long before the Romans came in contact with them. Surely the wiser and more manly way would be to avow ignorance; the tendency of the present course is to confirm errors, or to check inquiries, or to excite ridicule.

Take another instance—Cōmis—courteous, mild, affable; from cōmo, I trim, polish, as Quintilian has *comere et expolire orationem*. Hence cōmis is much the same as our word polite, from polio—all which may do. But not content with this, we have al. from καμμω, I adorn with care; al. from cosmis, from κοσμω, I adorn; al. from κωμος, festivity, hilarity. Once more, al. from com, *i.e.* cum and co—somewhat as the Greeks use συμπεριφερομαι for I am obsequious, or complaisant. But o would be

short as in comes. All which is surely miserable trifling.

"*Facetus*—witty, facetious, from φαω, to speak, as dicax from dico. Cetus seems to be a termination—somewhat as cundus in facundus." Very like a whale, my Lord! *Manifestus* seems to have been found a tough morsel. "Held so, as it were (manu), by the hand, that it cannot be denied or dissembled." But what is festus? asks Mr. V. It can scarcely be a termination. Why not, say we, as well as cetus and cundus? Some refer it, continues Mr. V., to *fendo*, to find, discover; whence *fensi* and *fenstum* (as hausi, haustum), then for softness, *festum*. Others refer it to *festim*, i.e. *confestim*, immediately. In *manibus* positus et *confestim* cognitus. Or, as from ειλυω, was formed ειλυφαω (through a word ειλυπτω *pf.* ειλιφα); shall we say that from μηνιω, to disclose, make known, was a word μηνυφαω, whence μηνυφαιω, and (through the *pf.* pass.) μενυφαιςος, Dor. μανυφαιςος? Like Ηφαιςος. To all this rig-ma-rol is added, by way of confirmation, a note—φαιςος, clear, is a word which Schneider admits, though with doubt; and μανος was rare, fine, clear.

Less learning—less display of it of course we mean—would have pleased us better; and we cannot think that Mr. Valpy would have done any discredit to his judgment, his candour, or his courage, by frankly confessing ignorance upon pressing occasions, and fearlessly rejecting the worthless guesses he has sometimes so wantonly accumulated. The great merit of the book—and it is a very great merit—is the English explanations, free and full, of the sense of the words, according to their origin and composition, where that origin and composition is distinctly traceable.

Farewell to Time, &c., by the Author of the Morning and Evening Sacrifice; 1828.—As a book of devotion, it is long since we have seen any thing so free from objection both in matter and phrase—so full of sound and practical good sense—with so many marks of reflected thought—and so much infusion of a philosophical spirit.

Among the offices of religion, that of ministering to the instruction and consolation of the afflicted and dying, is surely one which demands the most careful preparation—none can be more important—none more imperative. But it is not the clergy only on whom the task of consoling the dying devolves. Their visits can be but occasional. The office of comforting the sick chamber falls infinitely more on those who take a deep and family interest in the welfare of the sufferer—who should, therefore, be qualified to discharge it. The author found reason to regret the want of "good helps" for the performance of this duty, among the multitude of treatises, in other respects of great value, which profess to have this object in view. His purpose, therefore, has been to supply what appears to him a deficiency—to make his book *directly* useful to the afflicted—to assist the younger members of his profession—and to enable Christians of all ranks, in their visits to the death-beds of the sick, or in the hours of patient watching, to soothe and instruct.

For the successful prosecution of his purpose, four things appeared to him pre-eminently proper to be attended to, and his book is constructed according to that arrangement. To *enlighten their understandings* on the subject of religion—to give them, that is, such views of the character of God—of his providential dispensations—of his future plans—as may enable them to repose, with some measure of confidence, in the loving kindness of Him, who, during all the past portions of their existence, has never failed to watch over them "for good;"—to assist them in the performance of their *devotional duties*—to give those duties such a direction and tone as are suited to the condition of those who are labouring under mortal disease—who require consolation and strength in the trials they are undergoing;—to *enforce certain actions*—such as setting their affairs in order—being reconciled to those with whom they are at variance—giving a beginning to useful plans—offering good advice to those whom they are about to leave, and for whom they are naturally interested;—and finally, to suggest and impress *prospective views*—respecting that future life on which they are about to enter; and which may render it an object of desire, which, as the greatest of all the articles of revelation, it was undoubtedly intended to awaken.—"These views differ in some respects," says the author, "from such as are commonly given." He is, however, satisfied it is important to render the great doctrine of everlasting life as interesting to the affections of the human heart as possible;—and that though the subject is confessedly above the complete investigation of any mortal mind, yet views better founded on nature—more conformable to the plans of divine wisdom as we now observe them—and more consolatory to the sick, as well as engaging to the healthy and active, than those commonly presented on these topics—may be gained by those who apply themselves to the interpretation of the "visible things of God," with all the helps which improved knowledge, and a judicious use of revealed truth, are fitted to afford.

Of the devotional services, some are adapted to the funeral forms observed by the Scotch. The constitution of the Scottish church, and the habits and views of the people of Scotland, do not admit of any formal service—such as is used in most Christian countries. "But, perhaps," observes the author, "lest this should look like a reproach—the want of it has been less felt in Scotland, than it would have been among a people of different habits;—

and, indeed, there is something about all the forms which are observed in Scotland on this occasion, that not only accords most strikingly with the unostentatious character of all our religious services—but that has been felt by all observers of our ceremonies to be in affecting unison with the severe but simple and serious piety by which our people are distinguished."

The reader may, perchance, like to know how this ceremony is conducted—

The relations and friends of the deceased are invited to assemble, commonly, an hour before the time when the funeral procession is to take place. A simple repast is prepared, suited to the circumstances and means of the family; a short prayer is said, craving a blessing, before the refreshment is handed round; sometimes a short thanksgiving is pronounced after this ceremony; the procession then moves slowly to the place of interment;—the whole ceremony of interring the corpse is performed amidst the reverential silence of the attendants, the chief mourners commonly standing uncovered at the head of the grave; a silent sign of acknowledgment is made by the principal mourner to the company, when the last turf has been laid, and the attendants then disperse to their several homes, commemorating, by their conversation, the virtues of the deceased, or with other reflections suited to the interesting character of the ceremony they have witnessed.

If we objected to any thing in this devotional volume, it would be to a section, entitled "Short Ejaculations in the Language of Scripture to be used by the Sick."—This is a direct initiation into cant—that is the adoption of customary phrases, without specific application—unprompted by the natural course of the feelings. Some of them are very strange—and some only not ridiculous. "Why hast thou set a mark against me, so that I am weary of my life?" Surely there is too much of the querulous here?—"I have fought a good fight—I have finished my course—I have kept the faith—henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life"—and here too much confidence. "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest"—which under the circumstances we will not designate.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE summer theatres are now making their harvest, not indeed according to the maxim, while the sun shines, but in spite of as inveterate a monsoon as ever washed the black visages of Hindostan. Our rivers overflow, and so do those little theatres, and we can only hope that the sympathy will not go further, and that they will not run dry together.

The Haymarket has been, since the commencement of the season, exerting itself with great activity in the performance of new farces, and those other brief displays of plot and pleasantry which have been so long appropriated to this very pleasant stage. The latest and the most amusing that has appeared late enough for our notice at present, is the "Green-Eyed Monster," a two act farce, from the French of course, but extremely well adapted by Mr. Planché, who is becoming one of the most dexterous and successful contrivers of those very amusing little productions.

The reigning idea of this farce is jealousy. The old *Baron Speyenhausen* is jealous of his showy wife; the eccentric gardener, an humble copy of the Baron, is jealous of his intended bride, and the Baron's ward is jealous of the Baroness. So far goes the real passion. But, for the purpose of repelling the difficulties to which the passion subjects the more rational personages, the Baroness and the ward's lover assume its appearance, and become furiously jealous, the one of her husband, the other of his mistress. The plot proceeds, thickening and entwining to the last; when the Baron is forced to confess his absurdity, acknowledge the claims of the lover, and promise eternal confidence in the wife.

Farren is *Speyenhausen*, and his acting is excellent. The affectation of a superiority to all suspicion, with the eager readiness to turn every shadow into reality; the nervous struggle to appear calm, with the miserable agitation of fear, shame, and doubt, growing into conviction, are pourtrayed with as much nature as perhaps the modern stage has exhibited. But the part is closely and studiously adapted to his style. Miss F. Kelly, as the *Ward*, is clever, as she is in every thing; yet, before she can rise to the height to which her talents would naturally lead her, she must be more mistress of her physical means. She always gives proof of a striking and peculiar conception of character. Some of her "effects" are finely true to nature, and the general description of her style is power. But she still wants the facility of voice and figure, that ought to second her ingenious mind. Her tone is often harsh, and apparently beyond her guidance. Her voice breaks, and runs alternately into high and low key, each the reverse of harmony. This is a formidable defect in female performance, which must be so frequently conversant with sentiments of the tender, the delicate, and the touching. One of Miss F. Kelly's efforts on those occasions is enough to put the whole covey of Cupids to flight. She must study the management of her rebellious throat, with unwearied perseverance, and she will succeed in the conquest; its gutturals will no more startle the stage hero and the audience together, and this very intelligent and promising performer will realise the promise that she has made.

Cooper should be an example and an encouragement to her and to all like her. No actor of the metropolis startled the echoes with a

more turbulent voice during his first three or four years. It has at length begun to be modulated into an excellent and articulate tone. His acting was harsh and inanimate. He has learned better things, and is now among the liveliest players of the liveliest dramas. His performance of the lover in this farce is as spirited a compound of soldierlike sincerity, gentlemanly feeling, and gay burlesque as we have lately seen.

One subject more of our not unwilling panegyric remains, the peasant-love of the old gardener, Louise. Mrs. Humby is a favourite with the audience from her singular neatness of dialogue, pleasant archness of expression, and prettiness of face and figure. We have no actress who makes more of the insignificant supernumerary characters of those little dramas. She has the talent of saying the most piquant things with the dryest simplicity, and is always accurate, lively, and amusing. We can scarcely understand why both she and Vining, who is a good deal in her style, and an excellent and bustling stage intriguant valet, and coxcomb, should not be transferred to either of the winter theatres. They would undoubtedly be popular.

Miss Bartolozzi has gone through several of the principal operas of this house with considerable effect. She is young, well-looking, and evidently a carefully-taught singer. But she has some obvious deficiencies which will require both study and time to overcome. Her embarrassment on the stage may wear off by the habit of looking an audience in the face; but her stage action will require additional variety, expressiveness and ease. Her voice is naturally powerful, and may yet be of the very first order, for its tone is fine and Italian. But it must cultivate flexibility, finish, and accuracy, peculiarly in the higher parts of the scale. However, a few months may make a prodigious improvement. The *debutante* and the popular performer live in different elements, and when this showy, and certainly clever girl, shall have acquired the self-dependence of practice and popularity, she may be a highly-important acquisition to opera.

This theatre has lost some of the principal public favourites since last season. In this we admit and allow for the difficulties of the management. The proprietor may be indefatigable, as we entirely believe he is, in providing the best possible company for his stage; while the actors are equally indefatigable in struggling for the largest possible emoluments that they can contrive to extract from the manager; or, if he grow wisely reluctant, from the curiosity, taste, or profusion of the Squiredom.

Thus the bidding is raised on the theatre which has brought those performers into the public view, and the manager of a single establishment, with but a quarter of a year to reimburse him for the necessary expenditures of a year, has to contend with the whole pocket money of the provinces. Every play-going shilling in the range of the empire is in open conflict with his single purse, and the victory is, of course, soon decided by the weight of numbers. Thus, we have lost the poignant and lively performance of Vestris; Miss Tree has taken to flight with her beauty and her grace; and Liston has, either in fastidiousness of the Summer Treasury, or in some other odd impulse of the most eccentric and amusing humourist of the stage, hid his pleasantry from us for the season.

The "Friends," a little drama from the French, and well adapted by Mr. Lacy the violinist, has been popular for some time. The plot turns upon the rather repulsive conception of a love between a supposed brother and sister, and a real brother and sister. A young captain of a privateer, who had saved a child from a wreck, brings her up as his sister, to avoid the indecorum of having a young stranger in his house. He becomes enamoured of her on her approach to womanhood; but believing her attracted by another, and dreading that she would fly from his house at once, if she knew that she was living with only a benefactor, he refrains from the discovery. The captain (Cooper,) has for some years quitted the sea, and is now a merchant. His partner (Farren,) is the suitor to the presumed sister. The captain sees a love scene between them, and in a fit of furious jealousy, quarrels with his partner, yet without developing his secret. The agitation which this quarrel excites, betrays to the sister that her fondness for her brother is of a more ardent kind than belongs to mere relationship. She is confirmed in this alarming opinion by the experience of her pretty little friend, (Mrs. Humby,) who is on the eve of matrimony, and describes the genuine passion in all its symptoms, with her usual *naïveté*. The high-minded and delicate girl is shocked by the involuntary crime, and instantly determines to marry the suitor whom she had previously rejected. The captain is distracted at this intelligence, and believing that all hope is at an end, reveals the secret. The heroine's terror is suddenly turned to joy; she acknowledges her passion, and vows to live and die with him. The summoned suitor now comes, but it is only to be rejected a second time. In the midst of his chagrin, the additional discovery is made that the captain's bride is the suitor's actual sister, supposed to have perished in the vessel in which his mother was lost returning to France. He is consoled by the discovery, and all are in raptures together.

There is in this slight story much more for the taste of the French stage than the English. Those equivocal relationships always excite an unpleasant feeling with us, and the mere possibility of brothers and sisters falling in love with each other, borders upon the disgusting. The heroine is

well played by Miss H. Kelly; Cooper's Captain is spirited, and Farren's Merchant is strikingly characteristic. The busy bride, played by Mrs. Humby, is, after all, our favourite of the entire. Nothing on the London Stage is more animated and amusing than her matrimonial eagerness; her sinking all subjects, let their importance to others be what it will, in her own marriage; and her reminding all the world every five minutes, that the hour of "her wedding is two o'clock." The only performer whose appearance discredits the play, is West, who has unfortunately conceived a very passable part in the most quirkish spirit of a low attorney, and whose dress is something between that of a baker and a stable-boy. Yet he is in a merchant's counting-house, and there is no reason for this idle caricature, unless it be that the actor chose to sharpen the wonder of the audience at Mrs. Humby's matrimonial zeal when such was to be the prize. However, West is a smart actor, and when he shall reform his costume, will probably appear to advantage.

The English Opera House has laboured with great, and we conceive, successful diligence, since the beginning of the season. Four or five performances, all of merit, and some very striking, have followed each other. Mozart's music in the "Cosi fan Tutti," has attracted considerable attention, and is still among the nightly displays of the Theatre. The "Bottle Imp," a mad tale from our mad friends of Germany, is the best that we have seen of its species; altogether outdoing the Freischütz in oddity, variety, and effect, with the single exception of the bullet casting scene, which absorbs all the horrors of Rhenish invention so effectually, that there is not a horror left for any future dramatist of the infernals. The music of the Freischütz is, we need scarcely say, not likely to find a rival. Yet the "Bottle Imp" offered so striking an occasion for that finer order of composition which is essentially dramatic, that we regret its not having fallen into the hands of some great composer.

As it stands, however, it is a highly eccentric, and even pleasant piece of *Diablerie*. Keely, as the innocent instrument of the spells, is completely in his vocation; and between actual sheepishness, peasant craft, and real terror, he exhibits a very curious versatility.

A *petite* piece, "He lies like Truth," translated from the "Menteur Véridique," is also popular. Wrench is the hero, and in his abhorrence of the simplicity of fact, which he calls dull and mechanical, embroiders every thing with the most elaborate invention. He is on the eve of marriage with a lady whose father hates this vigorous faculty so much, that with a view of getting rid of the son-in-law, he protests that he will not give his consent unless the hero can abstain from a "lie" for the next twelve hours. The promise is made instantly, which unluckily turns out to be only a fresh illustration of the inventive talent, for it is as instantly violated by a merciless exaggeration about a place under government. But the lady, who is solicitous for the match, dextrously provides against the detection, by introducing a stranger who corroborates the statement, and declares the place to be only waiting his acceptance. The lover falls into another breach of the contract, by detailing the history of a fictitious quarrel. The lady introduces the very man with whom the quarrel had existed. The liar is naturally as much astonished as any one else; but the gentleman, after demanding his presence with pistols, and finally accepting the due apology, retires, and all is safe for the time.

A third exaggeration as to the patron who is to supply him with place and pension, is about to be sustained in the same way by the lady's agent, when all parties are thrown into equal embarrassment by the appearance of the actual individual, who is alike unconscious of having thus extended his patronage, and of the very visage of the hero. The lady trembles for her marriage; the agent, for his master's reproof, he being the valet of the newly arrived personage, and dressed in his court suit; and the lover for the results of inevitable detection. But farce is, luckily, not tragedy. The affair ends in a laugh, and the father forgets the invention, and forgives the inventor.

The great Theatres are sedulously preparing for the winter opening. A tragedy, said to be by Miss Mitford, is, we believe, in managerial hands, and we may expect the usual succession of pleasant petite pieces from the usual writers. Messrs. Poole, Peake, Planche, and Renny, are, of course, hard at work, and we shall have the benefit of their Summer roamings up the Rhine, down the Danube, and across the Black Sea. A Turkish Pastoral, Sultan Mahmoud, in the disguise of a shepherd, makes love to one of the sisters of Nicholas, who, captivated by his skill on the flageolet and his rural simplicity, elopes with him from the stately halls of St. Petersburg, for, as she presumes, the rustic happiness of a cottage in Asia Minor, and finds herself, to her astonishment and delight, conveyed to the Ottoman Court, and sitting beside the handsomest man of Europe or Asia, with the longest beard and the best diamonds, is to be read on the opening of the Theatre. Green-room whispers are already active on the subject; and the authorship is divided among several pens of the very highest rank of the noblesse. But the general opinion attributes it, beautiful as it is, to the genius of a literary Duke "not a hundred miles from the Green-park." So say the papers, and as they are bound to know every thing, and to tell all they know, we are bound to believe them.

A celebrated dramatist has a play vibrating between the Theatres. The story goes, that the cause of this vibration was the

author's wish to leave it to the managerial judgment, whether his play should be considered as the offspring of Thalia or Melpomene. One Theatre, after some hesitation, in the first instance pronounced it a Comedy, the other Theatre pronounced it a Tragedy; further consideration made both reverse their judgments, and the former advocates for its comic rights now pronounce it a Tragedy, while the latter are "fearless in giving their opinion" that it was intended for a Comedy. Until the point is settled, the proprietorship is held in abeyance. Several Operas are conjectured at Drury Lane, where Young is engaged. Charles Kemble is stated to have sold his interest in Covent Garden to Mr. Willett. The projected arrangement with Mr. Harris is put aside for the time. M. Laporte, who has not been shot by his heroic ballet-master, nor, we rejoice to hear, kept back by the tyranny of the Théâtre Française, for the purpose of playing the principal *roles* in Paris, promises to open his Theatre in December with an influx of singers and dancers unparalleled since the Norman invasion. The grand Opera of the "Eumenides" is to be among the first achievements, and Pasta, Sontag, and Pessaroni, are to play the three *furies*. In the course of the year we are, we understand, to have two new Divertisements, which is one more than we had in the last; and one new Ballet which the manager may assure himself will be a novelty—if the news be true.

The showers have washed Vauxhall nearly out of recollection. But the lamps glitter there still. Mr. Cooke plays his pleasant caricature we presume, and from the shots heard in that direction about the witching hour, we have reason to believe either that Vauxhall exists, or that the French have sent an expedition up the Thames, and are storming the Commons of Clapham.

However, the weather must grow dry some time or other, and as the managers are really active, and have made Vauxhall a really pleasant place, instead of the tedious affair that it was before their reign, we wish that they may be able to revenge themselves for the showers by a full tide of the monied currency, before their season be over.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 8.—A communication was read to the Society, containing some particulars of the earthquake felt in the Netherlands, and in some of the frontier towns of France, on the 23d of February, in a letter to Captain Sabine, from Professor Quetelet, of Brussels. It was particularly felt along the banks of the Meuse; its greatest violence was in the towns of Liege, Tongres, Tirelemont, and Huy; many of the walls and buildings of which suffered considerable injury, but no lives were lost. In the adjacent towns of Maestricht, Namur, Louvain, and Brussels, strong shocks were also experienced, but their violence diminished in proportion to the distance from the former or principal seat of concussion. An account was also read of some particulars of an earthquake experienced at Bogota, and in the Cordillera, between Bogota and Popayan, on the 16th of November, 1827, in a letter from Colonel P. Campbell. The city was in great measure destroyed, but not more than five or six persons were killed. To the north of Bogota the earthquake was not much felt, but to the south the devastation has been most extensive. Popayan, which is 200 geographical miles S. S. W. of Bogota, and Patea, still farther to the S.S.W., have suffered severely.—May 15. A long and elaborate paper was read, entitled, A Comparison of the Changes of Magnetic Intensity in the Dipping and Horizontal Needles throughout the Day at Truernberg Bay, in Spitzbergen, by Captain Foster. Also was read a paper on experiments, relative to the effect of temperature on the refractive index, and dispersive power of expansible fluids, and on the influence of these changes in a telescope with a fluid lens, by Peter Barlow, Esq., from which it appears that the author considers it as probable, that in all expansible fluids the index of refraction varies directly as the density: on the other hand, it would appear that the dispersive ratio remains at all temperatures constantly the same.—May 22. A letter was read from Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., containing an account of some circumstances relating to the economy of bees. He infers that not a single labouring bee ever emigrates in a swarm without having seen its proposed future habitation. He finds that the same remark applies not only to the permanent place of settlement, but also to the place where the bees rest temporarily soon after swarming, and also concludes that unions of swarms are generally, if not always, the result of previous concert and arrangement. — June 5. A paper was read, entitled, Description of a Sounding Board in Attercliffe Church, near Sheffield, by the Rev. J. Blackburn, minister; it is the section of a paraboloid, and so placed, that the mouth of the speaker is in the focus.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, May 12.—A sealed pacquet, containing a memoir on urinary concretions, and a note on a new treatment of gravel,

was delivered to the secretary from Dr. Miguel. M. Cogniard de Latour observed, that brass wire, after having been stretched for a few days in the open air, easily breaks when bent at a sharp angle, which seems to imply some change in the molecular state of the metal, and proposed to investigate the cause.—19. M. Dupetit Thouars made some remarks on a note of M. Mirbel, relative to Cambium and Liber. M. Finot claimed the priority of invention of sizing paper by means of amidon. M. Guy-Lussac made a proposal for establishing to investigate and determine the various prizes.—26. Mr. Warden gave some details of an earthquake felt at Washington and other places in the United States, between 10 and 11 p. m., on the 9th March. The minister communicated all the details his office could furnish regarding gunpowder. MM. de la Billardiere and Desfontaines reported favourably on a botanical memoir of M. Cambessedes, and recommended its insertion in the Recueil des Savans Etrangers. M. Poisson read a memoir on some points of the Mécanique Céleste. He terminated his memoir by various remarks on the invariable plane which M. Laplace determined for our planetary system, and on the plane which M. Poinsot had recently proposed, and which alone he regards as invariable. MM. d'Arcet and Chevreul reported upon M. Donne's memoir upon Iodine and Bromuim.—June 2. M. Baudelocque announced certain discoveries he had made in the obstetric art. M. Villermet read a memoir on the medium height of the inhabitants of France.—9. M. Cuvier presented to the Academy some teeth of the gigantic tapir, which had been dug up in the arrondissement of Saint Gaudens.—16. At the public meeting held this day, La Lande's astronomical prize was awarded to MM. Carlini, of Milan, and Plana, of Turin. M. de Monthyon's prize for experimental physiology was given to Dr. Dutrochet, and MM. Andouin and Milne Edwards. The memoirs of Dr. Vincent and M. Collard de Martigny, were honourably noticed. M. Monthyon's statistical prize was bestowed on M. Thomas. On the other subjects, for which prizes were offered, none of the competitors were thought worthy of success.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Prospects of British Science. — The peace which almost ushered in the present century was scarcely ratified, when the greater number of our ships were dismantled with precipitate haste, and the marine stores, with which our arsenals were amply provided, were eagerly disposed of at any price, to any one who would take them: hostilities soon recommenced, fleets were to be equipped anew, the recently sold stores were to be repurchased at any cost, the urgency of the case was appreciated by the sellers, and government paid dearly for their ill-timed economy. This occurrence was characteristic, but the example has been lost.

So long as the aristocracy of England think it right to provide for the younger members of their families at the public expense, instead of setting apart for the purpose any portion of their revenues, no minister will *dare* to effect a reduction of the expenditure of the country, under the head of places and pensions. A finance committee, composed of the most able and upright men, may be embodied; they may investigate with scrupulous fidelity; may censure with indignant freedom, but the sinecurists and placemen deriving strength from the extent of their own delinquency, will brave their denunciations, and too powerful to be awed by the frowns of a minister, will laugh at the clamours of the people. When, therefore, as at the present moment, the embarrassments of the country are deeply felt by the executive, and an honest as well assensible body of gentlemen are in consequence required to examine, and recommend for abolition every office of no immediate utility, they will, if not with the hope of producing any other beneficial effect, still with the expectation of quieting any public discontent, proceed to the removal of all petty places within their reach, since those of greater weight defy their jurisdiction. Unfortunately, with rather reckless indiscrimination, the present finance committee has prosecuted their labours: one of their last acts, for as theirs it must be considered, was the abolition of the board of longitude; not that we are the advocates of that board, for, with the exception of perhaps three members, it was as badly constituted as such a board could be, and its conduct was framed, as might reasonably be expected. It had the disposal of £4,000 annually for philosophical purposes, in other words to be jobbed with, and jobbed with it was accordingly; every scientific conundrum of its members was prosecuted to the fullest extent of their funds, while objects of real utility submitted to their consideration were treated with contempt or neglect.* Still, in a maritime nation, some board of the sort is almost indispensable. With the termination of its existence, that of the nautical almanack is *supposed* to have terminated also: yet, such as it was, this, or some similar publication, is absolutely necessary. Unchanged for more than half a century, it was consequently the worst of its kind in Europe; but still it was bet-

* On the flint-glass making scheme, and the furnace now lapsed to Messrs. Pellat and Green, together with various other of their proceedings, we shall supply the details at some future time.

ter than none at all. For a maritime nation thus to be left without a competent body to superintend and direct the scientific arrangements for its navy, shows in the government lamentable indifference, to call it by no harsher name: but before we prosecute this subject further, we shall notice a few topics which have some relation to it. It was proposed some time since, by an able navigator at the head of a naval office, to establish a sort of journal, for communicating to the public interesting abstracts of the voluminous and accumulating information which at present is supposed to be lost in the archives of that department. From various causes, the idea of this journal was abandoned, nor was it thought advisable to place foreign nations in possession of intelligence which was collected at the expense, and for the service of England. To a certain class of reasoners this latter argument was specious enough; but what was the fact? The whole of this intelligence had to pass through the hands of another personage, who receives from a trading bookseller £500 per annum for communicating it to a journal, of which he is the proprietor: patriotism thus appeared, as is usual, but a cloak for self-interest, and so jealously was this self-interest guarded, that when, on the return of a celebrated expedition, one of the persons who had accompanied it was applied to to contribute a slight sketch of its proceedings to a popular work, a direct refusal was given, for fear of offending the fortunate gentleman who profited by the sale of the intelligence, and would resent with the whole weight of his official power any interference with his prerogative.

But these are the days of retrenchment and economy, and as the scientific character of the nation cannot be expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence, it may consequently be estimated as nothing, and scientific establishments an useless burthen, we would therefore recommend the completion of the work that is begun. The royal observatory at Greenwich, and its astronomers, are the laughing stock of Europe; and assailed on all sides by invective and ridicule, the latter is upheld only from the partiality of private friendship, or because it has been made the point of attack upon a system in which its supporters are interested. Should it be necessary, from his own acknowledged incompetence, or from natural causes, to appoint a successor to Mr. Pond, it is in vain that we should look in Great Britain for an individual able to compete with the continental philosophers; there has been no public encouragement here to stimulate or reward exertion, so that among those who might have conferred honour upon the appointment, not one has thought it worth his while to sacrifice his individual pursuits, and at the expense of much bodily and mental fatigue, prepare for a difficult situation, when, should it be otherwise disposed of, his labours would be totally lost. Do away then with the mockery of Greenwich altogether; if we cannot have a high scientific character as a nation, let us enter into no competition; it is better to have no national philosophical establishments, than to have such as excite contempt throughout Europe. The £500 per annum, which was given for our wretched nautical almanack, would have purchased one equal to that now published at Berlin, and half the expense which Greenwich costs would command for us the services of the greatest genius alive—as to the national disgrace from such a system, why that too, as it cannot be expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence, may safely be neglected by government. Their own individual reputation the philosophers of England will always maintain. Unsupported by the expectation of reward or emolument, it is the love of science alone that can stimulate their exertions; and rendered more eminent on that very account, while they are a living libel on their government, they will excite the admiration of the rest of Europe.

Antiquities.—A human mole who has burrowed during the last eight or nine years into no less than forty-six ancient tumuli, upon the range of Southdown hills, and been rewarded for his pains with the discovery that they had been previously ransacked, at the end of July last, after opening what appeared to be a barrow, upon Laning hill, about eight miles from Brighton, and four from Worthing, found the remains of a small Roman temple; the pavement was of the most coarse description, but several coins of Constantine, Trajan, others of the Roman Emperors, as well as a few conjectured to be Saxon, together with numerous brooches, and some rings, were all in the highest state of preservation; the various urns, however, in which they were contained, unfortunately crumbled to pieces.

Cheap and valuable Manure.—Raise a platform of earth, eight feet wide, one foot high, and of any length, according to the quantity wanted, on the head land of a field. On the first stratum of earth lay a thin stratum of lime fresh from the kiln; dissolve or slake this with salt brine or sea-water from the nose of a watering-pot; add immediately another layer of earth, then lime, and brine as before, carrying it to any convenient height. In a week it should be turned over, carefully broken and mixed, so that the mass may be thoroughly incorporated. This compost has been used in Ireland, has doubled the crops of potatoes and cabbages, and is said to be far superior to stable dung.

Novel Artillery.—A gentleman of the name of Sievier has recently invented a method of projecting shot, which consists in making the shot with a cylindrical chamber, so as to pass freely on to a maundid or bar, fixed on trunnions, a powder chamber being formed at the bottom of the cylindrical cavity in the shot. The powder is inflamed by means of a touch-hole in the shot in the usual way. A charge of powder thus used

is found to produce effects very much surpassing those of a shot of equal weight thrown from a cannon, and this is accounted for by supposing that the force of recoil, which in a cannon is so great as to throw it a considerable distance backwards, is added in the new form of shot to the usual quantity of projectile force. The experiments made with shot weighing up to twenty-five pounds, were successful both as to force and direction, and the advantage gained as to lightness in the apparatus is extraordinary.

Discovery of a MS. of Ediesi.—A discovery has been made in the royal library of Paris, of a manuscript of the Geography of Ediesi. Hitherto only an abridgment of this Arabian geographer has been known, than which, the work in question is five times more voluminous. Ediesi wrote at Almeira, of which he was a native, about the year 734 of the Hegira (1345 of our æra). His Geography affords some extremely curious details on the state of places at the time he wrote. Many extracts have been made from it, but fragments only have come down to us. The new MS. affords many different readings of names, which have not been always correctly written in the passages which have as yet appeared; indeed, the errors have been multiplied with the number of copies, so that the present MS., more than 200 years old, will in this respect afford some valuable information.

Waste of Food.—From an experiment recently made of the loss sustained by the usual process of cooking rice, and throwing away the water in which it has been boiled, it has been ascertained that about one-thirtieth part of the rice is lost: in other words, food enough for one day in every month is habitually thrown away; and a country which, like Bengal, maintains nearly 30,000,000 of people fed with rice, might nourish one million more from the same tillage and produce, which now support a less number.

Improved Mariner's Compass.—An improvement in the disposal and hanging of the mariner's compass on shipboard has been made in America. It dispenses with the use of the binnacle; a hole is cut in the deck, within this hole the compass box is placed, and at top covered by a very thick glass; the bottom of the box is also made of glass, the compass card is made semi-transparent, and the whole lighted from below. By these means the use of a tell-tale is dispensed with, and the compass rendered much more secure than in its former position, as it is as firm as the deck.

Brazilian Tea.—The tea plant has within the last few years been cultivated in Brazil on a very large scale, and with great success. It was originally brought from China about the year 1816, when a number of Chinese, accustomed to its cultivation and preparation, were at the same time conveyed to Rio de Janeiro, for the purpose of naturalizing it. It was at first planted at the royal estate at Santa Cruz, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, and, eventually, it was spread to several of the provinces. In that of Saint Paul, where the soil and climate have been found peculiarly congenial, the plantations are on an extensive scale; and the Brazilians are said already to grow sufficient for their own consumption. In five years it is expected they will be able to export a considerable quantity. Some scientific persons in London, who have been furnished with samples of Brazilian tea, have found it on infusion stronger than that of China, usually drank, which may perhaps be owing to its being of last year's growth, while the Chinese tea consumed in England is generally three or four years old.

Solution of adfected Quadratic Equations.—Whatever be the original form of aquadiatic equation, it must always be reduced to this formula of three terms: $x^2 \pm px \pm q = 0$, in which p is the sum of the roots, and q is their product. Now having their sum, and substituting d for their difference, we have, by a well-known theorem, the two roots in their expression: $\frac{\mp p \pm d}{2}$; in which the sign of p is always contrary to what it is in the above formula. Also we have $\frac{p \pm d}{2} \times \frac{p-2}{2} = \pm q$. In which equation $d = \pm \sqrt{p^2 \mp 4q}$: here the sign of q is contrary to what is in the formula. Hence, $\frac{\mp p \pm d}{2} = \frac{\mp p \pm \sqrt{p^2 \mp 4q}}{2}$; an expression containing the two roots of the given equation in terms of known quantities.

Archæology.—In the village of Voorburg, near the Hague, there is a country-house, called Arensburg, where the ruins of a Roman edifice have been discovered, of which the bricks bear the marks of the 10th, 16th, and 30th legions, as well as those of the army of Lower Germany; numerous fragments of wine and oil jars, furniture, ornaments, &c. have been found. The structure appears to resemble the Roman villas which have been met with in England. It is certain that the Roman fortress at the mouth of the Rhine was swallowed up by the sea, and which was commonly called *Het Huiste Britten*, did not at all resemble the edifice at Voorburg, but was much smaller. The remains are very spacious, and extend beyond the domain above mentioned. M. Renvens, professor of Archæology at Leyden, has the charge of superintending the excavations.

Human Salamander.—A Spaniard, by name Francisco Martinez, has been astonishing the Parisians, as much by his assumed title of an *incombustible man*, as by exposing himself to a degree of heat thirty

degrees above that of boiling water, and capable of roasting in a few minutes the flesh of animals deprived of life. In this, however, there is nothing new. Dr. Blagden, secretary to the Royal Society about thirty years since, remained, accompanied by a female dog, during eight minutes in an oven heated to 100° of Reaumur, 20° above the point at which water boils. Water, although covered with oil, boiled close to him, and in thirteen minutes, the hot air being concentrated by a pair of bellows, some beef was dressed in the same place. Two French academicians of the last century saw at Larochefoucault, a man who from habit supported during ten minutes the heat of an oven, in which fruits and meats were cooked; they found the heat to be 112° of Reaumur, 32° above that of boiling water. The rarity of the air, its weak conducting power, and its small capacity for caloric serve to explain how a person can exist in so warm an atmosphere. It is by its action upon the skin, and the consequences which ensue from that that fire becomes injurious. Now the Spaniard who has been exhibiting himself in Paris, is wrapped up in wide pantaloons, *en molleton*, of red wool, a loose mantle also of wool, and wears on his head a great quilted felt cap—and the wool being a bad conductor of heat, this wonder-working genius, like the Monsieur Velocipede recently imported into this country, should awaken the astonishment of the ignorant alone.

Fossil Whale Rib.—A short time since a fossil bone, which has been considered the sternal portion of a rib of a whale, was extracted from the base of the cliff under Kemp-town, Brighton. This fragment, for it evidently was but a small portion of the original, measured nine feet in length, the piece destroyed by the workmen, who first saw it, was estimated at about three feet, and from its slight degree of curvature, it could not have been less than thirty feet when entire. The circumference of the largest extremity was thirty-four inches, and the bone gradually diminished in size, terminating obtusely. Unfortunately, in attempting to remove it, it fell to pieces—one fragment, however, has been preserved of the length of five feet.

Useful Cement.—In a late number of the Franklin (North American) Journal, a cement is mentioned, which has been applied with good effect to ships' bottoms, and which, it is suggested, might be substituted for the costly Roman or Dutch water cements in fresh water works. The composition of it is this: take best barrelled stone lime, slake it, by the affusion of as much fresh water as is just necessary to produce that effect, and cause it to fall into a dry white powder; when cooled sift it through a fine wire sieve into a trough like a bread trough, then add common fish oil, sufficient to bring it to the consistence of soft putty, so as to work with ease under the trowel. No water is to be used except for slaking the lime in the first instance. After it is prepared for use, it is kept in covered vessels, to preserve it from the rain or other moisture.

The Cherokees.—The following account of the present state of a once powerful tribe of North American Indians, is too curious to be omitted in a Miscellany in which it has been endeavoured to concentrate whatever is most worthy of notice. The Cherokees, hemmed in on all sides by the white population, and unable to subsist any longer by the chace, or by fishing, have been forced to have recourse to agriculture and the mechanical arts, in which, within the last twenty years, they have made surprising advances. They inhabit commodious houses, united into villages, and many of them possess farms of thirty or forty acres, highly cultivated, and abundantly provided with horses and cattle of every description. The Baptist, however, and other missionaries, have converted many of them to Christianity. They have now schools where 500 of their children learn to read, write, and cypher; they will soon possess a library and museum. A printing press has also been established in their capital, where an Indian publishes, in his native tongue, with an English translation on the opposite page, a weekly paper, entitled the Cherokee Phœnix. The territory occupied by the Cherokees contains about 1,400 square miles, and comprises the north-west angle of Georgia, the north-east of the State of Alabama, and the south-east of that of Tennessee. Their population amounts to 15,060 individuals, of whom 13,563 are natives, 147 white men, 73 white females, and 1,277 slaves. New Echota is the name of their principal town. July 26, 1826, they adopted a form of government nearly resembling that of the states of the American Union.

Improvement in Road-making. — The mire of the roads near the metropolis in wet weather, and their dustiness in times of drought, have often been complained of as both inconvenient and expensive. The matter that caused these inconveniences has been found not to be the powder worn from the gravel, or flints, or broken stone used in making the road; but from the rising of the matter, which is in the whole district mostly or partly clay, and therefore very retentive of moisture. To cure the evil, two things are wanted—a better drainage of the water, and a harder foundation on which to lay the broken stone. The drainage is always a matter of mere engineering and expense; but the improvement of the foundation is a good deal more difficult, at least involves an additional expense. A pavement of large stones would be the best foundation, if those stones could be cheaply obtained of sufficient size, and regular shape; but in the districts in question there is no native stone, nor any to be had, the carriage of which would not make

a serious addition to the expense. An experiment for the obviating of both difficulties has been tried with every chance of success, upon a very bad part of the Archway road, a little beyond Highgate. The ground has been cut to some depth in the centre; a complete set of under-drains has been put in, at the sides of the carriage way, and also across. Then the middle has been laid with a pavement of artificial stone—formed of pebbles, Roman cement, and sand, in blocks of regular size; and the broken stones have been laid over that. The experiment is yet hardly completed, and the upper surface of the road is not consolidated; but in as far as we can judge, it will render the road far more economical, both in the wear of cattle, and in repairs. Mr. Mac Neill, civil engineer, the inventor, has taken out a patent for the artificial stone.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Gleig, Author of the Subaltern, has in the press a Series of Tales of Military Life and Adventure, entitled, "The Chelsea Pensioners."

The Story of the Cock and the Hen, a Spanish Romance. By Mr. Southey.

Another Volume of Mr. Buckingham's Travels in the East, and through regions of great general interest.

Sir Walter Scott's next Novel is founded on certain incidents in the History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and will include, on dit, his final conflict with the Swiss.

Three new Volumes of Tales of a Grandfather will be ready by Christmas: they will bring down the Scottish History to the Rebellion in 1745. By Sir Walter Scott.

Captain Basil Hall has finished his walk of 16,000 miles in the United States, in fifteen months, and is now engaged in preparing an Account of his Observations.

Tales of the Cottage: a Series of Tales for Youth. By the Author of "Keeper's Travels."

A new edition of The Memoirs of the Life and Character of Miss Sarah Savage, eldest daughter of the Rev. P. Henry, A.M. With additions. By J. B. Williams, Esq. F.S.A. And a Recommendatory Preface by the Rev. W. Jay, of Bath. In 12mo.

An Essay on the Operation of Poison upon the living Body. By Mr. Morgan and Dr. Addison, of Guy's Hospital.

A Treatise on the Diseases and Injuries of the Spine; being the Substance of an Essay to which the Jacksonian Prize was adjudged, by a Committee of the Royal College of Surgeons, in the year 1826.

Two Letters in Reply to the Bishop of Salisbury, on 1 John, v. 7. By the Rev. J. Oxlee, Curate of Stonegrave.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, on some of the Impediments, Defects, and Abuses existing in the Present System of Medical Education, with Suggestions for their Removal and Correction. By Henry Wm. Dewhurst, Surgeon, &c.

Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele, Esq. consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse, never before published.

The Dissertation on the Priesthood of Christ. By the Rev. John Wilson, of Montrose.

St. Petersburgh at the Close of 1827; a Journal of Travels to and from that Capital, through Flanders, along the Banks of the Rhine, through Prussia, Russia, Poland, Saxony, Bavaria, and France. By A. R. Granville, M.D.

A Refutation of the Doctrines of the Hypostatical Union of the two Natures in Jesus Christ, and of his Eternal Sonship; as both these doctrines are advocated by the Rev. Richard Watson, and the former by Dr. Adam Clarke: with critical remarks on the most popular errors relative to the mode of the divine existence by a Trinity in Unity; and a development of the true identification of the Divine Logos with human nature, as revealed in the Scriptures, in a Series of Letters addressed to the President of the Wesleyan Conference. By Samuel Tucker, V.D.M.

Mr. B. R. Green is preparing for publication a Numismatic Chart, comprising a series of 350 Grecian Coins of Kings, arranged in chronological order, from their earliest period to the beginning of the 4th century; executed in outline on stone, the gold and bronze will be coloured. The object of the undertaking will be the elucidation of Grecian History through the medium of Coins. The selection will chiefly comprise the series of the Macedonian and Sicilian Kings, the various kingdoms of Asia-Minor, those of Egypt and Numidia, of Syria, Parthia, and Armenia. The work will be accompanied with descriptive letter-press, and dedicated by permission to the Earl of Aberdeen.

An Inquiry into the popular notion of an Unoriginated, Infinite, and Eternal Prescience, for the purpose of ascertaining whether that doctrine be supported by the dictates of reason and the writings of the Old and New Testaments. With a Preface, containing a Dialogue between the Author and one of his Readers. By the Rev. James Jones.

The Last Autumn at a Favourite Residence, with other Poems. By a Lady.

A Universal Prayer, a Poem; Death; a Vision of Hell, and a Vision of Heaven. By Robert Montgomery, Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity."

We understand "The Juvenile Forget

Me Not," for the Year 1829, is in a state of considerable forwardness. It will contain a number of Engravings on Steel, and several exquisite Wood-cuts. Its principal feature of attraction in this department will be an Engraving by Thompson, from Behnes' Bust of her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. The literary portion of the volume is formed of the Contributions of Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Hemans, the Author of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter," James Montgomery, William and Mary Howitt, the Author of "My Early Days," &c. Rev. Dr. Walsh, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hofland, Richard Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, the Author of "Solitary Hours," Allan Cunningham, &c.

We understand that "The Amulet" for the year 1829 will be published early in November, with attractions, both literary and pictorial, greatly exceeding either of its predecessors, and will contain articles from a number of the most distinguished writers of the age, among whom are many who have not heretofore contributed either to this work, or to those of a similar character; that its illustrations will be of the highest order of art, both with reference to the productions of the painter and the engraver; and that there will be several other improvements of a novel and important character.

The Last of the Plantagenets, an Historical Romance, chiefly illustrative of the public events and domestic manners of the 15th century.

The Musical Souvenir for 1829. This work, in which the first talent is combined, will afford in the most neat and finished style, a pocket volume of new Vocal and Instrumental Music, with a beautiful vignette title and frontispiece.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MISS TOMLINS.

Elizabeth Sophia Tomlins, daughter of Thomas Tomlins, Esq., a solicitor of good practice in the city of London, and well known in political circles at the close of the last century, was born on the 27th of February, 1763. Her vivacity and tenderness of disposition—distinguishing features of her character—were fostered by the correct taste of an excellent mother. The poetical talent, which entitles her to notice here, manifested itself at an early age, in several "Tributes of Affection," published under that title, by her brother.

Without any particular advantages of situation, she soon became acquainted with many persons of talent, of that period, who, through their intercourse with her father, professionally, were introduced to her society, and attracted by her intellectual superiority. In the warm and generous feelings of youth, she, with many others, hailed the dawn, as it was then regarded, of a better and more refined age; and, subsequently, she mourned the demolition of her hopes, by the mock champions of liberty, in numerous miscellaneous effusions, yet extant in the periodical publications of the time. Turning her attention to the composition of tales and novels, she gave successively, and in most instances successfully, several volumes to the press. The most popular of these performances was, "The Victim of Fancy," founded on the model of Goëthe's "Werther." It evinced much of the pathos of the original, without the objectionable tendency of its moral. Her original productions consist, further, of "The Baroness

D'Alunton;" two other novels; "Connell and Mary," a ballad, in Dr. Langhorne's selection; and many fugitive pieces, contributed to nearly every respectable periodical work, from the year 1780 to the present time. Miss Tomlins was also the translator of the first History of Napoleon Buonaparte, that ever appeared in this country; part of the works of Anquetil, &c.

In the noble spirit of devotion to a father, whose severe notions of duty led him to receive the sacrifice only as a right, Miss Tomlins resigned the advantages attendant on beauty and talent. To educate his numerous family, and to perform the labours of his desk, she overcame the fascinations of literature; and, amidst the scoffs of the vulgar, and the high regards of the noble-minded, she actually superintended his professional concerns for seven years previously to his death, in 1815. Though anxiously and almost incessantly employed, her poetical talent was occasionally exercised in the production of slight pieces, contributed to the periodical press. On her father's decease, she retired to an isolated cottage, which, for forty years, had been in the occupation of the family; and there, in the society of her revered mother and three beloved sisters, she continued to pursue "the peaceful tenor of her way." At the time of her premature death, she is understood to have had a poem of considerable length in preparation. On the 7th of August, Miss Tomlins had the misfortune to be thrown from a pony. By this accident she received bruises, which, though not perceptibly mortal, proved unexpectedly so on the following morning, when, in an apparent fainting fit, she expired without a struggle, in the 66th year of her age.

CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

The family of Clapperton is ancient, and not without celebrity, in the north of Scotland. The name has been distinguished in the church and in the field; and it has acquired new fame by the dauntless and persevering spirit of enterprise with which, at the sacrifice of his valuable life, the subject of this brief and inadequate notice has pursued the track of African discovery. A Bishop Clapperton lies buried at Inch Colm, in the Frith of Forth; and another individual of the name is remembered, in the history of Sweden, as a field-marshal in the army. At a later date, the family resided in Teviotdale, on the border of Scotland. The grandfather of Captain Clapperton studied medicine in Edinburgh, and at Paris—was an antiquary of some note—and collected coins, songs, genealogies, &c., illustrating the history of the border countries. Having married a cousin of Archibald Campbell, of Glenlyon, Perthshire, he settled as a physician at Lochmaben, in Dumfriesshire. His eldest son, George, the father of Captain Clapperton, was a surgeon in Annan. Hugh Clapperton, the African traveller, was the youngest of six sons, by his father's first marriage. The boy's education was not classical; but, when he could read and write, he was placed under the care of a Mr. Bryce Downie, under whom he acquired a knowledge of practical mathematics, including navigation, trigonometry, &c.

Born in the year 1788, Hugh Clapperton, at an early age, served in different trading vessels. In 1806, he went out to Gibraltar in a navy transport. There, with some of his shipmates, he got on board the Renommé frigate, commanded by Sir Thomas Livingstone. Discovering that his uncle was serving as Captain of Royal Marines, on board of his Majesty's ship Saturn, then also at Gibraltar, he fortunately succeeded in obtaining a midshipman's berth in the same ship. After the Saturn had been paid off on her return to England, the youth was some time on board his Majesty's ship St. Domingo, with Captain King. Unable to procure his discharge in time to sail to the East Indies with Captain Briggs, in the Clorinde, he followed that gentleman in another vessel as a passenger. In a gale of wind he risked his life in saving some of the crew—a circumstance which strongly recommended him to notice on his arrival in India. There he joined Captain Briggs.

In 1813, after his return to England, Clapperton, and a few other clever midshipmen, were ordered to Portsmouth dock-yard, to receive instructions in the cutlass exercise from the celebrated fencing-master, Angelo. These young men, when perfect in the art, were distributed as teachers throughout the fleet. Clapperton's class-room was the deck of the Asia, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral, Sir Alexander Cochrane, then lying at Spithead, where she remained till the end of January, 1814. Clapperton then accompanied Sir Alexander, who was appointed to the command of our naval force on the coast of North America. His manly form—he stood at least six feet high, had great breadth of chest, and expansion of shoulders—fixed the attention, and tended to improve the patriotic spirit of the crew. He was an excellent table-companion; he painted scenes for the ship's theatricals, sketched views, drew caricatures, and was a universal favourite. The lakes of Canada, however, were on the point of becoming the scene of important naval operations. Panting for distinction, Clapperton, in consequence, procured a passage to Halifax—bade adieu to the flag-ship—proceeded to Upper Canada—was made lieutenant—and appointed to the Confiance, schooner; a vessel which, under his command, soon became as proverbial for its excellence, as it had previously been for its laxity of discipline.

In 1817, the British flotilla on the lakes having been dismantled, Lieutenant Clapperton returned to England—was placed on half-pay—and retired to Lochmaben, where he remained three years. Thence he removed to Edinburgh, and became acquainted

with Dr. Oudney, by whom his attention was first directed towards discoveries in Africa. Dr. Oudney was appointed, in 1821, Consul to Bornou. He took Captain Clapperton with him, as a friend and companion. As it was intended that researches should be made from Bornou, as the fixed residence of the Consul, to the east and to the west, Lieutenant (now Major) Denham was added to the expedition. Dr. Oudney, in an early stage of the journey, caught a severe cold, which fell on his lungs, and he died on the 12th of January, 1824. Captain Clapperton attended him with fraternal affection in his dying moments; and he saw his remains decently interred, having himself read over them the funeral service of the church of England.

Captain Clapperton and Major Denham returned to their native country, and the narratives of their expedition were published in a handsome quarto volume, which, we doubt not, has met the perusal of nearly all our readers. To accompany the travellers is not within our limits.

At Sackatoo, the capital of the Fetatah empire, Bello, the sultan, was exceedingly anxious for the establishment of a friendly intercourse with England, and for the appointment of a British consul and physician. On the latter point, he addressed a letter to the King of England. A reply to the request was entrusted to Captain Clapperton, who, with his friend, Dr. Dickson, Captain Pearce, of the navy, and Dr. Morrison, a surgeon in the navy and a skilful naturalist, was despatched to Sackatoo. Captain Pearce, Dr. Morrison, and an English servant died from the effects of the climate. Dr. Dickson was sent in another direction; but he has not been heard of since the month of November, 1825, when he was at Khydah, on his way to Dahomey, in company with M. De Sousa, a Portuguese, who had lived for many years at that court.

Captain Clapperton died at Sackatoo, on the 13th of April, 1827. He had been detained five months in that capital; the Sultan Bello not permitting him to proceed, on account of his war with Bornou. Hoping to obtain leave to go to Timbuctoo, he had lived in a small circular clay hut, belonging to the sultan's brother. He was attacked with dysentery: in the latter stages of the disease, he declined rapidly, and became much emaciated. Lander, his faithful servant, who, after his death, got permission to return to England, states that, two days before Captain Clapperton died, he requested to be shaved, as he was too weak to sit up. After the operation, he asked for a looking-glass, remarked that he was "doing better," and should certainly "get over it." The morning on which he died, he breathed loud, became restless, and shortly afterwards expired in Lander's arms. His remains were buried by him, at Jungali, a village five miles south-east from Sackatoo. The corpse was conveyed by a camel, and the place of interment was marked by a small square house of clay, erected by Lander, who, with five slaves, followed his master to the grave.

Lander, after encountering many difficulties and dangers, arrived in England early in the spring of the present year; having contrived to conceal a watch of his late master's, which had been originally meant to be presented by Captain Clapperton to Bello, on his taking leave of that prince.

Major Denham, should he have the good fortune to return safe, will be the only surviving officer of the three expeditions sent out by government, since the year 1821, for penetrating the interior of Africa: *viz.* one to Bornou, by Oudney, Denham, and Clapperton; one to Timbuctoo, by Major Laing; and one to Sackatoo, by Clapperton and his companions. A Narrative of Captain Clapperton's Second Journey is now in the press; with the Adventures of Lander, his servant, from April, 1827, to January, 1828.

M. CHORIS.

M. Choris, painter of natural history, was born in Yekaténnoslaff, in Lesser Russia, March 22, 1795, of German parents. He commenced his studies at the gymnasium of Kharkoff, where he early displayed a talent for design and painting: he, besides, acquired an astonishing facility for portrait painting; and his taste for voyages gained upon him an influence which he never lost sight of, in consequence of a disposition which he had for delineating objects of natural history. This talent procured him the advantage of accompanying that celebrated botanist, the Marshal Baron Ribertstein, in his travels to Mount Caucasus, in which he designed the plants which ornament the *Flora Caucasiana.* In 1814, he became a member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Petersburgh, and the same year he was chosen by Count Romanzoff to accompany the expedition round the world, on board the Rurik, commanded by Captain Otto Kotzebue, son of the celebrated dramatic writer. In this voyage, he delineated with the greatest skill every thing that could give an exact idea of the savages of America and the Grand Pacific Ocean; and after passing four years in this voyage, he arrived in France in 1819, where he was warmly received by the most distinguished savans of the capital. It was by their advice he learned the art of lithography, on purpose that his designs should not lose any of their originality. He there published his "*Picturesque Voyage round the World*," with portraits of the savages of America, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific, &c.; and numerous other plates descriptive of their arms, habiliments, ornaments, utensils, canoes, boats, houses, dances and amusements, music and musical instruments, landscapes and maritime views; a variety of objects relative to natural history, mamiferous and ornithologic; accompanied with

descriptions, by Baron Cuvier, and M. Chamisso; with examples and observations on craniology, by Dr. Gall; in twenty-two livraisons, in folio—which was finally completed in 1823. It is generally acknowledged, that no other traveller has so faithfully expressed the characteristic physiology of the natives of the South Sea Islands; for, during the eighteenth century, it was too much the mania to represent these children of nature (particularly of the island of Otaheite) as so many Apollos, Venuses, Dianas, &c. &c. His portrait of the King Tameama is alone distinguished among the inhabitants of these isles for a character of intelligence, finesse, and calm; which is the more to be wondered at, as this prince in his youth had been remarked for almost ungovernable rage and ferocity; and, in regarding his physiognomy with the greatest attention, one is convinced that this extraordinary man had first learned the consummate art of governing himself before that of governing his subjects. In 1826, M. Choris published his "Views and Landscapes in the Equinoxial Regions, collected in his Voyage round the World." It was a supplement to the former work, and consisted of twenty-four plates, in folio; in which his principal object was to characterize the physiognomy of plants and vegetables in the different countries he had passed through.

In 1827 M. Choris left France for the purpose of exploring the vast regions of South America; and, after having successively visited most of the islands belonging to the Archipelago of the Antilles, and Cuba, and New Orleans, he finally landed on the coast of Mexico, where he unfortunately became a victim to the wretched police that governs that country. The following extract of a letter, written by Messrs. Adone et Plantevigne, of Vera Cruz, dated April 5, 1828, to Messrs. Eyriés, of Havre-de-Grace, relate the melancholy catastrophe:—

"M. Choris arrived here the 19th of March last, on board the Eclipse, of New Orleans: we received him with every attention. Two days after his arrival, he left us for Jalapa, with a letter to our correspondent there. The day after his departure we learnt, with the most profound affliction, that M. Choris and an English gentleman, his fellow-companion, had been assassinated by four robbers. M. Choris was killed by a musket-ball, and by a sabre-cut; Mr. Henderson (the Englishman) received a ball in the thigh, and another in the lungs. This afflicting event took place between Puente-Nationel and Plan-del-Rio. Notwithstanding his wounds, Mr. Henderson continued his route to Jalapa; and, at Plan-del-Rio, informed the mayor of the circumstances, begging him to make every research for M. Choris, as he was then ignorant whether he was alive or dead. Nor was it till the next day the mayor was enabled to find his body in the woods, as the robbers had carefully covered it with the branches of trees. It was brought to Plan-del-Rio, where it has been interred."

The loss of M. Choris will not be felt solely by his friends and acquaintance; their affliction will be partaken by every friend to science, who naturally expected much from him*—when it is considered that, at twenty years of age, he had been selected to accompany M. Kotzebue in his voyage round the world, and had given the public the relation of that voyage, and that he had since employed several years in maturing his talents, under Messrs. Regnault and Gerard, solely for the purpose of exploring and describing that America in which he found such an unforeseen and melancholy end!

LORD FORESTER.

Cecil Weld Forester, Lord Forester, of Willey Park, Shropshire, so created on the 17th of July 1821, was the descendant of an ancient and much-respected family. Sir William Forester, of Dothill, Knight, his lordship's great grandfather, born in the year 1665, married Lady Mary Cecil, daughter of James, third earl of Salisbury, by his countess, Margaret Manners, fifth daughter of John, eighth earl of Rutland. It was through an intermarriage with the family of Weld, of Willey Park, that his lordship derived the bulk of his property in Shropshire. He married, in the year 1800, the Right Honourable Lady Katharine Mary Manners, daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Duke of Rutland; with whose family that of the Foresters appears to have been long connected. His lordship was in possession of a grant made by Henry the Eighth to one of his ancestors—John Forester, of Watling-street, in the county of Salop, Esq.—to wear his hat in the presence of the king. He was created a peer on the coronation of his present majesty, with whose personal friendship he was honoured. His lordship had a family of six sons and five daughters. After great and protracted suffering, from the gout, he expired, at his house in Belgrave-square, Pimlico, on the 23d of May. His lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, John George, by whose accession to the peerage a vacancy was caused in the representation of the borough of Wenlock, for which he was one of the members.

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* M. Choris had announced, but which was unfortunately never published, a "*Recueil de Têtes et Costumes des Habitans de la Russie, avec des Vues du Mont Caucase et de ses Environs.*" It was intended to consist of fifty plates. We trust this work will some day see the light.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

On the 22d instant, we had a most remarkably heavy storm of wind and rain, indeed severe enough to warrant the appellation of an English *tornado*. The rain descended in torrents, the puddles of water bubbling like a boiling pot. This storm, from its violence, was, in course, of short duration, and partial throughout the country. It has been followed by two beautiful drying harvest days, worth a king's ransom; and we may hope will prove the efficient cause of dispersing the *matériel* of rain and storm, and of inducing the atmospheric balance of a long series of fine weather. This speculation, however rational, is yet in the style of ancient weather-wisdom; which, to the bitter disappointment, and heavy loss of us farmers, has, throughout the past and passing season, proved mere fallacy and folly. We have, in a former report, excepted the summer of 1799, which will never be out of our recollection: with that exception, the present harvest has been the most embarrassing and expensive of all the very many that we have known. The difficulty, more especially, in distant northern counties, has extended equally to latter haysel, as to the corn harvest. The flattering sunshine of two or three hours, has encouraged and urged the anxious farmer to break the cocks of hay, and prepare for carrying to the stack; when suddenly, momentarily, the flood-gates of heaven would open, and a second deluge descend, drenching the supposed thorough-made hay, and putting an immediate stop to the expected pleasing labour of securing it. Then came the disheartening task of once more spreading and drying; and when dry, the farmer's next comfort was to see his hay dispersed, and blown half over his farm, the sport of furious winds! Too many hundreds of farmers know this to be no exaggeration; yet is this nothing, the mere tender mercy of fortune, put in comparison of flooded lands and general havock, destruction, and ruin.

The corn harvest, some time finished in the southern counties, is now at its height in the northern and in Scotland; in the south, considerable breadths of beans have been cut, and should the weather improve, this latter and finishing business of the season, will make some amends for its former inauspicious course. The new wheats, our grand national object, will fill the bushel; will have more bulk than weight, and will tell far more for quantity than quality. In fact, really fine and dry wheat, from its extreme scarcity, will command almost any price. We do not refer to wheat that has been sodden with repeated rains in the sheaf, and afterwards bleached and sun-dried; they who grind for the bakers, know too well the difference. Full three-fourths of the crop of wheat has received damage, little or much, from a continually varying temperature, and from excess of humidity; and good old dry wheats, without the admixture with which the new will not grind, must be indispensable, even in the spring. With some favourable exceptions, the continental harvests have been nearly as unfavourable as our own. It is curious that, in the rainy climate of Ireland, the farmers are reported to have been more fortunate; and, as a proof of the actual ascendancy of that hitherto degraded and impoverished country, the rural labourers have, during the present year, found more employment and better pay at home, than in any former season within memory.

The golden crop, conjoining quantity and quality, and including the whole island, will probably fall short of a fair average, by four bushels per acre; a loss which must chiefly fall upon the consumer. The late advance in the price of wheat, may be stated at about nine shillings per quarter. In addition to the difficulties of the present harvest, labourers in some parts were scarce; chiefly by the absence of the Irish, comparatively few of whom have arrived during the present season. This circumstance, together with a blameable tardiness in too many parts, kept much wheat abroad which might have been safe in the stack. When once wheat is ripe, in a catching season, it is very hazardous policy to aim at carrying it perfectly dry. The fortunate cultivators of good sound, dry, and well sheltered lands, where the corn has not been much beaten down, will make a good hand of the present, to others, unfortunate season. Wheat, in general, had caught a blight previous to the flowering season, before the completion of which, the rains set in. There will assuredly be much black or *smutted* wheat, which is always attended with this ludicrous circumstance—our ultra and infallible seed steepers will never allow that they have any smut, restricting their mishaps, if any, to mildew, and cautiously avoiding all mention of the monosyllable. Considering the quantity of corn beat out and strewed about the land, the harvest of shack for animals, and of gleaning, must indeed be a plentiful one.

Barley, oats, beans, peas, tares, are, at any rate, in the first instance, great in straw, and will, doubtless, be found considerably so in quantity of produce; but with the drawback of great injury to the barley particularly, in point of quality. Of that grain, there will be plenty of the discoloured, the green, the sprouted, and the mow-burnt; and old malts are likely to be in equal request with old wheats; all root crops are large, but the turnips are too forward, and full of moisture, to stand a rigorous winter (which may well be expected); and those cattle feeders will act the wisest part, who draw and store the largest portion of them. It has been a bad season for saving either turnip or grass seeds. The naked fallows

are in a backward and foul state. In the fruit districts, there is an unusual quantity of wind-fall apples, and the general quality of that most useful fruit is defective. Sheep, and stores generally, indeed both lean and fat stock are in demand, at good prices. Pigs hold their price, and it is said that species of stock is short in the country. Horses are of more ready sale than usual at this season, and the best at high prices; importations, for draught, continue. A few weeks since, the rot, in sheep, was supposed to have made considerable progress, in the fens and low lands, but we have had no late report thereon.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 6d. —Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s.—Raw fat, 2s. 4d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 60s. to 84s.—Barley, 29s. to 40s.—Oats, 21s. to 33s. —Bread, London loaf of 4 lb. 10d. —Hay 70s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 120s.— Straw 30s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. 9d. to 37s. 3d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, 22d August, 1828.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The demand for Muscavadoes has continued general and extensive all the week: the prices are gradually improving. At the close of the market this afternoon the estimated sales for the week, were 4,500 hogsheads and tierces. The transactions in refined goods have not been on such an extensive scale as during the preceding week; yet still the market is firm, and there is a steady demand. We cannot state any alteration in prices.

Coffee.—The public sales this week (plantation coffee) went off heavily, but without variation in the prices; scarcely any Foreign description have lately been sold.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The demand for Rum continues, and the late prices are fully maintained: the sales of this week consists of Jamaicas, 34 over proof, 4s. 3d. per gallon; 30 ditto 4s. 0d.; 27 ditto 3s. 9d., and some Leewards 7 ditto 2s. 4d. per gallon. Brandy is held with much firmness; but there are few transactions to report. Geneva is unvaried.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The demand for tallow continues improving; an average of 6d. to 9d. per cwt. has again taken place; and the market is firm at the improved prices. Hemp is rather heavy here. Flax is unvaried.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3½.—Hamburg, 13. 14.—Allona, 13. 14¼.—Paris, 25. 35.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.— Frankfort, 151½.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Trieste, 10. 3—Madrid, 36.— Cadiz, 36¼.—Bilboa, 36.—Barcelona, 35½.—Seville, 35¼.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 18. —Genoa, 25. 40.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 37¼.—Palermo, 118½.—Lisbon, 45.—Oporto, 46½.—Rio Janeiro, 20½*l.*—Bahia, 31*l.*—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, 292*l.*—Coventry, 1,080*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 106*l.*—Grand Junction, 306*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 29¾*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 407*l.*—Oxford, 700*l.*—Regent's, 26½*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 805*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 260*l.*—London Docks (Stock), 87½*l.*—West India (Stock), 215*l.*—East London Water Works, 117*l.*—Grand Junction, 56*l.*— West Middlesex, 66*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance, 9½*l.*—Globe, 159*l.*— Guardian, 20½*l.*—Hope Life, 5½*l.*—Imperial Fire, 100*l.*—Gas-Light Westminster Chartered Company, 53½*l.*—City, 0*l.*—British, 8 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 23d of July to the 23d of August 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Nallett, Northumberland-street, Mary-le-bone, bill-broker
J. Buckmaster, and W. Buckmaster, Old Bond-street, tailors
J. Spencer, Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
G. Holbrook, Bristol, plane-maker
M. W. M'Laughlan, Manchester, publican
J. Hobbs, Gloucester, corn-dealer
T. Pike, Paddington-street, stone-mason
J. Powell, Bishopsgate-street, grocer
E. Chimley, Nottingham, miller
S. C. Higgins, Gloucester, upholsterer
S. Beswick, Kennington, bricklayer
C. Hobson, Leeds, publican
Whiteley, R. Salford, Lancashire, grocer.

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 55.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Adamson, S. and G. Earnshaw, Thurston, York, corn-dealer. [Preston, Tokenhouse-yard; Pickard, Wakefield
Aston, W. Toll-end and Coseley Iron Works, Salford, iron-master. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Corrie, Birmingham
Abraham, R. New Bond-street, picture-dealer. [Vallance, Earl-street
Adams, J. T. P. Brighton, wine-merchant. [Hyde, Ely-place
Briggs, J. Tintern-abbey, iron-master. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Evans, Chepstow; M'Donnel and Mostyn, Risk
Barlow, J. Gainsborough, grocer. [Spurr and Leach, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street; Spurr, Gainsborough
Braithwaite, T. Kegworth, Leicester, wine-merchant. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Snelson, Castle Donnington
Brown, H. Old London-street, malt-factor. [Beverley, Temple
Beaman, E. Winnington, Cheshire, cheese-factor. [Cole, Serjeant's-inn; Saxon, Norwich
Bowen, W. S. St. Albans, surgeon. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street
Battey, R. Norwich, merchant. [Austin, Gray's-inn; Nash, Norwich
Clark, T. Calthwaite, Cumberland, cattle-dealer. [Mounsey and Gray, Staple-inn; Dixon, Nordone, Penrith
Cleworth, R. Westleigh, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Gaskell, Wigan
Cunningham, C. Bryanstone-street, money-scrivener. [Wills, Ely-place
Cox, C. St. Martin's-lane, tailor. [Tanner, New Basinghall street
Collins, T. Avebury-street, Hoxton, victualler. [Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate
Clarke, S. Barlborough, Derby, grocer. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Dixon, Sheffield
Cayme, R. Yeovil, sacking-manufacturer. [Darke, Red-lion-square; Terrell and Son, Exeter
Clively, E. Horsham, woollen-draper. [Warne and Son, Leadenhall-street
Crofton, P. Cromer-street, upholsterer. [Nias, Prince's-street, Bank
Edgar, R. Hart-street, Crutched-friars, wine-merchant. [Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street
Evans, D. Mincing-lane, broker. [Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street
Fowler, D. Euston-square and Camberwell, builder. [Sharpe and Field, Bread-street
Ford G. Wells-street, jeweller. [Norton, Jewin-street
Fox, R. Coningsby, Lincoln, grocer. [Sharpe and Field, Bread-street
Harris, J. Gracechurch-street, auctioneer. [Mahew, Chancery-lane
Hopkinson, J. Loughborough, liquor-merchant. [Woolston, Furnival's-inn; Toone, Loughborough
Horrocks, G. and R. Martin, Ardwick, Manchester, dyers. [Potter, Manchester; Milne and Parry, Temple
Humbert, D. J. Foley-street, coal-merchant. [Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn
Inns, S. Towcester, ironmonger. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Barleet, Birmingham
Jones, B. Tipton, Stafford, cordwainer, [Collins, Great-knight Rider-street; Baylis, Kidderminster
Jenns, G. James-street, Oxford-street, coach-ironmonger. [Hunt, Craven-street
Jacques, J. B. Bristol, biscuit-baker. [Langley, Bristol; Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn-place
Jay, W. Cheltenham, architect. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Goodwin, Cheltenham
Leach, H. S. Wimbledon, baker. [Binns, Clement's-inn
Lilley, R. Mile-end-road, victualler. [Argill and Maddison, Whitechapel-road
Moore, J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. [Harding and Arlett, Gray's-inn
Morris, L. Bristol, tobacconist. [Smith and Buckerfield, Red-lion-square; Franklyn, Bristol
Manwaring, W. Birmingham, surgeon. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Claye and Thompson, Manchester
Neilson, A. Ashford, Kent, draper. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Lewtas, Manchester
Orchard, J. Wilmington-square, money-scrivener. [Swan, Doctor's Commons
Parkinson, J. Louth, grocer. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office; Lucas, Louth
Potter, T. H. and W. Gardner, Manchester, engravers and calico-printers. [Milne and Parry, London; Kay and Darbishine, Manchester
Perryman, W. Windsor, stationer. [Watson and Son, Bouverie-street
Quick, J. and F. I. Chown, Stonehouse, Devon. [Brutton and Clipperton, New Bond-street; Brutton, Exeter
Salmon, J. Stoke's-bottom, Somerset, victualler. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Bush and Prideaux, Bristol
Smith, S. Northleach, Gloucester, victualler. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruen and Co., Cheltenham
Smith, B. Birmingham, steel-toy-maker. [Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn; Wills, Birmingham
Street, S. Liverpool, tailor. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Silcock, Liverpool
Thompson, J. New York, America, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Radcliffe and Duncan, Liverpool
Tuck, G. Great Yarmouth, shipwright. [Swain and Co., Frederick-place; Palmer, Yarmouth
Waldener, J. O. Air-street, victualler. [Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane
Webb, J. Little Warner-street, cheesemonger. [Church, Great James-street
White, J. Sheffield, table-knife-manufacturer. [Duncan, Gray's-inn; Broomhead, Sheffield
White, T. Manchester, hotel-keeper. [Wood, Manchester.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. S. J. I. Lockhart, to the Cure of Binsted and Kingsley, Hants.—Rev. F. Gottwaltz, to the Vicarage of Coughton, Warwick.—Rev. H. E. Head, to the Rectory of Feniton, Devon.—Rev. E. G. Monk, to the Vicarage of Newport, Essex.—Rev. T. Corser, to the Vicarage of Norton by Daventry Northampton.—Rev. J. Gordon, to the Precentership of Devon Cathedral, and Rectory of Loughlin Island, vacant by the promotion of Rev. J. Alexander, to the Parish of Kellucan, Meath.—Rev. B. Scott, to the Vicarage of Prior's Salford and Bidford, Warwick.—Rev. H. C. Wilson, to the Vicarage of Tunstall.—Rev. C. H. Hodgson, to the Chaplaincy of the County Gaol, Wilts.—Rev. J. L. Crosbie, to be Chaplain to H. R. Duke of Cumberland.—Rev. J. Maule, to be a Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral.—Rev. A. Grenfell, to the Endowed Chapel of Torquay, Devon.—Rev. G. F. Arthur, to the Chapel of Pennycross, Devon.—Rev. J. Turner, to the Vicarage of Hennock, Devon.—Rev. H. Cholmeley, to the Rectory of Troston, Suffolk.—Rev. Dr. Hunt, to be Master of St. John's Hospital, Bedford.—Rev. F. Custance, to be Evening Lecturer of St. Mary, Worcester.—Rev. M. Dillon, to be Morning Preacher to the Asylum, Westminster.—Right Rev. Dr. W. Howley, to be Archbishop of Canterbury.—Right Rev. Dr. Blomfield, to be Bishop of London.—Rev. R. Messiter, to the Rectory of Cerendale Marsh, Dorset.—Rev. H. Stevens, to the Vicarage of Buckland, Berks.—Rev. H. Pruen, to the Rectory of Child's Wickham, Gloucester.—Rev. W. Williamson, to be Head Master of Westminster School.—Rev. R. B. Radcliffe, to the Vicarage of Ashby-de-la Zouch, Leicester.—Rev. W. Wasse, to the Vicarage of Preston, with Hedon annexed, Yorkshire.—Rev. J. Barker, to the Vicarage of Longstock, Hants.—Rev. R. Battersby, to be Chaplain to Lord Skelmersdale.—Rev. M. Jones, to the Consolidated Livings of St. Margaret's and Michael Church, Hereford.—Rev. J. Bush, to the Rectory of South Luffenham, Rutland.—Rev. S. Barker, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Cambridge.—Rev. W. C. Cruttenden, to the Prime Curacy of Macclesfield.—Rev. T. Steele, Domestic Chaplain to Earl Glasgow.—Rev. G. M. Jukes, to be Minister of the English Protestant Chapel at Havre-de-Grace.—Rev. C. Cobley, to the Vicarage of Winscombe, Somerset.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Robert Adair, Esq., sworn of H.M.'s Privy Council.—Spencer Perceval, Esq., to be Clerk of the Ordnance.—Lord Chesterfield, to be a Lord of the Bedchamber.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

July 23.—A numerous meeting of persons interested in the silk trade, was held at the London Tavern, when it was stated, that the ministry had consented to institute an inquiry respecting the state of that manufacture; and it was agreed to appoint a committee to communicate with ministers on that subject.

24.—House of Lords confirmed the judgment of the Court of King's Bench, that lands formed by the retreating of the sea, are the property of the owners of the adjoining lands, and not of the crown.

28.—Parliament prorogued by commission, after the Lord Chancellor had delivered the king's speech.

29.—Earl Amherst, late Governor-General of India, arrived at Portsmouth.

August 4.—Upon the Lord Chancellor's threatening to take Mr. Bruce (a suitor) into custody, he used the following remarkable answer. "There is nothing your Lordship can do that I care one farthing for. I am in the pursuit of justice, and deliverance from the most grievous oppression and injustice inflicted upon myself and family for the last fifteen years, and nothing shall deter me in the continuance of that pursuit!"

Aug. 4.—London Mechanical Institution visited by M. Lemaine, Professor of Practical Geometry at Ghent, sent by the government of the Netherlands, to acquire information respecting our methods of giving instruction to the working classes. He stated that the King of the Netherlands is deeply interested in the education of his people.

August 12.—Kensington Canal opened; it runs from the Thames, near Battersea bridge, to within half a mile of Kensington Palace; is 100 feet broad, and carries craft of 100 tons burthen; it has cost £40,000.

— His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence resigned his office of Lord High Admiral.

— Report of Commissioners for building additional churches in populous parishes, states that 46 new churches and chapels are now building; plans approved for 14 others; and plans for 33 more are under consideration.

13.—The Minister for Foreign Affairs gave notice to the Chairman at Lloyd's, that an effective blockade of the port of Funchal, Madeira, has been declared by the government existing in Portugal.

14.—The Duke of Cumberland, and his son Prince George, embarked at Woolwich, on board the steam-packet, for the continent.

Aug. 14.—Despatches arrived at the Colonial Office from Demerara; the colony is in a flourishing state.

— The new church at Hammersmith consecrated.

16.—A deputation from Lloyd's had an audience with Lord Aberdeen, Minister of Foreign Affairs, relative to the detention and imprisonment of Mr. Young, at Lisbon, when his lordship said remonstrances had been made already both in the case of Mr. Young and Sir John Doyle, without effect, but he had notified to the *de facto* government of Portugal, that if the proper steps were not immediately taken in respect to those gentlemen, it must be prepared for consequences of the most serious nature; as in a case like this, where the liberty and rights of British subjects are invaded, His Majesty's government were determined that they would not be trifled with.

20.—Viscount Strangford left town on a mission to the Emperor of Brazil.

MARRIAGES.

The Earl of Chichester to Lady Mary Brudenell, fourth daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.—Earl Brownlow to the Lady Emma Edgcumbe, daughter of Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.—Captain H. Hope to Jane Sophia, daughter of Admiral Sir H. Sawyer.—T. M. Goodluke, esq., to Emilia Maria, sister to Sir E. Baker, bart., and niece to the Duke of Leinster.—J. C. Hobhouse, esq., M.P. Westminster, to Lady Julia Hay, sister to the Marquis of Tweedale.—Hon. and Rev. E. S. Keppel, third son of Earl of Albemarle, to Lady Maria Clements, eldest daughter of Earl of Leitrim.—Captain Temple, second son of Sir Grenville Temple, bart, to Jane Dorothea, daughter of J. Marshall, esq., M.P. York.—W. A. Broadhead, esq., to Louisa, second daughter of the Hon. Sir C. Paget.—Digby Neave, esq., eldest son of Sir T. Neave, bart., to the Hon. Mary Arundell, daughter to the late Lord Arundell.—R. J. Palk, esq., second son of the late Sir Lawrence Palk, bart., to Harriette, daughter of G. Hibbert, esq.—J. E. Willis, esq., to Sophia Stuart, fourth daughter of the late Lieut.-General R. Bruce.—Rev. W. D. Veitch to Miss Rait, grand-daughter of W. Joliffe, esq., M.P.—J. R. Majendie, esq., youngest son of the Bishop of Bangor, to Miss H. M. Dering.—Hon. J. Shoolbred to Harriet, daughter of Sir H. Loud, bart.—T. T. Gurdon, esq., to Henrietta, eldest daughter of N. W. R. Colburne, esq., M.P.

DEATHS.

Sir James Wynne B. de Bathe, bart.—Right Hon. Dennis Browne, uncle to the Marquis of Sligo.—83, Rev. T. Hillyard; who was more than 45 years pastor of the Independent Church at Olney.—Sir Patrick Macgregor, vice-president of the College of Surgeons, serjeant surgeon to the King, and to the late Duke of York.—Jacob Bosanquet, esq., of Broxbourne, many years a Director of the East-India Company.—At Chislehurst, Elizabeth, wife of Sir H. Jenner, advocate-general.—Colonel the Hon. E. Acheson, brother to Earl of Gosford.—Sir F. T. Morshead, bart.—Mr. Horne, of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, the principal coach-proprietor in the kingdom; he employed at one time upwards of 1,200 horses in that speculation.—In the Regent's-park, by a fall from his horse, Simon Taylor, esq., one of the Bank Directors.—Mrs. Benfield, relict of the late Paul Benfield, esq.—Hon. J. C. Parsons, second son of the Earl of Ross.—A. Whitehead, esq., formerly secretary to the Transport Board.—Major-General R. Douglas.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At the Hague, 113, Mrs. Tierney; her father lived to the age of 105, and her uncle to 113.—At Missery (France) a woman aged 100. — At St. Omers, G. Allan, esq., M.A., F.S.A., and late M.P. for Durham.—At Paris, the Duke de San Carlos, ambassador from Spain to France.—At Neuille, near Paris, the Duke of Penthievre, son of the Duke of Orleans.—Lately, at Sierra Leone, the enterprising traveller Major Denham.—On his passage from the West Indies, J. C. Mills, esq., late president of the island of Nevis.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

An Act of Parliament has just been passed for establishing a new harbour on the north-east coast at Seaham, within five miles of Sunderland.

A fine specimen of the *Sphinx Atropos*, or Death's-head Hawk Moth, was caught in Old Elvet, in Durham, a few days ago. It measures between the extremities of the wings 5 inches, and the length of the body is 2¼ inches. It is covered with a kind of down, and on the back is a mark resembling a death's head, from which it derives its name.

In removing the old battlement of the Framwellgate Bridge, at Durham, a few days ago, a large living toad was found in the very middle of the wall, where it must have been confined for a long series of years. The bridge is of a very ancient date; but how long the late battlement had been erected we are unable to state.

At Durham assizes, Mr. Justice Bayley congratulated the grand jury on the favourable state of the calendar, which was calculated to give them little trouble.* The criminal business was unusually trifling, there being only 7 prisoners.

At the Northumberland assizes, 6 prisoners were recorded for death; one of them a young woman of 17 for house-breaking; a few transported and imprisoned.

On the 4th of August, a meeting was held in

* The present summer assizes have presented, at the different courts, a considerable diminution in the average quantity of crime. There has not been for some years a general gaol delivery, at which the judges congratulated the grand juries so generally on the diminished number of criminals, although in some parts of the country the proportion has been greater of heinous offences, such as murder, and the most depravedly atrocious assaults upon females of the tenderest age!!!!

the City of Durham, C. Ellison, Esq., M.P., high sheriff, in the chair, at which it was resolved to erect a monument in Durham Cathedral to the memory of the late Bishop Barrington.

There were interred, at Hexham, between June 26th and July 29th, inclusive, 8 persons, the ages of seven of whom averaged 80 years each.

Married.] At Stanhope, E. Hunter, esq., to Miss Bainbridge.—At Egglingham, the Rev. H. Barker to Miss Howey.—At Billingham, Mr. G. Thompson to Miss Dobing.—At Monkwearmouth, Mr. J. W. Hill to Miss J. Walker; Mr. Robert Jewitt, aged 84, to Miss Brown, of Southwick, aged 62.

Died.] At Durham, Mrs. Hudson; 96, Mrs. Ibbotson.—At Newcastle, Mr. A. Bone; Miss Edgcombe; Dr. Steavenson.—At West Auckland, Mr. G. Addison.—At Brancepeth, the Rev. Wm. Nesfield.—At Hartlepool, 87, Mr. W. Yeal.—At Oswrotherley, the Rev. T. Marshall.—At Bishopwearmouth, J. Robinson, esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The trial against the owners of the long staiths, brought by the keelmen of the Tyne, has taken place at Carlisle, and its results may be supposed a verdict in favour of the plaintiffs as far as the staiths themselves are concerned; but there is a clause appended to that part of the verdict which would require another verdict to show why it was appended at all, and what it means. "We find that the navigation of the channel of the river opposite Wallsend has been narrowed, straightened, lessened, and obstructed by the gears erected by the defendants as described in the indictment, and that the trade of the town and port of Newcastle has notwithstanding increased." Baron Hullock said to the jury, "You mean it as a special verdict, and leave it to the Court above to decide whether it is a finding guilty or an acquittal under this indictment." To this the jury assented, and his Lordship said he would take the verdict down in their own words. It will probably be discussed and determined in the Court of King's Bench.

YORKSHIRE.

On the 29th of July, the splendid mansion of G. L. Fox, esq., at Bramham-park, near Tadcaster, was destroyed by fire. The fire was discovered by a servant, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning; and of course it was some time before any effective assistance could be procured; as engines had to be procured from Tadcaster, Abberford, Leeds, &c. For nearly two hours there was no other engine playing than the private one belonging to the house; and the flames gained great ascendency, sweeping nearly over the whole building. The engines from Tadcaster and Darlington arrived a little after two o'clock (the roof of the grand entrance hall having fallen in just before); and about three o'clock three engines from Leeds arrived. It was six o'clock before the flames were got under. The damage done is immense—probably between £80,000 and £100,000. Mr. Fox was from home. Providentially no lives were lost.

A fine gold coin, of the Emperor Honorius, was lately found at Thirsk. The letters DN HONORIVS PF. AVC., are round the head on the obverse, and are very legible. On the reverse is a warrior, with a standard in his right hand, at his other a Victory, with a chaplet in her hand; his foot is placed on a fallen foe: underneath are the letters COMOD, and around it VICTORIA AVE, and M on the right side of the warrior, and D on the left. Its value, as old gold, is 16s.

On the 3d of August a new church was opened at Redcar.

A new sickle has been invented by Mr. Ibbotson, of Sheffield, which is far superior to the common one for reaping. It is made of the best tempered steel, strengthened by a narrow rim of iron, riveted, as a back. It is much lighter than the common sickle, cuts the stalk of the grain readily, instead of sawing it, and keeps longer in good order.

A Medical Society has been formed at Leeds, for the support of the widows and children of deceased medical men; and also for the assistance of poorer members of the profession.

An ingenious plan for increasing the power of the voice has been carried into execution at Attercliffe Church. A concave sounding board is erected between the desk and the pulpit, the speaker's voice being near the focus. The effect is to increase the power of the voice five times beyond its ordinary volume.

At the assizes for this county, 22 prisoners received sentence of death, a few imprisoned, some discharged, and 29 remain in gaol upon their several former orders and commitments.

A meeting has been held at Knaresborough, and a subscription entered into, for the purpose of erecting a new prison there. It was acknowledged by all present that the prison for debtors was a scandal to the town, and that no expression could be too strong for its reprobation; let it be then proclaimed to the country, this boasted country for good laws, decency, and prison discipline, that, in this famous era for improvements, Knaresborough prison for debtors consists of only *one* apartment, scarcely *nine feet square*, without the smallest yard or outlet for exercise; that it is built over the common sewer of the town, with only one opening, grated over the sewer with iron bars, for every purpose of nature; and that *women* were subject to be confined in this filthy place along with the men !!! that during the greatest part of last winter there were three inmates in it!!! and that at the present moment there was a prisoner upwards of 70 years of age in it, who had been confined already upwards of eight months !!!!!

At the last meeting of the Leeds' Mechanic Institution, it was resolved that works of general literature should be admitted, in addition to those of a mere mechanical or scientific nature, as tending to spread a taste for knowledge, would greatly add to the happiness, and improve the moral character of the working classes.

Married.] At Hull, W. G. Todd, esq., to Miss Stickney.—At Fulfond, B. Rotch, esq., to Miss Judd.—At Leeds, H. Ridsdale, esq., to Miss Heaton.—At Bramham, J. Allen, esq., to Miss Whaley.—At Overton, Major Loring to Miss Smith.—At Welurck, Captain T. Mead to Miss Marwood.—At Ackworth, the Rev. F. F. P. Hawkins to Miss Hay.—At Conisbro', J. Drabwell, esq., to Miss E. Wilkinson.

Died.] At Hull, 93, L. Horner, esq.—At Holbeck, T. Jaques, esq.—At Skipton, C. Abbotson, esq.—At Brompton, the Dowager Lady Cayley.—At Clifford, J. Paddey, esq.—At York, Miss Wolstenholme.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

At Cambridge, 2 culprits imprisoned, and 2 acquitted, being all the prisoners for trial!

At Huntingdon, 2 recorded for death.

At Wisbeach, only 7 prisoners for trial.

NOTTINGHAM AND LINCOLN.

At Lincoln, judgment of death was recorded against a woman (Frances Stephenson, 21) for stealing a mare.

The assizes at Nottingham were not distinguished by any trial of importance; not one prisoner received sentence of death.

DERBY.

At the assizes for this county, 7 culprits were recorded for death, a few transported and imprisoned.

LANCASHIRE.

The Bolton and Leigh Railway was opened August 21, in a very grand style, at which upwards of 40,000 persons attended. In the procession a coach was seen carrying nearly 60 ladies and gentlemen, with favours of all colours, banners, &c. &c., 6 waggons laden with coal, 2 tons each, were attached to the coach, besides 13 other waggons, 6 in front and 7 behind. They started at Pendlebury Point, conveyed by the steam carriage to the stationary engine, about a mile and a half from Bolton. Several experiments were made of the capabilities of the locomotive engine, christened *The Lancashire Witch*, and on one occasion it travelled twelve miles an hour, but it was unladen at the time.

The first stone of the new Custom-house at Liverpool, has been recently laid by the mayor, in the presence of myriads of spectators. When completed, it will probably be the noblest custom-house in the world. The site on which it is erecting is that space formerly called the Old Dock. It will have four splendid fronts: the north and the south will be 430 feet each in length, and every other part will be equal in grandeur and effect. Over the centre will rise a beautiful dome 127 feet high; the crown of which will be supported by a tasteful circle of Corinthian columns, between which will be placed a number of perpendicular windows, admitting a body of light in the largest room in the building.

CHESHIRE.

An idea of the violence of the rain and hail in the late storms at Chester, may be formed from the fact, that an impetuous torrent of water, almost sufficient to float a boat, flowed from the High Cross through the East Gate. The river rose to an unusual height. The ancient ramparts themselves, that resisted the repeated assaults of the Puritans, have yielded to the "pelting of the pitiless storm;" a part near the Phœnix Tower (from the summit of which Charles I. witnessed the defeat of his army) gave way with a tremendous crash, the foundation having been undermined by the heavy rains. At Sealand, the water rose higher than the great flood in 1795, the greatest in the memory of man in this part of the kingdom.*

* Similar accounts have been sent us from all parts of the kingdom, but more particularly the north and west, where several deaths have happened from the dreadful effects of the lightning.

Died.] At the Parsonage, 62, Rev. L. Heapy; he had been Prime Curate of Macclesfield for the last 35 years. A melodious organ, a reformed psalmody, extensive accommodation for schools, numerous free pews for adults, structure of a parsonage, rebuilding of great part of the parochial chapel, remodelling of the whole beautiful interior—these be his works, so, that on surveying these his works, it may truly be said of him, as of a great architect, in justice to his influence, his taste, and his devotion "Would you see his monument?—look around!" Yet his parishioners, as a mark of their esteem, have entered into a subscription for the erection of a monument to his memory.—*Macclesfield Courier*—At Chester, Miss Wilson.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

Staffordshire county rate has been reduced to three farthings in the pound.

At the assizes only one culprit was left for execution: it was for forgery.

The interest usually excited by the fate of ordinary felons has been wholly absorbed at Shrewsbury, in that of the murderers from Drayton and Old Bury, by which 6 miserable wretches were condemned to death. The former had something very remarkable about its history—Pugh, the father, was called to convict his son; Ellson to convict his own mother, father-in-law, and brothers-in-law; his wife corroborated his evidence against her father and brothers; and the evidence of Mary Blakeman, the daughter of Ann Harris, tended to confirm the testimony which fixed the guilt on her mother!

Married.] At Wolverhampton, S. Tayler, esq., to Mrs. Hartshorn.—At Swinnerton-park, F. Fitzherbert, esq., to Miss Maria Teresa Gandolfi.

Died.] 70, Mrs. Walter Waring, of Church Stretton.—At the Iron Bridge, Salop, 91, Mrs. Jukes.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

Chief Justice Best in his charge to the grand jury of Leicestershire, congratulated them on the considerable diminution of crime. He said, "he was glad that the law with respect to capital charges had been altered, and he was certain, from his own knowledge, that the alteration had already proved very beneficial." We trust, therefore, that our law-menders will proceed, and entirely do away the common observation of foreigners, that the great fault in the jurisprudence of England lies in not making it equal to the knowledge of the times we live in; "all the English establishments were made in days of ignorance (say they); and so true is this, that one of their ministers (Peel) has at length dared to enter the arena, and boldly annihilated near 200 acts, by putting one or two of common sense in their place!!!" Nine prisoners were recorded for death, and a few transported and imprisoned.

At Oakham assizes nothing of importance occurred.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

At Northampton assizes, 6 culprits were recorded for death, 7 transported, and 8 imprisoned. Near £900, it appears, were expended in the criminal jurisprudence, goals, &c. &c., from Michaelmas 1826, to Easter 1828, in the town of Northampton alone.

At Warwick sessions, there were 105 prisoners

for trial; 30 of whom had been tried before, and returned to prison for similar offences committed since they had been liberated!!! At the Warwick assizes, 28 were recorded for death, 17 transported, and several imprisoned.

The Committee of the Birmingham Society of Arts have given notice in their Address (prefixed to their Catalogue of Pictures by Ancient Masters) that "their next exhibition, in 1829, will be of Modern Pictures; and that they hope for valuable assistance, not merely upon the principle of pecuniary recompense, but from the more elevated consideration of benefit to the community, by the wider diffusion of works of taste and genius."

At Coventry assizes, few cases for trial, and only one of importance; it was for horse stealing, and the sentence transportation for life.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

At two o'clock this morning, July 26, the college of this city, Hereford, was discovered to be on fire, and in a few minutes hundreds were around the college walls. The building forms a quadrangle, the sides of which are nearly one hundred feet each. The entire of the south-east angle was in a mass of flame. A quarter past six o'clock the fire was extinguished. The plate, the deeds, and other papers, and the library of the college, escaped uninjured; but the private library of the Rev. H. Munday suffered considerable damage, as also the furniture of several other members. The cause is involved in mystery. This is the *fourth* time within these last five years that the college has been on fire; but this last conflagration has been more destructive than the preceding ones. The loss is estimated at £1,500.

At Worcester assizes, 2 culprits recorded for death, 3 transported, and a few imprisoned.

At Hereford, sentence of death was recorded against 8 culprits.

The iron trade appears now rapidly tending to that state of extreme depression, which the most ordinary foresight might have anticipated as consequent upon the high prices of 1821.—*Hereford Journal.*

Married.] At Donnington, Rev. W. Borrodaile to Miss A. S. B. Shaw.—At Abberley, T. J. Maling, esq., to Miss Jemima Bromley.

Died.] At Hereford, 44, Mr. J. Constable, butler to Hereford College, in consequence of the injury he sustained at the destructive fire at that building.—At Mount Craig, Ross, 89, J. Lloyd, esq.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

A meeting was held at Bristol (which was adjourned for a second day's discussion) for the establishment of a Reformation Society, when it was proposed, "That the committee should report to the next general meeting, whether there still remains in the Liturgy of the Church of England any relics of Popery, and what are the best means of securing the expulsion of such relics." This proposition threw the meeting into a scene of uproar and confusion, when it was finally rejected.

Baron Vaughan complimented the grand jury at Gloucester assizes, on seeing such a diminution of crime (41 prisoners), and said "that the redundancies and excrescences of the criminal code had been cut off, and that the Augæan stable had been cleansed by three or four acts, which repeal *the unintelligible acts of former times!!!!!*" Ten were recorded for death.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

There is nothing recorded in the annals of Mineralogy of this kingdom or of Europe, that will bear comparison with the extraordinary exuberance of the curious Calcedonies recently discovered in the Haytor Iron Mine, Devon. From this small spot there have been collected of this mineral, by Mr. Woolmer, of Exeter, 300 varieties, every one of which is entitled to a distinct description in colour, formation, or singularity, and many of them are of exquisite beauty, elegance, and delicacy.—*Taunton Journal.*

The Royal Adelaide, 120 guns, was launched at Plymouth July 28, the ceremony of naming having been performed by the Duchess of Clarence, in the presence of the Lord High Admiral, and many thousand spectators: she is a beautiful ship, and has been nine years in building.

At the assizes for Somerset, the calendar was extremely light, the number of prisoners being only 30, yet some were of the deepest dye, and 15 were recorded for death. Mr. Justice Park complained of the small number of magistrates in attendance, and their delay in returning the depositions, &c. The mayor of Bridgewater was fined 40s. for non-attendance.

Four prisoners were recorded for death at Devon assizes, 6 transported, and a few imprisoned.

A new market is about to be built at Dartmouth.

During the performance of morning service at Compton Pauncefort, on Sunday last, the rain fell in such torrents, and descended from the neighbouring hills so rapidly, that the water rose in the immediate vicinity of the church to a height which prevented the congregation from reaching their houses otherwise than in carts, which were sent for them.

Married.] At Exeter, T. T. Gillett, esq., of Brussels, to Miss Ann Sparks.

Died.] At Wells, 88, Mr. J. Evi.—At Taunton, 89, T. Woodforde, esq.

DORSET AND WILTS.

The Act of Parliament for disfranchising Cranbourne Chase has passed, and the gradual destruction or removal of the deer already commenced. Their increase of late years has been so much, and the winters so favourable, that there are 12,000 in number. So many fawns have recently been shot, that they have been disposed of at the low prices of 5s. or 6s. a piece. By the Act, it appears that Lord Rivers's franchise expires on the 10th of October, 1830, by which time the deer of all ages will be sold.

At the Dorset assizes, 2 recorded for death, and 2 transported.

At Wilts, 7 received sentence of death (2 for murder), and a few transported and imprisoned.

Married.] At Dorchester, J. C. Clive, esq., to Miss E. J. Park.

Died.] 72, George Bingham, well known for his harmless eccentricities at Sherborne.

OXFORD AND BERKS.

At the Third Annual Court of the University Life Assurance Society, established by royal charter, which was lately held, the report laid before the proprietors was of the most satisfactory description. The income of the Society already exceeds £20,000 a year, whilst the number of deaths among the assured, during the whole period of its establishment, is only four. It is remarkable that the assurers from the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are nearly equal both in number and in the amount assured.

We are sorry that some of the London papers give credit and insertion to exaggerated and false reports of the destruction of the corn crops in various parts of this county, averring that they are very light and indifferent. This is not the case, for they are generally good, particularly the barley.—*Oxford Herald.*

The state of the Oxford County Goal furnishes a most melancholy proof of the dreadful effects produced by the Game Laws on the morals of the country. The prisoners confined there under sentences of last Epiphany Session, are 12 in number; larceny, 1—assault, 1—poaching, 10! These are not the only inmates of the goal whose only crime is poaching. These ten persons were sent there from one single session; and there are, beside them, nine others, also imprisoned in this gaol for poaching, who were sent there by magistrates, &c. Such a state of things ought never to be allowed to exist in a civilized country, and it really does behove the ministers to turn their attention to this dreadful evil, and to bring in a bill for the eradication of a system of laws which is found to be so very pernicious to the moral state of the kingdom; for it has been not only acknowledged by magistrates, but proved by fact in the criminal courts, that imprisonment for poaching is the precursor not only of other crimes, but frequently of murder.

Married.] G. F. Rich, esq., of Sonning, to Miss Agnes Frazer.

Died.] At Oxford, 66, John Gilpin; for the last 25 days, previous to his death, he lay in a profound sleep, from which he could not be roused without much difficulty, and then sank again into the same state of torpor.

BUCKS AND BEDFORDSHIRE.

The expenses for the county of Bedford for the year, from Easter Sessions, 1827, to Easter Sessions, 1828, amount to £9,366. 4s. 7d. The greater part of the charges were for criminal jurisprudence; about £2,000 were spent in additional works, &c. for the Lunatic Asylum.

Lord Nugent wishing to settle some "historic doubts" respecting the wounds of which the patriot Hampden died, procured leave of the clergyman of the parish of Hampden to search for his remains in that church, and, July 21, after several coffins had been examined, one was selected, and made the object of particular investigation by his lordship. It has been since stated, that the body examined was not that of John Hampden, but of some other person!

Died.] At Akley, Mrs. Massey, and on the following day Mr. Massey; their united ages amounted to 185 years, 68 of which they had lived together as man and wife, having been married on the coronation day of George III.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The Society of Artists at Norwich have opened their 22d exhibition in their new gallery. It consists of 279 subjects, presenting specimens in the different departments of portrait, landscape, domestic scenes, still life, architectural compositions, and fruit and flower subjects, well calculated to gratify the lovers of art. No. 245, "Disturbed by the Night Mare," tending to evince knowledge of *chiaro oscuro*, and fondness for *furo*, is a little relic of poor Theodore Lane, the highly-endowed young man, who so recently lost his life by falling through the sky light at the Horse Bazaar in Gray's-inn-lane.

At Norwich assizes, 12 prisoners were recorded for death.

At the assizes at Bury St. Edmund's, the public attention was solely fixed upon the fate of William Corder, who was condemned to death for the atrocious murder of Maria Marten, whom he had previously seduced, and by whom he had a child. He inveigled her into Polstead Red Barn, and there shot, stabbed, and strangled her, and afterwards buried her in the barn! He turned out to be one of the advertisers for wives in the public newspapers; and he has left an unfortunate wife (whom he obtained by this plan) to lament the folly of having attended to such means. The monster advertised himself as "every way qualified to render the marriage state desirable!"

Married.] At Lynn, Rev. G. Numford to Miss Edwards.—B. Gurdon, esq., eldest son of T. T. Gurdon, esq., of Letton, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of N. W. R. Colburne, esq., M.P.

Died.] At Cromer, Mrs. Tyssen.—At Norwich, 77, Mr. C. Elsegood; and the same day his son, W. Elsegood, 51; 83, Rev. Dr. J. Turner, Dean of Norwich.—Rev. W. Haward, of Rendham.—Mr. D. Chamberlayne, of Great Dunham,—At Yarmouth, 85, Mr. W. Warden.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

At the assizes at Winchester, Mr. Justice Park reprobated the practice of some of the barristers there puffing off attornies. "Such conduct," he said, "was a most grievous waste of the public time; it was injurious to the parties whose interests were concerned in the issue of the proceedings; and in the gentlemen who so conducted themselves, he must say it was a gross prostitution of their abilities and character!"

Married.] At Brighton, N. B. F. F. Bean, esq., to Frances, eldest daughter of J. Walker, esq., M.P.—At Milton, Rev. W. Jones, to Miss C. Dampier.

Died.] At Southampton, 97, the Hon. Helen Colt, widow of the late O. Colt, esq., and daughter of Lord Blantyre.

CORNWALL.

The pilchard fishery has been very successful; the drift boats of St. Ives have brought in from 6,000 to 10,000 each; one had as many as 25,000. The Mount's Bay boats took from two to eight hogsheads of pilchards each. The fish were remarkably fine, and were met with about four leagues north-west off the head of the bay. They sell at St. Ives at 2s. per hundred.

The new church of St. Day, and two new chapels, have been consecrated by the bishop—one at Truro, and the other at Falmouth.

Mr. Justice Park congratulated the grand jury at Bodmin on the calendar being so light; he thanked God that the law had lately been altered relative to the murder of illegitimate children, &c. Death recorded against 3 prisoners.

Married.] At Marham, Mr. Forester to Miss Ann Charter.—At Penryn, Rev. R. Newstead, late of Ceylon, to Miss S. M. Richards.

Died.] At Boyton, 83, H. Spree, esq; he had been surveyor to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for upwards of 30 years for Cornwall and Devon.—At Larrigan, 82, Mrs. Honor Pascoe.

WALES.

The monument erected to the memory of the late General Sir Thomas Picton, at Carmarthen, was opened to public view July 29, with grand ceremony, 60 Waterloo veterans walking in the procession, carrying banners, on which were inscribed, Badajoz, Cuidad Rodrigo, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Les Quatre Bras, Picton, and Waterloo. The structure in its general design, particularly the shaft and entablature, resembles Trajan's Pillar in Rome, and is of block marble.

A letter to the Lord Chancellor, on the administration of justice in Wales, has been published by Earl Cawdor, in which he displays the inconveniences of the local courts of the principality in a striking light, shewing that the present system of Welsh judicature is as bad as can be. We copy from his lordship's letter a bit of *law* and *equity*, as practised in the principality; it is a Welsh county court notice to a labouring man, to procure payment of *one shilling*, due for the mending of a pair of shoes:—"Sir, Having been directed by a A. B. to apply to you for £0. 1s. 0d. due to him, I have to request that you will pay me that sum, together with my charge of 5s., on or before Saturday next, as I shall otherwise be obliged to commence an action against you for the recovery thereof without further notice. I am your obedient servant, C. D."

Died.] At Aberystwith, 105, Mrs. Elizabeth Newman.—In Llandovery, 76, Mrs. Jones, relict of the late Theophilus Jones, author of the "History of Brecknockshire."

SCOTLAND.

By the 24th Report of the Commissioners of the Caledonian Canal just published, it appears that since January 1, 1828, the tonnage rate has been reduced to one farthing per ton per mile. The produce of rates for one year ending in May last, was £2,870; the expense of keeping up the canal, £4,173! The number of passages made by ships through the canal, have been in the last three years, 944,766, and 882 respectively. The depth of water at present is 15 feet, and the sum of £41,000 is required to increase it to 20 feet, as originally intended. £977,524 have been expended on the canal.

In consequence of the want of employment, arising from a redundancy of population, and other causes, hundreds of our poorer countrymen on the western coast, are now quitting their native shores for North America. A brig went off lately from the Isle of Harris, freighted with passengers for Upper Canada; and two vessels sailed from Loch Maddy, in North Uist, with no less than 600 souls on board. Another is daily expected to sail from Canna; and as fresh exportations will follow whenever opportunities occur, a check will be given, for at least some time, to the effects of our rapidly increasing population.

The silk trade continues to make great progress in the west of Scotland. The number of looms has of late greatly increased in this vicinity; and the business, though only of recent introduction, promises soon to be one of the most important trades in Scotland. The weavers' earnings average from 15s. to 20s. week. The trade has also taken firm root in the western country; in Kilwinning, Johnstone, and other places. Besides the ordinary description of goods, the manufacture of silk velvet has been recently introduced, and a very superior article has been produced. The demand for tartan manufactures has of late greatly improved in the neighbourhood of Stirling. Most of the manufacturers are employing their full number of hands; and in consequence of some large orders having been received, the goods are sent off as they are finished.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

During the thunder-storm on Monday night, a shoal of young whales, of the grampus kind, which had entered the Dornoch Firth in pursuit of herring, made a hideous noise in the water, terrified, it is supposed, by the vivid flashes of lightning. About 30 of them came on shore during the night at Ardjachay Point, and about as many more farther up the Firth, also on the Rosshire side; and next morning, a considerable number came on shore about a mile farther down, near Morangie. A number of men and horses were employed in dragging them to land, and about 80 have been secured. They measure from 15 to 21 feet in length, and from 12 to 18 feet in circumference, and the blubber is from 3 to 4 inches in depth.—*Inverness Journal.*

Married.] At Calder-house, W. R. Ramsay, of Barnton, esq., to the Hon. Mary Sandilands, only daughter of Lord Torpichen.

Died.] At Edinburgh, Samuel Neil, esq., surgeon in the royal navy, and late of the Hecla discovery ship.

IRELAND.

The Catholic Association of Ireland have taken decided steps for purifying the representation of that country. They have determined that all candidates for counties, cities, and open boroughs in that part of the United Kingdom, shall be called upon to give solemnly and publicly the following pledges:—1st. Not to support the administration of the Duke of Wellington or Mr. Peel, until after total, unqualified, and unconditional emancipation.—2d. To make strenuous exertions to repeal the subletting act.—3d. To support every measure having any tendency to promote perfect freedom of conscience.—4th. To support every measure having any tendency to promote constitutional reform of parliament, and in particular to extend the elective franchise, and shorten the duration of each parliament.—Resolved, That every candidate for representation in Ireland, who shall refuse or neglect to give the above pledges in the most public and unequivocal manner, shall meet with the direct and active opposition of all the members of the Catholic Association in Ireland.—*Catholic Journal.*

Died.] At Newport-house, Sir Hugh O'Donel, bart.—J. Cuff, of Deel-castle, esq., M.P., governor and custos rotulorum of Mayo county, and colonel of its militia.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of July to the 25th of August, 1828.

July.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	210¾	86⅞ 87⅛	86⅛ ⅜	—	94⅞ 95⅛	101¼	19¾ 13-16	243	111 12p	72 73p	86⅜
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	—	87⅛ ⅝	86¼ ⅝	—	95½	101¼ ½	19¾ 13-16	—	110 12p	71 73p	86¼ ¾
29	—	87½ ⅝	86⅝ ¾	95¾	95½ ⅝	101⅜ ½	19⅞ 15-16	243¾	112p	72 73p	86½ 87
30	213	87⅝ ¾	86⅞ 87	96	95¾ ⅞	101½ ⅝	19 15-16 20	—	111 12p	72 73p	86⅞ 87
31	212½ 13¼	88 ⅛	87¼ ⅜	96⅛ ⅜	96⅛	101½ ¾	20	245½	111 12p	72 73p	87¼ ½
Aug.											
1	212½	87⅜ 88⅛	86¾ 87⅜	95¾ ⅞	95⅝ 96⅛	101⅛ ⅝	19 15-16 20	—	112 14p	72 73p	86¾ 87⅜
2	212½	88⅛	86⅜ 87⅝	—	95⅜ 96	101¼ ½	19 15-16 20	244	—	71 73p	86⅜ 87⅝
3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4	—	87⅝ 88	86⅞ 87⅛	—	95⅝	101¼ ⅜	19 15-16 20	243¼ 4	112p	71 73p	86⅞ 87⅛
5	212½ 13½	87⅛ ⅝	86¼ 87	95¾ ⅞	95⅜ ⅜	101⅛ ⅜	19 15-16 20	244	114p	72 73p	86⅜ 87
6	213 14	87⅛ ¼	86⅞ 87	96	95¾ ⅞	101½ ⅜	19 15-16 20	243¼ ½	112p	72 73p	86⅞ 87
7	—	87⅜ ¾	86¼ 87	95¾ 96⅛	95⅝ 96	101¼ ⅜	19⅞ 20	—	—	71 73p	86⅜ 87
8	213¼ 14	87⅝ ¾	86⅞ 87⅛	96	95⅞ 96	101¼ ⅜	19 15-16	243¾	113p	71 72p	86⅞ 87½
9	—	88¼	87⅝ ½	—	96¼ ½	101⅜ ½	20 1-16	—	114p	71 72p	87½ ½
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	—	88⅛ ¼	87⅜ ½	—	96⅜ ½	101⅜ ⅝	20 1-16	—	112 14p	71 72p	87⅜ ½
12	—	88¼	87¼ ½	96¼	96⅝ ¼	101⅝ ⅝	20 1-16	243½	114p	71 72p	87¼ ⅝
13	—	88¼	87⅝ ⅝	96⅜	96½ ⅝	101⅝ ⅝	20 1-16	—	—	71 73p	87⅝ ⅝
14	214	87⅞ ⅞	86⅞ 87⅛	96¼	96¼	101¼ ½	20 1-16	243¼ ¾	—	72 73p	86¾ 87⅛
15	213¼	87⅞ 88	87⅛ ¼	96¼	96⅛ ⅜	101⅜ ½	20 1-16	—	113 15p	71 72p	87⅛ ¼
16	—	88⅛	87⅝ ⅜	—	96⅜ ⅜	101⅝ ½	20	—	113p	71 72p	87⅝ ⅝
17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18	213¾	87⅞ 88	87⅛ ⅜	—	96⅛ ¼	101⅜ ½	20 1-16	—	113 15p	71 72p	87¼
19	213	87⅞ 88⅜	87⅝ ⅜	96¼	96⅝ ⅜	101⅜ ½	20 1-16	242	113 15p	71 72p	87¼
20	213¾	87⅞ 88⅛	87⅝ ⅜	96⅜	96⅝ ⅜	101⅜ ½	20 1-16	243	112 13p	71 72p	87¼
21	213	87⅞ 88	87⅛ ¼	96⅜	96⅛ ⅜	101⅜ ½	20 1-16	—	112 06p	71 72p	87⅛ ¼
22	—	87⅞ 88	87⅝ ¼	96⅜	96⅝ ⅜	101⅜ ½	19 15-16 20	—	107 05p	72 73p	87⅜ ⅝
23	—	88¼	87¼ ½	—	96½	101¾ ⅞	20 1-16	242¼	100 03p	72 73p	87⅜
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	213½ 14½	88¼	87¼ ½	—	96⅜ ½	101½ ¾	20 1-16	—	98 103	72 73p	87¼ ½

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker*, 2, *Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From July 20th to August 19th, 1828.

By William Harris and Co. 50, High Holborn.

July.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P.M.
20	98	☽	66	64	56	29 30	29 34	49	49	SE	NNE	Rain	Rain	Rain
21	95	☽	62	69	55	29 36	29 34	50	50	W	S	Fine	—	—
22	0		62	68	59	29 40	29 50	49	50	NNW	NW	Clo.	—	Fair
23	9		69	72	60	29 59	29 57	50	50	W	W	Fine	—	—
24	28		67	68	60	29 54	29 46	49	49	W	W	Rain	—	—
25	14		66	72	60	29 43	29 50	50	50	W	W	Fine	—	—
26	11		66	70	56	29 61	29 62	50	50	WNW	WNW	—	—	—
27	6		66	71	54	29 64	29 68	50	50	NW	NW	—	—	—
28			65	68	56	29 85	29 84	50	49	NE	N	Clo.	Fair	Fine
29	6	○	68	56	49	29 80	29 74	47	46	NNE	ESE	Fine	Rain	—
30			56	65	51	29 76	29 83	46	45	NNE	NNW	—	Fine	—
31			64	66	58	29 90	29 89	45	45	NW	NW	—	—	—
Aug.														
1			64	69	61	29 89	29 80	45	46	NW	SW	Fair	Clo.	Rain
2	8		69	66	56	29 62	29 50	45	47	SW	W	Clo.	Rain	Fine
3	52		62	59	56	29 51	29 42	48	49	W	W	Fine	—	—
4	0	☾	61	69	56	29 42	29 45	49	49	NW	W	—	Fair	Rain
5	8		70	71	69	29 46	29 51	49	49	NW	W	Fine	Rain	—
6	32		71	65	59	29 40	29 20	49	49	WNW	NW	Clo.	—	—
7	41		63	72	61	29 31	29 40	49	50	WNW	NW	—	—	—
8			65	74	59	29 48	29 52	50	50	W	W	—	Fine	Fine
9	6		73	68	59	29 40	29 30	50	50	SW	W	Rain	Fair	Fair
10			66	68	56	29 50	29 58	50	50	W	W	Fine	Show.	—
11	21		62	68	58	29 60	29 54	49	48	W	WSW	—	—	Rain
12	03	●	61	69	56	29 64	29 72	48	48	WNW	W	Clo.	Rain	Fine
13	9		62	65	56	29 72	29 61	49	49	W	SSE	Fair	—	Rain
14	4		59	56	55	29 43	29 50	49	50	E	ESE	Rain	—	—
15			52	56	53	29 70	29 72	50	50	NNE	NW	Fine	Fine	Fine
16			61	66	56	29 82	29 84	50	49	NW	W	—	—	—
17	5		60	68	55	29 80	29 71	49	50	W	NW	Rain	Rain	Rain
18			62	69	54	29 82	29 89	50	50	NW	NW	Fine	Fine	Fine
19			66	69	57	30 0	30 1	50	50	NW	NW	—	—	—

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of July was 5 inches and 36 100ths.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. VI.] OCTOBER, 1828. [No. 34.

REPORT FROM THE DISSECTION COMMITTEE.

So revolting is the practice of exhumation—the trade of dragging dead bodies from the grave for the purpose of dissection—that a very unusual combination of official and private opposition has risen up against it; and the church-yards in and about London are, in consequence, more and more effectually blocked up against the depredators. The employer and his desperate agent encounter the same degree of popular odium, and the craft of both is in imminent danger of utter and speedy extinction. The anatomists are driven to their wits' end: from the lack of subjects, some abandon their lectures, and all occasionally suspend them; students fly to other countries; and the character of the profession itself is at stake. The very law is suddenly armed against them; and the mere possession of a dead body for dissection, except that of a murderer, is declared to be a misdemeanor. The government, indeed, winked at importations, and generously sacrificed its *ad valorem* duties for the benefit of science; but in vain. The very importations have failed of their purpose; and the legislature itself—the dernier resort—has been appealed to. Petitions poured in by scores from every point of the medical compass; and a Committee, graciously appointed for the purpose, have summoned before them the leading members of the profession, hospital-surgeons, lecturers on anatomy, body-snatchers themselves, and Bow-street officers. They have inquired, with an *ab ovo* beginning, into the utility and the necessity of anatomy—the indispensableness of a supply of subjects—the modes hitherto adopted for obtaining them—the objections to those modes—the practice of foreign countries—the numbers demanded—and, finally, the practicability of furnishing those numbers, without outraging the public feeling by exhumation. The Committee having thus collected and reported, the evidence is now before the world; and we wait but the next session to place the profession at ease, and on a legitimate basis.

In the number for May last, before the appointment of the Committee, the subject was carefully discussed in this Magazine; and, so far as respects the imperativeness of the case, and the practicability of furnishing without offence an adequate supply, apparently exhausted. The result of the inquiries instituted by the Committee terminated in recommending the UNCLAIMED BODIES of the workhouses, hospitals, prisons, and

penitentiaries of the neighbourhood of London. This was, in fact, our own suggestion; and it is matter of self-gratulation, that this publication, which aims at mixing the *utile dulci*, anticipated this phalanx of professional persons, and that the whole body together were utterly unable to suggest another expedient. The returns made to the order of the Committee by the parishes, though not yet complete, fully realize our anticipations—from that single source; our conjectures are completely established, and the supply attainable from the whole of the sources above stated is evidently abundant for all occasions, measured by the more moderate demands of the most eminent of the profession examined before the Committee.

The report contains the evidence of men of the highest reputation, and undoubtedly of the best opportunities for gaining information, whose sentiments could in no other way have been got at; the communications have been freely and frankly given; and we now travel, no longer on the slippery ground of conjecture and probability, but on the firm footing of experience and intelligence. We shall be doing our readers no unwelcome service by laying before them the results.

The study of anatomy, as a general pursuit in the medical profession, is comparatively new. To the time of William Hunter, lecturers illustrated their discourses by the exhibition of the bodies of animals, and even gave instructions relative to operations in the same way. In his memorial to Lord Bute, he describes the students as not exercising themselves in dissecting human bodies, because they had no opportunities; and, indeed, he might have added, the necessity for such dissection was not very deeply impressed upon any but himself. His object was to obtain the royal protection for the institution of a school of anatomy; but though he undertook himself to build a theatre, and endow it with his own museum, and even with a salary for a professor, such were the stubborn prejudices existing even in that quarter, that all his efforts were useless. But, zealous in his object, and not to be daunted by neglect or rebuff, he resolutely pursued his purpose, and, before his death, had the satisfaction of leaving behind him, he believed, many better anatomists than himself. But the means of procuring bodies for the prosecution of this favourite object were all illegal; he was obliged to trust altogether to disinterments. For a time, these were adequate to the demand for bodies; and the numbers yet required were comparatively so few, they were readily obtained without exciting much observation. The offence seldom came before the public notice; and when it did, was scarcely regarded as a penal offence; and offenders, when caught in the fact, were usually dismissed with impunity, or occasionally a ducking.

The more anatomy was studied, the more important and indispensable appeared the study of it. A medical education, even of the lowest description, soon came to be considered defective without it: a person wholly ignorant, was degraded in the eyes of his brethren, and distrusted by his more intelligent patients. Students of anatomy accordingly multiplied. In 1793, Mr. Abernethy states the number at 200; Dr. Macartney computes them, in 1798, at 300; and Mr. Brooks, in 1823, at 1,000. The existing number is probably about 800, or below; the diminishing series is accounted for by pupils visiting foreign countries—200 are known to be at Paris; and the cause is the increasing difficulty of obtaining subjects in England.

This difficulty of obtaining subjects sprang not immediately from the increasing demand—for people died fast enough—pretty nearly as fast as they did before—though, if registers, and returns, and calculations are at all to be relied upon, they *do* die now-a-days a year or two later than formerly—but from the greater number of detections, consequent on the greater demand—by which detections the facts of disinterments became more notorious—the public feeling was kindled—the sympathy spread—and greater vigilance was every where employed. The body-snatchers were regarded and treated as criminals; and, despicable as they were before, they degenerated—for even that was possible—till they became desperate. They grew careless of appearances; and greater publicity and greater indignation followed. To force a rise of prices, they voluntarily augmented the peril of their own hazardous trade; they contested in the very graves the possession of the spoil—left those graves exposed—and gave information to magistrates, and to the friends of the disinterred, against their rivals. To extort gratuities, and to crush competition, they proceeded to still farther acts of violence, and excited the populace against the professors of anatomy. On one occasion, Mr. Brooks says, three subjects, for which he gave sixteen guineas each, were taken from him, in consequence of information by the very man who sold them; and once, on refusing a douceur of five guineas at the commencement of the season, "some of them came in the dusk of the evening with two subjects, in a high state of decomposition, in a chaise-cart; one of which they dropped at the Poland-street end of Marlborough-street, and the other at the end of Blenheim-street; and, shortly afterwards, two young ladies, nicely dressed, stumbled over one of these horrible subjects, which raised such a commotion, that, had it not been for the prompt assistance of Sir Robert Baker and the police establishment, he might have been sacrificed to popular fury." These things tended still farther to bring resurrection-deeds to light, and exasperate the public prejudices against snatcher and anatomist alike. The difficulty is again augmented by the apprehensions of the friends of the deceased, who keep watch over the grave, and, in numerous instances, have taken the law into their own hands, and fired upon the desperadoes. In Glasgow, the students themselves dug up the bodies. Every teacher had what was called his "private party," consisting generally of eight; these were the dissecting students—none others dissected; and these had no other resource than plundering the graves with their own hands. They were frequently shot at; and now that this miserable course is abandoned, the state of the Glasgow school is deplorable. Not more than two or three in the course of a season are obtained by exhumation, and these are obliged to be salted and dried. It short, it has at last become positively impracticable to obtain an adequate supply from this source.

In this scarcity and perplexity, the resurrection-men, not disposed of course to stick at any thing, broke into the houses of undertakers, and stole bodies before burial; while others personated the relatives, and applied to workhouses and hospitals for possession, which of course could only succeed now and then. Expedients of better promise were fallen upon, especially importations from Paris and Dublin; but even this resource has dwindled to nothing—the bodies for the most part did not come in an useable state, and antiseptics have hitherto done little. "The Secretary of State," says Dr. Somerville, "gave permission to the Custom-house to allow bodies to be imported; and one of the conditions

with the Custom-house was, that I should personally superintend, in order to prevent the privilege from being converted into a means of smuggling. Accordingly, when a vessel arrived, having packages with certain marks, they were claimed by me, and delivered on my responsibility. Every facility was afforded by the Secretary of State and the Custom-house officers; yet the experiment, though tried very extensively, was a complete failure." But the main cause of failure in this case appears to have been the interference of the police; and marvellous it must surely seem, that the Secretary of State should silence the authorities at the Custom-house, and not give the Police a hint—the most pitiful sort of half-measure that ever was heard of!

There is good reason to believe, that of the bodies used in London and Scotland for the last two years, a considerable portion came from Dublin; but the extent, or the carelessness, with which exportation has been conducted, has stirred up the popular feeling even there, and subjects are obtained with difficulty now for the native schools. A report spread, that children were kidnapped for the purpose of dissection; and so currently credited was this report, that it was necessary to protect one of the anatomical schools for nearly a week, by means of the police. The notion was, they were to be sent to Scotland or England by the steam vessels. The winter dissections could not be completed. "The people frequently of late," says Dr. Macartney, "assault the resurrection-men; one of them died in consequence of the rough handling he met with, and another from being whipped with a cat-o'-nine-tails made of wire, and others were thrown into the water. I may add," he continues, "that lately also, even medical men and medical students were assailed by the people; and that at present, the resurrection-men go to a great number of grave-yards, some distance from Dublin, provided with fire-arms, and are accompanied frequently by several students armed in the same manner." In France, too, the law expressly forbids exportation, and of course none can come but such as are smuggled; and fresh obstacles are continually thrown in the way—not to say that subjects, even for native professors at Paris, are diminishing every day, from the activity of the priests, who are as hostile to dissections as they were in days of yore.

Such, then, is the actual state of things—that, though in spite of all difficulties, bodies are still obtained by exhumation, the hazard increases daily—the public exasperation still embitters, and the supply must consequently grow less and less. For the remedy of this growing deficiency, notwithstanding, some would have us simply retrace our steps—only be quiet, and prejudices must subside again. It is suggested, that, as the government has already interfered so far as to remove obstructions at the ports, so the magistrates, with or without authority, might repress officiousness, and leave the anatomists, and the persons they employ, to conflict with the public odium as well as they can. A great part of the general indignation, it is said, has been drawn to the matter by bringing the body-snatchers before the police offices, and thus making a needless noise and parade. But this would be, in fact, an attempt to sanction the system of exhumation, which is in itself a disgusting act, and one which it is much too late to think of reviving. The general feelings of nature rise against it: and to oppose the course of them is perfectly useless. The practice will never again be tolerated.

Nor have we any great faith in Dr. Macartney's prescription. This is to remove all existing prejudices by dint of a little example, by the

repeal of one law—that for dissecting murderers—and the enactment of another. He himself drew up an engagement, binding the friends of the subscribers to surrender their bodies, after death, for the benefit of anatomy, to which he fixed his own signature, and in about a fortnight 98 other names were added, not only of the medical profession, but of clergymen, lawyers, country gentlemen, and titled persons. This bequest is to be sanctioned by law; but even then, the enforcing, contrary to the wishes of friends, and those wishes will be sure to be adverse, will be as invidious and as odious as the very act of exhumation. The anatomists would not get one out of fifty.

The fact of inadequate supply being thus unquestionable, and every remedy, hitherto adopted or suggested, vague or ineffectual, we may turn our attention to that sole source, which the Committee, like ourselves, after the fullest investigation, concur in recommending, as at once practicable, and liable to the fewest objections of a serious kind—the unclaimed bodies of our public institutions; and by unclaimed bodies, we mean—not those who have none to bury them at their own expense—but such as are absolutely in that forlorn condition as to have none who claim affinity with them—none who appear to accompany their remains to the grave.

With respect to this source of supply, then, is it, in the first place, adequate? for if it be not, it will be useless to argue on the fitness or the justifiableness.

What, then, is the average demand for bodies? The students, we see, amount to about 800; but out of these, it seems, for one reason or another, not more than 500 ever dissect. The leading surgeons, and lecturers on anatomy, though universally they allow the period assigned for anatomical and surgical education is much too short, consider three bodies for each pupil as competent on the present system for all purposes, for the two seasons, consisting of sixteen months. Those who have been accustomed to foreign schools speak of a larger number, and even think, apparently with some reason, ten or twelve not too many for dissection and operation. The students of America often dissect thirty. The rest are more practical men, that is, they are more disposed to look at the average of what is usually demanded, and usually accomplished, than at what ought, or what would be desirable to be done. The majority of students are of very humble origin, of very humble fortunes, and are destined, by inevitable circumstances, to very humble stations in society—one-half of them never dreaming of making 300*l.* a year in country towns and villages. Three bodies, then, may be assigned to each, which amounts to 1,500 for the two seasons—the period of anatomical education.

To meet this demand, the only legalized source is the bodies of murderers—producing, fortunately, not half-a-dozen in the year, in the environs of London—which may, therefore, very safely be thrown out of consideration—the number is not worth the enumeration. About a hundred, it has been suggested, might be obtained from the hulks, by the authority of the Secretary of State, if they were to be seized indiscriminately; but this would be to proceed in the spirit of penalty, and cutting up is no part of their sentence—they have most of them friends too. About as many more might be obtained from suicides—but suicides also have friends—and to take them indiscriminately is equally objectionable. The *unclaimed*, of either class, could not be very numerous. Not an hundred could be reckoned upon from the whole of these sources,

supposing the seizure of the unclaimed portion to be legalized; and for the rest there can be no reasonable pretence, while other means less objectionable are left.

No—the main supply of unclaimed bodies will come from the parish poor-houses. Returns have been made from 127 parishes of London, Westminster, and Southwark, or their immediate vicinity, by which it appears, that out of 3,744, who died in the work-houses alone, 3,103 were buried at the parish expense, and that of these 1,108 were *unclaimed*, that is, were utterly without connexions to inquire about them. Were the returns complete, the probability is that 2,000 may be calculated on, or not much short of 3,000 for the two seasons. But contenting ourselves with what is actually ascertained, here are at the very least 1,500 bodies, or three for each of 500 students, without looking to any other source whatever.

But is this source of supply, after all, less objectionable than the rest? Why, what are the objections to it? No private feelings, it is obvious, can be outraged, for no relatives are known to exist; and such is the general interest taken by relatives in consigning the bodies of their friends to the grave, that, for the most part, we may safely conclude, if none present themselves, none exist, or none are within a knowledge of the case. No one, therefore, can complain that *his* feelings are disregarded, for if he appears, the body ceases to fall within the class of the unclaimed; and the dead, we suppose, in the absence of better evidence, know nothing about the matter.

If the case be taken up on more general grounds—if it be supposed that people's sympathies extend to absolute strangers—that a general and abstract repugnance exists to the very act of dissection, we venture to express our entire conviction that no such repugnance exists—that, on the contrary, generally, people, in this respect, care little what becomes of others, so that they do not belong to themselves—the common feeling with respect to others is, what matters what becomes of the senseless body? The practice of examining the dead is very general in the hospitals—is known to be so—is rarely even objected to—nay is often solicited by friends, and witnessed by them—they are anxious to know the *cause*, and are sensible *that* can frequently be discovered only by actual inspection. And even among the higher classes, if prejudices did exist, they are fast wearing away. Sir Henry Halford, the great aristocrat doctor of the day, assures the Committee he should not be deterred from soliciting permission to examine, from any fear now of wounding the delicate feelings of the very nicest of the nobility.

That the existing prejudices are directed not against dissection, but against exhumation and publicity, is manifest from a multitude of facts. The hospitals, which have dissecting schools connected with them, are not the less frequented since the erection of them; on the contrary, those very hospitals are of the highest repute. The Irish, whose prejudices are conceived to be strongest, seem, after *waking* the dead, in reality, to care little what becomes of them. No horror is expressed at the introduction of dead bodies in Windmill-street, for instance, or anywhere in the neighbourhood of anatomical schools, where the people are accustomed to the sight. There is no evidence, in short, that any body cares about dissection, except in the case of relatives; and as to relatives even, they do not object to examination, nor would they to dissection, if they knew better what was meant, or were convinced of the advantage to be derived from it to the living. At Dublin, in particular, Mr. Crompton,

the surgeon-general of Ireland, carried on his anatomical pursuits with open doors—every one was at liberty to go in and look at his dissections, and attend his lectures. The consequence was, that a great number of porters, and ostlers, and the poorer people, came into his lectures, and when they were finished, he took the opportunity of pointing out to them the structure of the body, and the importance of such knowledge, till they became so interested, and so favourably disposed to dissection, that they brought him bodies themselves, and, in several instances, where bodies had been exhumed, the relations on discovering it, came with the greatest calmness, and said, they believed he had the body of a wife or child, but they did not wish to make any disturbance, and removed it without the slightest commotion. And others speak on their own knowledge, when delivering popular lectures on anatomy, of the prejudices of the lower classes being at once removed.

But then—as to funeral rites—why in God's name let them be performed. But the bodies must be buried, and if you then exhume, you do the very thing which is obviously a thousand times more revolting than the act of dissection. Well, but cannot these rites be performed, in the house, and over the body, while in the coffin—as is the case every where with Catholics—and the remains, when examined and done with, consigned to the earth? But even this is disturbing after the solemnities of religion. Still the case is not irremediable. The bodies may be buried with the usual solemnities, *after dissection;* and security be taken from the anatomist for the due execution of them. The student, moreover, might pay the expences, and thus relieve the parishes. These expences seldom exceed a pound, and two would not be grudgingly given; and neglect might be punishable by a very severe fine. This good effect, also, might be worked upon the student—he would be made more careful—he would treat the remains with less indifference—and the wanton and hardening practices, which now prevail in the anatomical schools, would be usefully checked.

But bodies, in dissection, are separated limb from limb—every muscle stripped, and every bone bared. No matter; the parts are still easily collectable—few, comparatively, are required to be retained; and whether the parts are thus collected at the end of a week, or of two, or of ten, seems of little importance, provided the remains are finally consigned to the earth, in obedience to the demands of public decency, and in satisfaction of our cold but perhaps common sympathies.

Still it may be said, that this exclusive usage of the bodies of the forlorn and forsaken, is fixing another stain upon poverty. Dissection is a part of the legal punishment for murder, and you thus confound the unfortunate with the criminal. Then put an end to it, as a penalty, altogether. Execution alone, will do as much in the way of deterring, as execution coupled with dissection. Does any one imagine the murderer thinks of his own dissection?—that any one contemplating such an act is deterred by any earthly consequence but that of detection and his own consequent execution? For the service of the anatomists, the numbers from this source, it appears, is insignificant; and it is, decidedly, of more importance to them to remove the prejudices which spring from this degrading cause, than to retain and vindicate their claims upon the bodies of murderers.

But some superfine advocate for justice will interpose, and say, you are inflicting an evil exclusively on the poor; whereas, if the object of dissection be calculated for the benefit of all, the rich should take their

chance, or their share. The objection is not only nonsensical, but inapplicable. The bodies are *unclaimed* ones, and the rich are never in that forlorn and lonely condition. Besides, the rich, by the inevitable course and destiny of circumstances, are the persons who are entitled, or at least alone enabled, to secure to themselves the exemptions and privileges of society. Privations and hardships are the inevitable lot of the poorest; and it seems, indeed, a small additional affliction, to suffer that, which while alive would probably trouble them little—which they know not would certainly befall them—and of which, when dead, they must be insensible.

In all the recent exhumations, which have justly excited so much disgust, it is the poor that have been the disinterred parties. They are buried nearer the surface; the rich are commonly bricked up, or monumented over, or placed in securer coffins, or too deep in the earth to be accessible to the body-snatcher.

Moreover, the poor are, after all, the very persons who are most interested in the cultivation and spread of anatomical knowledge. Always there will be some skilful men, and their services the rich will command. But the more medical men are made effective anatomists, the more will the utilities from this source come down to the poor. The rich now have the benefit of the skilful, and the poor, except in hospitals, have not; but if the race of practitioners generally improve, the poor must share the advantage.

Objections are not yet exhausted—it will be recollected by some, that with this facility for obtaining bodies, the students who are now gone to Paris, and Dublin, and Germany, will all rush back to London, and besiege the schools; instead of 500 dissectors, there will probably be speedily a thousand—and how are these to be supplied? If there be a probability that the students will multiply to a thousand—the unclaimed bodies will, as probably amount to 3,000, which at once removes the embarrassment.

Still some may on this ground be seriously alarmed at the augmentation of numbers in the medical schools, and the consequent inadequacy of the *unclaimed* funds, and therefore we will venture to suggest, that these students need not all flock to London—that nothing but a senseless regulation of the College of Surgeons makes attendance in London imperative. The only schools the college chooses to recognise are those of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; and among other qualifications required, is attendance, for one year, at St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, the Westminster, Guy's, St. George's, the London, and the Middlesex, in London; the Richmond, Stevens's, and the Meath, in Dublin; and the Royal Infirmaries in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; or *four years* at a recognised provincial hospital, *and six months* at least at one of the before-mentioned schools of anatomy. The experience to be gained at many of the country hospitals far exceeds that of some London ones. Westminster makes up only 82 beds, while many provincial institutions have 300.

Remove these restrictions, and many of those who are now, by necessity, and little to their convenience, and not much to their advantage, forced up to London, would remain in the provinces. Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, would become effective medical schools, and the number of town students would thus be kept down, and the supply of subjects of course undrained. A greater number might then also be granted to superior and ardent students, and the benefit, in

the long run, be felt, in the growth and produce of the science, and the improved skill of all.

The advantages, direct and indirect, ought not to be lost sight of. The extinction of the resurrection-trade is sure and certain. Society will get rid of a most disgusting and degrading employment, and one door of depravity be closed. The agents of this deplorable occupation, with the exception of three or four, who are spoken of as conducting their business with some decorum, are, all of them, to the amount of 200, of the very worst description of rogues which fertile London can produce. They are all of them thieves, more or less—making body-snatching the screen of other enormities, and employing their carts in the conveyance of the spoils of burglaries.

The anatomists themselves will be shielded from the necessity of bargaining with these filthy wretches—of violating, personally, and by subornation, one law, to enable them to avoid incurring the penalties of another—of exposing themselves to upbraidings and insults—the perils of popular odium—the indignation of an excited and ignorant multitude—protected from the impositions and extortions of the most worthless of men—from informations—from the visits of the officers of the law—from prosecutions—from indemnities.

Lecturers will gain a fairer remuneration for their labours. Never overpaid, under the existing system, they have been obliged to purchase subjects, at a high price, and sell them to the students at a low one—buying them at fourteen guineas, for instance, and selling at eight, and the cost of indemnities falling wholly upon them. Mr. Granger states he incurred an expense of 50*l.* for allowances to one resurrection man, who was two years in prison; and during the present season he has expended several guineas in supporting another man's family while he was in prison. Private lecturers may also resume, and students who have no time to lose, may pursue their studies through the summer as well as winter—which, by the difficulties thrown in the way of supply, they have been, for some time, prevented from doing. The students too—few of whom can bear expences—will be relieved; and instead of eight guineas for a subject, the utmost need be but two—even if it be thought expedient, which we think it would, to impose upon them the expense of burial.

The country will quickly share the benefit in the increased skill of the profession. Of the kind of improvement, we may judge from a reply of Sir Astley Cooper's, to a question from the Committee:—

"A man, when I was first at St. Thomas's hospital, which was in the year 1784, used to exhibit himself, and receive money from the students for the exhibition, because he was one of those remarkable persons who had recovered from an operation for what surgeons call popliteal aneurism, which disease arises from the giving way of an artery in the ham, and for which it is required that the artery of the thigh should be tied; this man had the artery tied, and recovered. At the present moment, there is not an individual who is educated in London, who would not be ashamed of himself if he could not perform that operation, or tie any of the accessible arteries in the body. Surgery is also improved in the diminution of operations; for at the time at which I first entered the profession, I should say there were at least three operations for one at the present moment. At that time, a man who had an injury to his head, was very generally trephined; but now that operation is rarely performed. At that time, limbs were amputated for compound dislocations, but now very rarely."

Supposing, then, that the unclaimed bodies of our public institutions are consigned to the purposes of dissection, how will the matter be best arranged? Must all be left to the parish-officers, to grant or refuse at discretion? We should be little disposed to leave any thing to the discretion of individuals, who are never likely to concur, and who are changing every year. No, let all be done openly and definitely. Little as we are disposed to add to laws, a legislative act is the only remedy —one that shall make the unclaimed dead disposable and distributable to the public hospitals, and acknowledged private schools, according to their exigencies; not compulsorily, like a penalty, but as they are required, because there will be periods when few comparatively are wanted, and then the unrequired bodies must be buried in the usual course of things. This must be done under the direction of officers appointed by the College of Surgeons. The schools will give them notice of their wants; the parishes of their dead; and the officers will immediately direct where the body is to be taken, or if it be not required, will give an order for the burial. But once legalize the supply, and regulations will soon be effectively framed.

The state of the laws relative to these matters will then soon bear a consistent appearance. At present, the dissection of the murderer is alone legalized. The act of robbing the grave, and the possession of a body, are forbidden by no statute law, nor by the common law specifically. The former has been gradually brought under the head of offences *contra bonos mores;* the mere possession of a dead body, is obviously not easily forced within the pale of *contra bonos mores;* but by an astute sort of inference, with the discovery of which lawyers and judges are usually delighted, it is stigmatized as an offence, on the ground that none can be legally dissected but a murderer; the onus, therefore, is laid upon the possessor to prove it the body of a murderer; and if he be unable, the possession is an illegal act, and punishable like other deeds *contra bonos mores.* In short, neither lecturer nor student is now safe—possession of a body for dissection is an illegal act; and safety can only be secured by shutting up the lecture-room, and abandoning the profession.

And yet in the teeth of these sanctions and this practice of the law, the courts are ready to give compensation to patients, for what a jury shall determine to be injudicious or unskilful management of surgical cases, though impediments are thrown in the way, on all sides, of a successful prosecution of their profession. And even the very College of Surgeons, who might be expected to have some consideration for their brethren, however humble the station, and who must know the difficulties and obstructions attending the study of anatomy, insist rigorously upon certificates of attendance on dissection, and even personal dissection and operation, before they will empower a student of medicine to practise. Considerable numbers are positively rejected, not for want of abilities, or diligence, but literally for want of opportunity.

The necessity for some legislative arrangement is imperative. The question can no longer be blinked. To secure a competent degree of skill, the necessary means must be sanctioned and protected, and legal obstructions removed. Exhumation the public indignation will itself suppress—it can no longer be borne with. Ignorance, also, that same public will as little tolerate—foreigners will be patronized—or the legislature must sanction the provision which circumstances, scarcely to be calculated on, fortunately furnish, at the least possible expence of painful feeling—the UNCLAIMED BODIES OF PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

"SHALL we weather the Point on this tack, captain?"

"Why, she lies well up, doesn't she, in spite of this heavy swell?—*Orsa!* you there at the helm, keep her close—there now, steady's the word."

And steady was the progress of the Buena Ventura as she glided by the southern extremity of the rock of Gibraltar, known by the name of Europa Point, so closely as almost to graze the sharp ledges of land that stand out from it to westward. The speakers were two mariners, on the deck of a stout felucca, bearing up against a heavy Gregale, which had blown in their teeth ever since they had left the African coast. They watched their slow advance in silence, measuring it by the gradual disappearance of particular well known objects, just rendered discernible by the unsteady light of a moonless sky. Presently one of the voices was again heard, uttering these words, but in a hushed and cautious tone:—

"Shall we escape the *guarda-costas*, think you, captain?"

"'Tis hard to say."

"But had we not better lie-to for a few hours, and so get in with security?"

"Hold your babble, Diego; have we not always escaped them?"

"No one knows how," said the other; "good luck's no perpetuity. Old Serafin is a lynx now-a-days; but he used, they say, to drive another trade. Hang those reclaimed felons! they are your true white-livered, straight-laced, awkward rogues, who haven't in them one grain of Christian charity;—I dread him and his myrmidons. We may land our cargo cleanly or not—but, at this early time o' night, the odds are against us."

"Once more, Diego, I tell you there is no hazard."

"Once more, then, Captain Saavedra, I tell you frankly, I think you have no foundation for what you say. The tobacco——"

"Drown the tobacco!" cried the petulant commander; "drown it, bale by bale, rather than hear that endless tongue of thine! Go—bestir yourself; we must about ship."

The mate, not being in his master's secrets, turned on his heels, much discomfited and growling. In another minute the vessel was standing in towards Algesiras, keeping her head a little to the northward of the anchorage-ground.

At the period of this conversation, Don Francisco Serafin was *cobo principal de rentas*, or Preserver of the rights of coast, in the service of King Ferdinand. He was a man of some fifty years of age, pompous in office, active and circumspect. It was well known by what means he had obtained a post of such respectability, and requiring so much skill. Not through the regular changes and promotions, from one step in the police department to another;—not by money, or the interference of power in his behalf;—his own peculiar qualifications purchased it for him, at a time when no other man in the kingdom was so well adapted to the employment. For the information of some who are strangers to these matters, it may be well to state that the harbour of Gibraltar is one of those which by charter is possessed of rights of exception from all port-dues, taxes, customs, and other ordinary levies. The merchants

who reside here have consequently the power of introducing all the productions of other countries at little or nothing beyond their cost price. The market, therefore, is supplied with luxuries collected from all parts of the globe: the rarest works of the most distant factories are displayed here for sale; and the silks and the perfumes which we only know as the representatives or the barters of wealth, are here exhibited on a moveable stall, or huddled up under the old handkerchief of a Moorish pedlar. The close neighbourhood of this great depôt to the main land has encouraged a system of smuggling with all the surrounding sea-ports; and the contraband trade is a fertile source of riches, as well to many of our less conscientious countrymen, as to the thousand petty pirates, who laugh at the preventive efforts of their own government officers. Riding at anchor under the protection of the English guns, no cargo, however suspected, could be seized or scrutinized by the *employés* of the Spanish king; and, benefiting by a favourable moment of absence or forgetfulness, nothing is easier than to effect a landing for these illicit goods on some unprotected point of coast, whence they may be transferred to their destination, or some covert place of sale. It would require a greater man than Don Francisco Serafin to have prevented this traffic. But he was one who knew the nature and character, better perhaps than any man, of the professed smugglers of the day. In his youth, and for many years, he had been engaged in transactions of this very kind, but with greater success than most of his compeers, and to a larger extent than any one on record in those seas. It was then a profession of more risk, and he had few competitors to rob him of his gains. After amassing a large fortune, the fear of dying as a disgraced man, or the weariness of a life so turbulent and uncertain, led him to abandon the black flag, and tender his services to his country, to crush the trade which had been his sole support. His name, and the appearance of sincerity in his offer, secured to him the appointment which he now held. He migrated from Gibraltar to the town of Algesiras, just across the bay, and prosecuted his measures for the capture of piratical vessels with a diligence and cunning which only his long familiarity with their plans and system could have imparted to him. It was natural that he should now be a man feared, but not respected; his execution of his office with so much promptitude was in itself unpopular; people whispered that the old hobby was not thrown away, but that Don Francisco could still defraud his sovereign, as he used to do, and sin beneath all his saintship. But this suspicion, which seemed to originate in the malice of those to whom he was so formidable, was backed by the enmity of some of the local authorities, and particularly of the governor of the land forces, to whom Don Francisco was above all things obnoxious for the privilege which he held of calling out the military whensoever, and in as great a body as he chose. If, then, the dark rumours that went abroad respecting his concealed practices were constant and stoutly affirmed, it should be inquired how much these accidental causes might have contributed to the circulation of them. We shall hear more of this as our narrative proceeds.

The Buena Ventura glided gently over the waters of the bay, no longer ruffled by the strong breeze, which was now screened from them by the heights of the rock. In a few minutes all hands were busy in taking in sail, and throwing out her anchor;—in a few minutes the whole of the

unlawful cargo was removed in silence, and with the most exact order, from the hold of the felucca to the open strand. Thence, one by one, the casks and bales were carried off by accomplices, between whom and the crew not a syllable of intercourse was exchanged; so that no one but perhaps their leaders, and the subordinates employed in transporting these burthens, could say whither they were destined. A few small packages now only lay by the sea-side, awaiting the return of some of the sturdy Andalusians to clear off the last articles of the cargo. The men had not yet returned to their vessel, but, with their captain, still were grouped on the beach to watch the remaining goods. It was dark and lonely. Presently the sound of approaching footsteps, sinking scarce audibly in the sand, gave promise of a quick termination to their night's duty. The others drew near, and were saluted as they came up, but without answering the challenge. There was a pause; but the succession of wonder, distrust, and fear was too rapid to be distinctly noted, before the foremost of the new party, rushing on the captain, grasped his collar with surprising strength, and raising a lantern, hitherto concealed, illuminated each feature of his face with a full, level, and dazzling glare. A moment had not gone by before the light was again withdrawn, and some words of strange import whispered in the smuggler's ear—"We shall meet again; I know you now!" This was all that passed. The leader, cheering on his associates, hurried away to a different landing-place; their hushed voices were heard in close consultation, until lost in the distance, or drowned by the silvery sounds of their oars as they rowed off to a vessel lying about a hundred yards off.

To explain this occurrence, it will be necessary to state that Captain José Fernandez was the officer next in command to Don Francisco Serafin in the preventive service, as we term it in England. He was a fine, spirited young man, rapidly advanced to his present responsible post, for which his qualifications were to be found in many a hard action with foreign foes, and a system of admirable precaution against the transgressors of the coast-laws. Almost idolized by his own men for the indifference with which he encountered danger—honoured by his government with especial marks of favour—respected even by the illicit traders, whom he baffled with bravery, and circumvented without injustice—the only man to whom Fernandez was personally obnoxious was his superior officer, Don Francisco Serafin. Whether from jealousy of the young man's spirit and enterprise, or from other secret and family reasons, the old Cobo had manifested towards him, from the day of his appointment, a cold, hard demeanour, which went far to counteract their common good designs for the advantage of their country's commerce. This disaffection had been long fomented, and at last brought to a terrible consummation, by the gradual attachment which had sprung up between the young officer and his only child, a girl of about seventeen years old. Julia, the girl of her father's heart, but perhaps still more the darling of his pride than of his affection, was graced with a large share of those rich bounties which are showered upon the daughters of Spain by a sky pure, cloudless, and glowing. I remember her years ago, ere her father had abandoned his wandering profession, and his home on the opposite rock;—I remember her black, quick eye, and the graceful lineaments that promised to be once expanded into perfect beauty. She grew up as a flower beside her Arab mother, and you might see the traces of a fiery blood

mingled with the gentler impulses that moved her feminine spirit. Her mother died at Algesiras, before the rigid education was perfected which would have fettered the girl's wild character, and straightened it down to the tame mechanism devised by systems and false prejudice. As it was, Julia felt the strong incitements which gave a channel to her actions and sentiments: she was directed by thoughts not as yet curbed; and, year by year, the strong natural independence of her soul warmed with fresh ardour, and burst forth more and more uncontrolled. It was no wonder then that the chivalrous young Fernandez, whose duties brought him frequently to the house, should seem to her fancy an object more glorious and fit for her affections than the homely interests provided for her by her course of education, or the usual gallants who followed in her father's train. It was no wonder either that the passion, once formed, should strengthen and be obeyed. She was not skilled, or not willing, to exercise the arts of coquetry and dissimulation; the tale graven on her heart might be read legibly on her cheek;—and who would read the characters so clearly, who would interpret them so justly, as he who had inspired the language and dictated the very words? They became affianced in heart; but the forms of love were prohibited by her austere father, whose influence, had it availed, would have interposed an eternal chasm between them.

It was this young officer who, upon returning to his ship on the night in question, chanced to encounter a large party of men, evidently employed in the smuggling trade, just outside the town of Algesiras. His own party was very small; but he did not hesitate to challenge the marauders. These, on the other hand, speedily disengaged themselves from their burthens, and, at the orders of their chief, charged the assailants with such alacrity and superior force, as to drive them off with great peril of life. Chagrined at his failure, but satisfied that he was too weak to attempt any thing farther, Fernandez hurried on towards the shore, in the hope of strengthening his detachment in time to surprise the others on their return. On the road, as we have seen, he was accosted by Captain Saavedra, who unwittingly so far disclosed his occupation as to assure Fernandez of the connexion between the two parties. He just managed to note the countenance of the captain for future recognition, and, afraid of losing his object, passed on to his boat without farther operations. But the commander of the Buena Ventura was too wily a man to give him a farther chance. Without loss of time, he too retreated with his companions, and was soon on board the nimble felucca. In a few minutes the vessel shot off from her moorings, and was lost in the forest of masts and hulks that lie at anchor at the New Mole, on the Gibraltar side of the bay.

On the following morning, Fernandez appeared on duty at the house of Don Francisco Serafin. A meeting was reluctantly allowed. He stated the occurrence of the previous evening, and requested either advice how to act in the present emergency, or fuller powers and resources to trace this mysterious transaction to its source. His superior would indulge him with neither. He persisted "that his visitor had not come officially, but to steal an interview with his daughter. He was astonished at his making this frivolous occasion the ground of so much affected anxiety. A mere ordinary case of the landing of contraband goods, and a glimpse at the owners!—What of that? Why did he not secure the

weaker detachment, instead of going on to his own vessel for fresh supplies? And what could be done now, at any rate? He confessed that he could see no more of these fellows, and that the ship itself had disappeared. What chance had he of discovering the offenders?—No, no; he had his own designs; but he would discomfit him, by listening no longer to such pitiful trash!"—And, therefore, he quietly indicated that the door was open, and his retirement much to be desired.

But Fernandez, though he left his commander without farther remonstrance, was not deterred from the prosecution of his search. Piqued at this ill-treatment, he now sought to avenge himself by an exhibition of superior skill in detecting these covert enemies. The world would know that he had succeeded when Serafin had despaired; and succeeded, too, without assistance, without encouragement. Another motive, less acknowledged even by himself, may have excited him in this situation of affairs:—he may have looked suspiciously at the unusual reluctance of Don Francisco to follow up a search to which some clue had been given. It was unlike the general alacrity of the old man, and he was determined to sift this matter as far as his cunning would assist him. He called in to his aid a very powerful accessory.

At the corners of the streets, and under the porchways of the large houses, in the town of Gibraltar, may often be seen swarthy, bearded men, in the Moorish attire, with one or two articles for sale displayed on a basket at their feet, or suspended round their neck, in the more usual manner of pedlars. A quick eye gazing round on the passing crowd, and a certain expression, residing in no definite feature, but to be collected from the *tout ensemble* of the face, give to the European an idea of fraud and dissimulation, or of subtilty, in vain tempered by a hypocrital vacancy. Under the cover of a handkerchief, or some of the commodities for sale, are more carefully deposited certain precious articles—such as bottles of Turkish otto of rose, eau de cologne, purses and ornaments of seraglio paste, silks, &c. The superstructure will be a layer of morocco slippers, and perhaps little richly-worked footstools, which may be exposed without caution. Before one of these venders of foreign rarities, a Moor named Hadoud, Captain Fernandez suddenly stopped short on the evening of the day of this disappointing interview with the Cobo principal. A glance of recognition was interchanged; and the African, bustling his hand over the surface of his little pack, contrived to disguise from the other its contents, without appearing to be so engaged.

"Never mind, Hadoud," said Fernandez; "you are safe here, you know, and I want to speak with you on other matters. Follow me to the neutral ground; I will make it worth your while."

The Moor hesitated for a moment; but the ingenuous tone of the young officer overcame his doubts. He fitted up his stock into a portable form, and slinging it at his back, trudged at some distance behind the other, who led the way through the principal street and over the lines, till they reached that flat isthmus which lies between the possessions of the English and the mother country. Here Fernandez awaited his follower, and being at last overtaken, here he communicated to him such of the preceding incidents as were necessary for his purpose, and made certain proposals, which, if accepted by the Moor, would possibly lead to the discovery he so much desired. Hadoud was a trader between the two continents—sometimes affluent, sometimes without resources—

but always alike enterprising, clever, and true to his trust. His character and mode of life were well known to Fernandez, and they had more than once come in collision on the open sea. Former acts of kindness had rendered him bound in gratitude to the Spaniard, and this, added to a knowledge of his character, caused the present expedient to be adopted, with what success will be presently seen. Fernandez described accurately and minutely the appearance of the man upon whom he had fallen on the preceding night. He desired Hadoud, if possible, to hunt him out, and employ any means he might gain possession of to detect his employer, and the true state of these latter occurrences. He gave, moreover, a promise that, beyond the payment of any expenses which might be incurred, and with which of course he should stand charged, there would also be provided for the Moor a remuneration sufficiently generous to act as a present inducement for vigilance and exertion. This was the outline of the scheme, and it commenced favourably. Hadoud, as was expected by the officer, had no difficulty in identifying the person described;—a long course of traffic in the same line had brought him in contact with most of the principals—and with Captain Saavedra, of the Buena Ventura, amongst the number. He could not clearly see his way at that time; but if Captain Fernandez would rely on him, and give him time and means, he had no doubt his plans would be successfully prosecuted. The two men parted from each other, sanguine as to the issue of their scheme.

We must now pass over to a later period of time, and suppose that the space of a month has intervened between this event and that which we are about to narrate.

Towards sunset of a fine calm evening, a shore-boat was seen plying alongside our old friend, the Buena Ventura, as she lay attached to a buoy before the pleasant little town of Catalan. She had lately been a voyage, the exact particulars of which have not been handed down to us, and had arrived that very afternoon in the roads of Catalan—a town, as every one knows, placed on the eastern side of the rock, and just above Europa Point. A man in Moorish dress, who might speedily have been recognized as Hadoud of Gibraltar, descended from the gangway of the felucca, and was soon quietly seated in the boat, which, without other burthen, then put off, and, in the uncouth fashion of the place, was rowed onwards till the eye of the spectator might lose it amongst the thousands that flock about the landing-places and vessels moored near the port of Gibraltar. We also shall lose sight of the Moor for a few hours, leaving to the reader that mode of employing them which his fancy shall supply as the most appropriate to the occasion.

This interval having elapsed, Hadoud might again be seen on the same spot of the neutral ground, where a few weeks before he had been engaged in that conversation with Fernandez which led to his subsequent voyage and the present events. His former companion was again with him, and the animated looks of either party proved that they were employed in considerations which interested them deeply, though we have nothing beyond the concluding words of their discourse to furnish any ampler indications of the true case. The young captain was pacing to and fro on the low ground, at times putting some short question to the Moor, who, in a more stationary attitude, shewed, by a quick accent and subtle look, that his own part in the matter was neither feigned nor trivial. Fernandez paused for a moment, and looking full into his com-

panion's face, asked with more than common earnestness, whether the other would on his oath declare that he had failed in finding out the principal to whom Captain Saavedra had been playing in the character of subordinate?

"As I trust in the Prophet," he replied, "all my exertions have proved fruitless. I have told you what I know; if you choose to benefit by it, well. You may defraud me of my compensation by rejecting what I counsel; but, as sure as there is wisdom in experience, you will find it sufficient for our purpose."

"What, you feel assured, then, that we may trace the rogues from their landing-place to-night to the very warehouse in which their goods will be deposited?"

"I do."

"And you are confident as to the hour and place?"

"I have it from the lips of the captain himself; he informed me of it, that I might be on the spot to effect any small purchase I might desire, not being willing to disturb his cargo till unshipped."

"You do not think that confession could be extorted from him?"

"I have tried better means than force, without effect."

"And you would recommend a reconnoitering party to follow the warehousemen or receivers to their place of concealment, and then burst upon them?"

"You have it exactly; and my reward may depend upon the successful issue of the scheme."

A few words of preliminary arrangement farther were exchanged, and the men separated.

The scene is now once more shifted, and will represent the same spot, and nearly the same actors, as were introduced in the commencement of our narrative. The crew of the Buena Ventura were busied under a midnight sky in transferring the cargo of their vessel from one to another, until the hold was completely cleared, and the beach lined with bales of various illicit wares. As before, they were received by different landsmen, employed by the owner to convey them in secrecy to the place of destination. Not a word, nor any sound, broke the silence of that hour beyond the rippling of the water over the sands, and the occasional noise made by some blunderer in his vocation. The huge masses of goods were gradually carried off, and the last packages were just committed to the hands of a porter, when Captain Saavedra taking our old friend, Diego, aside, informed him, in a low tone, that he must confide to him the rule of the vessel for a few hours, as he had business on shore, and must for that time be absent. Honest Diego, always a pompous man, was too delighted with this momentary power to stay for any discussion about its administration or limits. Wishing good morrow to his commander, he turned off towards the men, and collected them with a word of command both ludicrous and unseasonable. The crew re-embarked in merry mood, under the auspices of their *soi-disant* Cæsar; but the jealous echoes of the quiet shore nearly punished him for his vainglory by an instant development of their transactions. He was soon, however, beyond reach of harm; for the gib and topsails of the felucca were now filling with the breeze, and the Buena Ventura almost instantly was lost in the haze of night.

Captain Saavedra followed up the rear of his servants, occasionally putting to them some inaudible question, or directing their line of

advance. There was little or no light from heaven to guide them as they went, and they had consequently to trust to a dark lantern, which from time to time was allowed to throw out a single suspicious gleam in their front, and then was closed again. But the road seemed familiar to them, and they had no fears of lengthening it by unnecessary circuits. It now ascended a little from the beach, and, winding round some angular rocks, lay for a while in the bosom of two banks, from which again it emerged, and traversed the open moor in a direction at right angles to the line of coast. They passed, at a distance, one or two rustic buildings, with here and there a feeble lamp, displayed in honour of the tutelar saint; and this object, whenever it occurred, served at the same time to assist them in their route, and to caution them against the least noise on their progress. A larger structure, as of an opulent farmer, at last stood before them, and it seemed that this was the end of their journey; for although from its windows gleamed more and brighter lights than they had yet seen, they deviated not a whit to avoid them, but advanced boldly and even hurriedly up to the gateway of the house. The foremost of the troop halted, and called out in some low *patois* to the inmates. The door was instantly opened, and one attired in their out-dress, and apparently a member of the same class, welcomed them upon their return. Having passed the threshold, Captain Saavedra stood forward, and inquired if the secretary could be seen. A lean, suspicious-looking rogue answered the inquiry in person, and demanded the wants of the interrogator. Saavedra looked at him significantly, and having briefly explained his present employment and circumstances, added, that he wished to have a personal interview with the master.

"The master?" exclaimed the other; "he's at St. Rocque, you know:"—and a grim smile sharpened the angles of his countenance.

"No, no!" replied the captain—"I am better informed than that; 'tis no use hesitating with me; I have a passport."—And he exhibited a card, on which were drawn sundry figures in masonic hieroglyphics, and which, when recognized by the other, produced an instant change of visage.

"I beg pardon, Sir," said he, more meekly; "I was mistaken in my appreciation of your merit and qualifications. Come forward, Sir; mind the step, Sir—here, to the right."

And the two important gentlemen retired through the secretary's door, and so on to an inner room, in which the great personage, the *innominato*, the master himself, was to be found. Without at present describing this mysterious character, or the exact particulars of their secret conversation —important as must be the conversation of three such men, in such a place, at such a time, and with such strange characters round and about them—it will be enough to observe, that a sudden pause was, after a time, created in it by a tumult in the outer apartments, and the clashing of weapons, as of many men in contest. Fierce and loud exclamations were tossed to the skies—horrid cries of rage and agony, *clamorque virum clangorque!* The countenances of the triumvirate fell: the secretary's face was as a parchment, on which nature had long ago written some features in bad ink—the captain seemed to smell bilgewater—the master was conquered. Still, but with less riot, the commotion continued. The sounds came nearer as they diminished in violence; and all had subsided, save a dying oath, or the moan as of a suffering man—when the sanctuary of the invisible three was burst open by a troop of Spanish

soldiers. At their heard was Fernandez, covered with dust and blood. By his side, or just after him, came up Hadoud the Moor, with a drawn scimitar in his hand, and glancing fire as he went from beneath his dark eyebrows. They advanced to the table—and a word, a single word, bursting from the lips of the young leader, stopped the headlong career of the troops.

"Serafin!" exclaimed Fernandez, as he gazed on the haggard countenance of the man who sate like death between his two speechless accomplices——

"Serafin!" he exclaimed; and the flash of rage was clouded over by a sad and pensive expression, that indicated deep inward sorrow and unutterable meditations.

"Ha! bloodhound!" cried the furious Moor, "is it you who have sunken my ships, and despoiled me of my property? Is it you who have branded me with disgrace, and made me homeless? Is it you who cursed the true believer, and smote so grievously his helpless little ones?—Ha! is it not the Prophet who has blessed me in seeing this sight?"

But his words passed across the unhappy man he addressed like whispers at midnight in the ear of a dreamer;—his eye was glazed in idiotcy, and the half-opened mouth could not disclose the unmeaning syllables that he seemed on the eve of uttering.

"Despatch him at once!" cried the Moor.

"Hold! fool!" interrupted Fernandez; "you know not what you say. The laws——"

"He has transgressed every one of them!" replied the other.

"Ay, ay—true; it may be so;—but he is the father——Oh! God, have mercy!"

The eye of the young soldier was filled with the tears of womanhood, and he did not recover from this overpowered state till another imprecation from Hadoud urged him to be on his guard. Composing himself as he might, he ordered his men to lead off the culprits to the town of Algesiras, where they were to abide the course of the law. Taking his station at their head, he himself led the way to the gates, and gave all the necessary orders for his prisoners' confinement. They were lodged together for the night, and, on the following morning, were brought before the municipal authorities for examination and commitment. Presumptive proof of guilt was so strong, that no time was lost in sending them on to Madrid, to take their trial there for the alleged crimes and misdemeanors. In the mean time, Fernandez betook himself, disconsolate but not despairing, to the former house of Don Francisco Serafin. He was admitted to his daughter. He narrated the past circumstances, and begged that he might be allowed to investigate the secret chambers of the old Cobo, to ascertain his exact connexion with the illicit traffic which he was appointed to destroy. There he discovered several series of correspondence, and other documents, demonstrating most fully the existence of most extensive dealings with the smugglers themselves. He collected these papers, and reserved them for subsequent use. He next proceeded to the offices and lower rooms, and beneath the ground-floor he found deposited several casks of powder, and other articles of suspicion, which he had also removed, and placed so as to be instantly disposable. Having done this by the assistance of the family servants and some of his own men, whom he secretly employed under the cover of night, his next measure was to procure an interview with Julia as speedily

as possible. Having effected this, he told her in few words what he proposed to do. He said he should remove every thing that could criminate her father; he had cleared the house, and before daylight the heavy commodities would be at the bottom of the ocean, and the lighter ones burnt, or otherwise destroyed. He had no doubt but that he might succeed in gaining over Hadoud, and all those who had been actors in the scenes of that night; and if this desirable object could be attained, his plan was to disappear with them in his own vessel for some foreign port, until the trial of her father had come on, that by their refusal to attest his guilt, nothing could be substantiated against him. He should be informed of their proceedings, and act as they pointed out to him for the wisest. As for himself, he was most unhappy to have been the instrument of the old man's peril; but if his wishes and efforts could now be of any avail, the terrible fate which hung over him should be averted. He claimed nothing at her hands, but the privilege of having the hope of her remembrance, and perhaps gratitude, when the object for which he was now about to expatriate himself should have been achieved.

They parted in the dead of night, and to this hour have not met again. Fernandez had influence enough with his followers, not excepting Hadoud, to induce them to acquiesce in his plan. The delinquent Serafin was conducted to Madrid, but all testimony against him had disappeared. A few whispers and some circuitous evidence were alone left to affix on him the disgrace he so well merited. To complete the romance of this story, it would be well to anticipate the verdict of acquittal, which the court will have to pronounce on him ere long. But these events and characters not being built on fable, it is more exact to state that he is still awaiting this probable termination to his trial, and a happy return to his daughter. It should be added, that Fernandez and his companions at first crossed over to Tetuan, whence they issued at different times, and appeared in the streets of Gibraltar whenever and wherever this might be done with safety. He will probably remain there until the last accomplishment of his wishes, now no longer delayed by the hostility of Don Serafin, but by the wish of his daughter that her father may be present and sanction the nuptials with a paternal benediction.

Ævah.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS: No. II.

In the midst of all that real or apparent prosperity which distinguished the year 1824, and which ended in the panic at the latter part of 1825, projects of improvement in the interior of our country, and for the embellishment of our metropolis, kept pace with those for digging the bowels of the peaceful earth in Mexico, and other parts of the world, in search of gold and diamonds. New canals were excavated—new rail-roads laid down in the country—and new streets planned in town. One projected an opening from Blackfriars' Bridge into the North Road, to the utter demolition of that assemblage of sweets collected for a century in Fleet Market, and of the pickpockets in Saffron Hill. A second projector planned a street—certainly very much wanted—to lead from Waterloo Bridge to the same point; and a third proposed another, equal in width and magnificence to Regent Street, to lead from Charing Cross to the British Museum. This last has likewise been taken into the consideration of Mr. Nash, and is now partly in progress—an act of parliament having been obtained to carry it into execution as far as Chandos Street. Two new bridges, in addition to those which have been built, and the one which is now building, were among the different projects; while others, not contented with going over the water (the general path, by-the-by, of most projectors), determined to go under it; and the Thames and its finny tribe, not being sufficiently annoyed by the gas, was condemned to be bored with a tunnel—at which attempt it appears to have been so indignant, that it has completely revenged itself upon the violators of its peaceful bed, by stopping the project in the midst of its execution. That this was a bold undertaking, conceived in the true spirit of scientific speculation, and a work of art that, had it been completed, would have remained to posterity a noble example of the science, and industry, and perseverance of the present day, and a wonder the more for the lion-hunters of the metropolis, nobody can doubt. But a sober consideration of the subject (and where water is alone concerned, we ought to give it no other) must convince any dispassionate person that it was only fit to be admired as a work of art, and could never have realized either utility or profit at all commensurate with the immense expense of the undertaking. This was, however, a circumstance which only concerned the subscribers; it did not deteriorate from the nobleness of the project itself, or the ingenuity of the scientific projector; and we are among those who are exceedingly sorry that the want of money has condemned us to be contented with only half a tunnel.

While Mr. Brunel was working under the Thames, Colonel Trench, with his usually active mind, was labouring to adorn the north bank of the river with terraces and quays—which, certainly, could his plan have been accomplished, would have ranked among the greatest and the grandest improvements of the metropolis.

Colonel Trench, sanguine as to the realization of his plan, came into the field of projection backed by the support of royalty. Dukes and duchesses, peers and M.P.s, graced the meeting at which he proposed and described his magnificent intentions; and, that every thing might go on swimmingly, this first meeting was held on the water, in the state-barge of the Merchant Tailors' Company.

A direction, containing some of the first names in the country, was speedily formed, and bankers, architects, and engineers appointed—the first of which appointments was certainly rendered a sinecure, by the want of subscribers.

Mr. Rennie's favourable report was read—tasteful designs of Messrs. B. and P. Wyatt were produced—the late Duchess of Rutland, of unquestionable architectural taste, had given these designs the sanction of her approbation—and the late Duke of York presided at the meeting. But, alas! thus supported by noble and royal patronage—thus surrounded by peers, and legislators, and the rulers of the country—Colonel Trench forgot one thing—he forgot the coal-merchants!! The occupiers of the wharfs—the persons principally interested—even more so, perhaps, than the proprietors, since their trade depended upon their premises—were never consulted until the whole plan had been digested by directors, architects, and engineers, who, with all the beauty of their designs and science of their constructions, could not convince these obstinate wharfingers that the approach to their present open premises through arches built by Messrs. Wyatt and Rennie, would be an improvement. This formidable body, supported in their opposition by the Marquis of Salisbury, a great proprietor—and the late Dr. Kitchiner, a little proprietor—overturned the project.

What an abominable country this must be, in which the interests of a few obscure wharfingers, and timber and coal-merchants, can weigh down the interests and wishes of half the nobility of the country! Yet so it was; and the project ended in the display of Colonel Trench's eloquence, and the exhibition of the really elegant designs of Mr. Philip Wyatt—for to the taste of this gentleman we attribute the seductive drawings (we can call them nothing else) that induced so many to patronize Colonel Trench's plan.

This project at the time made a great, and perhaps more stir, than many which were actually carried into execution. The "gentlemen of the press" took up the subject. Argument after argument was bandied about in the newspapers and periodicals; and it is really curious to look back at the different opinions and views which different writers took of the same subject. One called it a "brilliant proposal held out of embellishing in so magnificent a manner this part of the metropolis"—that the designs "marked a judgment and good taste, which afforded the greatest promise for the accomplishment of this national object;" while another pronounced it to be a plan "good for nothing, but to put money into the pockets of the projector and his architects, and to empty those of the subscribers; threatening great physical injury; worthless as to all purposes of public pleasure or advantage, as it is hazardous to many important public and private interests."

Another writer calls it "a plan, than which one more pregnant with mischief, and more replete with absurdity, I will venture to say was never submitted to public consideration;" the projector "appears to be more qualified to draw beautiful plans than accurate conclusions."

Some asserted that it would stop the passage of the river; others, that it would shut out all air from the Strand and its adjacent streets. Sanguine people pronounced that it was beautiful, and that it promised the good citizens of London and Westminster a magnificent promenade, with distant views of the Surry Hills; while those of a saturnine temperament declared that it would only be a space in which the smoke of the city and the fogs of the river might congregate with greater facility. In short, praise and abuse, reason and absurdity, defences and accusations, were bandied about on all sides; and the projectors were ridiculed or applauded, according to the temper or the interests of those by whom the question was discussed.

But this abuse and this opposition was not the only circumstance

Colonel Trench had to contend with. A Sunday paper set up a claim of Mr. Nash, as the originator of the plan of the Thames Quay, and very nearly accused the colonel of stealing his ideas from the architect in no very handsome manner. This, however, is denied by Mr. Nash, in a very polite letter—which still, however, left the matter in doubt as to which had to claim the honour of first originating the scheme; neither of them acknowledging, what it is but fair to presume that they must very well have known, that the plan had been long ago projected, and even reported upon; and a similar one was likewise suggested by Sir Christopher Wren, in his plan for rebuilding the city of London after the fire in 1666.

The advantage of narrowing and deepening the River Thames had been very generally admitted; and the late Mr. Jessop, the engineer, presented a plan to the House of Commons, illustrative of the subject, which was published in the Report of the Select Committee for improving the Port of London, in 1800. The late Mr. Mylne's opinion had also been obtained upon the subject. An act of parliament was likewise actually passed (22 Chas. II. c. 2.) to set out a quay from London Bridge to the Temple.

All claims, therefore, to originality must be given up both by Mr. Nash and Colonel Trench; but, although this must be confessed to be the case, the colonel has certainly the credit—and no little one it is—of having reduced these general plans into detail, of having investigated the minutiæ of its possible accomplishment, and of having exhibited some very tasteful designs as to its architectural execution.

In any view which *we* may take of the subject, all commercial or private interests must be quite out of the question. We do not look on the project with the eye of a speculator, or with our hands in our pockets—but as artists; we consider it only as a work of art—and as such, it is impossible not to pronounce the plan as one which would tend more to the embellishment of our metropolis than any other that has been projected.

Petersburgh and Paris have their magnificent quays and boulevards—nay, even Dublin has graced the shores of its narrow Liffey with quays and buildings, of which the metropolis of the greatest country in the world might be proud; and the Thames—the magnificent Thames—seems alone condemned to roll its waters through coal, timber, and lime-wharfs, and to be used for nothing but a filthy sewage pouring into its streams, through mud-banks which are really a disgrace to London.

Setting aside, therefore, all considerations of calculation, we cannot, as artists, but pronounce the plan of Colonel Trench as a magnificent embellishment to our national river and city, and, as such, regret that the rights of the citizens in 1825 should have had the same effect upon his plan, as their cupidity had on that of Sir Christopher Wren in 1666. In a commercial country, however, profit must be the principal consideration; and, in a free government, the rights of private individuals can very seldom be voted away for public benefit.

Finding that there was so much opposition to the quay and terrace of Colonel Trench, other projectors issued a prospectus and plans for a rival construction of the same sort, on the Surry side of the river; but as the gallant colonel's exertions were paralyzed by the energetic opposition of the coal-merchants and proprietors, headed by his Grace of Norfolk, and the Marquis of Salisbury, so did the plan of the Surry Terrace die a natural death for the want of support. Judging from the lithograph

drawings of Mr. Philip Wyatt, it is impossible not to acknowledge the elegance of the design, and the apparent magnificence of the project. The feasibility of the scheme—the ultimate pecuniary profit attached to it—the result as to its effect on the river—may all be matters of doubt, and were of course open to dispute. But in the varied and general abuse which many in the violence of their opposition, cast upon the architectural designs for its execution, the writers were more influenced by their prejudices than by their judgments.

Determined, we suppose, to preserve a history of his exertions to accomplish his project, and that posterity might be aware of his industry—as well, perhaps, to prevent any future projector calling the future project of a Thames quay his own—Colonel Trench has published a quarto volume, purporting to be "A Collection of Papers relating to the Thames Quay, with Hints for some farther Improvements of the Metropolis." It is this book which is now laying before us; and, in addition to the complete detail of Colonel Trench's plan, which it contains, it is certainly the most curious collection of various and opposite opinions upon the same subject that has ever appeared. It is, indeed, a series of broad assertions on matters, almost of fact, completely contradictory, and contains the opinions of some of our first scientific men on the subject, which may be of service in some future day. The book is, however, defective, inasmuch as it does not contain the lithographic architectural representation of the plan; and we wonder much at this omission, as the work contains seventeen plates of other plans projected by the colonel. The insertion of these drawings would have rendered the work much more valuable.

In concluding his history, for we must call it such, of this project, the colonel thus mentions the person from whose suggestions seem to have originated all the late improvements of the metropolis, though his name has never been mentioned, nor his plans adverted to, by any of the projectors. Speaking of a portion of the plan, Colonel Trench says, "that the individual who made this suggestion knew no more of Gwyn than I myself did: but it is singular, that in Nos. 75 and 76 of the explanation of his first plate, these very ideas are clearly and distinctly stated. Indeed, that wonderful man seems to have anticipated my (*every*, we presume) plan of improvement that has been contemplated or carried into effect, from 1766 to the present day." The fact is, that almost all the late improvements have been suggested by, or copied from Gwyn's book, though few have had the honesty to acknowledge it, and give to this departed person the credit due to his genius.

We now come to Colonel Trench's "Hints for some farther Improvements in the Metropolis." The houses of parliament, and the courts of law, and the parts contiguous, are the first to which the colonel directs the attention of the reader; and here he is quite as magnificent in his ideas as he had been in his quay. He speaks of sweeping down one side of Parliament Street, and constructing "a grand terrace, raised to the height of twelve or fourteen feet above the level of the street," upon which he would erect a *new* Westminster Hall, *new* courts of justice, a *new* House of Lords, and a *new* House of Commons." Why, all the architects of the kingdom ought to unite their talents to design a monument in honour of Colonel Trench, for thus cutting out so much employment for their genius; or, rather, the three attached architects of the Board of Works should have done this, since, had these projects been carried into effect, they would have divided the employment, and the profit and the fame, all among themselves.

The colonel then imagines "an area of 1,000 by 500 feet, occupied by these buildings and surrounding streets, on terraces so far above the spring-tides, as to combine salubrity with grandeur;"—"the Houses of Lords and Commons, distinct yet adjacent, and so disposed that the apartment between them should be a central station for the throne, from which, on great and solemn occasions, the King might address the assembled Peers and Commons, each occupying their own house." Certainly very comfortable for them; but, we fear, the King must have the lungs of a Stentor, or deliver the speech concocted by his ministers through a speaking-trumpet. "Such an arrangement," the colonel continues, "would get rid of that tumultuous and disgraceful scramble, in which, after struggling through narrow passages, rendered more dangerous by ascending and descending stairs, his Majesty's faithful Commons rush into the royal presence, breathless and exhausted."

Our author then, quitting the imaginary, proceeds, in some very sensible and artist-like observations, on what has been done in this part of the town—induced, as he says, by "a strong personal feeling that the beauty, grandeur, and propriety of public buildings are really of great importance to national character.—I do not wish," he continues, "for any thing of finery or extravagance: effect does not depend upon expensive decoration: a cheap building may be very beautiful from its symmetry, its just proportions, and its judicious position; while a most expensive edifice, decorated with all the enrichment that art can execute, may fail to please, or may excite a feeling of regret at the waste of so much ornament."

Let professors read this unanswerable observation of an amateur, and blush for much that they have done.

The colonel next illustrates his observations by various designs of his own, or rather designs of Mr. Philip Wyatt, made under his directions, shewing how he would have disposed of the buildings, and contrasting his plans of the alterations of the courts of law with those which have lately been carried into execution. Here the colonel is no longer utopian. His designs are in good taste and keeping with what was already there; and we cordially confess them so far superior to those which are effected, that we sincerely regret his suggestions were not attended to. The designs in Plates VI and VII, being Views of the North and West Fronts of the Courts of Law and Parliament House, shew a good and well-digested knowledge of the *locale* and its capabilities, united with great architectural taste and judgment—a very rare union in the present day.

We must conclude our observations on this part of the work before us with the following curious description, which the author gives us, of the manner in which buildings are ordered and executed under the commands of the Lords and Commons, and which is very well illustrated in the late Report made by the Select Committee upon Public Buildings.

"Almost every thing," the colonel says, "that is now doing, or has lately been done, about the Houses of Parliament, bears the mark of haste and temporary expedient. The Committee of the Lords directs a certain number of rooms to be erected by a CERTAIN DAY, just as a general officer would order buildings to be erected in a cantonment for the temporary accommodation of his troops. The Committee of the Commons adopts *precisely the same course;* and some of its members distinctly say, "Let the House of Lords build what they please without

reference to us; let us build what we want without reference to them."

While such is the case, what unanimity of design can be expected in the improvements? What chance has an architect of doing justice to his art or to himself?

After bestowing a few pages and plates upon York House—which we congratulate the public has been constructed after the present design, said to be that of the late Duchess of Rutland, instead of after those upon which it was first began, and which would really have been a disgrace to the Park—the Colonel proceeds to the subject of a royal palace; and here again he allows the magnificence of his imagination to take the lead. The palace is placed near the Serpentine, in Hyde Park—the river and Kensington Gardens are made available as park and grounds—and a street is projected, leading in one unbroken line from the entrance to the Park at Grosvenor Gate to St. Paul's cathedral, which is intended to form the magnificent termination of what would certainly be the finest street in the world.

We have little hesitation in stating our opinion, that this is decidedly the best plan that we have seen for a radical improvement of the metropolis. A street of such length, terminating at one end by an elegant triumphal arch, forming an entrance to the palace of the sovereign, and bounded at the other by such a metropolitan cathedral as that of St. Paul's, would indeed have formed an architectural vista, which we imagine would have been perfectly unequalled not only by any thing that has hitherto been executed, but by any thing that has hitherto been imagined.

The colonel finishes his book with some observations upon Gwyn's "London and Westminster improved," which he accompanies by a lithographic copy of one of the plans from the work, by way of illustration of his remark, that there is scarcely one of the late speculations of improvement in the metropolis that is not to be found in this work, published in 1766.

In this work may be seen all the improvements about Westminster, at Whitehall Place—Charing Cross—at the King's Mews—in Pall Mall—Regent Street—in the Strand—Waterloo Bridge—quays on both sides the river—two situations for a royal palace—the improvements at Hyde Park Corner, with the splendid addition of a triumphal arch—burial-grounds—cattle-market—and abattoirs. "In a word, the enlarged and intelligent mind of this man seems to have embraced and anticipated every thing, and has left us little to do but to read and consider his invaluable work, and, as far as circumstances will allow, to carry his views into effect."

Such is the just tribute which Colonel Trench pays to the genius of Gwyn—a tribute which he ought certainly to have received from other quarters, where his work has been of so much, though unacknowledged service.

The colonel's own book and plans form valuable additions to the subject; and it is with regret that we turn from his fairy visions of architectural embellishment to the dull recollection of the pounds, shillings, and pence, which renders his magnificent projects utopian. Could another Columbus discover another new world, to pour inexhaustible mines of gold and silver into our country's lap, we know no way in which it might be more beneficially expended than in realizing some of the plans of Colonel Trench.

S. S.

MODERN PICTURES.

It is too much the fashion, among certain popular periodical writers of the day, to cry up the "old masters," at the expense not merely of the moderns generally, but of those of our own country and our own day in particular. The praise of "old pictures" is a fertile subject; and the writers in question seem to need no other motive for adopting it into their list, and recurring to it whenever occasion serves. And assuredly we shall not be the persons to contend that too much praise and admiration *can* be bestowed, on such painters as the best of the Italian and Flemish schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But still we must insist, that to *compare* these painters and their works with those of our own day and country, to the disparagement of the latter, is a very suspicious mode of proving our love for art and its productions, or even of shewing our judgment in regard to them. If comparisons are proverbially "odious," it is because they are for the most part manifestly unjust; and the one to which we are now referring is more unjust, and consequently more "odious," than almost any other that we are in the habit of meeting with, even in this age of comparisons: because the point in question is one on which the nature of our information (or rather the want of it) prevents us from instituting any just comparison whatever. Our attention is directed to a certain exhibition of "old pictures" (the National Gallery, for example, or the annual selection at the British Institution)—every individual production forming which exhibition is there to claim, not our judgment, but our admiration—since the joint suffrages of half-a-dozen generations have already definitively pronounced it to be excellent in its kind: and we are bid to compare *this* exhibition with one not merely by modern, but by *living* artists, every production forming which is placed there to claim our *judgment* merely, in the first instance, and *not* to exact our admiration, unless the latter feeling necessarily follows the award of our critical examination. —Now what possible conclusions can be drawn as to the relative condition of art at two distinct periods, by means of two different exhibitions coming before us under these circumstances? It may be fairly stated, that every distinguished exhibition of pictures by the old masters, consists of works selected, on the ground of their merits (or supposed merits) merely; and selected, too, from the best works of the best painters of the best ages of painting that the world ever knew;—not the best *age*, but *ages*;—and not of one country, but of all: —whereas the collections of modern works with which it pleases our would-be critics to compare the above, are the productions of the artists of one country and of one year, and are scarcely *selected* at all, but are, in fact, presented to us with an express view to their after selection and appreciation. Let the exclusive lauders of "old pictures," and the pretended despisers of our modern Royal Academy Exhibitions, prove to us (if they can), that the old masters of any one country ever did or could have collected together, on any one spot, a set of productions, all painted during the previous year, which were equal in their aggregate of merit to any one Royal Academy Exhibition for the last four or five years; and then (but not till then) we may possibly admit the policy, but will never admit the justice, of instituting comparisons between *se*-lections from the works of the dead, and *col*-lections of works of the living. But, in the mean time, we must beg to be of opinion that living English artists are very

far from being the contemptible set of persons that a certain class of living English critics would persuade us; and still more convinced are we, that, whatever their pretensions may be, the way to make those pretensions higher than they are is not to hold them out as lower.

We would not have it supposed, from the above observations that we are inclined to deny the supremacy of the old masters: on the contrary, we are disposed to admit that supremacy, not merely over all living ones, but over all who *have* lived since their time. We are of opinion that, since the days of Titian, no one has lived possessing such an eye for colour, and such a perception of individual character, as indicated by the human face;—that no one since Raphael has combined such an intense feeling of *expression*, of all kinds, with such a miraculous power of embodying it;—that no one since Correggio has enjoyed so penetrating and absorbing a sentiment of female grace and loveliness, added to so unequalled a skill in working out that sentiment into visible images, for the delight and benefit of others;—that no one since Rembrandt has even imagined, much less achieved, such brilliant pictorial triumphs, by such seemingly inadequate means as mere light and shade;—and, finally, that no one since Claude has seemed to feel and understand, still less been able (as he was) to make others feel at least, if not understand, the mysterious correspondence and sympathy that exists between the objects of external nature and the heart of man. All this, and more to the same effect, do we

"Most powerfully and potently believe;"

and what is more, we "hold it honest to have it so set down." But we do *not* hold it either honest, or reasonable, or politic, to have it set down in a form, and with a view, to the disparagement, or what is still worse, the discouragement, of other things and persons—which latter have more than enough to discourage them, in that absolute want of a national feeling for their art, and consequently a national patronage of it, against which they have to contend.

Among the multiplicity of moral maxims, each contending with its fellows for the palm of folly, which every nation possesses, and calls them its "wisdom," perhaps that which deserves to carry off the said palm is the one which bids us "never speak ill of the dead." If the word "living" were substituted for "dead," the maxim would have some merit. Of the dead nothing should be spoken but the *truth;* and whatever is true should be spoken. But in regard to the living, we are half-inclined to admit the soundness of the modern law *dictum,* which lays down that "the greater the truth the greater the libel." At any rate, we would contend that, if there were no other reason or motive for so doing, social policy would teach us to "never speak ill of the" *living,* except in very extreme cases indeed. Not that we would have any thing but *the truth* spoken of any person or thing, at any time, or for any purpose whatsoever. But there is nothing, either in reason or in justice, which requires that "the whole truth" should be spoken at all times; and every thing, both in reason and in justice, *forbids* that it should be so spoken in a tone and temper calculated to make it an instrument of unmingled mischief to some, without the possibility of good to any.

We would apply the foregoing remarks to the art of painting in England at the present day. Its condition is strong and flourishing enough to give it claims to great and constant encouragement, but not enough so

to enable it to do without these, at least with any prospect of progressing, or even of maintaining its present station. We have (to say nothing of "two, or one" *great* painters) many good ones, who may become great by proper treatment. But we have none—not even one—who (like many of the great ones of other times) must and will become great by the mere force of their genius alone, and in spite of all things that can oppose or hold them back. And the reason of this is to be found, not in the different natural constitution of men's minds, but in the different circumstances under which those minds are nowadays subject to be bred up and moulded. In a highly refined state of society, it is next to impossible that a genius, strongly marked by nature, should retain those marks long after its possessor quits his cradle. This is at present as little to be looked for, as that a piece of money should retain the sharpness of its stamp for any great length of time, while forming part of the "circulating medium" of a great commercial country. As little is it to be expected, that minds of the finest natural perceptions (and such the mind of a great painter must necessarily be) should consent to run the risks, and undergo the consequences, almost certainly attendant on the early pursuit of a profession like painting, in an age and country where we acknowledge but one unpardonable crime—that of poverty; and but one unfailing source of real personal distinction—that of wealth.

But our limits warn us that we must turn at once to the more immediate object of this paper,—which is, not so much to argue the *impolicy* of withholding the encouragement of enlightened and judicious public praise from the painters of our day, as to shew its manifest *injustice*, by a reference to their actual merits and pretensions. And with this view, it is our intention simply to describe a few of the latest novelties that have been presented to the British public in this department of Fine Art, and which are still before it for proof and illustration of our remarks. We shall commence with Mr. Martin's Fall of Nineveh.

If it were necessary to adduce proof that the actual condition of Art among us is any thing but contemptible, and its prospects far from discouraging, this picture alone would answer the purpose in view. It is not only a production of real genius, but it is one which could not have been produced except under circumstances highly favourable to the future development of talent and genius of a similar kind. What we mean is, that this picture cannot be looked upon as a single and distinct result of the art of painting merely—a result which might have been produced at any given time, or by any person gifted with mental qualities and habits similar to those possessed by its author. It supposes, in addition to mere genius and great pictorial acquirement, a high state of mental refinement, not only in the artist, but in the general public to whom his work is addressed. Without meaning to place it above, or even on a level with, some of the productions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy, we will venture to assert that no painter living in those centuries could have produced it; and if for no other reason, simply for this—that at that time the public taste was not in a condition to receive and appreciate it. Let us not be mistaken. The public taste of that day was of a higher and rarer cast than any which has prevailed since; and the productions of Art which were offered to it were of a higher quality in proportion; each acting reciprocally upon the other, as these are always found to do. The chief productions of the time of which we speak, were more highly endowed with those highest of all endowments in works of Fine Art, individual passion and character;—as, indeed, the

productions of Art in an early stage of society are always found to be, as compared with those of a more cultivated and advanced stage. They differed from the best which have followed them, much in the same manner that the Iliad differs from the Æneid; and from much the same causes. But the fine production of which we are now to speak, if upon the whole inferior in general character, because inferior in intensity of moral effect, to many early efforts of Art that might be pointed out, is equally original and specific in its character with them, and, we venture to think, indicates as high and as rare a degree of mingled genius and acquirement as any *one* among them which could be named. Perhaps we shall best attain our end by at once proceeding to describe in detail "The Fall of Nineveh;" and in doing this, we shall endeavour (as the artist has done) to attract and concentrate the interest upon the chief moral point of the subject, by referring to all the merely mechanical details first. To make any previous reference to the traditional story on which the picture is constructed, seems unnecessary.

In the upper portion of the extreme left of a space which is almost entirely covered with the buildings forming a vast and splendid city, is seen a mass of raging flames, devouring all before them, and casting a lurid light over all surrounding objects. Immediately beneath this portion of the scene lies a great river, traversed by a superb bridge, and covered with a cloud of vessels, bearing myriads of the besieging army which has been for years lying before Nineveh without being able to make any impression on it. At the moment, however, which is chosen for the point of time represented in the picture, the hand of Omnipotence seems to have interposed for the destruction of the devoted city; as the enormous walls, which have hitherto rendered the space within them impregnable, are now crumbling beneath the united power of lightnings from above, and the rising river from below; and various breaches are visible in them, through which the living flood of the enemy is pouring. The whole space above alluded to, together with a considerable portion of space on *this* side the city walls—which is covered with myriads of the besieging and defending armies, engaging each other at all points—is to be considered as the *distance* of the picture; and there is not a single point of that distance which is not peopled with a separate and distinct human interest, in addition to that which it includes as a grand and general whole. The other distances, on the right, are occupied by the remote buildings of the vast city; and, beyond them, by a dark obscure, through which the mighty tomb of Ninus rises like a huge "exhalation," —which would be almost indistinguishable from the clouds into which it rises, but for the sacrificial fires that are seen glimmering upon its sides. We now reach the fore-ground, the extremities of which are occupied, that on the right by the massy towers, terraces, and hanging-gardens of the royal palace, and that on the left by the gorgeous funeral pile which has been prepared by order of the king, Sardanapalus, and on which has been heaped all the wealth of the palace, to be destroyed, in case of extremity, together with its proud owner, and his host of beautiful concubines. These latter, together with the queen herself, and all the chief persons of the court, are collected into a variety of distinct but united groups, on a terrace in front of the palace, overlooking the principal scene of the combat below, and including the point at which the spectator is supposed to be placed: and at this point it is that the chief human interest of the picture is sought to be concentrated. The time is considerably after sunset; and the lights by which the various objects are

rendered visible consist of a lurid and stormy moon—the fires of the burning city—and, finally, a tremendous flash of lightning, which wraps the whole of the fore-ground and its figures in a blaze of brightness.

In looking upon this splendid combination of imagery, our first and chief attention is attracted to where unquestionably it ought to be, in a work of this nature, but where it as unquestionably has not been always attracted in Mr. Martin's previous works—namely, to the central groups forming the chief point of human interest, in virtue of the human passion and character which they are made instrumental in developing. We have no hesitation in asserting, that, whatever may have been the case in former instances, in this before us Mr. Martin has given the due attention, and neither more nor less than was due, to this human portion of his subject; and that, in fact, he has balanced this portion of it against the other, with consummate skill, and with perfect success. Farther, we will assert that all is attempted, in this department of the work, of which the subject was fairly susceptible; and that in scarcely any of all the various points has the artist failed, or even fallen short of what may be supposed to have been his own conceptions of the matter in hand. In fact, as it must not be concealed that, in his previous productions, Mr. Martin had shewn very considerable deficiencies in the practical skill connected with this most important department of his art, so let it not now be denied that a most striking improvement is observable even on the very first glance at the work before us; and that the more its details are examined, the more manifest this improvement becomes. We have, here, no deficient or contradictory expression—no awkward, extravagant, or theatrical attitudes—and very little, if any, defective drawing. And, on the other hand, we find a very considerable portion of real pathos and passion; much elegance, dignity, and spirit of design; great truth, united with extraordinary brilliance of colouring; and a skill in composition and arrangement in all respects corresponding with these. It gives us great and unqualified pleasure to be able to say this; and Mr. Martin may be assured that those who, in noticing his work, neglect to say as much, have been accustomed to point out his real or supposed defects in this particular, less from a love of art and of justice, than from that feeling of envy which is incompatible with either a real love for art or a sound judgment concerning it. In truth, we can scarcely anticipate what fault even the class of persons in question will find, in Mr. Martin's treatment of the human face and figure in this picture.

The point of time supposed to be depicted is that at which Sardanapalus, perceiving the inevitable fate of his city, and consequently of his throne and person, points to the funeral pile which he has ordered to be prepared for himself and his favourite concubines, and is proceeding to take possession of it; while his queen and all his court are about him, each and all variously affected, according to their various characters and circumstances. The principal group—that including Sardanapalus and his loving and beloved Azubah—is (as a group) at once grand, simple, and touching, in a very high degree; and, in regard to the details of it, the unaffected majesty of the royal lover is in all things answerable to the surpassing loveliness of his self-devoting slave and mistress.

The group second in importance is little, if at all, inferior in merit and interest to the one just described. It is that of the queen, who is led reluctantly away by her maidens from the horrors of the scene, which her lingering love for the king will scarcely allow her to quit. There is a modest and tender sweetness in the character of her beauty, which

greatly adds to her effect upon the scene of passion of which she forms so conspicuous a part. Many other of the female figures in this portion of the picture merit particular commendation, no less for the passion and pathos that are educed from them, than for the manner in which they are made to balance and bear out the composition, so as to render it an effective and consistent whole. The female figures undoubtedly bear away the palm, both of merit and of interest, from those of the males; but these latter are by no means deficient in either spirit or appropriateness; though, in point of distinctiveness, as well as of variety, perhaps they *are* a little deficient. But, among all the figures forming this great central department of the work, the only one to which we decidedly object is that of the gigantic warrior a little to the left of the centre, who is lifting his sword to punish some slaves, who, in the confusion of the moment, are drinking and carousing to the health of the king. We conceive this figure to be at best out of place; and that, if it were not so, it would still be out of character, and out of drawing too. We point this out, however, simply because it is the only serious objection we have to make of this nature.

Still continuing among the points of human interest, we must notice with entire commendation the figure, in the distance below, of Belesis, the rebel warrior and priest, at whose instigation the revolt against Sardanapalus has been organized and chiefly supported, and who is leading the right wing of the besieging army. Farther, we must add, that the whole of this middle distance is managed with infinite practical skill, directed by a consummate knowledge of the principles of pictorial effect: for not only is an impression of vastness, as well as of distance, produced by means of inconceivably minute and elaborate distinct details; but there is every where an appearance of order and arrangement, seeming to grow out of what, when examined closely, can only be looked upon as a sort of studied confusion. We do not know that we explain this point very satisfactorily; but to ourselves it is one of great interest and curiosity in this picture. It is an artifice, however, which has been employed in most of Mr. Martin's previous works of this class; but in none so successfully as in the present: and we may add, that it has never been employed with equal success by any other artist, living or dead.

It only remains for us to speak of the architectural portion of this picture—that portion on the effects of which Mr. Martin seems to have hitherto placed so much dependence, and which is, from its nature, calculated to excite so much attention in the merely superficial observer. For our own parts, we will frankly confess (because our motive in doing so cannot be mistaken) that we attach comparatively little value to this portion of Mr. Martin's peculiar skill, and to the uses to which he applies it. On the contrary, we are of opinion, that if he had placed less dependance on this portion of his art, and used it less profusely than he has hitherto done, he would have deserved at least, if he had not gained, even more reputation than he at present possesses: and, in proof of the soundness of this opinion, we would adduce the present work, which is incomparably the best production of the artist's pencil, and in which, if our memory serves us rightly, the knowledge and skill now in question have been more sparingly used than in any of those previous productions of the same hand which can be brought into comparison with this; such as "The Fall of Babylon," "The Feast of Belshazzar," &c. The truth is, that the effect now referred to, if it cannot exactly be called a trick,

depends almost entirely on an *optical illusion*: as such, it is altogether of a mechanical nature, and does not appeal to, or in the remotest degree spring from, any one of those mental qualities or attributes to which the results of high Art should and do address themselves, and on their more or less perfect accordance with which the merits and value of those results depend. Thinking thus, we are pleased to observe that Mr. Martin has, in the work before us, placed less dependance on the effect in question than we had feared that he would; and still more pleased are we to be able to state that he has succeeded better in proportion. The architectural details of this fine picture are sufficiently elaborate and extensive to convey a grand and gorgeous impression of the scene in which the events depicted take place; but they are not made to overlay and extinguish any of the more important points of the subject.

Perhaps something similar to the above may be said, in reference to the extraordinary effects of *light*, in this picture. There is nothing attempted of the *super*-natural; and there is nothing produced that is either un-natural, or that falls strikingly short of the natural effects resulting from the extraordinary circumstances of the case. And perhaps this arises from the just and judicious manner in which the various lights that prevail in different parts of the scene are preserved separate and distinct from each other, and are thus made each to produce its own effect, without attempting the physical impossibility of uniting and blending them all into one, and preserving them all separate, at one and the same time.

We must now take leave of this fine work, by stating our opinion, that it is one which would not have been deemed unworthy the very finest ages of Art—to which ages it would, in fact, have added a kind of lustre, which at present they are without;—and, moreover, that the day which has given it birth is one which cannot in fairness be treated with disrespect, if it be but in virtue of this one picture alone.

It will perhaps be thought that we have chosen an unlucky moment at which to illustrate our introductory observations, by critical references to works actually before the public eye. But the truth is, that if we had chosen that particular period of the year when the annual produce of British Art is open to public inspection, we should have had no chance of getting through our task within any ordinary limits, or of doing any thing like justice to the claimants upon our attention. Indeed, we are by no means sure of being able to do this even now; though the objects demanding particular mention are but two more—one of which, by-the-by, does not come very strictly within the scope of our subject. We allude now to the great picture of Mr. Lane; which is so entirely beyond all reasonable limits, in point of size, that it can scarcely be looked upon as a *picture* at all, but rather as a *scene;* and it will assuredly not long *remain* a picture; nor would it even if it possessed ten times the merit that it does: because no gallery could receive it; nor can it be used with any good effect even as the altar-piece of the largest church in the metropolis. The truth is, that several of the most promising artists of our day —and Mr. Lane among them—have fallen into the fatal mistake of supposing that greatness of size has some necessary connexion with grandeur of effect; whereas it might almost be stated that directly the opposite is the case. We do not of course mean that *smallness* of size is calculated to produce grandeur of effect: though it is by no means incompatible with it—as has been satisfactorily shewn by the example adduced in the

paper on "Old Pictures,"* to which the present paper is offered, if not exactly as a *reply*, at least as a *set-off*. What we mean is, that greatness of size, if carried beyond a certain point, is positively destructive of the particular effect sought to be produced by it: to say nothing of the certain and quick mechanical destruction which it entails upon itself. The work in question—the Vision of Joseph—has (together with some glaring defects) very great and striking merits: but if the latter were tenfold more in amount than they are, and the former were altogether removed, the picture itself could not hope to live for half a century, nor the painter to be remembered by it during half that period. In fact, those who paint for immortality have more chance of attaining their object, even by painting miniatures in rings, than by the opposite extreme, of covering acres of canvass. Mr. Haydon seems at last to have discovered this truth, though twenty years too late for his own fame, no less than for the future character of British Art; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Lane will not be blind to it, even for a single day. If he *should* be, and should determine to paint two more such pictures as the Vision of Joseph, the hopes that his friends and the public have a right to conceive in regard to him will be worse than dissipated—they will be contradicted.

Without entering into a minute detail of the various points of this striking work, we will say, generally and without qualification, that *all* the merely natural portions of it merit commendation, and that *all* the *super*-natural portions merit, if not absolute condemnation, a most limited portion of praise indeed. The group on the mattrass on the right —of Joseph, the Madonna, and the infant Jesus—are executed in a masterly manner; and the characters of the two former (but particularly that of the Virgin) are conceived with great feeling and truth. We cannot, however, approve of the new manner of treating the principal figure, Joseph; who is represented, not as receiving the holy dream into the recesses of his mind while asleep, but as literally *awakened* by it, and gazing upon it with his bodily senses. We do not see that, by this mode of treating the subject, sufficient is gained to excuse the incongruity: for all the other novel portion of the picture might have been introduced just as appropriately, in the ordinary and (so to speak) natural mode of treatment. The portion to which we allude is that which represents not merely the angel who comes to bid Joseph take flight into Egypt to avoid the massacre of Herod, but that massacre itself. Now, so far from there being any thing objectionable in this latter, it is not only the most poetical mode of treatment, but it increases the subject matter in a vast degree, and in a most effective manner. But by making Joseph literally *see* all this, instead of *dream* it, the artist has changed into a miracle that which need not be regarded as such, and which claims and receives our human sympathy in the exact proportion that it is *not* so regarded. There is another portion of this work, the conception of which we can as little approve as that to which we have just alluded. We mean the introduction of the gigantic figure, who has been struck to the ground by divine influence, just as he was about to fulfil the (not yet existing) mandate of Herod, by destroying the Holy Child. There can be little doubt that all this exceptionable matter, together with the host of supernatural objects which occupy the whole upper portion of the canvass, was introduced chiefly, if not entirely, on account of the enormous scale on which the artist had determined to execute his work. But, notwithstanding the scope which all this has given to the display of design and execution,

* *Vide* Monthly Magazine, vol. vi., page 26.

we cannot but grieve for the loss which has consequently been sustained, in the want of that unity and simplicity for which even the old masters themselves had too little respect, but the occasional absence of which was rendered more excusable in *them*, on account of the miraculous powers of *execution* which they for the most part displayed. We will gladly admit, too, in the present instance, that much has been gained, on the score of mere execution, by the mode of treatment of which we complain: for, in fact, the fallen figure to which we have just alluded, and the action and expression of Joseph, are among the finest parts of the picture.

The other picture to which we would direct attention, as illustrative of the present condition of Art, is from the pencil of a foreigner; but should not, on that account, be passed over by us. On the contrary, it may be adduced as a new and striking evidence of the progress which a love for the art is making among us, since it was painted with an express view to exhibition and sale in this country. The Death of Virginia, by M. Le Thiere, is, upon the whole, the very best work we have yet seen from a French hand; and, putting all national comparisons out of the question, it is, in point of mere composition and execution, a fine and striking production. What it fails in are those points in which the French have hitherto always failed, and in every department of Fine Art, whether Painting, Sculpture, Poetry, or Music—namely, those points which depend for their success on a due blending together of the sensibilities and the imagination. The French have little of either of these, and what little they have lies exclusively on the surface; and the consequence is, that *all* which they have is displayed on every occasion equally, and that there is no such thing to be found, in any of their productions, as a striking concentration of these to any one particular point. The groupings of this work are composed and arranged with great skill and judgment; each separate figure is designed (generally speaking) with force, truth, and spirit; the colourings of the various parts have sufficient correspondence, each with the other, to produce an harmonious and consistent general effect; and the composition of the whole, *as* a whole, is at once simple and comprehensive. In short, there wants but one thing to make this a fine and admirable work of Art; but that one thing is not only the most important of all, but is more important than all others united, since it may compensate in a great degree for the absence of *them*, while they can never do as much for the absence of it:—we mean truth, depth, force, and variety of individual expression. In a word, the Death of Virginia is a masterly production, in all which depends upon the mechanism of Art; and if that vital flame of expression is wanting, the presence of which is the sure, and the only sure, indication of high genius, it must be conceded that this divine quality, or rather condition, of the human mind, is not to be looked for now as it once was, when every thing connected with human society was as favourable to its development as it is now *un*favourable. For this fact alone, if for nothing else, it would be no less unreasonable than unjust to institute any direct comparisons between collections of "Old Pictures," and modern ones.

It was our intention to have concluded this paper by a brief estimate of the merits of our principal Living Painters; as a set-off, no less against the fulsome panegyrics of their pretended admirers, than against the unmeaning but mischievous sneers of those who equally pretend to despise them. But our limits warn us that we must defer the fulfilment of our intention till a future opportunity.

COURT OF CHANCERY:

No. III.

To those who have followed us through our two former articles on this subject, it can scarcely fail to have become apparent that the grand evil of the Court—its original sin—is the narrowness of its capacities relatively to the matters requiring its attention. To some extent this disproportionate supply undoubtedly originates in that excess which, by driving parties into litigation for its construction, the confused and obscure state of the law gives to demand. Still let the law become as simplified as the complication of society will admit, while the Court of Chancery continues to retain its functions, we think we have shown enough to prove that, under its existing organization, it never can be adequate to their appropriate discharge.

It is, however, no easy matter to define wherein adequacy consists; good laws and able administrators being given, it is true it might be propounded to be comprised in the combination of the greatest economy with the greatest despatch. But economy and despatch are branches of the definitions which require to be defined themselves, and it is difficult to lay down any general scale by which to determine either. Costs will, in all probability, be more affected than time by variations in the subject of litigation, and the utmost that can be effected for the attainment of economy, would seem to be the establishment of the subordinate machinery of the court upon the simplest models, and the arrangement of the wages of all employed in its working, not upon a patronage and monopoly, but upon a competition price.* Delay, as the more tangible, has been the general subject of attack; but, as to the point at which delay commences, there seems to be but one common vagueness of idea. The Chancery Commissioners interrogate the witnesses, on the one hand, about the capability of the court under its present constitution for getting through the business with *sufficient* dispatch; the witnesses, on the other, talk about the impossibility of keeping the business within *moderate* limits; but neither the one nor the other condescend to inform us wherein that sufficiency and those limits consist; and parliamentary orators seem as little to have settled the terms of their contest. With our legislature, indeed, time would seem to admit of very nice attenuation before it is spun out into delay. When, in 1813, the House of Lords met, in grave deliberation, to devise means for expediting their appellate business, they thought they had done wonders when they provided measures by which the disposal of the existing arrears would be accelerated from eleven to *four* years,† though they forgot, at the same time, to make any additional provision for the appeals intermediately to be presented. In like manner, though causes are seldom set down for hearing, in the Court of Chancery, until a twelvemonth after the first commencement of

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* In the contest in the Six Clerks' Office, which happened about the year 1693, between the Six Clerks and the Sworn Clerks, it was vehemently contended by the latter, that they could do the business of the office *much cheaper* and *more expeditiously* without their superiors; and, indeed, the charge of causing the records to be taken away from the office to be copied at under-rates, was doubtless much more grievous than the others made against them of using "unmannerly and abusive language," "breaking of windows," "cutting desks," "breaking down seats," &c.—*Parke's History of the Court of Chancery, p.* 255. We leave our readers to apply the moral.

† Cooper's Parliamentary Proceedings as to the Court of Chancery, p. 177.

proceedings, and generally then have to await their turn on the list for full two years before they are heard, and after that, perhaps, only to receive an interlocutory judgment, without obtaining their final decision until four or five years from the period of their first institution; yet our legislators (if they are to be judged by their actions) seem to think this all in exceeding good time. We suspect, however, there are few individuals awaiting the decision of their causes to obtain possession of their property who would like to adopt this legislative notion of dispatch; and, we apprehend, we should not be charged with urging on proceedings with untimely haste, if we were to affix a twelvemonth from the commencement as the average period within which ordinary causes ought to receive their determination. The causes tried in the courts of common law are frequently of equal importance with those litigated in Chancery; yet the average there certainly does not exceed six months, and even this we conceive to be higher than necessity demands. Now, in order to estimate the additional force necessary to infuse into the court for approximating its dispatch of business to this average standard, we have instituted a comparison over a period of three years, for which we happen to have the materials, between the causes requiring its judgment, and the extent to which it is enabled to give it. The return refers to cases of pure equity alone, and will stand thus:—

Years.	Bills filed.	Dismissions for want of Prosecution.	Result of Causes requiring Adjudication.	Decrees.	Dismissions after Hearing.	Aggregate of Causes adjudicated.	Proposition of Adjudication to Causes requiring it.
1822	2,202	184	2,018	457	30	487	$\frac{1}{4}$ and a fraction.
1823	2,286	168	21111	446	31	477	$\frac{1}{4}$ and a fraction.
1824	302	97	2,241	302	16	18	$\frac{1}{7}$ and a fraction.

It is true, the returns of bills filed do not distinguish between original bills and those of revivor and supplement; and, as the two latter are the mere continuous steps in the same cause, taken for the purpose either of reviving a suit against the representatives of a deceased party, or adding new parties to it, the apparent amount of cases requiring adjudication is to all the extent of those swelled beyond its actual one. It is certain, however, that bills of revivor and supplement form a very insignificant proportion to original bills; and we believe we should be speaking prodigiously within the mark, if we fixed it at one-fourth. Taking it, however, at this very low estimate, the apparent proportion of causes disposed of in the space of a twelvemonth to those requiring a decision, will, in the two most favourable years, have been little more than a third, and in the other vastly below it; so that, at the very lowest possible estimate, it would require the effective force of the court to be tripled, in order to accomplish the decision of its present average quantity of causes within the somewhat protracted period of twelve months—and this, be it remembered, in equity alone—without saying one word of either bankruptcy or lunacy matters. But the present amount of business pending is by no means that from which the estimate ought to be drawn. It is beyond all doubt, that the delay and

costliness of the court effectually shut its doors upon crowds, who would otherwise rush to it for justice. "Not a day passes," says Mr. Cooper, "that the Chancery barrister, in the honest discharge of his duty, does not advise his client to *sacrifice hundreds* rather than embark in an equity suit—a vessel in which few have sailed long without being wrecked." Indeed, if proof were required, it would be found in the disproportionate increase of that specie of business—injunction cases—which, if any thing in that court can be called urgent, wears most the semblance of urgency, relatively to business of all other descriptions.

The methods for giving effective strength to the court will, for the most part, be found either in a better distribution of the subjects of its jurisdiction, an amelioration of its internal organization, or in securing additional power in its functionaries.

In the front of the first is the separation of bankruptcy from the great seal. We approach to the consideration of this measure with one striking presumption in its favour—the utter imbecility with which the jurisdiction has been administered during the period of its union. The whole bankrupt jurisdiction originated with a statute of Henry the Eighth, which gave to the Chancellor, together with certain other state and judicial dignitaries, the power of seizure over the persons and property of debtors, "suddenly fleeing to parts unknown, or keeping their houses and not minding to pay their debts." This was followed by the 13th of Elizabeth, which introduced such considerable alterations in the former, as virtually to supersede it; and the latter may now accordingly be considered as the foundation of the present bankrupt code. It was under this that the power given to the dignitaries pointed out in the statute of Henry became vested in such "*wise, honest,* and *discreet*" commissioners as it might please the Chancellor to direct such commission to; and, as the office of assignee was unknown until the reign of Anne, the whole ministerial as well as judicial department was at first administered by the commissioners. Saving a discretionary power in their selection, the Chancellor appears, for a long time, to have had no other control over their actions. They constituted a supreme court in themselves, though in the habit of obtaining the advice of the common law judges, when embarrassed in the exercise of their functions; neither were they at first accustomed to pay the Chancellor the compliment of consulting him; nor did he, until repeatedly pressed for his interference in their proceedings, at length reluctantly consent, in particular emergencies, to extend it; so that his present jurisdiction is the mere growth of disjointed legislative enactments and gradual encroachments. Originally, the number of commissioners varied with the importance of the commission; and their selection was, in almost every instance, made in obedience to the nomination of the creditors. With the view, however, of a better regulation of the London commissioners, Lord Harcourt first established the London lists; but as the ministers who compose these were in their origin, so they still continue removable at the Chancellor's pleasure, and their numbers have varied at different times according to his caprice. Indeed, standing commissioners, after the fashion of the London lists, have at times been appointed for some of the more populous of the provincial districts; but, with Lord Eldon's dynasty, these have fallen into disuse; and the nomination of the country commissioners still rests with the parties making application for the commission.

The London commissioners constitute a body of seventy individuals,

distributed among fourteen lists, of five commissioners each, of which three only sit at a time; and in the same manner, though each country commission always contains the names of five persons, but three of the commissioners ever act under it. The meetings of country commissioners are held *in private;* those of the London ones, in rooms appropriated to the purpose, but amid a din, a bustle, and a confusion which is more like the riot of a bear-garden, than the dignified solemnity of a court of justice.

Barring the "Great Unpaid," the judicial organization of England can boast few functionaries less imbued with aptitude for the discharge of their functions than are the Commissioners of Bankrupts, both town and country. In most of the parliamentary debates on this subjects, the tub thrown out has been the danger of committing the adjudication of the complicated circumstances arising out of a commission of bankruptcy to any less competent individual than the Chancellor himself. "As to the particular jurisdiction of the bankruptcy business," said Lord Castlereagh, in one of them, "none required greater attention, on account of its difficulty and intricacy. It was so particularly important in a commercial country, that it would be highly dangerous to trust the decision, in business of such weight, to any authority subordinate to that of the Lord Chancellor." Yet, with respect to country commissioners, of the three individuals who in this "commercial" country are selected for the primary administration of a business of such "difficulty" and "intricacy," one is generally a mere provincial counsel, who, in the multiplicity of the branches of the profession he has to exercise, can scarcely be supposed to have his head overstocked with bankrupt law; and the remainder are attornies—a class of practitioners who do not profess a knowledge of any thing higher than the mere practical department of the law, and who, it is notorious, seldom even attempt the study of its principles. From either, we apprehend, that sound adjudication, except on the most straightforward matters, may be looked for in vain; and for both, we have the evidence of a Mr. Spurrier, a country solicitor himself, and one of the witnesses examined before the Committee of 1817. "It is well known that commissioners are sometimes appointed by the solicitor himself—not because they are the fittest persons, but *because they are most likety to suit the solicitor's or the bankrupt's purposes.*—(Page 75, first Report). It is true the London commissioners are not chosen to suit the purposes of either the solicitor or bankrupt. As little are those of the *creditors* consulted in their choice. The purposes their selection has to suit are those of the aristocracy and the government. They wear on their foreheads "the mark of the beast." They are the living evidence of that wholesale corruption—that agency of bribery—which, with the revolution, became the improved substitute for the more clumsy agency of physical force on which governments had theretofore rested their power. Judicial aptitude forming but a small consideration in the exercise of judicial patronage, sometimes the commissioners chosen are young lawyers, destitute of either learning, experience, or judgment; at others, they are those whose long and briefless standing only served to shew their incapacity for offices of importance; while the instances in which it has happened that the acquirements of individuals would otherwise have afforded a guarantee for the ability of their administration, instead of the tribunal receiving their undivided attention, more lucrative professional avocations in other quarters have left these to look upon their commissioner-

ship as a mere subsidiary employment. Indeed, the Court of Basinghall-street seems pretty much considered as an agreeable morning lounge, where sinecurists may resort just *pour passer le tems*, and to fill the pocket with sovereigns. Fortescue, speaking of the judges of the King's Bench in ancient times, says that "they did not sit more than three hours in the day, and that, when they had taken their refreshments, they spent the rest of the day in the study of the laws, read the Holy Scriptures, and other innocent amusements at their pleasure. Indeed," he adds, "it seems rather a life of contemplation than of much exertion." We never heard that our Commissioners of Bankrupts were particularly addicted either to the reading of the Scriptures, or the study of the laws; but, undoubtedly, in the shortness of their sitting, and their *leisure for contemplation*, they might almost be mistaken for these judges of the olden time. Be this as it may, Mr. Harvey, the member for Colchester, who may be supposed to have some knowledge of the subject, stated, in one of the debates on this subject, it to be "his firm belief, that, what between capacity with inexperience on the one hand, and experience with incapacity on the other, there were not more than five or six commissioners, out of the seventy-two, who were able to discharge their duty as they ought."

But were the commissioners, deprived of these trifling drawbacks, to become ever so sedulous in their office, the system itself, in London, at least, has effectually precluded the possibility of the complete and undivided attention of its judges being given to the various matters which come before them. Sitting at their various meetings by rotation, the same cause becomes liable to an eternal variety of judges in all its various stages, and this not only from one meeting to another, but even in the same meetings. "We assemble," says Mr. Cullen, one of them, in his evidence before the Committee, "under a number, sometimes a great number, of different commissions at once: our attention is solicited at one and the same moment by many suitors, all equally pressing, and entitled to despatch and decision upon their respective cases; and these often involving many nice questions of fact and considerations of law. One party gains the attention of a commissioner; he is instantly broken in upon by another party, perhaps by another commissioner; the half-heard case must be repeated; and the second judge soon, in like manner, gives way to a third; and so the case taken up by one after another returns, perhaps, upon its steps, till, after having, as it were, circulated through the list amid the eternal interruption of one commission by other business—of each other by each other—and of all by the public, it remains finally undetermined, unless the suitor, or his counsel or solicitor, undertakes the inviduous task of asserting his right to the combined attention of three commissioners (if three fortunately happen to be present), or of breaking up the meeting for want of a quorum; in either of which cases the functions of the list in all the commissions are immediately suspended." The absence of the requisite quantity of commissioners become not unfrequently a trifling impediment to the constitution of any court at all.

Moreover, the spectacle of judges being paid by fees at the hands of the suitors, is an indecency of which this court has the honour of a daily exhibition, and while keeping a sharp look out for them occupies no inconsiderable part of the attention of the commissioners, the amount becomes a subject of eternal squabbling. Indeed, however little may be

thought of mal-administration in its other departments, dexterity in this appears held in no slight estimation among the commissioners. Mr. Cooper states, "Some of the commissioners plume themselves on possessing in greater perfection than their brethren, the faculty of gaining a very large amount of fees in a very small space of time. One of them has boasted of having received thirty sovereigns one Saturday morning.—Thirty meetings in a few hours !!! I had this from an acting commissioner; and who did not scruple, five minutes afterwards, to assure me, that no branch of our law was better administered than that which falls under the superintendence of the London commissioners of bankrupt."

These fees are dependent upon the number of meetings held in each bankruptcy, and the time for sitting not exceeding, upon an average, two hours in the morning, it has given birth to the suspicion, that meetings have been unnecessarily multiplied for the purpose of bringing with them a multiplication of fees. Of course we, who are such staunch believers in the universal disinterestedness of human nature, would not for a moment indulge in so improbable a conjecture. It certainly, however, strikes us as a little strange, that between the 1st of April 1824, and the 1st of April 1827, "there have been held in London alone, fifteen thousand public meetings of the commissioners of bankrupt, and six thousand one hundred and thirty-two private ones."* From the petition of exparte Grimstead, in the bankruptcy of Howard and Gibbs, it appeared that up to a certain stage in the proceedings there had been literally twenty-three private meetings, the expence of which, to the petitioner alone, amounted at the least to the sum of 500*l.*

In addition to this the greatest fluctuation pervades all the decisions of the court. Each different list of commissioners has its own little code of laws—its own little formulary of practice. The proceedings of the whole exhibit a motley record of contradictory decisions; and the lawyer who is consulted by a suitor as to the bearing of the law on his case, has no other criterion on which to form his judgment, than a knowledge of the list before which the case is to be heard.

To crown the whole, this system which, be it remembered ought, from its peculiar nature, to exhibit the extreme of economy, is arranged upon a scale somewhere about the acme of extravagance. Nor does the cost rest with the positive sums lavished on its support. The losses to the estate, from the nature of its management, are to be taken into the account; and when it is considered that this is committed to individuals who have frequently an interest in delaying a distribution of the estate, or whose share in the produce is relatively too small to secure its prudent administration—that there are brokers and managers who, doing very little, must, upon all the sound principles of the court, receive very much—and that the whole is conducted under the superintendence of a body constituted like the commissioners, themselves forming no inconsiderable item in the account, it may be readily conceived that Mr. Montague does not exaggerate (indeed he has solid *data* for much of his calculation) when in estimating

* Parkes' History of the Court of Chancery, p. 422.

Commissioners and solicitor	£56,000
Messengers	24,000
Increase of litigation from the nature of the tribunal	24,000
Losses from Non-Seizure, Non-discovery, Improvident sales	60,000
Expences attendant upon assignees	21,700
Interest of money at bankers	24,000
Losses from failure of assignees, unclaimed dividends, and undivided residues	14,400
He sets the whole down at the annual cost of	£224,100

With a court thus constituted for his assistance, it is in the nature of things impossible but that the jurisdiction in bankruptcy should make the tremendous inroads it does on the time of the Chancellor. That there are, however, materials in existence for the establishment of a court of bankruptcy, adequate to relieve him of the whole of this burthen, will be obvious to any one who does not believe all the legal learning and judicial competency of the country to be confined under the wig of each passing Chancellor. With respect to the cost, there is little doubt that it would be found a measure of economy, but if there were the slightest doubt of its exceeding the two hundred and twenty-four thousand odd pounds at which Mr. Montague estimates the annual expences of the present system, the deficiency might easily be made up by throwing in the seven to ten thousand per annum which is now paid in *the sinecure office of patentee of bankrupts,* and the five to ten thousand to which the Chancellor, ceasing to continue the labour, would cease to become entitled. What would be the precise construction of such a court—what the number of its judges—what the time of their sitting—it is without our purpose now to attempt to define. The Scotch law of debtor and creditor is on the whole very superior to our own, and even if we could not borrow a leaf out of their book of bankrupt administration, at all events we here take leave to recommend its perusal. With them, as with us, the ministerial administration is vested in a trustee chosen by the body of the creditors; but, unlike that of the English assignee, his trust is a *judicial* trust; and, in his character of distributor of the estate, he acts as a judge in the first instance, and in his management is assisted by three commissioners, elected by the creditors from their own body, as a committee of management. Their proceedings are subject to the constant superintendence of the creditors, and the whole to the review of the Court of Session.* On this, however, we cannot enlarge. All we have to say is, that the fewer the judges, consistent with the purposes of promptitude, and the nearer the approximation of their sitting to permanency, the nearer would be the approach of the court to perfection. Certain we are, that for London, half-a-dozen efficient judges would get through the business much better than the seventy who now enact the farce of administrating bankruptcy law at Basinghall-street. Undoubtedly to every inferior court there should somewhere reside an appellate jurisdiction, and the court of appeal to the tribunal we propose,

* Bell's Commentaries on the Laws of Scotland, fifth edition, p. 17.

might either be to a superior court in bankruptcy, or some other court of appeal, in which the Chancellor, alone or associated with other judicial dignitaries, was made to preside. Be this as it may, the original jurisdiction ought undoubtedly to be wrested from him, and provided for in some such court as that we have alluded to. Nor are we, in doing this, enforcing a mere visionary speculation of our own. The measure has been urged by the highest philosophical and practical authorities. Among the former it may be sufficient to mention the names of Sir S. Romilly and Sir W. Evans. Among the latter, Mr. Montague, Mr. Cooke, the Vice Chancellor, and Mr. Roupel. The objections by which it has been met do not deserve the name of arguments. The specious absurdity, that the Chancellor is the only individual in the state to be trusted with the decision of difficult and important matters, would heap upon him about one-half the business of the twelve judges. The "most grave and insurmountable objections" of the present Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, were, that "if the bankruptcy jurisdiction were withdrawn, no greater *innovation* could be introduced: that bankruptcy proceeded from the great seal, and therefore to *change* it, would be to *introduce* a *change* in the original jurisdiction." That "to change," is "to introduce a change," is certainly not exactly a novelty; but when on a recent occasion the salary of that learned judge was raised from its old to a higher amount, he would have been puzzled to call the variation by any other name than an innovation; and we do not imagine the *change* produced very "grave and insurmountable objections" to his profiting by the increase.

With the separation of bankruptcy must come the separation of lunacy from the ordinary and original jurisdiction of the court, with both a better distribution of the original and appellate functions of its judges; and in all it should be borne perpetually in mind, that the high powers of the great depository of the law, as the Chancellor has been aptly termed, ought to be reserved only for cases, in which their previous investigation in the inferior tribunals had exhibited them possessed of doubt or difficulty. Any thing short of this is a pure waste of the time of the suitors and the money of the people.

With respect to the internal organization of the court, one of the greatest of its present grievances is its almost unlimited power of appeal. Undoubtedly, the greater the number and variety of minds successively brought to the examination of the same subject, the greater is the probability that sound conclusion will be the result. There is, however, no conceivable number of appellate tribunals, to the establishment of which this principle, if admitted to all its consequences, might not give sanction; and it is obvious that the powers and nature of legislation require some limit to be affixed to its operation. Now, with proper securities for the average abilities of a set of subordinate equity judges, we should imagine that one or two appeals, at the outside, might safely be rendered conclusive. Yet, under the present constitution of the court, one cause may become scarcely any thing else than a succession of appeals. After awaiting about two years and a half, from the time of its institution, for some adjudication or other, nothing is more common, than that the preliminary order in a suit should be for its reference to the master, for the ascertainment of certain matters of fact. Upon this reference, the master, in due time (to wit, perhaps a twelvmonth) makes his report. Against this an appeal may be lodged with the Vice-Chan-

cellor, whose decision may be again appealed against to the Chancellor, and from the Chancellor in Lincoln's-inn-hall, an appeal lies against this judgment to the Chancellor on the woolsack. Nor is this any thing like all—each successive adjudication in the cause is exposed to the same process; so that with the spirit of litigation abroad in either party, and the requsite funds to carry it through, there is scarce any degree of vexation, distraction, and perhaps ruin, which the court does not afford the means of visiting on the other. Of the character of the appellate tribunal of final resort—that to the House of Lords—it is impossible to speak in terms of reprobation sufficiently strong. The least to be said for it is, that it is a pompous mockery of justice. Indeed, their own incapacity seems to have been so well appreciated by some of themselves, that Lord Erskine, in one of the debates on the subject, with a view of securing the presence of an individual or two who would not necessarily disgrace it by his ignorance, could see no other remedy for the evil than impounding Lord Eldon and Lord Redesdale in the House. To have given efficiency to the tribunal, his lordship should at the time have secured their immortality. Lord Holland was exceedingly indignant, that the lords who knew nothing about the law should not be treated as participators in its administration.—"This is the first time," said his lordship, "that the House had been laid prostrate at the feet of learned lords, and the first time it had been announced that all the other peers were mere cyphers." As to the position of the House with reference to learning (having hitherto heard little about its learning) we do not venture to speak; but we can tell Lord Holland, that, however unaccustomed to the hearing of wholesome truths may be the House he was addressing, that night was very far from being the first time on which its own judicial incompetency had been published to the world. The conviction is, indeed, too universal to require our enlargement on it, and it is manifest that such a tribunal ought not to continue its existence, only to add to the already overgrown appellate processes to which all suits in equity are exposed. The *dignity* of the peerage appears to be the the principal obstacle to this improvement; but the time will come when peers will no longer have to meet questions of public utility with the opposition of their dignity.

The propriety of affixing a limitation to the number of counsel to be heard in each cause, rests on the same principles as that of affixing a limit to the power of appeal; and we do not hesitate to say, that the number frequently employed at present, operates as a serious detriment upon those who have to await their exhaustion for the adjudication of their causes. The Chancery Commissioners proposed to restrict the number to two in each interest; and if two lawyers cannot be found between them, to put the court in possession of all the facts of the case, and the bearings of the law upon it, we should have little left to say for the talent, learning, and industry of the English bar. In justice, however, to its junior members, and for the interest of the suitors of the court, the whole class of advocates ought to be placed on an equal footing. Privileges and immunities seldom bespeak any thing else than injustice to the unprivileged; and the mischievous privilege enjoyed by king's counsel of having all the motions with which they are intrusted heard before a single stuff gownsman can open his mouth, is pretty much of the same description as most other immunities.

There is something in the arrangement of causes for hearing very

similar to that which we have seen operating so injuriously in the bankrupt tribunals—namely, that as the plaintiff has the selection of the judge for any hearing which he wishes to obtain, the same cause is exposed to the chance of being heard in its different stages before different judges, and in the Court of Chancery, no more than in those of bankruptcy, has it ever yet been found that one mind could inhabit three bodies at once. Perhaps even the prodigal expenditure of time caused by this privilege is the least of the evil. It is rarely that a cause can be investigated at all, even in its preliminary stages, without some indication of the judge's opinion on the whole matter escaping; and of course these indications will not be lost upon a party who has the liberty of bringing it on for further hearing before the same or another judge, according to his option.

But of all the existing practices of the court, perhaps the most objectionable is that which relates to its mode of obtaining testimony. Now it has become no less a popular truth than an axiom in jurisprudence, that the only efficient security for the soundness of testimony is to be found in the publicity of its delivery, and under the ordeal of an interested examination. "Si jamais un législateur," says M. Bellot, a foreign jurist, "se propose le problème du mode le plus sûr de ne *point* atteindre la vérité, le code de procédure Français lui en fournira la solution au titre de *l'interrogatoire sur faits et articles*. Pour éviter à la partie l'ennui de la publicité, l'embarras d'un contradicteur, pour affaiblir les conséquences de ses tergiversations et la honte du mensonge, pour lui fournir les moyens, de méditer à tête reposée, de calculer ses réponses, ce code exige qu'elle interroge en secret, par un seul juge, hors de la présence de son adversaire, et que les faits sur lesquels l'interrogation a été requises lui soient communiqués au moins vingt-quatre heures d'avance."* The description here, however, given of the code de procedure, is a pretty accurate resemblance of the proceedings in the English Court of Chancery. The testimony obtained from the parties to a suit, is comprised either in affidavits, or in the answers of the defendants to the plaintiff's bill. In neither are the parties confronted with each other. The swearing is a mere ceremony before an officer of the court, and the answer is strictly confined to the formal string of allegations which the bill exhibits, and is delivered with such guarded caution, that its preparation is actually intrusted to an advocate of the court. All other evidence is obtained through a set of written interrogatories administered to the witnesses, not in open court, but in the privacy of the examiner's apartment. All the interrogatories for the various witnesses in the suit are strung together. The party, or his agent, points out the different facts to which he wishes each to be examined; but there is no power whatever, either of cross-examining the witness—leading him out of the formal track which is marked out for him, or taking advantage of his answers to found upon them new questions. The objections of the commissioners to the substitution for this wretched system of a *viva voce* mode of evidence, were principally the impossibility of the three Chancery judges bestowing upon examinations their personal attention, and the increased cost which it was pretended it would occasion. The very existence of a *viva voce* system in the courts of common law, however, proves that the first can be a valid

* Exposé des motifs de la loi sur la procédure civile, pour le Canton de Genève, p. 109.

objection only under that existing harmony of evil which pervades the whole Court of Chancery, and, consequently, that it is capable of being removed by a thorough reform. But even under the present state of that court, the argument is more specious than sound. The court only decides upon written depositions, but so under the system we are advocating it might still continue to do. The evidence might originally be taken *viva voce*, with the proper securities, and the depositions be reduced to writing, in order to enable the judge to form upon them his decision. Indeed, this very reduction into writing of all testimony, is one of the securities which Mr. Bentham has propounded as necessary to its perfection. With respect to the objection about cost, we apprehend the commissioners had no *data* for their calculation, and we take leave to mistrust it altogether. Throughout every stage of a cause, the existing system adds prodigious lengthiness to its proceedings. The long rigmarole of testimony runs the gauntlet of office-copies—counsels' briefs, *et omne hoc genus rerum*, while a considerable portion has to be waded through by the judge before he can pronounce a decision in the case. In every successive instance it increases the cost of each, and has, moreover, the additional property of consuming the time of the court. Mr. Parkes, in his history of the court, has a calculation of the mass of writing contained in the *affidavits alone* of fifteen causes, the aggregate of which amounted to the enormous quantity of six thousand one hundred and ninety-four folios, p. 433. Still, though so lamentably deficient in the greater part of its system of evidence, it has one redeeming feature, and rather than part with which, we would willingly forego all for which we have been contending—Thank God! there is at least one court in the country where a defendant cannot shelter himself from withholding from a fellow-citizen his right or his property, under the shallow absurdity that no man can be heard in his own cause. "Vile maxim of technical jurisprudence," might Mr. Bentham well exclaim, in reference to this atrocious absurdity, "there is not a man, there is not even a judge, who has the least regard to it, in what passes in the bosom of his family."* This is, indeed, the bright feature of the court; but it only serves to make the darkness more visible around it.

The system of pleading demands renovations scarcely less than that of evidence. The mode of dispatching, we were going to say, but we prefer the term—slumbering over business in the master's office, should be completely changed; and there is not a subordinate office of the court which does not require thoroughly purging.

The obvious modes for the infusion of new strength into its judicial force, are either the addition of new functionaries, or a better husbanding of the powers of the old. The requisite amount of the former will necessarily in part depend upon the extent to which the latter is carried; and, in either case, the figure suggested must partake somewhat of the random character of speculation. Even with the command over the whole time of the present judges, four or five new ones might not be more than the purposes of dispatch require, and with the present distraction of their attention, possibly six.

We leave this, however, for the less conjectural ground of pointing out how the powers of existing functionaries may be rendered more efficient.

* Traité des Preuves Judiciares, tome i., p. 192.

The Masters, as the only subordinate officers who exercise any thing of a judicial function, are the only inferior functionaries to whom we shall allude. For them, the narration of a fact will be sufficient. They seldom make their appearance at their offices before eleven; and are mostly off again at three. The earliest appointment for business before them is accordingly eleven—the latest two. "Consequently," says the pointed author of the Indications—"Warrant sent for frequent answer —Master full for a week."

The Master of the Rolls we may, in like manner, dismiss with a fact. Legal vacations occupy about nine months out of the twelve. During a considerable part of those vacations, which occur between November and June, his sittings are only occasional; from the beginning of August to the beginning of November he does not sit at all. Except during a very few days he never takes his seat until six in the evening, and leaves it seldom much after ten: and during term time, he sits but three evenings in the week; out of term, seldom more than four; and never on seal days, without one of which a week rarely elapses.

The Chancellor, however, is not so easily to be passed over, nor can we make so accurate a calculation of the time devoted by him to his judicial business, since we have not the number of days that he closes—either entirely or prematurely—his court, to sit in the House of Lords in judgment on himself—to assist in the formation of ricketty cabinets—to advise on the dispensation of the patronage of the church—to settle the diplomacy of Europe—in a word, to discharge the various duties which branch out of his political functions; and still less have we the means for measuring the amount of distraction which his mind must undergo from the combination of all. Now upon what recognized principle of jurisprudence it is that judicial aptitude can be increased by political diversion, we have never yet been sufficiently fortunate to hear. That the very reverse of the case must be obvious to all those who will take the trouble to reflect that competency, and not political intrigue, is the only safe passport to the bench—the possession of a calm, unruffled, and undivided attention to its duties, a requisite security for their discharge—that next to the consciousness of the popular eye, there is nothing so productive of a dignified independence in the individual, as the conviction that he is indebted for his high place, not to the stability of a faction, but to his own high character alone—nothing so mischievous to the suitors of the court as the eternal delay to which their causes are exposed by an ever varying succession of judges. Since unsupportable then on principles of jurisprudence, let us turn to the arguments by which this monstrous anomaly is attempted to be sustained. The search for these, however, is something like that of a needle in a bottle of hay. In one of the debates on this subject, the burthen of Mr. Canning's song was, that it was a "noble" and a "valuable prerogative" of the crown, that it could take from the ranks of Westminster Hall the meanest individual in birth and original station, and place him at once "in the head and front of the peerage of England." Moreover, that it was a "beautiful" prerogative, and further, that unless the Chancellor were thus to be placed at the front of the peerage, what were *they* to do for instruction in its laws and institutions—so that, in short, what between the nobility, value, and beauty of prerogative, and the want of a *fugleman* for the peerage, the whole was too good a thing to be given up. Prerogative may be a very fine thing, and in a royal cabinet it may be a *beautiful*

curiosity into the bargain; but neither nobility or beauty are always devoid of mischief: and the value of all prerogative (except to him who enjoys its exercise) consists in its tendency to promote public utility, and in that alone. This tendency, we apprehend, it would be difficult to demonstrate for the prerogative in question: and certainly it is not very wise in a minister of the crown to rest the question on the want of an instructor to our hereditary legislators on the laws and institutions of the country they have to govern. Again, it is urged, that so high a prize operates as a beneficial stimulus upon the industry and exertion of the bar. Undoubtedly, the law is a dry study, and it may be necessary to treat lawyers like babies, and give them sweetmeats to make them learn their lesson. In God's name, however, let the sweetmeats be given for the lesson, and not as they now are for playing truant—not, indeed, truant from books—but truant from the cause of honesty and independence to that of venality and corruption. It is well known that splendid as is the prize, political apostacy or political prostitution are now, as they ever have been, the only roads to its attainment.

Ὅσκε Θεοῖς επιπείθηται, μάλα τ' ἔκλυον αὐτῷ,

is a maxim pretty well understood by lawyers; and we do not hesitate to declare, that the prize, as at present betowed, has no better operation than as an agent of corruption.

With the slight interest both had in the matter, it was not very wonderful that, on the project for separating these discordant functions, Lord Eldon should have to oppose "not merely his own individual opinion, but the collective wisdom of an acute and intelligent profession." We doubt not our readers will equally understand the answer of Lord Hardwicke, when informing Lord Northington that he must take with the chancellorship both political and judicial offices together, he told him that "Westminster Hall would never forgive him if he suffered these offices to be disjoined." "Double headed monster," may Mr. Bentham well remark, "Head judge and Head party-man, back to back: fitter to be kept constantly in spirits in anatomy school, than one hour in the cabinet, and the next hour on the bench. Behold in this emblem* one of the consequences of having one and the same man to sit as sole highest judge, with all the property in the kingdom at his disposal, and in the cabinet to act as chief organizer of intrigues, and moderator of squabbles about power, money, and patronage; the cabinet situation being the paramount one, the most transcendent aptitude for the judicial situation cannot keep him in it, the most completely demonstrated inaptitude remove him out of it!"

But if the petitioners for justice are thus injured by the union, assuredly the state has little political gain to thank it for. All along our Chancellors have been little else than political adventurers. In the earliest period of their history they were ever the willing agents of arbitrary power. What they have gained on the score of government with a Thurlow, a Loughborough, an Eldon, or a Lyndhurst, ourselves require instruction.

With all this in our view, it it impossible we can hesitate about recommending the confining the province of the Chancellor to the discharge

* Lord Eldon.

of his judicial functions. With this, and the several other topics we have touched on, we think we have glanced at some of the more prominent of the measures to be adopted for infusing new vigor into the powers of the court, and here we complete our brief sketch of its *morale*.

In the first of our papers on this subject, we proposed to lay bare the seat of disease, and we trust we have redeemed our pledge. If we have truth on our side (and we have spoken as those "having authority,") it is obvious that gentle medicines and soothing palliatives will be about as efficacious as *breathing* over a limb up to which mortification was crawling. Indeed such remedies would be productive rather of mischief than of good; like opiates, lulling the consciousness of pain, they would only leave the disease to acquire fresh strength, and already it bids defiance to all but the boldest application of the knife. That a length of time, however, will elapse, before this, or any other part of our jurisprudence shall be placed on a system of thorough adaptation to its ends, the moral aspect of the country bids us too clearly foresee. That the time will at length arrive, we may almost as certainly predict.

THE EVENING STAR.

The chimes have rung from yon church-tower,
The honey-bee has left the flower,
The hushed wind sleeps, the leaves are still,
And, high o'er bleak Llansaddon's hill,
Gleams from his watch-tower, faint—afar—
The hermit-natured Evening Star!
Heralding to night's wizard noon
The coming of the zenith moon.

Sweet Star! to thee, 'mid ruins grey,
The owl hoots forth a boding lay;
To thee, 'mid lanes retired and shy,
The twinkling glow-worm lifts her eye;
To thee the wanderer turns, and hears
The uplifted voice of other years
Sweep o'er his soul in solemn tone;—
Then, sadly-musing, weeps to own
How hopes have withered, friends have changed—
Some dead, some distant, some estranged—
Since last within his native stream
He marked, sweet orb! thine imaged beam,
And drew in thought's attempered power
A moral from the scene and hour.

Emblem of Hope and Holiness!
What heart but must thy beauty bless?
What eye but recognize in thee
Some germ of unknown deity?
A soul divine illumes thy rays,
Eternity is in thy gaze;
Thy smile the first musician fired,
The first young poet's muse inspired,

Ere yet unhappy Orpheus sighed
To listening woods at even-tide;
Ere Homer sang night's mellow noon,
The vaulted sky, the unsullied moon;*
The first-born poet hymned to thee
His song of rude idolatry;
Zephyr, as 'neath a steep hill's crest
He lay, reclined on Echo's breast,
Caught up the wild and novel rhyme,
Bore it aloft from clime to clime,
And thus, while round the world it ran,
Music and Verse were taught to man.

Mild Genius of the Summer Night!
How oft, beneath thy guardian light,
My school-boy feet have braved the gloom
Of haunted glen, or church-yard tomb!
Where yon forlorn old abbey rears
Her spectre figure, grey in years,
Through whose lone courts, when winds are still,
Time's awful voice sounds strange and chill,
I've stood with her—the young, the mild—
The blue-eyed Ellen—nature's child!
Night was around us, night above,
And heaven put on a look of love,
While, 'neath her sweet, expressive glance,
The maid's transfigured countenance
Shone more than nymph or seraph fair,
For tenderness and hope were there.
But youth's gay dream is over now,
The snows of age are on my brow;
And *she*—affection's hapless slave—
Sleeps in her lone, unnoticed grave,
Watched by the moon in regal car,
And hallowed by the Evening Star!

Hark! round their old, accustomed tree,
The gathering gnats hum drowsily;
And night, with finger dim and grey,
Hath closed the eyelids of the day:
'Tis gloom around, o'er flood and fell—
Sweet Star of Evening! fare thee well!

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* Ως δ' οτ' εν ουρανῳ αστρα φαεινην αμφι σεληνην
Φαινετ'.

Hom. Il.

VILLAGE SKETCHES:

No. XI.

The Shaw.

Sept. 9th.—A bright, sunshiny afternoon. What a comfort it is to get out again—to see once more that rarity of rarities, a fine day! We English people are accused of talking over much of the weather; but the weather, this summer, has forced people to talk of it. Summer! did I say? Oh! season most unworthy of that sweet, sunny name! Season of coldness and cloudiness, of gloom and rain! A worse November!—for in November the days are short; and, shut up in a warm room, lighted by that household sun, a lamp, one feels through the long evenings comfortably independent of the out-of-door tempests. But though we may have, and did have, fires all through the dog-days, there is no shutting out daylight; and sixteen hours of rain, pattering against the windows and dripping from the eves—sixteen hours of rain, not merely audible but visible, for seven days in the week—would be enough to exhaust the patience of Job, or of Grizzel; especially if Job were a farmer, and Grizzel a country gentlewoman. Never was known such a season! Hay swimming, cattle drowning, fruit rotting, corn spoiling! and that haughty river, the Loddon, who never can take Puff's advice, and "keep between its banks," running about the country, fields, roads, gardens, and houses, like mad! The weather would be talked of. Indeed, it was not easy to talk of any thing else. A friend of mine having occasion to write me a letter, thought it worth abusing in rhyme, and bepommelled it through three pages of Bath-Guide verse; of which I subjoin a specimen:—

> "Aquarius surely *reigns* over the world,
> And of late he his water-pot strangely has twirled;
> Or he's taken a cullender up by mistake,
> And unceasingly dips it in some mighty lake;
> Though it is not in Lethe—for who can forget
> The annoyance of getting most thoroughly wet?
> It must be in the river called Styx, I declare,
> For the moment it drizzles it makes the men swear.
> 'It did rain to-morrow,' is growing good grammar;
> Vauxhall and camp-stools have been brought to the hammer;
> A pony-gondola is all I can keep,
> And I use my umbrella and pattens in sleep;
> Row out of my window, whene'er 'tis my whim
> To visit a friend, and just ask, 'Can you swim?'"

So far my friend.* In short, whether in prose or in verse, every body railed at the weather. But this is over now. The sun has come to dry

* This friend of mine is a person of great quickness and talent, who, if she were not a beauty and a woman of fortune—that is to say, if prompted by either of those two powerful *stimuli*, want of money or want of admiration—and took due pains, would inevitably become a clever writer. As it is, her notes and *jeux d'esprit*, struck off *à trait de plume*, have great point and neatness. Take the following billet, which formed the label to a closed basket, containing the ponderous present alluded to, last Michaelmas Day:—

> "*To Miss M.*
> 'When this you see
> Remember me,'
> Was long a phrase in use;
> And so I send
> To you, dear friend,
> My proxy. 'What?' *A goose!*"

the world; mud is turned into dust; rivers have retreated to their proper limits; farmers have left off grumbling; and we are about to take a walk, as usual, as far as the Shaw, a pretty wood about a mile off. But one of our companions being a stranger to the gentle reader, we must do him the honour of an introduction.

Dogs, when they are sure of having their own way, have sometimes ways as odd as those of the unfurred, unfeathered animals, who walk on two legs, and talk, and are called rational. My beautiful white greyhound, Mayflower, for instance, is as whimsical as the finest lady in the land. Amongst her other fancies, she has taken a violent affection for a most hideous stray dog, who made his appearance here about six months ago, and contrived to pick up a living in the village, one can hardly tell how. Now appealing to the charity of old Rachael Strong, the laundress—a dog-lover by profession; now winning a meal from the light-footed and open-hearted lasses at the Rose; now standing on his hind-legs, to extort by sheer beggary a scanty morsel from some pair of "drowthy cronies," or solitary drover, discussing his dinner or supper on the alehouse-bench; now catching a mouthful, flung to him in pure contempt by some scornful gentleman of the shoulder-knot, mounted on his throne, the coach-box, whose notice he had attracted by dint of ugliness; now sharing the commons of Master Keep the shoemaker's pigs; now succeeding to the reversion of the well-gnawed bone of Master Brow the shopkeeper's fierce house-dog; now filching the skim-milk of Dame Wheeler's cat:—spit at by the cat; worried by the mastiff; chased by the pigs; screamed at by the dame; stormed at by the shoemaker; flogged by the shopkeeper; teased by all the children, and scouted by all the animals of the parish;—but yet living through his griefs, and bearing them patiently, "for sufferance is the badge of all his tribe;"—and even seeming to find, in an occasional full meal, or a gleam of sunshine, or a whisp of dry straw on which to repose his sorry carcass, some comfort in his disconsolate condition.

In this plight was he found by May, the most high-blooded and aristocratic of greyhounds; and from this plight did May rescue him;—invited him into her territory, the stable; resisted all attempts to turn him out; reinstated him there, in spite of maid, and boy, and mistress, and master; wore out every body's opposition, by the activity of her protection, and the pertinacity of her self-will; made him sharer of her bed and her mess; and, finally, established him as one of the family as firmly as herself.

Dash—for he has even won himself a name amongst us, before he was anonymous—Dash is a sort of a kind of a spaniel; at least there is in his mongrel composition some sign of that beautiful race. Besides his ugliness, which is of the worst sort—that is to say, the shabbiest—he has a limp on one leg that gives a peculiarly one-sided awkwardness to his gait; but, independently of his great merit in being May's pet, he has other merits which serve to account for that phenomenon—being, beyond all comparison the most faithful, attached, and affectionate animal that I have ever known; and that is saying much. He seems to think it necessary to atone for his ugliness by extra good conduct, and does so dance on his lame leg, and so wag his scrubby tail, that it does any one who has a taste for happiness good to look at him—so that he may now be said to stand on his own footing. We are all rather ashamed of him when strangers come in the way, and think it necessary to explain that

he is May's pet; but amongst ourselves, and those who are used to his appearance, he has reached the point of favouritism in his own person. I have, in common with wiser women, the feminine weakness of loving whatever loves me—and, therefore, like Dash. His master has found out that Dash is a capital finder, and, in spite of his lameness, will hunt a field or beat a cover with any spaniel in England—and, therefore, *he* likes Dash. The boy has fought a battle, in defence of his beauty, with another boy, bigger than himself, and beat his opponent most handsomely—and, therefore, *he* likes Dash; and the maids like him, or pretend to like him, because we do—as is the fashion of that pliant and imitative class. And now Dash and May follow us every where, and are going with us now to the Shaw, as I said before—or rather to the cottage by the Shaw, to bespeak milk and butter of our little dairy-woman, Hannah Bint—a housewifely occupation, to which we owe some of our pleasantest rambles.

And now we pass the sunny, dusty village street—who would have thought, a month ago, that we should complain of sun and dust again!—and turn the corner where the two great oaks hang so beautifully over the clear deep pond, mixing their cool green shadows with the bright blue sky, and the white clouds that flit over it; and loiter at the wheeler's shop, always picturesque, with its tools, and its work, and its materials, all so various in form, and so harmonious in colour; and its noisy, merry workmen, hammering and singing, and making a various harmony also. The shop is rather empty to-day, for its usual inmates are busy on the green beyond the pond—one set building a cart, another painting a waggon. And then we leave the village quite behind, and proceed slowly up the cool, quiet lane, between tall hedge-rows of the darkest verdure, overshadowing banks green and fresh as an emerald.

Not so quick as I expected, though—for they are shooting here to-day, as Dash and I have both discovered: he with great delight, for a gun to him is as a trumpet to a war-house; I with no less annoyance, for I don't think that a partridge itself, barring the accident of being killed, can be more startled than I at that abominable explosion. Dash has certainly better blood in his veins than any one would guess to look at him. He even shews some inclination to elope into the fields, in pursuit of those noisy iniquities. But he is an orderly person, after all, and a word has checked him.

Ah! here is a shriller din mingling with the small artillery—a shriller and more continuous. We are not yet arrived within sight of Master Weston's cottage, snugly hidden behind a clump of elms; but we are in full hearing of Dame Weston's tongue, raised as usual to scolding-pitch. The Westons are new arrivals in our neighbourhood, and the first thing heard of them was a complaint from the wife to our magistrate of her husband's beating her: it was a regular charge of assault—an information in full form. A most piteous case did Dame Weston make of it, softening her voice for the nonce into a shrill tremulous whine, and exciting the mingled pity and anger—pity towards herself, anger towards her husband—of the whole female world, pitiful and indignant as the female world is wont to be on such occasions. Every woman in the parish railed at Master Weston; and poor Master Weston was summoned to attend the bench on the ensuing Saturday, and answer the charge; and such was the clamour abroad and at home, that the unlucky culprit, terrified at the sound of a warrant and a constable, ran away, and was not heard of for a fortnight.

At the end of that time he was discovered, and brought to the bench; and Dame Weston again told her story, and, as before, on the full cry. She had no witnesses, and the bruises of which she made complaint had disappeared, and there were no women present to make common cause with the sex. Still, however, the general feeling was against Master Weston; and it would have gone hard with him, when he was called in, if a most unexpected witness had not risen up in his favour. His wife had brought in her arms a little girl about eighteen months old, partly perhaps to move compassion in her favour; for a woman with a child in her arms is always an object that excites kind feelings. The little girl had looked shy and frightened, and had been as quiet as a lamb during her mother's examination; but she no sooner saw her father, from whom she had been a fortnight separated, than she clapped her hands, and laughed, and cried, "Daddy! daddy!" and sprang into his arms, and hung round his neck, and covered him with kisses—again shouting, "Daddy, come home! daddy! daddy!"—and finally nestled her little head in his bosom, with a fulness of contentment, an assurance of tenderness and protection, such as no wife-beating tyrant ever did inspire, or ever could inspire, since the days of King Solomon. Our magistrates acted in the very spirit of the Jewish monarch: they accepted the evidence of nature, and dismissed the complaint. And subsequent events have fully justified their decision; Mistress Weston proving not only renowned for the feminine accomplishment of scolding (tongue-banging, it is called in our parts—a compound word, which deserves to be Greek), but is actually herself addicted to administering the conjugal discipline, the infliction of which she was pleased to impute to her luckless husband.

Now we cross the stile, and walk up the fields to the Shaw. How beautifully green this pasture looks! and how finely the evening sun glances between the boles of that clump of trees, beech, and ash, and aspen! and how sweet the hedge-rows are with woodbine and wild scabions, or, as the country people call it, the gipsy-rose! Here is little Annie Weston, the unconscious witness, with cheeks as red as a real rose, tottering up the path to meet her father. And here is the carroty-polled urchin, George Coper, returning from work, and singing "Home! sweet Home!" at the top of his voice; and then, when the notes move too high for him, continuing the air in a whistle, until he has turned the impassible corner; then taking up again the song and the words, "Home! sweet Home!" and looking as if he felt their full import, ploughboy though he be. And so he does; for he is one of a large, an honest, a kind, and an industrious family, where all goes well, and where the poor ploughboy is sure of finding cheerful faces and coarse comforts—all that he has learned to desire. Oh, to be as cheaply and as thoroughly contented as George Coper! All his luxuries, a cricket-match!—all his wants satisfied in "home! sweet home!"

Nothing but noises to-day! They are clearing Farmer Brookes's great bean-field, and crying the "Harvest Home!" in a chorus, before which all other sounds—the song, the scolding, the gunnery—fade away, and become faint echoes. A pleasant noise is that! though, for one's ears' sake, one makes some haste to get away from it. And here, in happy time, is that pretty wood, the Shaw, with its broad pathway, its tangled dingles, its nuts, and its honeysuckles;—and, carrying away a fagot of those sweetest flowers, we reach Hannah Bint's: of whom, and of whose doings, we shall say more another time. M.

DR. GRANVILLE'S TRAVELS TO ST. PETERSBURGH.*

Man (here, in England, at least) may be described, by way of distinction, as a *travelling* animal. So strong is this propensity imprinted upon him, that even the impossibility of gratifying it (which in time eradicates all other propensities) has little or no effect upon this. If an Englishman cannot travel in fact, he will, somehow or other, contrive to do so in fancy; if he is precluded from "going abroad" in his own proper person, he will, in imagination, take upon him that of some one who is more happily situated, and, in default of being able to see "foreign parts" with his own eyes, will examine and judge of them through those of other people. The innumerable books of travels, of every conceivable class and quality, that each succeeding season puts forth, at once prove and provide for this imperishable and insatiable want of the English mind. Nothing in the shape of travels comes amiss to us, by whoever it may be offered, or of whatever it may consist. Even we ourselves (critics as we are, and therefore exempt, *ex officio*, from all human infirmities or deficiencies whatsoever) must plead peculiarly guilty to the charge now in question. For sedentary persons, who seldom or never move farther from our writing-tables than to our reading-chairs, we have been great travellers in our time, having made the circuit of the terrestrial globe several times—to say nothing of sundry voyages to the moon and elsewhere. And yet, to this day, we are content to accompany "to the Continent," and back again, the merest Cockney who contributes his travelling lucubrations to the *Morning Herald* newspaper! Nay, we have even read every word of the letters lately indited by Mr. Henry Hunt himself in the above-named erudite miscellany, touching the relative prices of peas, potatoes, and periwinkles on the opposite side of the Channel, and pointing out the striking inferiority of the flavour of Bourbon coffee, as sold in the Parisian cafés, to the radical roasted corn of the said modest and disinterested reformer! It may readily be supposed, therefore, with what hungry delight we hail the appearance of a book of travels upon our table. Dr. Granville's work,—(we take the liberty of whispering this information into the doctor's exclusive ear, seeing that it is a matter with which, for reasons to be explained hereafter, our readers have little concern) is, among books of travels, and taken as a whole, in all probability not the most lively and intelligent that has for many years issued from the English press; nevertheless, if we do not contrive to extract from it a sufficient quantity of entertaining matter to prevent *our* readers at least from complaining that it was ever written, we will be content to be set down for the future as persons utterly unqualified to exercise the honourable calling to which we belong. And we shall take the more pleasure in performing this duty, because the worthy doctor who furnishes us with the occasion of it is gifted with a certain irrepressible *bonhommie*, which, though it cannot make up for his manifold deficiencies as an author, renders him a by no means disagreeable travelling companion. Accordingly, with his tediousness, his

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* A Journal of Travels to and from St. Petersburgh, by A. B. Granville, M.D., &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

trifling, and his tittle-tattle, we never grow out of temper; with his logic we are never disposed to be very angry—though it, at every page, leads him to general conclusions only not at open variance with his premises, because he never seems to have any hold upon the latter at all; except, indeed, in the cases of personal character, where, still following his seemingly favourite prototypes, he sets down every one who confers the most ordinary civility upon *him* as the pink of politeness, grace, and good breeding—the pattern of learning and liberality—and, in short, the model of every virtue and accomplishment under heaven. These things, in consideration of the good doctor's happy quality above-mentioned, we can easily away with. We can even overlook (because luckily we can also overleap) his eternal prosings about public buildings, and the interminable display of architectural knowledge which they call forth—with their peristyles, tetrastyles, octastyles, and innumerable other styles. Even his palpable blunders,—his puerilities, and commonplaces, without end—his fastidious affectations of *finery*—and his infinite unconsciousness of the presence of all these matters and things—we can easily excuse. Nay, so powerful and pervading is the effect of a happy temperament on all that it touches, we can even, in virtue of it in the present instance, almost pardon the worthy doctor his criticisms on Fine Art, his philosophy, his physic, and his puns!

It appears that our author left London on the 20th of September 1827, as part of the travelling *suite* of a Russian nobleman and his lady, the Count and Countess Woronzow, who were returning to their own country, after a temporary visit to this. We state the case in the doctor's own way, who, with all his affected contempt for what is beneath the first *grade* in society, is far from being "above his business." Luckily, the professional services of the doctor seem to have been confined to the administering forty-five drops of laudanum to the lady, as an antidote to sea-sickness in the passage across. If it had been otherwise, the secondary job which the pains-taking physician contrived to unite with his professional one—that of giving a full, true, and particular account of the Russian capital, by means of a residence of about forty days in it—must have "come tardy off." As it was, however, the doctor must have satisfied his gratitude to his patrons, and, at the same time, earned his handsome *traitement*, at a very small outlay of trouble indeed: for, during the leisure moments of the above-named brief period, he professes to have fully attained his chief object in visiting Russia; inasmuch as he has seen, examined, and put himself in a condition to describe, in their minutest details, *all* the noticeable public institutions of Petersburgh;—including half a score or so of royal palaces; as many government establishments and scientific institutes; together with churches, hospitals, theatres, schools, and public charities, without number: to say nothing of his having gained a very satisfying insight into the general manners, habits, and state of society of this vast metropolis; and fully informed himself in regard to the most secret views, qualities, and personal character of nearly all the leading members of the Russian community! Out of these materials, thus collected, our traveller now sits down to furnish the English public with "*a Guide*" to the city of Petersburgh: no such work existing, it appears, up to this time. In what manner the desideratum has now been supplied, it seems unnecessary to state, after what we have said above; and the more especially, as

(we repeat) *our* object in noticing the work is simply to cull from its thirteen hundred closely-printed pages a few of those which seem calculated to amuse and interest all classes of readers.

Prepared (we had nearly said *determined*) as the doctor evidently was beforehand to see every thing in Russia *couleur de rose*, it will naturally be supposed that he does not start without flinging a sarcasm or two at his predecessors, Doctors Clarke and Lyall, who had viewed things under a different aspect. But it is not our intention to follow the travellers, step by step, on their journey; but to hasten forward towards the end of it—that being the portion which seems most likely to afford the kind of matter of which we are in search. Still we may, in the course of the journey itself, pick up a few straggling matters not unsuited to our purpose.

As we have hinted that the doctor travelled in the ostensible character of family physician to a lady of distinction, it seems superfluous to add that he is a most determined gossip. He scarcely sets foot on a foreign shore, before, finding that (happily for all parties) he has little or nothing to do in his primary capacity, he commences operations in his secondary one, by proceeding straight to the bookseller's-shop—*that* (and not the barber's) being, according to the doctor's improved and refined notions of such matters, the true spot whereon to pick up an acquaintance with what is passing in any given city. Here he gains the following information, touching that unfailing theme of interest and inquiry, Beau Brummel:—

"We learned that one of these voluntary exiles, once the leader of *ton*, not at all an enemy to snuff, or to the boxes that hold it, is lodged very comfortably at a bookseller's not a mile distant from Dessein's, and that he has been resident there for the last ten years, without once sleeping out of the house. He lives rather retired, but objects not to the visits of many of his old friends, who, on passing through Calais, make it a point to call on this exquisite specimen of the refined gentleman. His mode of living is rather monotonous and sedentary. He writes and reads a great deal, or converses with his landlord, who is a most intelligent person, formerly an associate of Miranda, with whom he went to South America. Although he complains of not being rich, his apartments are said to be furnished with the most superb *buhl meubles*, most of which were purchased and selected by him with great taste, at Dunkirk, to the amount of two thousand pounds. The landlord speaks with great regard of his inmate, with the whole history of whom he appears to be well acquainted."

Only conceive of the most exclusive of ex-exclusives being looked upon "*with great regard*" by the gossiping, beggarly provincial town!

Proceeding without delay through the Netherlands, our travellers at Ostend, and again at Brussels, fall in with Capo d'Istrias. As that person is at present filling a part which, if he uses rightly the opportunities it will afford him, may be looked upon as one of the most important in the European drama of the day, the following notices of him, vague and unsatisfactory as they are, will be read with interest and curiosity:—

"Count Capo d'Istrias was born at Corfu, where he was filling a public situation of trust under Government in the year 1802, at the time of my visiting that island, and was held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens. Corfu and the rest of the Ionian Islands, were then under the protection of Russia; but enjoyed a form of government of their own, as has been the case since their occupation by Great Britain. The Representative of the Russian

monarch, at that time residing in Corfu, was Count Mocenigo; a nobleman who, by his impartial conduct, had gained the esteem of persons of all parties. He lived in a style of splendour well becoming his high station, and it was at his hospitable table that I recollect seeing, for the first time, Count Capo d'Istrias. One could observe, even at that early period of that gentleman's public career, that he possessed, within him, all the necessary elements for ensuring his future elevation. General Romieux, the Representative of the French Consular Government to the Septinsular Republic, near to whom I sat on that day, said to me, pointing to the Count:—'Cet homme ira bien loin dans la carrière de la diplomatie. Il ne lui faut que des circonstances favorables.' The General's prophecy has long been verified; but its final and most triumphant accomplishment is even now taking place, by the Count's elevation to the chief station in the Greek Government. From the year 1813, when Capo d'Istrias was Minister Plenipotentiary from the Emperor of Russia to the Swiss Cantons, and, for his firm and upright conduct, was honoured with the right of citizenship by one of the Cantons, to the beginning of 1827, his career has been, with little interruption, a constant succession of highly honourable distinctions. He assisted at all the most important deliberations in some of those Congresses of Sovereigns which peculiarly mark the diplomatic history of Europe during the last fifteen years; and, on the part of Russia, affixed his name to the memorable treaty of peace, concluded in Paris on the 20th of November, 1818. In the full enjoyment of the confidence and good opinion of his Sovereign, the Emperor Alexander, Count Capo d'Istrias followed his Imperial Master to St. Petersburgh after the signature of that Treaty, where he assumed, in conjunction with Count Nesselrode, the functions of Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

"The more opportunities I have of conversing with Count Capo d'Istrias, the more convinced I feel of the justice of public opinion in regard to his merits. On one occasion he discoursed at full length on the state of Greece, and the form of Government best adapted for that country. On a subject that had been so long and so often discussed, I should have thought it impossible for any one to offer any thing new. The Count, however, proved by his opinions, corroborated by facts, and an appeal to long experience, that much which is novel, striking, and important, remained yet to be told on so interesting a subject. His notions respecting finances and loans, in particular, made a great impression on my mind. I had never heard those questions treated in so original a manner; nor was I the less struck by the prudence and caution which seemed to mark the sentiments of this statesman. The facility with which, while speaking, he referred to certain facts, led me to remark to him that his memory appeared surprising. He assured me that the compliment must not be generally applied, and that he never had any memory for precise words and numbers, but only for ideas. In support of this assertion, he related an anecdote respecting his admission as Doctor of Philosophy, in the University of Padua. On that occasion he had endeavoured to commit to memory his thesis, which had been previously approved of by the professors, with a view to his defending it, according to custom. But on mounting the rostrum, not a word could he recollect of his composition. He knew well enough what it was all about—recollected the arrangement of the different paragraphs by the help of the ideas which each contained; but the words, the provoking words, escaped his mind's grasp. He hummed, and made the triple bow to his audience twice over, and stood mute; when at last, tired of this mummery, he took the thesis out of his pocket, and began reading it aloud, very coolly, to the great amusement of the whole assembly. I take it, that this is, in fact, the best kind of memory for men of business: it helps them to retain things and ideas, rather than mere words and the arrangement of phrases. We saw a good deal of this distinguished individual during our stay at Brussels. His personal appearance is striking. The squareness and great elevation of his forehead—the extraordinary size of his ears, considerably

detached from the back part of the head—and the remarkable paleness of his complexion, give him a very peculiar character. He has a quick and brilliant eye, and a mildness in the expression of his countenance which is very pleasing. This nobleman, who, for the interest of Greece, had resigned the best portion of his moderate fortune, and was now journeying towards the seat of his Government, declined every assistance proffered to him, travelled by the *diligence*, and with a view of being wholly unfettered by foreign influence, had formally resigned all his pensions and other pecuniary emoluments. *It is to be hoped that the Greek nation will prove worthy of such personal sacrifices, by the support they will give to the government of their distinguished countryman.*"

The reader will gather, from the last period of this extract, the class of social casuistry by which the conclusions of the worthy doctor are directed. He evidently looks upon "this nobleman," and "the Greek nation," as no more than fit *pendans* the one for the other; and that the latter, if it does not "behave itself" in a befitting manner towards the former, will fully merit that extermination which for the present it seems to have escaped.

It is singular to observe the intuitive knowledge which the doctor seems to possess, touching the moral and intellectual pretensions of every great personage towards whom he makes the remotest approach. He spends a day or two at Brussels; and the following is one of the revelations which come to him during that period. Having spoken of the Prince of Orange, as a person who "promises, by his conduct, a succession of happy and brilliant years to the Flemish nation," he adds, "his amiable consort, the Princess Anne Paulowna, Grand-Duchess of Russia, enjoys likewise—*and certainly no princess ever deserved it more*—the greatest popularity. I have heard her spoken of in terms of admiration bordering on enthusiasm. This is not extraordinary, when it is considered to what royal stock this princess belongs, and under whose maternal care she has been educated."

As our author "professes intendment" of rendering his book "*as useful as practical information can make it*," it may be proper to state here, once for all, that those travellers who take it for a "Guide," will do well to provide themselves with some other work of a similar nature, by which they may be enabled to check and correct its general and particular statements. Not that we would insinuate the probability of their meeting with any *better* "Guide," than that which is now offered to their notice: for we hold all professed "Guides" to be equally skilled in the art of leading astray. But there are cases in which two bad things are better than one; and this is one of them. Travellers will not find any two "Guides" that will give them exactly the same details, in regard to any one matter or thing whatsoever. The consequence is, that those persons who are prudent enough to provide themselves with two or three, will be induced to put no trust in either, and will thus escape that mass of misinformation which otherwise inevitably awaits them. Dr. Granville tells us that he wrote his work as a "Guide" to St. Petersburgh—there being, up to the present time, no such thing extant. Now this is the only part, of either his design or the fulfilment of it, which we cannot forgive him. If there had been half-a-dozen of these deluders, we should have been happy to see *him* added to the number: for, as "in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," so (as we have hinted above) in a multitude of misleaders it is not absolutely impossible that you may, among them all, fall into the right track.

That our present "Guide" is not behind his fellows in the art which we have thus demonstrated to be so manifestly useful, one or two slight examples will be more than enough to shew. Speaking of Brussels as an eligible place of residence for persons of economical views, he says, "The necessaries of life are not only plentiful, but cheap. Fruit and vegetables are very abundant."—(Your "Guide," when he confines himself to generalities, can seldom do you much harm—for in these he can scarcely help following that general feeling, which is always right; but when he descends to particulars, let him on no account be trusted.)—"A small basket of the finest peaches in the world has been bought for ten *cents.* in the summer. I have seen magnificent pears sold in the market for three *cents.* the pound." (Vol. i., p. 83). Now, not having resided a greater number of *years* in Brussels than Dr. Granville professes to have spent *days* there, we will not pretend to set ourselves up as "Guides" in matters of this nature. But thus much we will say—that *we* could never purchase a single fine peach—not to say a basket of them—even in the *autumn*, which is the season for them, for less than about ten cents—nor an eatable pear at less than about half that rate. Again: "Bread is of an excellent quality throughout Flanders—perfectly white, light, and highly flavoured: its price is not more than half of what it bears in England." *(Ibid.)* Now the merit of the Flemish and French bread is, that it is *not* "white," which genuine bread can never be; and, if its general price be stated at *one-fourth less* than that of English bread, this is the utmost difference that truth will admit: and the point is one of the utmost importance, to those who are seeking the kind of information which "Guides" profess to afford them. Once more: "The Brussels coachmakers have considerable reputation in the north-west of Europe, and their *calèches* are in great request."—(So far, so good—for the observation is a *general* one; but, when we come to particulars, mark the difference.)—"A handsomely-built and strong carriage of this description, built by Mosca, has been purchased for 3,000 *francs, or* 2,530 *florins;*" the former sum being about 120*l.* sterling, and the latter about 210*l.*! The author adds, that such a carriage would cost in London "double *that* money." *Which* money he means, probably he himself would be troubled to determine.—But enough of criticism, which is not our chief object in this notice.

Our travellers now hurry through Louvain, Liege, and Aix-la-Chapelle, to the Rhine, without meeting with any thing more remarkable than the appearance, at the last-named city, of two no less distinguished personages than "the presumed author of 'Almack's Revisited,'" and "his amiable and fair lady," who had actually been "residing there during the summer!"

The following is somewhat better worth knowing:—

"The establishment of steam-boats, however, has done away, in a great measure, with this tedious and more expensive mode of travelling. One of these vessels starts twice a week from Cologne for Mayence and back again. Two whole days are employed in the former (stopping the night), and ten hours in the latter voyage. Similar conveyances exist from Cologne to Rotterdam and back again, the distances being performed in twelve hours descending, and twenty-four ascending. The passage from London to Rotterdam, in the steam-boat, occupies twenty-four hours: so that a traveller, embarking at the Tower stairs for Mayence at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, in July, we will say, is sure of getting to Rotterdam on Sunday; whence,

after taking a view of the place, he starts in another steam-vessel for Cologne, where he arrives on Tuesday afternoon. Having rested the night, he again embarks at five in the morning of Wednesday in a third steamer, reaches Coblentz the same day, and is landed at Mayence on Thursday afternoon. If his business takes him to Frankfort, a fourth steam-vessel is ready to convey him to that place on the same day, as two such vessels perform that distance twice daily. Or if Switzerland be the point of direction, the Frederic William steamer will convey him to Strasburgh in forty-four hours; from whence, plunging into the Black Forest, a short journey by land takes him into the very heart of Switzerland. Such are the wonderful performances of steam in navigation! A man may breakfast in London on Saturday, take his supper at the Römisch Kaiser on the Thursday evening following at Frankfort, and dine in some Swiss Canton on the succeeding Sunday! And all this at the moderate expense of from forty to fifty rix-dollars, or at the very utmost ten guineas. Who will not travel?

Again: the doctor's advice in what follows may safely be taken:—

"A journey performed at the close of the summer, along the banks of the Rhine, is, beyond question, a source of the greatest enjoyment—one which, in my capacity of physician, I would not hesitate to place among the most powerful auxiliaries for the cure of bad stomachs and the blue devils. I have now had two opportunities of witnessing its beneficial effects on the constitution of invalids whom I accompanied during such an excursion, and I speak therefore from experience. There is something so soothing, and at the same time inspiring, in the contemplation of the successive and magnificent panoramas which present themselves to our admiration at every step as we proceed—that few nervous disorders can withstand its sanative power. I would say to the dyspeptic and the bilious—to those who labour under hypochondriac diseases, and a sorry state of the digestive organs; go not, in the summer, to Brighton or Eastbourne—neither cockneyfy yourselves in the Isle of Thanet with aldermen's wives and their rubicund children; but embark for Rotterdam in a steam packet; pray heaven that you may be duly sea-sick; run away from Holland as soon as you get to it, taking the direction to Cologne, by acending, in a pyroscaphe, the noble stream, in front of which I am writing the present observations; and, once safely landed at that place, and having seen as much of it as is worth seeing, follow us on land to the city of Bonn."

The following anecdote and bon-mot, in connexion with Coblentz, are too good not to merit being better known than they are:—

"We drove to the Hôtel de Trêves, on the *place* of the same name, next door to the Theatre, not far off from the *Poste*, and in the vicinity, in fact, of every thing that is good and convenient in Coblentz. The hotel is of the best description. When Napoleon, in the year 1812, invaded Russia, the *Préfet* of Coblentz, looking to the possibility of getting into better quarters by flattering the man to whose ears the flattery of even the meanest individual was sweet music, caused a stone monument to be erected on the *Grande Place*, to commemorate the bold enterprise and its anticipated success. At the close of that campaign, which brought the assailed into the country of the assailants, the Russian General, who took possession of Coblentz, was soon informed of the existence of the presumptuous inscription on the monument, and was recommended to level it to the ground. But Josephowitch, who had more *esprit* than the Frenchman by whom the memorial had been erected, ordered, on the contrary, that it should remain, with the following laconic commentary, written in the very language of the French *bureaucratie*. "*Vu et approuvé par le Général* Commandant Russe à Coblentz, Josephowitch." This monument, with its bitter appendix, is still in existence, and visited by every stranger."

Chapter V. of this volume contains a tolerably full and lively account of Frankfort, which is, perhaps, upon the whole, one of the most agreeable places of residence on the Continent of Europe. We cannot stay to make long extracts from it; but may state in passing, that the doctor seems to have been successful in stripping Mr. Brougham of the credit (such as it is) of having originated the idea of the mechanics' institutions, which have lately been making so much way in England. He shews, pretty satisfactorily, that one of an exactly similar kind existed at Frankfort so early as 1816. But perhaps Mr. Brougham will be content (as he well may) with the credit of having originated the *thing* in his own country, ceding that of the *idea* to whoever may claim it. At any rate, we suspect he will find ample grounds for that consolation which is to be gathered from an opportunity of "having his revenge;" since the very act which strips him of his honours in this instance, at the same time fulfils that amiable aspiration which an Edinburgh reviewer, above all people in the world, may be excused for making:—"Oh, that mine enemy had written a book!"

We sincerely wish the worthy doctor had treated us to a few more such anecdotes as the following, of Pozzi di Borgo. If he had, we should have been tempted to let him "guide" his readers a little out of the right road with perfect impunity:—

"He was attaché to Koutusoff, during the brilliant campaign of 1812, and formed part of the suite of the Minister for Foreign Affairs at the Congress of Vienna, where his zeal, talents, and watchful anxiety for the interest of his Imperial master attracted the favourable notice of most of the foreign diplomatists, with the single exception, according to common report, of Prince Metternich. That minister was supposed to entertain no cordial feeling towards the Baron. It happened, that during a severe indisposition which confined the Baron to his bed, the Prince saw, one morning, General Pozzo di Borgo, and another Russian gentleman now high in office, coming out of the invalid's house. The Prince, assuming an air of grief and great seriousness, inquired of the General how the Baron was. 'Hélas!' replied the General, 'il n'y a plus d'espoir.' 'How so?' rejoined his Serene Highness eagerly, 'he is dying then?' 'Au contraire, mon Prince,' answered Pozzo di Borgo, 'c'est qu'il va beaucoup mieux.'"

The *professional* extract which we also give below is highly interesting, and is explained with even more than the doctor's usual good sense:—

"As a medical man, I may be expected to say a word or two on the subject of the curious plan of treatment, called *la cure de raisins*. I made particular inquiries on this subject, and had some conversation with patients who had gone through the regular process with success. From both these sources of information, I collect, that people labouring under inveterate affections of the stomach, frequent indigestion, nervous irritability of the digestive organs generally, bilious head-aches following upon an obstinate condition of the bowels, soreness or tenderness of the abdomen, and, in fact, suffering from that proteiform series of symptoms, which accompany diseases principally seated in the stomach or accessory organs, requiring strict diet and pure country air, cooling medicines, and the total absence of animal food, have been recommended to pass from a fortnight to three weeks or a month at or in the neighbourhood of Rüdesheim, at the beginning of the vintage season, and to eat nothing but grapes during the whole of that time. Such patients take up their abode in one of the inns at Rüdesheim, which are very tolerable, particularly the "Engel," (enjoying a magnificent prospect of the river), and

agree to pay a fixed sum for the lodging and two or three pounds of grapes daily. These should be eaten immediately from the tree, and the only thing allowed with it is a small quantity of bread. Those who can walk, are recommended to pluck their morning portion of grapes from the trees; a thing easily accomplished, as all the innkeepers have vineyards of their own. The second portion, about a pound, is eaten at dinner, or at about one o'clock, and the remainder at sunset. The hours for retiring to bed are from eight till nine, and the patient rises with the sun. This treatment admits of no medicine or other article of food with it. The effect of it is, to adopt the language of Dr. Puff, to bring the action of the bowels to a proper standard—to quiet every symptom of irritability and nervous excitement—to remove headache—improve the digestion—procure sound and refreshing sleep—restore a proper degree of coolness to the skin and mouth—and inspire the patient with cheerful ideas and bright prospects. These miraculous effects of the *cure de raisins* are in perfect accordance with the best notions respecting the modes of treating stomach complaints connected with indigestion. What these complaints require, is a cessation on the part of the affected organ from all ordinary operations; in other words, 'a few holidays from the fatigues of eating and drinking;' and the *cure de raisins* is, perhaps, as good a way 'to keep holiday,' as any that can be recommended."

Our author is much too genteel and exclusive a person to adopt the ordinary methods of making himself acquainted with the popular manners and customs of the people through whose country he passes. Nevertheless, on one occasion, he does condescend to visit a table d'hôte, having learned beforehand that he is pretty sure to meet there "a select number of highly respectable people." The description which he gives of the adventure being (notwithstanding its *grossièrete*) tolerably lively and characteristic, we shall present it to our readers; though we should certainly have passed it over in favour of other matter, but for the very sensible reflections which the doctor educes from it, and which, coming from a professional person of considerable practice, are really worth attending to:—

"I learned, on taking my place at the convivial board, that I had the honour of sitting with no fewer than three Barons, Privy Councillors, superior *employés* in the Government, and some military officers. My informant, who presided at the table, who was master of the inn, introduced me to those who sat nearest. I first addressed one, then another, and at last a third, with the usual introductory observations of strangers willing to enter into conversation; but to no effect. Either my German was unintelligible, or my French too much for them; for I tried both languages. The replies were monosyllabic and discouraging, and I was compelled to fall back into my character of silent observer. As the dinner proceeded, and the conversation, with one exception, became general, a boisterous band of bugles and clarionets, enough to startle the whole Thuringian forest, was admitted into the room; and the astounding noise they made rendered the voices of our guests louder and louder still, until it became, at last, animated to the highest degree, though no Rhenish wine, but only a single tumbler of cold punch had been set before them. Brandishing of knives and forks in the air, as the interlocutors studied to enforce by gesticulation their narratives and propositions; picking of teeth with the point of the knife or a pin during the short pauses of affected attention to the adversary's reply; spitting across the room, and at some distance, on some unlucky piece of furniture; despoiling every plate of the last drop of the savoury sauce, with a morsel of bread held between the finger and thumb; these formed some of the episodes to the more general occupation of eating, enacted by these sprigs of nobility and untravelled fashionables. Their shirt-pins, bearing stones of the diameter of a

rixthaler, cornelian watch-keys like the pans of scales, profusion of massive rings on every phalanx, coarse linen, hair uncombed, and nails terminated by a sable crescent, bespoke them members of that privileged class, which in many of the principal towns in Germany, I am sorry to be obliged to admit, do not always combine the Chesterfieldian manners and neatness of person with their other excellent qualities of the heart and head, but whose peculiarities never strike the uninitiated so forcibly as at table. To all such, I would recommend as part of their education, a "season in London," spent in the free intercourse with the best classes of society. I have frequently had occasion to witness the marvellous metamorphosis which such an experiment has produced in many German and Italian noblemen who visit England with the benefit of excellent introductions. One hardly recognizes them again at the time of their departure, so thoroughly changed are their manners and general appearance, by the result of example. The effects of such a change remain with them through life; and although on their return home they may for a time be considered as singular, the superiority of their address and the neatness of their persons, readily and advantageously distinguish them from the rest of their countrymen.

"Our dinner began with *potage au riz*, of which deep basinsful, with grated cheese, were speedily swallowed. To this succeeded, in single and orderly succession, plain boiled beef, with sour mustard, and a profusion of fermented red cabbage; boiled carp, with its silvery scales in all their brilliancy upon its back; large balls, of a substance resembling hasty-pudding, light and savoury, swimming in a bowl of melted butter resembling castor oil, and eaten most voraciously by all present, with the addition of a sweet *compôte de pommes*. *Chevreuil piqué au lard* was next introduced, followed by some sort of fried fish. At last a boiled capon made its appearance, to which I, who had hitherto been a motionless as well as a silent spectator, commended myself for a dinner; and while thus engaged, I observed that fried parsley roots, hot and hissing from the pan, were received on the table with the approving exclamation, "Das ist ganz vortrefflich!" This comedy had now lasted upwards of an hour, and I began to repent of my experiment. At last Dutch cheese, pears, and spunge biscuits, were laid on the greasy table-cloth; coffee and liqueur were presented to some and not to others, and the "convivii turbulenti," after having rolled up their weekly napkin, and confined it within a ring of red leather, paid their moderate reckoning of half a rixthaler (eighteenpence!) and departed, one after the other, in all the swaggering complacency which a full stomach is apt to inspire.

"Surely, said I to myself, as I retired to my room, these gentlemen's digestive organs cannot be of that class, for which Abernethy and Wilson-Philip, and Paris and Johnson have written their legislative codes of dietetics. Even within the singular, yet felicitous divergences which exist among those learned contemporaries, (each preaching an opposite sermon from the same text,) it would not be possible to find a place for such stomachs, as I had the leisure of a full hour to contemplate at the Weimar *table d'hôte*. They seem to set at nought all statutes and regulations. The human caldron is daily loaded to the brim with the same ominous mixture above described, and which is not far different from that condemned by the gay author of the treatise on diet. Still *chymification* and *chilification* go on uninterruptedly. No hard liver, dyspepsia, or morbid sensibility are produced, as I have taken pains to ascertain, and the general health proceeds uninterrupted. Something more, therefore, must needs exist in the physical question of digestion, which my learned brethren have not touched upon—and such is in reality the fact. The formulæ which those authors have propounded for solving the general problem of digestion will not apply to, and cannot explain, the many contradictory phenomena, which present themselves at every step in regard to food, nutrition, and disease, among the several civilized nations of Europe. To lay down general rules for dietetics—to predict or threaten the same terrific catastrophe to

every sinning gourmand—to explain by the same unvaried cause, "indigestion," every *malanna* to which flesh is heir to, is absurd, even when such generalizations are confined to a large class of society in this country, without wandering abroad. One can no more find two stomachs than two noses alike. The whole secret lies in learning how the stomach of our patient has been *educated*, and according to that education to deal with it. This involves an individuality in the attention to be given to cases of "stomach complaints," which physicians would find too troublesome; yet without it justice cannot be done to the patients. It is sheer nonsense to talk of classing *human* stomachs and *civilized* stomachs; stomachs of drunkards and stomachs of abstemious people; stomachs of aldermen, and stomachs of Pythagoreans; stomachs of literary men, lawyers, physicians, and parsons, and stomachs of young collegians, sportsmen, and dandies, under one and the same denomination and rule. Each has had its physical education as peculiarly different from that of the rest, as that which the possessor has received in the nursery or at college; and each must be dealt with accordingly. A friend of mine, who had occasion to see a physician write several directions for invalids labouring under what are called "stomach complaints," wondered that he did not give a printed circular to each, in imitation of a great authority who had always the same printed page to refer to, and thus save himself trouble. Had he followed such a plan, he would have done his patients injustice; for, as far as my own experience goes, I am confident he never met with *two stomachs* alike!"

We must now quit our author during the remainder of his rout to St. Petersburgh, and rejoin him at the gates of that most interesting of European capitals; for such it is, at least to the inhabitants of all the others. Much of the remainder of our notice will be devoted to the purpose of conveying to our readers as characteristic a notion of this beautiful city as our own space and our author's powers of description will permit. The following are some of our traveller's impressions from the first view of it:—

"The general *coup d'œil* which the "Imperial Residence" of St. Petersburgh presents to the traveller, is one of the most magnificent in Europe. It does not, like that of Naples and Constantinople, heightened by the magic effect of the surrounding country, convey the idea of beautiful nature and picturesque situation; neither is the impression first received on entering the spacious streets and extensive squares of St. Petersburgh like that which the capitals of London and Paris excite when first beheld, imparting at once just notions of the wealth, splendour, and luxury of their inhabitants. But it surprises more than either, from the great number and magnitude of the public buildings, from the bold style of architecture which pervades every part, and from the total absence of those dark and wretched courts and lanes, the abode of the lowest classes, which in other cities obtrude themselves on the notice of the traveller, in the midst of grandeur and stateliness of exterior.

"It was not without some reason that a French traveller newly arrived in this city, asked where the people lived? "Partout je ne rencontre que des palais et d'innombrables edifices," he observed; and the remark thus far was correct. No capital in Europe can, in this respect, be compared to St. Petersburgh; for no where else do we meet with buildings of such striking appearance, nor does any other city contain so many private houses which might rival the palaces of Rome. St. Petersburgh is, in fact, a city of palaces."

What follows, in relation to the origin and peculiar situation of Petersburgh, is sensible and well put:—

"To a sovereign who felt the desire and saw the necessity of bringing his people more immediately into contact with the maritime nations of Europe, and who by the nature of political events was obliged to keep a watchful eye over its nearest neighbours, who were also his most inveterate enemies; the situation of

this second capital of the Empire was not a matter of choice, but one of compulsion. To place a town destined to be the principal seat of government, where St. Petersburgh now stands, has been considered a great fault on the part of its founder. It has been alleged that to select a low and swampy soil, on the banks and at the mouth of a river which divides the country into a number of islands, was to perpetuate inconveniences which might never be overcome, and to create a new population that it might become the prey of an unhealthy climate. But Peter the Great, convinced of the important political and commercial advantages of the chosen site of his new city, deemed any inconvenience which he might have to struggle with, arising from the nature of the situation, a matter of secondary consideration. He knew mankind in general too well, and the people in particular whom he proposed to bring together in this place, not to rely upon the efforts of human industry and skill for producing a gradual and beneficial change, and for deriving advantages even from the difficulties in which they were placed. He had the example and success of the first founders of Venice on his side: he knew that the great towns in Holland had had no other beginning."

Our next extract shall point out some of the numerous changes which have taken place in the Russian capital during the last few years, shewing that no former descriptions of it need preclude a new one:—

"A comparison between St. Petersburgh as it was in 1801, when Storck's description of that town was first translated into English, and as it now is, shows its rapid increase in size and importance in the course of a quarter of a century. The difference is manifest, not only in the great addition of dwelling-houses, and public buildings since the former period, but in the many improvements and multiplied embellishments which have from that time become conspicuous features of the capital.

"Two new districts have been added in one part of the town since that time, and the other parts have considerably extended their limits. New streets and new squares have been opened; the former are now nearly double in number. A new Imperial Palace in town, and two Imperial residences in the country have been erected. New churches have been built, as well as new places of amusement. Another moveable bridge has been added to the two already existing on the Neva; and several new granite and suspension-bridges have been erected across the canals. Two new museums are forming; several new literary and medical institutions have been founded. Most of the collections of natural history and antiquities have been augmented. An extensive botanic garden has been opened. The principal Imperial palaces have been embellished, their internal decorations and arrangements changed, and new collections of objects of the fine arts added to them. A new exchange with extensive magazines has since risen on one of the points of Vassileiostrow, and Rostral columns to carry a Pharo light have been placed in front of it. The exterior of the great edifice of the Admiralty has undergone a complete change, and most of the streets leading to it have had *trottoirs* added to them. Other alterations also, too numerous to describe, although not less important, have taken place in the same period of time for the improvement of the city."

It appears that Petersburgh is at present well supplied with vehicles of public conveyance, of every kind, and at a most moderate price. The various descriptions of these which are to be met with in all the frequented parts of the city, must produce a very lively and picturesque effect—especially when aided by the strange costumes of their drivers. The following sketch of a Russian coachman is worth extracting:—

"The costume of a Russian coachman is very picturesque. It consists of a caftan or tunic of fine blue, crimson, or green cloth, closely drawn over the chest, reaching only as high as the lower part of the neck, which is generally left uncovered, and either buttoned down the middle, with small round-headed gold buttons, or the two front plaits laid one over the other obliquely, clasped

at the upper part with a gold clasp, and as low down as the loins, where it expands in folds, which are gathered together by a rich silk waistband, called a *Koushak*. The tunic reaches to the middle of the leg. The sleeves are tight, and at the wrist have a vertical row of gold buttons. Wide trowsers, generally of the same, or of some fancy colour, with boots, complete the dress. The head in summer is covered with a round hat, low in the crown, and with a wide brim, which is curled up side-ways. The upper part of the crown is very large, and the lower part surrounded by a wide band of velvet, buckled in front with a gold buckle. In winter, the head-dress is different. Instead of a hat, an expanding four-cornered turban, very high, and mostly of rich crimson velvet, with a gold band and a rim of fur, is generally worn. To complete the picture, this important personage wears a bushy beard, of which he is exceedingly careful, and his hair is cut square all round level with the eye-brows. The postilion's dress is uniform with that of the coachman."

We must now pass on to the actual state of society in this rapidly improving capital. As we have hinted in the outset, the worthy doctor's views on this matter must be taken *cum grano salis*, especially when (contrary to his usual principles of universal politeness to all who hold "a certain rank in society") he indiscreetly places the ladies of some of the Russian nobles above those of all other nations. Still there is no reason to suppose that such sketches as the following are greatly exaggerated :—

"It is usual to say of Russian society, that it consists of only two great divisions, the Nobles and the Serfs. How far this may be true, in a political point of view, it is not the purpose of the present work to discuss. Speaking of the accessible society, or, in other words, of the persons of whom good society is composed, there can be no doubt, but that as many classes exist in St. Petersburgh as in any other large capital in Europe. The families of persons holding high situations at Court, the Ministers of State, and Foreign Ministers, military officers of high rank having important appointments, or being attached to the person of the Emperor, the hereditary nobility not connected with the Court or the Army may be considered as forming one group, of the first or highest class of society : another group consists of persons who are not distinguished by any hereditary title, but who belong to the first four classes of nobility, on account of their rank in the civil or military service. The superior *employés* under Government, and the heads of the great Imperial establishments or institutions, may be included in this second group.

"The mutual intercourse among these various denominations of persons in high life, and their families, appeared to me frequent, and distinguished by that ease and those elegant manners which characterise the same classes of persons in the first capitals of Europe. A foreigner can only judge of them by what they appear in the midst of their friends and their guests. On such occasions, their deportment is free from *hauteur*, and their address engaging ; what they may be with their inferiors I know not. Much has been said of their hospitality, particularly to strangers. As far as I have had an opportunity of seeing it, I am free to acknowledge that there is no exaggeration in placing it above that of the higher classes in other countries. To persons well recommended and properly introduced, be they Russians or foreigners, it is unbounded ; neither is it, as elsewhere, limited to a mere matter of form invitation to a dinner or a *soirée*, but extends to many friendly offices, and a frequent repetition of kindness. With regard to the ladies of this class of society, it is the least to say, that in point of manners, politeness, and unaffected dignity of deportment, they yield to none of the most distinguished of the fair sex in other countries in Europe. Nay, constituted as society is at this moment in other capitals, it is impossible not to admit, that in regard to accomplishments, and the more solid advantages of education, some of the Russian ladies of rank are superior to those of other nations. There are few indeed among them, who do not speak with equal facility French, German, and English,

besides their own native language. Many of them write these languages with equal ease and correctness. This is the case, particularly with regard to the younger branches of the nobility, owing to the new and happy direction given to their education, by the successful efforts of the Empress-mother. Nor is a knowledge of languages the only prominent qualification which these ladies bring into society; but varied and useful information also; an extensive acquaintance with the literature and history of Europe; an exquisite *finesse d'esprit*, displayed in an easy and well-supported conversation; and a number of agreeable talents which tend to embellish their existence."

It appears that our own countrymen are alike everywhere. Whether on the banks of the Neva, or the Bay of Naples, reserve and restriction are the order of the day with them. They can do nothing in the way of hospitality, for either the merit or the pleasure of doing it—but only because "it is expected of them."

We are happy to agree with our author in the following tribute to Russian patriotism. The national character has scarcely received the credit due to it on the points referred to in this extract:—

"But although I hold myself unqualified to speak of the Russian character in general, there is one striking feature belonging to it, which the history of recent events has consecrated, and cannot, therefore, be passed over in silence even by the superficial observer. I mean that unbounded devotion to the cause of their country, displayed by the whole population, during the unprovoked aggression of the late ruler of France, affording the striking example (one which is unparalleled in the records of the numerous conquests of foreign countries made by that extraordinary man) of not a single inhabitant, high or low, either of the towns or provinces occupied by his legions, joining his fortune and party; and by either words or deeds promoting the scheme of plunder and devastation then executing against the Russian territory. When Napoleon sent his eagles to Holland, conquered Prussia, penetrated into Austria, and took possession of its capital; when he entered Italy, occupied Spain, and found reasons in diplomatic sophistry, for ejecting the House of Braganza from Lisbon, he ever met with a number of high and powerful individuals, and not unfrequently with a great portion of the population, who, unmindful of their duties as citizens, and unmoved by the more general example of patriotic resistance, or the distresses entailed on their countrymen, espoused and assisted his cause. But in the vast empire of Russia, no such humiliating occurrence took place from the day in which Napoleon set his foot on that territory, to that in which he bid a hasty adieu to the skeletons of his few surviving regiments. It is a curious fact, which the historians of modern times have failed to remark, that in none of those studied compositions called the Bulletins of the Grand Army of the North, with which Buonaparte endeavoured to keep up the *prestige* in favour of his great enterprise among the people of his good city of Paris, has the writer boasted (as he invariably had done in similar despatches written from other foreign countries which he had invaded) of having been joined by any part of the people or by a single Russian individual of note."

In connexion with some professional remarks on the climate of St. Petersburgh, our author states the following remarkable fact:—

"It is a fact which will startle my readers, that "a cold" is seldom to be heard of in St. Petersburgh. That anomalous species of disorder is indigenous to England, and above all to London. It does an infinity of mischief, and covers many a blunder. In the capital of Russia few people complain of "a cold;" and if a person of consequence (who has been for a great length of time dying of disease ill understood, or badly managed,) does actually fall a victim to the complaint, the candid physician does not, as in some other capital, attempt to mystify the friends, by remarking that "the patient was getting better, but *caught cold* and died." There are, seriously speaking, so few diseases of the chest, catarrhs, and defluxions, and feverish colds in the

Russian capital, that I was quite surprised on hearing consumption quoted as an almost endemic complaint."

We have no room for any details respecting that greatest of all winter luxuries, a Russian stove; but we cannot help wondering, *en passant*, at the marvellous obstinacy and stupidity which have so long kept *us* from the enjoyment of such a comfort. But the truth is, that knowledge, reason, and common-sense have little or nothing to do in matters of this nature. Peremptory *demand* alone is the parent of *supply;* and, in conformity with this view, it may be stated as a general proposition, that the discomforts of cold and heat are less felt respectively, in the exact proportion that the sources of those discomforts present themselves in a greater degree. A sultry day in the East Indies (from the "appliances and means" of meeting it) is not half so oppressive, even to the European population, as a sultry day in England; and the inhabitants of the great European capitals have cause to dread the approach of winter, in the exact proportion that they approach the great northern source of it. A winter in Paris is intolerable; in England, it is not much better; in Germany, it ameliorates as you get farther and farther north; and in Russia, there is not an idea connected with it but those of comfort and luxury.

Again,—we meet in Dr. Granville's work with some very curious details respecting the Russian methods of employing that important mean of health and luxury, the bath. We cannot afford room for any of these details, but must not omit the liberal and sensible remarks of the doctor on this highly-interesting matter; though we more than doubt of their leading to any good results: for we English are quite as obstinate in pursuing a wrong course as a right one:—

"The physical effects of a bath of this description are highly favourable to the constitution. Judging by my own feelings I should be inclined to place it above every form of bath in general use; and I think I am indebted to it for the removal of severe rheumatic pains which before nothing seemed to alleviate. A Russian is apt to think that almost every disorder to which he is necessarily liable from the severity of the climate, may be removed by the hot bath, and he flies to it on all occasions when ailing. This general impression on the mind of a whole nation, who are naturally keen observers, has its foundation on long experience, and although not strictly correct to the whole extent, is not to be contemptuously rejected as the effect of ignorance. Most of those who have travelled in Russia, or in the Levant, where a similar kind of bath is used with even greater frequency by every class of people, can bear testimony to the efficacy as well as the comfort of a Russian or Turkish bath, in their own case, when afflicted with colds, rheumatism, cutaneous affections, or incipient fevers. On two other occasions besides the one already alluded to, I attended the same establishment in the course of five weeks spent in St. Petersburgh, and both times derived the full measure of benefit from it which I expected. I went thither with every symptom of an approaching feverish cold, and returned quite well, and continued so. The external temperature was on both occasions seven and eight degrees below the freezing point; snow was on the ground. In the ante-room, the temperature was at 100, and in the bath-room 132 degrees. Yet, notwithstanding this striking difference of temperatures, I walked home the distance of nearly half a mile, without the least inconvenience or ill effect."

The out-of-door scenes of a Russian winter have been so often, and so well described before, that we shall not repeat them here—especially, as they are features which a few years do not change. Neither shall we follow our author into any of his minute architectural and other details, respecting the chief public buildings of the Russian capital; and which details occupy a very considerable portion of the second volume. But

some of the royal institutions, connected with the morals, manners, and education of the people, we must not dismiss so briefly—as they involve considerations of real interest and importance to all the civilized nations of Europe. First, however, we may cull a few personal anecdotes of the present emperor, who is just now an object of such intense interest throughout the whole of Europe:—

"Nor is the individual conduct of the Emperor himself without its good effect on the minds of his people. His application to business is most regular. The affairs of the state alone seem to engross his attention, and it is said that he seldom gives an hour to pleasure, which might have been better devoted to the welfare of his subjects. He rises early, and spends some time in transacting military matters. Part of this consists in receiving, as I before stated, Count Diebitch, the chief of the Etat-Major, who daily waits on his Majesty from seven o'clock till nine, and reports the state of the army during the preceding day, and receives his Majesty's commands. After breakfast he either attends the council, or receives his Ministers daily; each of whom has his appointed days and hours for waiting on the Emperor. He has on some occasions attended the senate; and it was reported, while we were at St. Petersburgh, that having heard that the Senators had been in the habit of assembling very late, a practice which caused considerable delay in public business, his Majesty called early one day at the House of the Senate, and finding none of its members assembled, simply desired it to be made known to them, that the Emperor had attended to transact business at such an hour. From that time the Senators took care to be at their post with greater punctuality. At one o'clock he generally attends the parade."

"The following trait of Nicholas, though of a different description, deserves to be recorded. I had it from the best authority. It is known that the Persians have, of late years, endeavoured to introduce the European tactics into their armies; yet, with so little success, that the Russian troops opposed to them have found little difference in their mode of fighting. Some months before the capture of Erivan by the Russians, some hundreds of these Perso-European soldiers were made prisoners, when the Emperor desired that a certain number of them should be sent to St. Petersburgh, where he had them dressed in the uniform of one of his regiments of guards, and ordered that they might be trained and instructed like them. He even took care that their clothing should be of better materials, and their food of the best kind, and, from time to time, his Majesty himself would go to see them manœuvre in order to judge of their progress. When he found them well trained, he sent them back to the Shah, with this message: "Tell your Sovereign, that if he really wishes to introduce the modern European system of tactics and military discipline into his armies, he may safely take you as models—and that he may form as many such as he pleases, by applying to his immediate neighbours, instead of employing some renegade officers, or runaway adventurers from distant countries."

Of the Empress mother, Dr. Granville gives a very exalted character. The two following illustrations of it are all that we can afford to extract:—

"Those who are accustomed to look on the names of illustrious persons found in the capacity of patrons of schools, hospitals, and other charities, as being placed there merely to add lustre to the establishments, but not to call for personal exertion and interest from them, except on extraordinary occasions, will be surprised to learn that the Empress Maria Feodorowna of Russia does not consider her station, at the head of the numerous institutions alluded to, as a mere sinecure, but that she actually superintends the management of them all, from day to day, and from morning till night: visiting them all in turn, and being for ever occupied in devising improvements, extending their sphere of utility, or maintaining that which has already been confirmed by the test of experience.

"This most indefatigable and active Princess rises at a very early hour in the day, and receives the sealed reports direct, and without the interference of her secretaries or other officers, from each institution placed under her government. She reads them all, makes remarks, and gives the necessary directions, either verbally, or in writing, whenever required. So attentive is she to the very minutiæ and details of each establishment, the plan of most of which is of her own suggestion, that, in the case of the *Hôpital des Pauvres*, for example, which is particularly her own foundation, as I have been informed by her physician, *le conseiller* Dr. Ruhl, she will make appropriate remarks to him whenever the number of diseases or the number of deaths appears greater than in the reports of a corresponding period in the preceding year, and will express a wish that an inquiry may immediately be set on foot by this her principal physician into the cause of those differences. Nothing, in fact, escapes her attention."

The institutions of Petersburgh, from which, unquestionably, the most important public results will, hereafter, spring; and, consequently, those which are of most interest in the eyes of the rest of Europe, are the establishments connected with the education of the various classes of the people. Not that the utmost possible spread of education, which these establishments can give rise to, is at all likely to be attended by results similar to those which must grow out of general education in a country like England: for these establishments being, for the most part, confined to the capital, their *effects* will be in a great measure confined to that also, as the capital of Russia, unlike that of every other in civilized Europe, exercises but little general influence on the remote provinces of the empire. So that the most enlightened views, even on political subjects, may be permitted to prevail there, without any immediate fear of their proving fatal to the general system of the Russian government. Nevertheless, it must be admitted to shew a real liberality of feeling on the part of the absolute sovereign of an empire like that of Russia, and the consciousness of an unfeigned desire to promote the welfare of his people, when he consents to incur even the remote risks of a system of education like that which is at present pursued in the capital of Nicholas I. Certain it is that, however honourable and beneficial such a system may prove to the Emperor himself, it will one day or other prove more or less fatal to his successors; and this will happen sooner or later, in proportion as those successors recede from, or follow the track which he and his immediate predecessor have marked out for them. We recommend to the particular attention of all those whose time and inclinations permit them, to apply to Dr. Granville's book itself, all that part of the second volume which relates to the two great establishments for female education in the Russian capital. The doctor's description of them is clear and interesting; and it is impossible, on reading it, to doubt that something of a similar kind might, with great advantage, be adopted in this and other countries, in place of the monstrous system of female education which prevails at present. Numerous modifications and ameliorations would, of course, be required, in order to adapt the system to the different habits and after views of the parties to be influenced by it. But all these would speedily suggest themselves; and the bare announcement of an attempt to introduce such a system, under proper patronage, would work infinite good, if it were but by arousing the public mind to an inquiry into the unthought-of and nameless abuses which at present pollute the very springs of our private morals and manners.

At about the middle of volume II., the doctor commences his dissertations on the state of medicine in Petersburgh. Here we shall, in

accordance with his own advice to that effect, part company with him for a space—not, however, without stating, that what he brings forward on this head is well worth knowing, "to those whom it may concern." We cannot help stopping for a moment, however, to smile at the doctor's lamentation over the fact, that in Russia, as well as elsewhere, patients are in the habit of occasionally "*changing* their medical attendant:"—a practice which the doctor looks upon as the height of human ingratitude! So hurt is he at this unprincipled abuse of our free agency, that, spite of the general *bonhommie* for which we so much admire him, he, in reference to this unpardonable defect in the human character, launches a (true) libel against the whole human race, in the shape of the French proverb, "*L'ingratitude est de tous les pays.*" We must also recommend to the particular attention of patients in general, a new plan which the doctor most disinterestedly propounds, for the laudable purpose of getting rid of the present mischievous practice of giving daily fees to physicians. But as he professes an intention of developing this plan more at length, on some future occasion, we shall willingly wait. In the meantime, however, we must state our entire concurrence with the proposition he makes, that all the plans which at present prevail on this subject, "are more or less objectionable and inconvenient to *one of the parties.*"—(Vol. 2, p. 269.)

The doctor is not very profuse on the subject of Russian sports; but he tells us of *one*, which, but for his obvious freedom from the traveller's proverbial failing, we might have taken for a piece of innocent invention; unless, indeed, it is to be looked upon as a bit of ingenious satire on his part. Our readers shall judge for themselves:—

"The Russians of St. Petersburgh have no cock-pit among their sports; but they have a goose pit, a fact which, I believe, has been overlooked by former travellers. Fighting birds of that noisy yet apparently harmless tribe are trained for sport, and the practice prevails to a great extent among the hemp merchants. They are taught to peck at each other's shoulders, so as to draw blood. The ganders have been known to have sold as high as five hundred roubles, and betting upon them runs very high. This sort of sport takes place in March, when geese, probably like hares, are mad."

The doctor does not inform us whether he ever ventured to witness, or, as the French have it, "assist at," this singular sport.

We fear our extracts have already swelled this paper to an unreasonable, though we trust not an unreadable length. We must, therefore, hasten to a conclusion. After visiting and describing in detail the markets, manufactories, prisons, courts of law, &c., and also the environs of Petersburgh, our author, on the 11th of December, 1827, turns his back upon that city, and proceeds on his return to London, through Poland, Silesia, Saxony, &c., making a short stay at Warsaw, and also at Dresden, and describing in detail all that strikes him as worthy of notice in those cities, and on his route. He also makes a brief stay at Weimar, for the purpose of visiting Goethe; and then makes the best of his way back to his *im*-patients in England.

In taking leave of Dr. Granville after our somewhat long sojourn in his company, we must not fail to thank him for much information, and some amusement. The engravings and wood cuts—about seventy in number—public buildings and views in Petersburgh, are all well executed—and doubtless accurate in their representation.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Lord Strangford and Colonel Napier's Pamphlets; 1828.—In his recent history of the Peninsular War, Col. Napier, speaking of the Portuguese emigration, charged Lord Strangford, our ambassador at Lisbon, with writing at Salt Hill the despatch relative to the emigration, though dated Hibernia, off the Tagus, 29th Nov., 1807, and in this despatch with claiming the whole merit of the emigration, though the credit was really due to Sir Sidney Smith—for the Prince Regent had actually sailed on the 27th Nov., before Lord Strangford could have reached Lisbon, or have had any "official" interview with him—and thus obtaining, by false representations, the red ribband, which by right should have blushed on the breast of Sir Sidney.

The statement was evidently on the face of it, hasty, and bore the marks of improbability; it was utterly unlikely that any man in a public situation, like Lord Strangford, should commit himself by direct falsehoods. Accordingly from Lord Strangford's reply, we find that he sailed immediately after the event with the messenger, and arrived with him in London on the 19th of December. When and where, therefore, the despatch was actually written, is perfectly unimportant, for he was in effect his own messenger. The account Lord Strangford gives is this—on the evening of his arrival, Mr. Canning sent for him to his house in Bruton-street, and expressed a wish, that the story of the Portuguese emigration, detailed by Lord Strangford in several and successive despatches should be drawn up in one unbroken narrative for publication in the Gazette—omitting collateral matters—such as might compromise the safety of individuals—give notice to the enemy of intended operations—or prove offensive to the government, to which he was again to be accredited. With this request Lord Strangford of course complied—and thus this "reduction" of his own dispatches, which appeared in the Gazette of the 22d, was certainly written not at sea, nor at Salt Hill, but in Bruton-street. Colonel Napier's objection is a mere cavil.

And with respect to his and Sir Sidney Smith's merits in bringing about the emigration, Lord Strangford takes the story back to August—the period, when Bonaparte demanded of the Prince the confiscation of British property. On this occasion, Lord Strangford first suggested, on his own responsibility, the policy of an emigration to the Brazils, and within a month the Council at Mafra came to the resolution of crossing the Atlantic, on the event of two circumstances—the being compelled to confiscate British property, and actual invasion. In the meanwhile preparations were actively made for sailing, on the occurrence of the circumstances supposed.

On the 8th of November the Prince, wisely or not, with necessity or without, complied with the reiterated demands of Bonaparte, detained the few British that had not yet fled, and confiscated their property—but no foreign troops yet appeared, and emigration was not yet carried into execution. In consequence, however, of this act of the Prince, Lord Strangford—his instructions leaving him no alternative—quitted Lisbon—having previously been assured by the Prince, that if the French actually invaded, he was still resolved to go to the Brazils. The French did invade—and the Prince actually embarked on the 27th.

On demanding his passport on the 10th, a ship of war was placed at his lordship's disposal, but Sir Sidney Smith's squadron appearing off the Tagus on the 16th, he took a boat and went on board the following day. From that time Sir Sidney and he acted in conjunction. On the 22d Sir Sydney wrote to the minister announcing hostilities, but the letter was not despatched till the 24th, on which very day the final resolution was taken at Mafra, and taken in consequence of the arrival of French troops, within the frontiers. Sir Sidney's letter, therefore, whatever effect it was calculated to produce, had none on the resolution taken by the Court of Portugal.

Colonel Napier imputes himself the emigration to fright, on learning from the Moniteur, of the 2nd of November, that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign. Unluckily for Colonel Napier's accuracy and inference, no such declaration ever appeared in the Moniteur. A sort of *conditional* declaration appeared in the Journal de l'Empire of the 31st of October, and was copied in the Moniteur of the 1st of November. "England would have lost (or ruined) Denmark, if that court had yielded to fear. It is thus that she will have lost (or ruined) Portugal, and that the House of Braganza, *if* it makes common cause with England, *will have ceased to reign.*"

We have, ourselves, no doubt of Colonel Napier's industry, or of the general superiority of his book, as we expressed ourselves in our notice of it—but Colonel Napier has very manifestly his prejudices, and too readily gives vent to them—he assumes the tone of a radical—which is essentially and almost uniformly a vulgar and an overcharged one—he writes too like a partisan—with occasionally the flippancy of a newspaper. He professes himself altogether unsatisfied with Lord Strangford's reply—though we really think it would be more creditable to his judgment and his candour, to have yielded a prompt and handsome concession.

The Designs of Russia, by Lieut.-Col. De Lacy Evans; 1828.—This is a hasty, but energetic sketch of the probable career of Russia. The author is obviously in abundant possession of every circumstance requisite for the discussion of his subject; but too much disposed to estimate by the population and acres of a dominion, and the number of bayonets, that can by possibility, or rather upon paper, be brought into the field. He seems not to consider that beyond a certain point these things will not hang and work together—of a certain extent and bulk, they become too distinct and disjointed for single management; and when deputies, with almost, or quite independent powers, must be employed to govern distant regions, unity is gone, and strength is broken. The Russians, unless some check is thrown in their path, the author doubts not, will accomplish the expulsion of the Turks from Constantinople and Europe, and Constantinople become the capital of the Czar; he will boldly and effectively spread his eagle wings, one over the expanse of the Mediterranean, and the other over the regions of British India—"Constantinople is only 3,000 miles from Bombay or Surat, and of them 400 only of land-carriage."

Colonel Evans looks far into futurity, or rather in his view—not *far*, for he imagines all will speedily be accomplished—all his gorgon terrors realized; but among his anticipations of the Russian achievements, we were somewhat amused—we scarcely say alarmed—at the successive steps of the autocrat's encroachments—and the consequent decline of the British power.

Once in possession of Constantinople, and her conquests a little settled into consistency, Russia will soon, he thinks, begin to feel her new strength, and will no longer hesitate, first, to intimate a desire, a friendly desire, to the government of both England and France, that some slight modifications shall take place in their systems of civil policy—that some of the unseemly ingredients of democracy which disfigure the French "Charte," and that render the debates of our own legislative assemblies, doubtless, so undecorous and wounding to the refined apprehensions and lofty sensibilities of an autocrat, should be expunged or neutralized. By and by, when flushed with success—when he holds a still more numerous army in the leash than he does now—when his military chest is recruited with the obroks of 70 or 80 millions of vassals—when he is no longer locked up within the Baltic and the Euxine—when his fleets will ostentatiously parade the Mediterranean—when all the world begins to succumb to the evidence of his power—what then?—why then "it may be doubted whether he will retain so unfeigned a respect either for the French Chambers or the English Parliament, or the obnoxious, impertinently inquisitive press, as may be the means of averting such a profanation as that which has been above contemplated." (We do not always catch the Colonel's *specific* meaning.) Besides, a request coming from such a quarter, couched in all the becomingness of amity and high consideration, recommending, in gentle terms, merely an arrangement of the powers of government, more assimilated to the well-ordered condition of things in the superior state, will not appear so very unreasonable; and there will not be wanting, Col. Evans suggests, advocates at home. An attentive, and even deferential ear will at least be lent to the autocrat.

Next, as soon as he is in readiness to pick a quarrel, or strong enough to levy contributions on us—which will not be till his fleets cover the Marmora, and his troops hover over the northern provinces of India—the Russian representative will be instructed to express the Emperor's earnest hope, that *our duties upon corn* will be done away with, as being conceived in an illiberal and unreciprocal spirit, and especially injurious to his subjects of the Ukraine, Crimea, and Wallachia—which must of course be complied with, or war ensue.

But war! the London capitalists, thoroughly aware that we have passed the culminating point, will no longer receive, with their long-wonted complacency, the propositions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the minister must then temporize—and English indignation be smothered. But first the urgencies of the Russian envoy will get wind. The agriculturists will take fright about their rents—they will go down to the House—they will threaten the government—and vituperate the Emperor; all will be reported to that formidable Emperor, and will serve to swell the list of grievances. Complaints will follow of the insults thus passed upon a faithful friend and ancient ally by the turbulent assembly of the English Commons; and then again, there will not of course be wanting some to dwell upon the advantages, under any circumstances, of tranquillity—on the utopian absurdity of the representative system—on the unfitness of popular governments—the illusiveness of that obsolete chimera of political visionaries—the balance of power, &c.

But then, to embarrass the luckless ministers of the day still farther—to involve them more ingeniously—to throw a decent screen over the whole concern, Capo d'Istria, or his successor, or the Knights of St. John, long under the especial protection of Russia—or the Spanish King Ferdinand, if he still survive, will be directed to demand the restitution or relinquishment of our present Ionian, Maltese, and Spanish fortresses. On refusal, the Emperor will of course be appealed to, and will forthwith enforce the demands with his ablest logic.

Our colonies are now perhaps some of them in no very thriving condition, but

from that moment all will sensibly and rapidly decline; and then will begin to be felt the full pressure of the debt, for the quarters' revenues, before declining, will on each return sink lower and lower. Disorder and discouragement must, consequently, pervade every department of the government, and desperate measures must follow. The church lands—the funds will be the obvious resources—public credit perish—Consols drop to 40, 20, or 10, nothing—and every branch of the service in arrear. Our ships will be rotting in our ports, for want of money to repair them; and we shall fall an unresisting victim to the grasping Russian, and our own want of timely exertion. —Oh dear!—But come, let us pluck up our spirits—it is not yet too late—the gloomy prophet tells us, England and France united can carry the world, and surely check the Russian. *This union*, we fear, is but a frail dependence; but for our parts, we have no very paralyzing fears about the uninterrupted progress of Russia to universal dominion. Work will probably be soon cut out at home for the Emperor—his dominions will be divided—Constantine will have a crown—and family quarrels will ensue. In the long run we shall be probably pretty much where we were—if the Turks be expelled from Europe, they will be replaced by others of more activity and more wants—wants which they will be long before they can themselves supply—and in the meanwhile must depend for that supply on our manufactories.

The Clarendon Correspondence. 2 *vols.* 4*to*; 1828.—These are two very considerable volumes, filled with original materials of information, relative mainly to one of the most interesting periods of our history—that of James the Second, and the memorable revolution of 1688. They consist wholly of the correspondence and diaries of two of the Chancellor Clarendon's sons, Henry and Lawrence—the first inheriting his father's title, and the other ennobled by that of Earl of Rochester. Both of them played distinguished parts on the theatre of public life. On the restoration—at which period the eldest was but twenty years of age—they were both, by the chancellor's overwhelming influence, introduced into Parliament; and did, and might well look forward to the most brilliant career. The final disgrace—we mean of course nothing but the dismissal and exile—of the chancellor, seemed likely to check the course of the young aspirants for distinction; but they had been thoroughly impressed with the necessity and the virtue of prudence, and Lawrence, in particular, lost no ground at all—he was uninterruptedly in good odour at court, and constantly employed at home or abroad. The elder brother—notwithstanding his office of chamberlain to the queen—for a time gave in to a pretty active resistance to the measures of the court—opposing especially Buckingham and Arlington—the more influential ministers, and his father's chief and personal enemies. Through the whole of this opposition, however, he kept on terms of intimacy and service with the Duke of York, who had married his sister; and on the attempt of the country party to exclude him from the succession, was eminently useful in supporting the cause of his relative and patron. Towards the end of the reign—though odious to Charles—by James's influence, he was introduced to the council, and on the duke's own accession, received the privy seal, and, in the course of a twelvemonth, was appointed to the lieutenancy of Ireland.

The younger brother, Lawrence, was employed diplomatically, first, on an embassy of compliments to the French King on the birth of the Dauphin—next to Sobieski in his camp—and finally in Holland, with the Prince of Orange, to negociate a peace. He was thus actively and confidentially engaged till 1679, when he became a lord of the treasury, and on the resignation of Lord Essex, first lord, and was only prevented from going to Ireland by the death of the king. James, on his accession, preferred his services at home—the treasury commission was dissolved, and Rochester was named lord treasurer.

The two brothers were thus at the top of the tree; and had they been as ready to promote the king's views on the question of religion, as they undoubtedly were in political matters, might have remained the reigning favourites. But they had imbibed their father's attachment to the Church of England, and all its hierarchy, and were themselves too intimately connected with the prelates, and influential clergy, to fall in with the king's views. Their devotion to Protestantism was unshakeable—we need not doubt the sincerity of it. Rochester, in particular, resisted more than one *closetting* with the king; and even Giffard, the Catholic Bishop of Madura, and then the intrusive president of Magdalen, laboured in his conversion in vain. They were both finally dismissed—not in anger—for both of them were handsomely pensioned; but both of them, in spite of their lofty tory sentiments, actually joined William on his invasion. Both of them, however, in the Convention, were advocates for a regency, and of course lost William's favour. Clarendon kept up a correspondence with the exiled king, and more than once was thrown into the Tower on suspicion of plotting with the enemies of the new government; but finally, yet still under a sort of surveillance, he was suffered to withdraw to his own country residence, where he lived in perfect retirement till his death in 1709.

Rochester—always the more prudent man—which seems to express the more *accommodating* man—was, in 1692, so far

purified, as to be again admitted into the council, and finally, by Harley's influence, was made lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1700. But on Anne's accession—and the causes are not clearly developed—he became perfectly unmanageable, and, refusing to return to his post in Ireland, was deprived of his office; and was for some years a conspicuous leader of opposition, till his old friend Harley took the helm, when he was placed at the head of the council, and but for his death in 1712, would have again been appointed to the government of Ireland.

The papers now published are the relics of the writings of these two eminent individuals. Those of the elder were printed 64 years ago, by Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, from copies. The *originals*, lately rescued from destruction, by Upcott, of the London Institution, who ferrets out all these matters with singular diligence and success, have supplied sundry omissions, to the amount of a fifth or sixth of the whole. The chief of this portion consists of Clarendon's correspondence with Sunderland, the prime minister, and his own brother, during the year he was lord lieutenant of Ireland—and most valuable they are, as exhibiting the headlong career of James, and his turbulent agent Tyrconnel. The resolution is manifest on the part of James, not to place the Catholics on a level with the Protestants, but to give them the supremacy—and the beginning was to be made with Ireland. Clarendon, nevertheless, was not in the secret—he was not considered thorough-going enough, and Tyrconnel accordingly was appointed a sort of viceroy over him. The steps which were taken to fill the council—the courts—the magistracy—the corporations, with Catholics, to the exclusion of the Protestants, are minutely detailed. The dispensation of oaths—the suppression of obnoxious trials—the expurgation of the army—for even the ranks were purified—full 4,000 men were displaced, pretendedly on account of age and size, but unquestionably because they were not Catholics—all these matters are fully and distinctly unveiled. Tyrconnel in person executed many of these changes; and the conversations between that "ranting, swaggering" person, and the good lieutenant, which are most dramatically detailed, are among the *amusing* as well as instructive portions of the book. Poor Clarendon's embarrassments are truly pitiable. He was eager to serve the king, and mortified at the slights he experienced, and for a long time seems not to have penetrated into the views of the court, or to have understood the ground or extent of Tyrconnel's influence.

The diary, again, which is complete for the years 1688 and 9, presents many curious particulars relative to William's career from the period of his landing to the time when he was declared king by the convention. Impelled apparently by his fears for the hierarchy, Clarendon had joined the prince—his own son had gone over with the three regiments under his command at a most critical moment—but the good man seems to have joined William on the full conviction that he had no other views whatever than to secure the Protestant religion—no eye, not a glance at the crown; and when undeceived, would apparently have gladly receded. We have no space for extract; but this part of the diary is full of interest, and will well repay the reading. Burnett shews admirably in it.

The portions to which we have thus particularly alluded, have been, the most of them, as we said, published before; but to the greater part of readers they will be wholly new. Of the parts now for the first time printed, much is doubtless of inferior interest. They belong chiefly to the younger brother—and consist mainly of a diary kept during his complimentary embassy to Sobieski—rather a dull performance. The correspondence contains numerous original letters of James, when Duke of York—of the Prince of Orange—Duke of Ormond and Sir William Temple—his own, with the lord justices of Ireland, during his absence from the seat of government, and Vernon's, the secretary of state, during his residence, which was but short.

The Editor, Mr. Singer, the librarian of the Institution, in Albemarle-street, has executed his office with sound judgment—keeping his eye steadily fixed on the one useful object—the reader's convenience.

Journal of a Voyage to Peru, &c., by Lieutenant Charles Brand; 1828.—The author is a lieutenant of the navy, who on some professional commission, the object of which is of course withheld, started last year in a king's packet for Monte Video, from which point, with all possible dispatch, after failing in an attempt to elude the Brazil blockading squadron, he proceeded by land to Buenos Ayres. Without a moment's delay, he again set off, in a carriage, with three other travellers, to sweep across the Pampas to Mendoza, relieving the sameness by occasionally riding on horseback, after the tearing manner of the country—with which Captains Head and Andrews have recently made us all so familiar. From Mendoza, after due preparations, he scaled the heights of the Andes, in the depth of winter; and descending thence, amidst numerous perils, and reaching Valparaiso, he took a passage in a small vessel, and arrived safely at Callao. Going up to Lima, he was so much occupied with the business he went upon, that, though he staid a whole month, he had no time to make observations, he says; and contents himself with describing the ladies' dresses, which he thinks not particularly decorous; and the tricks of the priests, which he represents as scandalous beyond endurance; and the town

itself, altogether, the dirtiest in South America. Yes, one other matter forced itself upon his notice—an earthquake—several, indeed, occurred during his short stay—but one was very severe, in the evening, when the streets were full of people.

In my life (says he) I never experienced a sensation more awful—a noise resembling thunder was underneath my feet—the earth shook and trembled—a sickly sensation came over me, and I was nearly knocked down by men, women, and children, flying out of their houses, screaming "Trembler, trembler!" and running too and fro in all directions. Some lay down on their faces; most of the men were kneeling, and crossing themselves, and praying to their saints for protection. Children were clinging to their mothers, and screaming with all their might; the dogs howled most piteously, and crouching amongst the crowd, seemed to ask for protection; the horses stood trembling with affright, with their riders kneeling by their sides; and the birds fluttered about in the air as if their wings were useless. After three successive shocks, a death-like silence prevailed, and every one appeared rivetted to the spot where they stood. All heads were uncovered, and the different attitudes of standing, kneeling, and laying, impressed me with feelings which I think will never be erased from my memory. This shock happened on the 30th of October, 1827, and was registered by many as being the smartest ever felt without doing damage, or causing the loss of lives.

Scarcely had the lieutenant been a month in this charming spot when he was recalled, and lost no time in returning the way he came—that is by a vessel to Valparaiso, then crossing the Cordilleras and the Pampas to Buenos Ayres, and from thence by a packet to Rio Janeiro, where he had the felicity of seeing the emperor, and the little queen, that is to be, of Portugal. The habits and manners of the emperor are perhaps not much known, and as they differ a little from those of European royalties, we will quote the author's account of them—

I visited the opera for the purpose of getting sight of the Emperor, who happened to be there, accompanied by his two daughters, the Queen of Portugal and the Infanta. The former is about ten years of age (1827), and the latter an interesting little child of six or seven. They were very plainly dressed, and as they sat in their magnificent box, were to be seen to great advantage (by him, or for them?). Whenever the curtain dropt, the audience stood up out of respect to the Emperor—those in the pit facing him—at which time he would always rise and come forward with the little queen and child. He wore a plain blue coat, without star or mark of distinction of any sort, with white trowsers and shoes; and but for the gentlemen in waiting never sitting down, or coming forward, it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. The weather being very warm, he used a plain white fan during the whole of the opera, which, by the by, is customary among the gentlemen of South America. The queen is a very pretty little girl, with flaxen hair, and remarkably fair. She was dressed quite like a little old maid, very plain, wearing a prim close cottage bonnet. The pretty infanta was the gayest of them all, being dressed just like an English child of the same age, with petticoat-trowsers and sash, her bright flaxen hair flowing in long ringlets over her shoulders. The Emperor is a handsome young man, about thirty years of age, with very dark hair, and large whiskers. He is not very particular with respect to etiquette, for he was talking promiscuously to the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes on each side of him, and they appeared to be very familiar with him. He is frequently to be seen driving about the town in his tilbury, or riding on horseback, in plain clothes, with only one servant—a vast contrast this to his mother, the Dowager Queen of Portugal, who never appeared in public without the greatest parade, and whoever passed her carriage, be they who they might, were obliged to kneel down were it ever so dirty! The Emperor is a very active man, being up every morning by five o'clock. At six he may always be seen publicly bathing amongst the town's-people, at the small island of Cobres, on which is a small fort opposite the palace stairs, from whence he starts in his boat, undresses before every body, and jumps into the water, swimming amongst hundreds of others that are constantly there about him—it being the public bathing place of Rio de Janeiro.

The volume is simply a journal, and to those who have read Captain Head's gallopping tour will present very little novelty. The passage of the Andes, in the depth of winter, is the main point of interest. The scenes are tremendous—the difficulty of both ascent and descent enough to appal the stoutest; and the lieutenant has aided his imperfect accounts by a print or two descriptive of the passage. Another print is added, of the travelling carriage on the Pampas, accompanied by relays, and the quachos with their lassos. Describing the descent down a steep of 1,100 or 1,200 feet, he says—

I stood and gazed with wonder, scarcely believing it possible they (attendants) would attempt it. However, the loads were cast off, and away they flew, tumbling and sliding down like lightning. Our beds went into the river, and were soon swept out of sight. Then the peons prepared, and laying themselves flat on their backs, with their arms and legs extended, to my utter amazement, they flew down one after the other with the swiftness of an arrow, guiding themselves clear of the river, although going down with such velocity—one turned, and rolled once or twice head over heels, then round and round like a ball, till he reached the bottom, without the slightest injury. Now, I thought, this would never do for me, so I waited to see how my companion would manage. He approached the brink, and working a hole first to rest his heel in, thrust his stick half way in the snow, so that it might support him to lower himself down a little, and then dug another hole. In this manner he went down the very steepest part, and then let go, and slid the rest in a sitting posture. Now came my turn—I commenced with the plan of my companion, but finding it so very steep, and not liking the hanging posture by one arm, I acted more securely, but

was much longer about it—first working a hole with my stick, and putting my heel in it; then working another hole, and putting the other heel in, thus seeing my way clearly before me; and having a footing of both feet at a time in a sitting posture, while I worked myself steps with my stick, till I passed the steepest parts; then I let go, laying flat on my back, and went down with amazing velocity a distance of 500 feet. Coming down this place occupied me nearly two hours; but I would not have let go on the steepest part for all the gold and silver mines of Peru.

The good lieutenant—his narrative lacking other interest—has taken pains to furnish advice for succeeding travellers, which, were we disposed or likely to follow the track, and hazard our necks, we should carefully treasure up. He takes all into consideration—not only does he tell of distances, and post houses, and expences—but of food and bedding—and not only these indispensible matters, but even pills he prescribes; and by the help of sundry medical writers, talks learnedly of the effects of cold, and warns every body very seriously against drinking—recommending, moreover, those who seek relief from sorrow, not to go to hot climates, for that only makes matters worse—particularly if there be in the parties any predisposition to *madness*.

His piety, too, is quite edifying. In crossing the Cordilleras, one of the attendants fell, and dislocating his ancle was unable to proceed. The other two were thus obliged to bear the loads of three, and these, by the additional weight were later in coming in, and thus fortunately picked up one of the lads who had lain down to sleep; and, from the severity of the weather, must have perished, had he not been thus found and roused. "*Thus proving,*" adds the lieutenant, "the *inscrutable wisdom of Providence;* for *had not one man dislocated his ancle, the other would have lost his life.*" On another occasion, he remarks—"I made a hearty breakfast, then went to bed, and slept soundly till the cool of the evening, and much regretted having engaged the courier, or I would have gone on without waiting for him; but as the night turned out very rainy, and we had a tremendous thunder storm, I reconciled myself to the delay—*that every thing was for the best.*" This sort of optimism is sailor's theology; and very consoling and cheering it no doubt is in the encounter of their professional perils.

Seven Years of the Opera, by J. Ebers; 1828.—The main object of this history—next to making a book and a penny by it—is to account for the failure of the author's administration. For seven years he rented and managed the theatre, at an annual average loss of about £6,000. The general magnificence of the style of the establishment—£500 for fitting up the king's box a single night—the prodigious salaries, privileges, and accommodations of the leading performers, may seem sufficient to account for deficiency of profits;—but such is the fashion and popularity of the institution, that all, it appears, may, with tolerable management, be well sustained—it is the grasping of the owners of the building that ruin the undertakers. At least, that and that alone is asserted by Mr. Ebers to be the cause of *his* ruin. The property, first by mortgage, and subsequently by purchase, fell into Chambers's, the banker's hands, for £80,000, when he immediately whipped up the rent to £10,000 for two years, with an understanding, on honour (that any body can be so *green!*), if the thing did not pay, not to be severe in exacting his full demand. Unluckily, Chambers's affairs became involved, and the assignees (assignees have no bowels—with them it is always sacrifice before mercy) enforced the payment to the last farthing, and for the succeeding season demanded £15,000, to which Ebers—playing a desperate game—acceded, and the extravagant sum was actually paid. Such was the success of the management, that this year Ebers lost only £3,000—so that with a reasonable rent, he might really have been a considerable gainer. Not yet content, the assignees, the next year, proposed to take the management into their own hands—in some delusive hope of indefinite gain: this, however, was subsequently abandoned, and the theatre let to Laporte and Laurent for £8,000, and Ebers was jostled out. This, of course, was most mortifying, and it may be safely added, unjust treatment of a man, to whose exertions the Opera, and especially the ballet, has been more indebted than to any one of his predecessors, since the first institution. But where personal interests are concerned, equitable and moral justice apparently claims no one's regards—legal rights are the standard of action. These, however, are all private matters—except so far as it naturally becomes a subject of wonder and inquiry, how it is that every body connected with the administration of the Opera comes finally to the Gazette. Ebers has made the matter obvious enough at least in his own case.

But the interior view—which his incidental remarks throw open—of the Theatre is somewhat amusing. The condition of the manager is that of a toad under a harrow. The jealousies—struggles—treacheries—graspings—caprices—sullens and sulkings of every performer, from the highest to the lowest—among singers, and dancers, and composers—are perfectly confounding and astounding. The wonder is, how such an establishment, amidst such anarchy and uproar, can get on at all. Rehearsal scenes are chaos come again.—"Sir, Mr. A. B. won't go on with the rehearsal."—"Indeed, why not?"—"He says you ought to do so and so for him; and he refuses to go on till it is done." While this is in discussion, behold an ambassador from the other performers. "The singers, Sir, say they can't wait at the theatre all day; if the arrange-

ment with Mr. A. B. is not settled, they must go home." What is the refuge of the manager? If he remains steadfast, an appeal to the committee (consisting of certain lords and others, who erect themselves into patrons of the institution, and whose patronage seems indispensable) is an engine of confusion quite at hand—especially if the complainant happen to be a *jolie danseuse*.

Yet some things are *settled*—for instance, the prima donna absoluta, no one presumes to interfere with her allotments. Could not similarly effective limits be fixed for the successive gradations of rank, in the original contract between player and manager? Her privileges are defined—she has a dressing room, with a sofa, and six wax candles—a box, twelve box tickets, and twelve pit tickets;—the seconda, a separate dressing-room, but no sofa, and two wax candles, and a smaller number of orders, &c. The same principle might surely be carried farther.

The volume contains slight sketches of the principal performers, particularly of the ladies, with some portraits, on stone; but the few anecdotes scattered over the pages are very flat concerns, and Taylor's practical jokes are perfectly insufferable. Generally, the narrative is of a plain and unambitious character—with a little, and but a little, of the puff and flourish—much more might have been expected from a theatrical quarter; but here and there we were surprised with a scrap in a very superior style—for instance—

Ronzi de Begnis—who does not know as the model of voluptuous beauty? Perhaps no performer was ever more enthusiastically admired. Her beauty came upon the spectator at once, electric and astonishing. You did not study her, nor trace out feature by feature, till you grew warmed into admiration—one look fixed. Her personal perfection took the more sure hold, because it was not of the ordinary stamp. Her features, but not her complexion, were Italian. The characteristic of the latter was a fairness so perfect as to be almost dazzling—the more so, because so palpably set off by the glossy blackness of her hair. Her face was beautiful, and full of intelligence, and made almost eloquent by the incessant brilliance of eyes, large, black, and expressive, and in which the playful and the passionate by turns predominated—either expression seemed so natural to them, that it seemed for the time incapable of being displaced by another as suitable and as enchanting. Her mouth was so delightfully formed, that she took care never to disfigure it, and whatever she sang she never forgot this care. Her figure, if a thought more slender, would have been perfect, perhaps it was not less pleasing, because it inclined to exceed the proportions to which a statuary would have confined its swell. The form, when at rest, did not seem a lively one, but when in action, it appeared perfectly buoyant, so full of spirit, so redundant with life. The exquisite outline of her swelling throat, pencilled, when she sang, with the blue tinge of its full veins, admitted of no parallel—it was rich and full -ineffectual terms to convey an idea of its beauty, &c.

Speaking of her performance—especially of Fatima—

Her beauty, gaiety, and that little touch of the devil, so exquisite and essential in a comic actress, were almost too bewitching; but admiration was blended with astonishment, when the representative of the coquettish Fatima, changing her walk, exhibited, with a life and force that spoke to the soul, the wretchedness of the bereaved Donna Anna (in Giovanni), when, in thrilling accents of despair, she calls on her dead father, and invokes her lover to avenge his fate.

Teobaldo e Isolina failed to win the favour of the public, yet there were parts of it almost unrivalled in effect—

In the last scene, the prominent object is a castle illuminated by the rays of the moon, before which Velluti, habited as Theobaldo, in a suit of steel armour, entered, the very personification of chivalry and romance. Such had been the skill of the painter, that a pale gleaming light seemed to pervade every part of the stage—it might have been the steely hue reflected from the armour of the solitary knight, that clothed the walls of the castle in a kindred tint. The melancholy light that fell on the dim scene appeared only to deepen its sombre and unearthly aspect. While this scene is displayed, which seems to *paint* the silence of night even to the eye, the full orchestral accompaniment is hushed—the flute and the harp alone are heard to prelude the mournful air that breaks from the lips of the melancholy warrior. If ever the attention of an audience was enchained, enthralled, bound, as it were, by a spell, it was when Velluti sang the Notte Tremenda. The stillness of the scene was communicated to the house; and not a word was spoken—not a breath was heard. Was this wonderful?—when not to the eye and ear only, but to the heart and the soul, every thing conveyed but one impression—that of pathos, so deep, so touching, so true, that it wanted but one added shade to become too deep for enjoyment.

Rest your scribbling fame upon that, Mr. Ebers.

Military Reflections on Turkey; 1828.—The materials of this little volume have been subtracted from the third volume of a Treatise on the Art of War, written by General Von Valentini, a major-general in the Prussian service. It is addressed mainly to military readers, and contains a general account of the military qualities and capabilities of the Turks, and their wars and modes of fighting during the 17th and 18th centuries, with some observations on the actual state of things in the present day—the result of which appears to be, that the Turks are very much as to these matters what they were during the last century—a little more degenerated. The cavalry is good, but, from the nature of the country, the horses cannot remain long on the field. They are still good hands at defending their towns, though the system of fortification is any thing but system. They have no notion of bastions or of lines, of outworks and covered ways, nor of conforming the height of the works to the nature of the

ground in front. If any thing of the kind be found in a Turkish fortress, it is a proof of the place having once been in the hands of Europeans. High parapets and deep ditches, and you have a sufficient conception of Turkish fortresses. They will have nothing to do with winter campaigns—the men must withdraw to their homes—to follow their trades and domestic occupations. Their wars are wars of extermination—if they make prisoners, it is an exception to the general rule. They cut off the heads of the dead as well as of the living, and preserve the noses and ears as trophies of war. The Porte awards payment for these testimonials of good fortune, but prefers entire heads—to fix them on poles in the capital—and shew something for money.

But the chief and choicest *morceau* of the book is a plan—a receipt for taking Constantinople, which just at this moment is of too dainty a character to be rejected.—Thus—You will get first to Shumla—this is the point to which the Vizier usually advances, and till he arrives, the campaign will not be worth talking about. The Russians, it seems, never got beyond it—though we think Kaminskoy did in 1810, but we cannot stop to examine that matter just now—besides, we are anxious to begin. First, then, you must beat the Turks before Shumla, or turn them—which you please—but it will be best and safest to *turn* them; and this you must accomplish mainly by a diversion—by previously directing a corps of 30,000 to cross the Danube at Nicopole or Rutschuk, and march them, by Tornowa, straight upon Adrianople—stopping only to take Tornowa *en passant*, and make a magazine of it. The march is a trifle—the road, to be sure, a little rough—not much frequented perhaps—but a few hundred pioneers soon clear the course. This will draw off the Vizier, who must retire to cover Adrianople, and if *he* should happen to be too late, and lose time, you will gain it, and make much of it—and he must retreat still farther to look after Constantinople. It will be proper for the corps marching on Adrianople to *surprise* that place; they must commence bombarding forthwith, and work away till a breach is effected, otherwise, the Vizier's presence may prevent the capture altogether, and spoil the beauty of the whole campaign. But being aware of this, of course, they will attend to the thing punctually.

The Vizier thus retreating from Shumla, the main army will pursue him closely and diligently, and will endeavour to anticipate him, and with a detachment turn him. This will enable the main army just to stop and gather the fruits of the retreat—for Turks retreating, it seems, take nothing with them; and so all will fall into your hands, and you will have a glorious abundance of provisions.

Before, however, the main body advances farther than Faki, which is about seventy miles on the road from Shumla to Constantinople (the whole distance is about 200) a detachment should be despatched to the left and take Varna, by the co-operation of a flotilla; or if you cannot take it easily, leave it—no matter—let it (the detachment we mean) and the flotilla proceed to Burgas, forming thus the left wing of the new line. The centre will be at Faki, with its advanced guard twenty or thirty miles a head at Kirkklissa; and the corps at Adrianople will of course form the right—while another detachment will be sent still farther to the right, and occupy the vale of the Miritza. In this position the whole will repose a few days—for the purpose of gathering stragglers—completing its order—securing its communications, and bringing the country into subjugation, previous to a vigorous and conclusive movement.

Again, like a giant refreshed, the whole moves forward, and takes up a new line, in support of which the fleet will take possession of Midia; and the whole will concentrate, in the narrowing country, at Araba-Burgas, from which point, when all is ready, a general advance will be made forthwith upon Constantinople. The force requisite for these arrangements—which in our eagerness we forgot before—will be 200,000—neither more nor less. The main body 50,000; the corps for the coast and reserve 30,000; another 30,000 for Adrianople; a third 30,000 for advance and reserve; and 6,000 on the Danube, to keep all right and tight in the rear.

Now hey for Constantinople; but first, a landing should be effected in Asia Minor—chiefly to prevent the escape of the Grand Signor into that country with his treasures—which must be intercepted to pay expenses. Therefore the flotilla, which has all along co-operated on the coast, will pass onward, and disembark a good stiff force, and especially take care to secure Scutari. The flag once flying upon Scutari, and Constantinople trembles. Now the army advances on the European side, cuts off, in its course, the conduits, which beginning at about 12 miles from the city, supply it with spring water—nothing, it seems, reduces a Turk like thirst—and undertakes the siege. This will now give no trouble whatever—it will only demand a little patience—three or four days, and they will be *thirsted* into surrendering, and all's your own. We are not sure we understand what becomes of the Vizier—but of course the Adrianople detachment will give a good account of him.

All this, however, must be done *early*—in the spring and first summer months there is grass in abundance—up to the shoulders—but after this the whole is withered, singed, and burnt, and not a blade to be found; and the great valley of the Lower Danube is none of the healthiest in the hot months—nor are plains to the south of the Balkan. But what in a moderate climate

is to prevent the Russians from going on, if not the whole winter, at least till Christmas? This is no question put by a military reader. The wear and tear of an army demands repose—there is no going constantly on for months and months, much less a whole year, with the same forces in continued activity. Health gives way—horses droop—the spirits flag—and all more or less disorganizes; but, besides, the roads are scarcely passable for individuals but in dry weather. When the wet comes, and snow and wet, and frost and thaw alternate, the roads, for an army—knee deep—hip deep—are perfectly impassable, not only for horses and cannons, but the men themselves.

We are much afraid the Russians are somewhat of the latest in their operations—to the 19th August, they were still at Shumla and Varna; a second campaign may be requisite—and between the cup and the lip what may not happen?

The Omnipresence of the Deity, by Robert Montgomery; 1828.—"It is, indeed, a magnificent and sublime composition—in the very highest class of English Sacred Poesy."—*Literary Gazette.* "Were the author never to write another line, he has won a wreath which the most successful bard of the present day might be proud to wear."—*Literary Chronicle.* "In the matter and substance of the poem, originality and strength of talent are strongly visible; much beauty of description and pure feeling, a glowing and striking imagery, characterises its general style—we consider it as deserving a great share of public attention and applause."—*Athenæum.*

Of these papers, or of their opinions, we know very little—the precious decisions here noted, we find at the tail of the bookseller's advertisements, and have no doubt at all of their all proceeding from one source—directly or indirectly—the writer of the book himself, who in a recent publication upon "Puffing," which we may possibly notice farther, has given ample proof of the close inquest he has made into the mystery and practice of the profession. No three persons, at all accustomed to analyse their feelings, could all of them, from the promptings of those feelings, have come to so preposterous a conclusion—nor, unbiassed, have so committed their judgments to the laughter of their contemporaries. The truth is, these weekly prints are mere advertising media.

To our judgments—we have no waverings about the matter—the poem is a piece of sheer inanity. We need use no qualifying terms—it is a stream—a shower-bath of oily phrases trickling off the brain, like water from a duck's back, that never wets a feather. It is all words, words, words—an eternal round of alliteration—a fatiguing monotony of never changing cadence—the workings of a forcing pump—a combination of Campbell and Darwin—the tone of the one, and the mechanism of the other, used and abused to weariness and loathing. Not a single sentiment—we speak advisedly, upon *actual* reading—occurs, but of the commonest cast—not an approach to one—nothing that enlightens the intellect, or touches the feelings—he is a poet without creative power—neither eliciting new truths, nor new-shaping old ones—an artist without the genius of invention—working by rule and measure—a mere manufacturer.

But the poem has reached a *third* edition. Then it has been much bought—much *read* we never can believe. It was first purchased as the production of the Montgomery whom every body knows—the very title was calculated to mislead—and any thing of the genuine Montgomery's would be sure, and deservedly sure, to secure attention. Afterwards, the reverence which naturally attaches to the subject, communicated some portion of respect to the poem, and the author had thus the benefit of previous associations, in which his own creations had no share—and particularly in the minds of the pious, who are little used to question their sensations. Inquiry shrinks before the awful consideration, and the spirit of criticism is quenched in submission. The truths and doctrines on such a subject are admitted and undoubted; and the author has at least the art of employing language that sounds like energy, and rings like music. A few pages, however, must inevitably break the spell; and then the question follows—what is there in it? and the answer, nothing!

Though scarcely thinking it worth while to establish our dictum, we will give the reader a specimen or two; and to avoid the chance of injustice, we will dip into the book at random—sure that whatever we pitch upon will confirm all we have said.

The sick man—

When wan disease exhales her *with'ring* breath
And *dims* his beauty with the *damp* of death,
At some *still* hour the holy *sigh* will *swell*,
The *gushing* tear of *gratitude* will tell
That Thou art by, to *temper* and to *tame*
The trembling anguish of the *fever'd frame.*
But oh! when *heal'd* by love and *heaven*, we rise,
With *radiant* cheek and *re*-illumined eyes,
Bright as a new-*born* sun, all nature *beams*,
And through the spirit *darts* immortal *dreams!*
Now for the *breezy* hills, and *blooming* plains,
And pensive ramble *when* the noon-tide *wanes;*
Now for the *walk* beside some haunted *wood*,
And *dreamy* music of the *distant* flood;
While far and *wide*, the *wand'ring* eye surveys,
And the heart leaps to *pour* away its *praise!*

The reader marks the construction of the verse—the alliteration—the cadence—the perfect emptiness. Again—

And *when*, oblivious of the *world*, we stray
At dead of *night* along some noiseless way,
How the heart *mingles* with the *moon*-lit hour,
As if the *starry* heavens *suffused* a power!
See! not a *cloud careers* yon pensile sweep,

A waveless *sea* of azure, *still* as *sleep;*
Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrin'd in a halo, mellowing as *she* rides;
And *far* around, the *forest* and the stream,
Bathe in the *beauty* of her emerald *beam*, &c.

One dip more—and a fine dip it is, we see—

Imagination! *furl* thy wings of *fire*,
And on *Eternity's* dread brink *expire;*
Vain would thy *red* and *raging* eye behold
Visions of immortality unroll'd!
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun,
Quench'd is the moon! and blacken'd is the sun!
The stars have bounded through the airy roar;
Crush'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more;
The deep unbosom'd, with tremendous gloom,
Yawns on the ruin, like Creation's tomb! &c.

No! it's past all toleration.

The Puffied; 1828.—This is another of the same Mr. Montgomery—a poem of the satiric cast—a bolt forged in the fires of a generous indignation, and hurled at poor Mr. Colburn, as the prince of puffers, and first corrupter (God wot!) of the simplicity of the age. The versification is full of storm and fury—signifying nothing—for over-doing is as fatal in defeating an object as under-doing. The whole is manifestly prompted by passion and thirst of vengeance. Mr. C. refused to buy it may be presumed—for as to any real repugnancy to puffing, the author has, unhappily for him, furnished abundant proof he has none—nay, has shewn no common proficiency in the art he undertakes to shew up. Set a thief to catch a thief. The very title of his "Omnipresence"—the dedication to the Bishop of London—the palming it upon *the* Montgomery—at least the side-attempt to ride into popularity upon *his* shoulders—the puffs of the papers, direct and indirect—the choice *morceaus* of eulogy tacked to advertisements, &c. &c.—decisive.

Lyric Offerings, by S. Laman Blanchard; 1828.—An unassuming little volume, which contrasts delightfully with the magniloquent nothingness of Mr. R. Montgomery's elaborations. Mr. B. has something of the genuine poet in him—more indications of it in a single page, indeed, than will be found in fifty of the other's. His language is as rich and affluent, with the added beauties of ease and variety—and unindebted for it, comparatively, to any precursors. The phrases are not all of the ready cut and dry manufacture—but a coinage fresh from the mint of his own brain, and the dye often of a very graceful character—expressive, appropriate, direct.—Though fanciful and somewhat wayward, the sentiments have an air of truth and nature with them—congruous at least—betraying no forcings and lashings of the imagination. The ease and even volubility with which he pours forth his feelings, shew the author rests with confidence in his own resources, and draws on them without dreading, or even dreaming of exhaustion. The "Poet's Bride" has some very beautiful morsels—

————O'er the sands she stray'd
Mute as a wish within a human breast;
And ever where her step its footmark made
Some wave did woo its faintness into rest.
Her eyes had many shadows, as each dye
Each tinge of thought dissolved into its sky.
Their lids encircled with small beams of gold
Were silver clouds; and shewed the sun behind,
A world of deepening blue—that chased the cold
Left on her temples by some wandering wind;
Feeding with light, or sending fitful showers
To wash her warm cheek's fondest passion-flowers.
Her lips released the music which the lute
Of her soft tongue discoursed;—or if 'twas mute,
A living whisper, a perpetual breath,
Almost a sigh, did on her lips remain;
As if 'twould rather linger in such death
Than fly to life where tender breathings reign.
O'er the transparent clearness of her brow
Her hair, like a fine waterfall, waved down,
Bathing the pliant marble of her neck;
Whose native light streamed through without a speck,
Now flashing out in snowiness, and now
Hiding its glory in a ringlet's crown.

———

Around his heart she hovered like a bird,
Secure of its firm nest: his faintest word,
Called sudden light into her love-taught eyes,
And bound her in a chain of ecstacies.
She sent rich-laden sighs from out her soul,
And caus'd fair smiles and dew-like tears to sit
In his heart's honeysuckles; or on the scroll
Of the vast shore his haunting image traced,
And wept to see the waters razing it.
Or harp'd some magic words of love misplaced,
Then clung in sweet conviction to her own,
Breathing her winged wishes through her eyes
That trembled as they flew.

———

They were united where no human ear
Drank their deep vow, and where no human gaze
Startled their still intensity of praise;
Where feet, save theirs, ne'er wander'd, nor huge piles
Of turrets and tall porticoes appear,
Wild nature mocking with smooth symmetry.
The clouds in maiden meekness fled the smiles
Of their bright loves, blushing into eve.

———

And all the living verdure grows so well,
No soft small worm hath life amid its roots;
And through the air no sound unechoed shoots,
And not a leaf but whose light curl can tell
Of waters playing on their coral flutes:
No sigh or sorrow, or heart-heard farewell,
Or sharper wail when worldly promise fell—
Leaving the heart to break, or find its fruits
Black with a deadly bloom—to feel its fame
But folly, disappointment, and dumb shame.
Here nothing liv'd that own'd an earthly law—
Sincerity and fearlessness were by;
And each seem'd kindred to the scenes it saw
Break on its separate nature, from an eye
Which guiltless oped at morn, and closed as merrily.

Manual of Surgery, by Thomas Castle; 1828.—This little volume, every page of

which is brim full of real and important instruction, exhibits the results of the practice and experience of two of the most successful surgeons and lecturers in London—Sir Astley Cooper and Mr. Green. The Editor, Mr. Castle, of Bermondsey, has introduced nothing but what will be found in the lectures of these eminent men, unless specifically excepted; and therefore the student will know precisely whom he trusts to—the whole comes from the best authority the actual state of the science will furnish. The Editor's object has been to prepare a *manual*, literally, for the use of students. "The mere walking," says he, "from one ward to another, and taking a cursory view of every patient, is not a proper plan to be pursued; they should take with them a pocket companion, and when they meet with any particular case, they should first make their own observations, and then immediately refer to know what they have overlooked, or what is unusual to its general character."—Here is a manual exactly calculated for this purpose. Brevity and clearness have been studied throughout; and we are bound to say, wherever we have dipped into it, we have found these aims successfully accomplished.

A Treatise on Universal Jurisprudence, by J. P. Thomas, Esq.; 1828.—Has the prevailing style of dedication struck the reader lately? Often have we been tempted to protest against it. Mr. Thomas has passed the bounds of toleration, and our disgust is no longer repressible. But Mr. Thomas shall be self-convicted. He is, it must be premised, a Fellow of that precious piece of mummery, called the Royal Society of Literature—the use of which—beyond that of pensioning adherents—is perfectly inconceivable. Take the dedication—and when you have read it—quemcunque voles modum pones:—

To the King's most excellent Majesty.
Most august Sovereign,

With more of gratitude than of confidence, I approach Your Majesty's throne, to lay at your feet, my Treatise of Universal Jurisprudence; deeply sensible of the highly-flattering condescension with which Your Majesty is graciously pleased to receive it.

Amidst the varied fatigues of this attempt to reduce the comprehensive and often-puzzling science of Jurisprudence into a form intelligible to all Your Majesty's subjects, it has been the constant object of my anxious ambition to merit your royal sanction. Often as the midnight lamp has lighted me in my researches—difficult as has been the task of condensing, with impartiality and precision, the principles of the noble but much neglected science of which I treat, I look back, Sire, with unmixed joy, to lucubrations which are recompensed by the exalted honour of Your Majesty's approval.

The age of gold which early fable painted, is realised in the auspicious sway of Your Majesty. Science, by rapid strides, is approaching towards that perfection, beyond which she is fated not to pass. The splendours of legislation and peace are, in Your Majesty's magnanimous mind, far more estimable than the achievements, even of your victorious forces. Your Majesty has raised a splendid pyramid of peaceful glory, in the institution of a Royal College of Literature; which, so long as it exists, will, with the gratitude of an affectionate child, cling to the recollection of Your Majesty's munificence.

Your affectionate subjects, Sire! in perusing this book, will perceive in the enumeration of kingly duties, a faint sketch of those imperial virtues which endear Your Majesty to your devoted people.

That the reign of King George the Fourth, which history will record as one conspicuous for its dignity, and worthy of lasting imitation, may long continue to shed blessings upon the British nation, is the fervent wish of, Sire, &c.

What is to be anticipated from a writer, on the principles of government too, who thus, without blushing scarlet, addresses the sovereign of a constitutional government, in terms suitable only to an imperial despot from a crouching slave, whose head is at stake? The book itself, however, is of a more upright and manly character; and if the writer occasionally fall into the obsolete, the hum-drum, and the superfluous, it is more from defect of judgment, than want of pluck. It has no doubt cost him labour enough; but the labour has produced a most unreadable book—its form is that of a syllabus, and its value precisely that of an index. He speaks of his own running stream of references as a "methodical index," but the term is more strictly applicable to the text.

What is the basis of this Universal Jurisprudence? On what principle is it to be built? On particular and general utility. It is useful to me that my life, limbs, and property be secure; it is useful to you that yours also should be secure; it is therefore our reciprocal interests that we abstain from offending each other, and moreover to unite in defending each other. It is precisely the same with all others within the sphere of mutual influence—that all abstain from offending, and unite in repelling. These are the earliest suggestions of experience, the parent of the laws of nature. But in the complications of extensive societies, *meum* and *tuam* require defining and enforcing, and then it obviously becomes useful that the business of protection and redress should be consigned to particular persons. Hence arises the distinction of the governors and the governed; and the regulations which are believed upon the whole best fitted to answer the purpose of their appointment—to define their rights and duties,—get the name of the laws of nations. But nations in the progress of civilization become connected with neighbouring nations, and extend their intercourse with them; and here again it becomes useful to frame the rules or customs which shall govern that intercourse, and these go by the name of inter-

national laws. There are three parties then—the individual—the collective nation—and foreign nations. With reference to individuals are involved the questions of property—of personal rights and duties—of marriage and sexual intercourse—of parents and children—of guardians and wards—of contracts and engagements—of reparation and punishment. The law of nations embraces the constitution of civil power—the legislative—the executive—administration of justice—civil liberty;—while international law comprises treaties, ambassadors, wars, aliens, neutrals, rebels, &c.

Here is a most spacious field of argument; and Mr. Thomas's attempt is to comprise it in the briefest compass—contenting himself, for the most part, with laying down the *results*, without discussing the principles, or detailing the arguments that establish them. His purpose, he says, is to render the knowledge of general rights and obligations more easy and familiar to all who cannot devote to their consideration a laborious and tedious attention, and to accomplish this he has stripped off all ornament—all encumbrances—and occasionally even the *skin;* and wonders the same thing is not done in every department of literature. He is in love with skeletons. This is his style.

The duties of a sovereign are—

1. To reign over his subjects according to the laws, upon which his authority depends. It is not contemplated that a king shall have the power to do harm to the community.

2. To acquire the knowledge of useful government—and watch over and advance the prosperity, security and glory of all his subjects to the utmost of his power—and for this purpose, to maintain honourable peace, to enter into prudent treaties, to practice justice, moderation, and valour, select good and wise ministers, to be acquainted with the constitution, real condition and circumstances of the nation, to promote social harmony, to provide for the popular wants, to encourage industry and population, to reward patriotic and learned men, to remedy all imperfections, to inquire into alleged abuses within the scope of his royal jurisdiction, to ascertain the defects in the laws, and to encourage religion, morality, and useful education—considering the happiness of his people, the supreme law of the state, regarding his crown as the glorious gift of his people, not as inherently derivative from his ancestors, and desiring the happiness of his subjects, rather than the gratification of his private ambition.

3. To lay out the taxes as intended by the legislative.

4. To protect every subject from injury and wrong, so as such defence do not more harm than good to the state.

5. To prevent the spread of obviously-wicked notions.

6. To use his prerogative, on all occasions, for the public benefit.

7. To listen to the respectful complaints of his subjects, and be accessible to them.

8. To be just, merciful, virtuous, generous and *accomplished.*

9. To overcome his passions, and dismiss caprices from his mind.

10. To observe international law, to keep his public parts with good faith, and to undertake only just enterprises against enemies.

11. Sovereigns of fine courage will pursue undauntedly that which is virtuous, &c.

All which—like the greater part of the book—has the air of an *ipse dixit:*—such and such a thing should be done, as if the expression of it were sufficient to establish its propriety.

Of what use, we would ask the author, is it to tell us, that "all states, whether large or small, weak or powerful, are naturally equal and independent?" The weak will obey the law of the strongest. Or of what use to add—"and have a right to send ambassadors to such nations as receive them?" The right, if there is any, is equally such to those who do not receive them. But it is all matter of compact.

In cases of sieges, he says, "a summons should precede the assault;" but in a page or two before, he observes, in hostile acts, "deception is not perfidy." The writer will say, he is talking of stratagems in one place, and sieges in another—but does that make the matter consistent?

But in sieges, "the lives of the besieged must, upon capitulation, be spared, excepting by way of exemplary punishment, when the laws of war have been shamefully infringed upon;" and yet in another place, he of course insists upon the terms of a contract being strictly observed—and what is a capitulation, but a contract?

Sometimes we cannot comprehend him at all—for instance—the existence of an universal monarchy is at the least a highly-improbable event; and *the very proof of its accomplishability might necessarily demonstrate its usefulness.*

Establishing the benevolence of the Deity—*all nature* transcendantly *glows with motives* of gratitude to him. What does he mean?

When the author quits his tabular form—we have strings of sentences of this kind:—

The body of man is made up of several organs of life, motion, and enjoyment, which gradually develope themselves until their maturity; after which they decay, and become insufficient to perform the demands made upon them. Death, which puts an end to all suffering, ensues. It occurs but once. We do not perfectly understand it. We ought not to condemn it. It is doubtless a wise appointment.

This, we presume, is what Mr. Thomas calls in his dedication *condensing*, and in his preface—his proem, we mean—contrasts with *wire-drawn writing.*

The Rector of Overton. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.;* 1828.—The well-meaning, but utterly useless and unamusing production of some half-witted lady, who knows no more of the world which she professes to describe, and its ways which she proposes to correct,

than the babe she should have been nursing the while. She has brooded over "doing-good" people, till she imagines none but the busy, according to their rules, can find employment to resist the killing *ennui* of their own society. She is evidently one who thinks every thing is to be accomplished by lecturing and sermonizing—and the proper business of the rich is to fidget about the poor in the management of their own concerns—and under the notion of improving and instructing, to shape their sayings and doings by some fanciful standard of their own. To any thing tending really to improve their comforts or their morals, we cannot of course be supposed to object; but our doctrine is—furnish them with the means, and let them cut and contrive to their own liking. We have no toleration for the busy-body, interfering spirit of those who must have all their own way—and who can know—and who indeed desire to know—little of the real wants, and less of the real feelings, of those, whose life is labour, and whose main concern must be the maintenance of life. If we could give *leisure*, we might hope, through their intellects, to soften their manners; but as matters are, prudence is the sum of their practicable virtues, and that they will, one thing with another, practise, as well as their betters.

The good lady has a most becoming admiration for the clergy, and the Rector of Overton is, of course, her beau-ideal of one of the species, and a very fine animal we must acknowledge he is—Adonis, Hercules, Apollo—*tria juncta in uno*—less surely might have served even for a bishop. That she is not herself a parson, or the wife or daughter of one—nor any body who knows anything of the clerical condition, or of life, taken generally, or the manners and habits of the day—nor capable at all of estimating, or exhibiting *probabilities*, is conspicuous in every page. The parsonage she calls a *glebe-house*; and her favourite is at four-and-twenty despatched—to fill up the lingering days of an approaching marriage—to Oxford, to take his doctor's degree (and not by mandate neither)—and is represented as previously reading with prodigious fervour for that important occasion. Then a young lad, who has been at Winchester, is described, as thirteen, as writing Greek Pindarics before breakfast, and within a year or two, translating a chapter of Isaiah from the Hebrew, and commenting upon it, and, moreover, collating the most celebrated translators and critics. Then this prodigy is to be sent to Oxford—because at Oxford they are all believers, and at Cambridge all reasoners. Then, again, a gentleman of large estate—the owner of 5,000 acres, or more perhaps, in a ring fence, is represented as a man of high and eminent virtue—of so wide-spread a reputation—that the Lord Chancellor was desirous of appointing him—a "justice of the peace for the district." Bless the good woman—why will she not keep within the bounds of rhe actual knowledge!

But to the Rector. He is the son of a man of property, and, of course, duly "born and bred;" but the said property had been so far encroached upon—the father had so hampered and enfeebled it, that the youth found it expedient *himself* to put the estate to nurse, and take to a profession to help him out. He had a stock of resolution, which nothing could daunt, and fagged and fagged at his books beyond any mortal powers. At College he had a friend—all ignorant people speak of College friendships as the most binding ties in existence—one Sir Wm. Somebody, who, with £5,000 a year, was destined for the church, because he had at his own disposal a family living of £700. This gentleman having, it seems, an hereditary passion for sporting, though an excellent and even intellectual person, began to have some mistrustings as to his motives for entering the church, and disclosing them to his friend, he was advised, and at once resolved to renounce the profession, living and all; and having so renounced, as if the sole purpose for going to the University was to qualify for orders, loses not a moment in abandoning altogether his College studies, and sets out the next morning on his travels—towards the Lakes first, because it was right to see what was to be seen at home, before he excursed abroad.

In the meanwhile Mostyn, the hero, goes a curatizing, and while engaged in this enchanting office, in some "sequestered" spot, a lady, young, beautiful, and of magnificent fortune, fell fairly in love with him, and made him a frank offer of her hand; and being rejected, flew into a fury, threw herself on the floor, played the part of Potiphar's wife, screamed out for assistance, and reported him to the bishop, who very considerately, without further inquiry, commanded the Rector to turn the offending young man adrift. Nothing, however, was lost by this—his friend Sir William hears of the adventure, and forthwith presents him with the living, which he had himself so recently declined. By the time the lucky Mostyn is comfortably fixed at Overton, comes home the Baronet, with a bride, a young lady of surpassing charms and virtues, whom he had picked up at the Lakes, and, setting himself down at Overton, proceeds, without the loss of an hour, to put the village in order; and encouraged and aided by the Rector, who proves, as might be expected, to be a man of universal knowledge—theory and practice—all the same to him—things soon wear a new appearance:—smiling cottages rise on all sides—every thing and every body indeed rises—the pauper to the labourer—the labourer to the little farmer—the little farmer to the great one—rows of almshouses too are built; but as there were soon neither sick nor poor, nobody seems found to fill them.

But in all and every matter, the Rector is soon aided by a blooming bride of his own—his patron's lovely and accomplished sister. On the wedding day, the Baronet presents the Rector with £5,000; and that very day, too, the Rector's own estate, in a period of inconceivable shortness, produced a clear £2,000 a year. He is thus rich, and able to share in the expenses attending the bounties of the Baronet, to which however he does not, to our recollection, appear to contribute at all; and, really, the Baronet himself does wonders with his £5,000 a year—we detected in the details of expense what would dip deep into £10,000—most unexpectedly, however, and luckily we should think, his wife poured into his lap, one fine summer's morning, £120,000, besides odds and ends.

The Rector, of course, must be expected to set the tone to every thing, and, accordingly, example is his especial field. He could not even marry without giving a specimen—the marriage must needs take place on the Sunday morning before service, and the bride herself *walk* to the church—she, however, declared herself quite incompetent, and that one point was conceded; the bridegroom read prayers with due solemnity, as if nothing had happened, and Mr. Archdeacon Cambridge—from Richmond Meadows—good man, we never expected to hear of him again—preached a charming sermon on the text—"a good woman is above riches"—for which the bride herself gracefully and blushingly made her best curtsey and thanks. But then—the conversations that followed at the Rector's tea-table, that afternoon! "the state of the lower order of angels cannot be much above this."

After some years of matchless felicity, comes again upon the stage, the lady who had made so desperate an attack upon the curate's virtue—a letter from France announces her approaching end, and her desire to obtain his personal forgiveness for the injury she had endeavoured to inflict upon him. With his wife's concurrence, he flies to present the said forgiveness, and offer, at the same time, his advice and consolation. On his arrival, he was introduced to a magnificent apartment, and dinner was instantly served up by half-a-dozen attendants—but no lady. On inquiring into the state of her health, he is only told, her ladyship will herself reply to the question; and accordingly on the following morning she presents herself, not dying, but glowing with matured beauty, and burning with rage—revenge had been her object in sending for the good man—she showers down upon him reproaches and upbraidings—tells him he is her prisoner—her slave—she will keep him till she is tired of him. By her directions, his wife is already informed, and convinced he came *willingly*—that she had been struck to the brain by the intelligence—that she was now a wandering maniac, &c. Part of this was too true—the intelligence had been conveyed—and her mind *had* given way. All this had been accomplished by a treacherous servant, who, repenting at the sight of her sorrow, and confessing, enabled the Rector's friends, by the aid of some gens d'armes, to rescue him. At first the lady resisted, but the gens d'armes knew their business, and the Rector fought like a lion. Three of the servants attacked him at once, meaning to carry him off to another cover—but mark how the bold Rector foiled them—one he felled at a blow, and then seizing the other two, each by his collar, dashed their foolish faces against each other, till both were disabled; and by the time half-a-dozen more came to their assistance, in rushed the *civil* power, and all was immediately as it should be.

After a most critical period, the Rector's unhappy lady recovers her reason, and just as all was getting quiet and comfortable again, comes in person the same autocrat lady, announced by an *avant courier* to be in a dying state—she is admitted—she is really ill—had in desperation swallowed poison—is put to bed—receives the Rector's forgiveness—puts her will into his hands—and dies. The Rector finds himself the sudden master of £25,000 a year, and £40,000 ready money, and seems puzzled what to do with it all. "This," he exclaims, "will indeed be the most severe of all my trials, and the deceased lady could not have punished me more, even for an injury, than by this bequest." Though thus the richest man in the parish of Overton—"he is," the writer observes in conclusion, "the humblest"—and evidently best able to afford it.

There is an under plot or two, of course, to make the necessary degree of complexity—one rake reformed, and another left unreformed—and really many a touching scene from the mere juxta-position of things, and notwithstanding the silliness of much, and the emptiness of more.

Strictures of the Rectum, by Frederick Salmon; 1828.—Books of a professional character scarcely fall within the pale of general literature; but we have not always overlooked matters of utility, though not coming precisely within our general scope, and on the claim of utility, the book before us may very allowably be admitted. Strictures of the Urethra are the subjects of multitudes of books, but Strictures of the Rectum appear almost to have escaped notice. A Mr. White, of Bath, was the first English surgeon, it appears, who published a regular treatise upon it, but the practical knowledge he communicated seems to have been but little attended to. The disease, however, is of very common occurrence—much more than is generally imagined even by medical practitioners—and leads to many other derangements—to irritation of the lungs—to affections of the urinary organs

and of the uterus—and is connected with piles, fistula in ano, and various constitutional diseases.

Between strictures of the urethra and the rectum there is great analogy, and the treatment of the one is here assimilated to that of the other. The writer has repeatedly discovered the existence of both these affections in the same patient—and indeed the causes which apparently induce the one, seem also necessarily to tend to the production of the other.

Our chief object in noticing the book is—not to call to it the attention of the profession—that the medical periodicals will do—but that of lay individuals, who will not otherwise hear of it—to qualify themselves to watch the approaches of this insidious disease, and get relief in time. Though a matter of very inferior consideration—the book, it is but justice to add, is well written. We may be sure, where a man expresses himself well—his ideas are clear—and clear ideas imply sound judgment.

The Newly-discovered Temple of Cadachio, in the Island of Corfu, illustrated by William Railton, Architect. Folio.—In the spring of the year 1825, Mr. Railton (the young English architect to whom we are indebted for the present elegant illustration) was waiting at Corfu, for an opportunity to proceed on a professional tour in Greece and Egypt, when the remains of an ancient temple, first discovered three years preceding, were being freed, for the second time, from the earth, which is continually brought down the ravine on Mount Ascension, at the foot of which they stand.

The site of the temple, with respect to the ravine, is a remarkable peculiarity; and it is that which has assisted Colonel Whitmore, the discoverer, in forming a very probable notion of its history. The springs of Cadachio, situate about a mile and a half to the south-east of the present city of Corfu, are the dependence of the shipping which frequent the island for their supply of water. The water of these springs descends the ravine; and it appears to have been the sanctity of the springs which determined the place of the temple. In every other respect, that place is singularly ill adapted for such an edifice. The run of water, and the earth brought down with it, must have threatened its destruction from the moment when it was built; in the same manner they still render it difficult to keep its small remains unburied.

But, by these very facts, assisted by the inscription on a marble which has been engraved in the Museum Veronese, Colonel W. has been led to conclude that the temple belonged either to Æsculapius, or to Apollo; as, from the style of its remains, he also infers, that it was built in the same era with the Parthenon, and the Temple of Theseus, at Athens; that is, in the fifth century before Christ.

In five plates, and four pages of letter-press, of the folio size, Mr. Railton has here illustrated the ground-plan, the elevation toward the sea, and the general remains of the edifice; and he has done the whole of this in the best taste, and with the fullest display of professional skill. In his description, he has introduced extracts from the learned and sagacious remarks of Colonel Whitmore, and re-quoted the very curious and interesting Verona inscription, with a translation. Altogether, the little work reflects high credit upon the author, and will be thankfully received by his professional brethren, and by the lovers of the fine arts, and of classical history in general.

Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick; 1828.—A volume of light and easy trifles, indicating considerable resources in the manufacturer. They are mere incidents, but the point of interest is artfully seized upon, and felicitously developed. A certain naïveté of expression, with something of the quaint and startling occurring here and there, show the writer to be *familiar* with Sterne, and Jeoffrey Crayon, his dedicatee. In the stories of the Smuggler, and of Gordon he has touched on the confines of the pathetic—and the pathetic will be his forte (he has the faculty of marking small particulars well) notwithstanding the chief of his present efforts are spent upon the ludicrous—and from the perpetual chace he keeps up in pursuit of the comic, he doubtlessly conceives his book to lie in that direction. But sketches of this kind are not to be closely scanned—they are meant for the minute—they leave no impression—one expels from the memory the other;—and these especially are unusually loose and transient—there is a want of strong lights and shades—all is too much of the same unexciting hue.

Warwick tells his own story first—a man of the poetic temperament—prefixing the roamings of fancy to the ploddings of business, till he finds himself a street musician, playing tunes at two-pence a dozen. At this point he discovers a school-fellow, who kindly informs us his friend took cold and died, and left him these 'remains.' The tales hang slenderly together. The author is supposed to be touring—he meets, in a fellow-traveller, with an odd fellow—whose 'oddness' seems to consist in good humour—*he* tells a tale; they pass the evening together at an inn, and the traveller tells another—one of ghosts; the author goes to bed in a painter's room—is heated and restless, and dreams of ghosts, and is alarmed by a dead arm under his back, which proves to be his *own*, a little benumbed, and presently again by the sight of the painter's 'lay' figure—which serves for another—makes a visit to a family keeping twelfth day—describes the festivities—the young ones go to bed, and the seniors tell two or three more stories—

travels again and picks up another—revisits his holiday friends, and meets again with the odd fellow, who again furnishes a tale—and finally, returning to the inn, encounters the painter himself, in whose room he had been so much alarmed—who has his own adventures to relate.

And so about a dozen tales are collected, making a very agreeable lounging volume, though doubtless better fitted for the glancing pages of a magazine—than to be thus given in bundles. These things weary in troops—for you must go on, till you get to the end.

Hannibal's Passage over the Alps, by Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, 2d Edition.; 1828.—This *quæstio vexata* of the critics, philological and geographical, seems now brought to a close; and this second edition of Messrs. Wickham and Cramer's book, not in the least differing from the first, as to the line of march, but more complete, from the final and perfect survey of the possible passes of the Alps, and the thorough sifting of adverse authorities, has the merit of satisfactorily terminating a discussion, which might have been terminated long ago, if writers had made as much use of their eyes, and unprejudiced understandings, as their books.

The original authorities are Polybius and Livy. The Roman has always been more read than the Greek, and especially by the French, who, till of late years, in all geographical discussions, have always been more distinguished than the English. Now Livy decidedly points to Mount Genevre, and the French authorities, accordingly, all labour to establish that route. But Livy's account is not only stuffed with extravagancies, but is full of inconsistencies, and, especially, is irreconcileable with Polybius, though to Polybius he plainly trusted for his general story; sometimes obviously and grossly misapprehending him, and at other times, after his manner, adorning, and amplifying, and blundering; moreover, from knowing nothing of the scene which he ventured upon describing. He wrote, too, nearly two centuries after the event.

Polybius, on the other hand, published his account of the passage within forty years of Hannibal's expulsion from Italy; was himself a sober, unpoetical person—a military man too—and surveyed the ground with his own eyes, and with a direct view to the passage; but though careful in marking distances, and not defective in descriptions of the country, he is sparing of particulars, and especially of names, and of course has not furnished the more obvious means of determining the precise line of march. The probabilities are thus all obviously in favour of Polybius's accuracy; and the writers of the volume before us, taking Polybius in their hands, set out with the express purpose of tracing his descriptions, step by step, and have produced a body of evidence conclusive, certainly, against Livy's Genevre, and apparently, almost decisively, in favour of Little St. Bernard.

Polybius, we have observed, was careful in marking distances, and has fixed two points on the Rhone—the crossing of Hannibal's main army 100 miles from the mouth, and the march along its banks upwards of 175 miles. The first points out Roquemaure (confirmed by the additional fact recorded by Pansanus, that the river is there unbroken by islands) a little above Avignon, and the latter, Vienne.

From Vienne, the obvious course to Italy was by Les Echelles, Aiguebellette, de l'Epine, or Mont du Chat, all passes of the Alps, within a few miles of each other; the latter, for sufficient reasons, is the one adopted, and Bourget (near Chamberi) is concluded to be the town or fort which protected the pass, and was taken by Hannibal after the battle. From this place the declension of the country took him to the Isere, at Montmaillan; from thence the valley of the Isere, along its windings 60 or 70 miles, to Scez, was an open route; from thence again the passage of the Little St. Bernard was right before him; from Little St. Bernard, the valley of the Doria Baltea led him to Aoste and Ivrea, and from thence he finally reached Turin: the whole corresponding throughout with Polybius, with as much closeness as in a matter of description can well be expected.

The main fact to establish is the point of divergence from the Rhone—from thence all is comparatively easy. Livy stops at the point where the Isere falls into the Rhone, and does not take Hannibal over the Isere. Turning from this point, along the left bank of the Isere, the course to Italy was naturally by the Cenis, or the Genevre, and Livy leads him over the Genevre—in his time the Genevre had become a common pass. Polybius, however, though he does not specifically speak of Hannibal's crossing the Isere, yet represents him on the right bank, and considerably to the north, and actively engaged there. He describes what was called the *Insula* very minutely, which he would have had no occasion whatever to do, if Hannibal had not crossed the Isere. The Insula, he compares in size and form with the Delta of Egypt, where he himself had been, and with which it corresponds in those respects. The angle is formed by the lines of the Rhone and the Isere, and the base of it by the line of hills, which constitute the first step of the Alps on the western side, and of which the Mont du Chat is a part. This insula was the country of the Allobroges, for the sovereignty of which two brothers were at the time contending, the eldest of whom Hannibal aided and established, and in the mean while suspended his course. Nothing is said of his returning, nor is it probable he did return to re-cross the Isere; and when he was in the insula, the obvious line was

towards the Mont du Chat, and from thence to the Little St. Bernard. Besides, the original line laid down by Hannibal, on the evidence of previous inquiries from the natives of the Alps, who invited him and guided him, corresponds with this as to distances—which Livy will not do at all.

Not a shadow of doubt can be entertained of the actual route being north of the Isere; and Vienne, as was observed, corresponds with the distance marked by Polybius from the mouth and passage of the Rhone;—from Vienne the course to Mont du Chat is direct and obvious; and from thence the vale of the Isere and the pass of Little St. Bernard equally so. No reason upon earth can be given for his going farther north, on the one hand, by the more impracticable passes Mont Blanc and Great St. Bernard, or on the other to Mont Cenis, far away from the Insubres, through whose country he certainly passed—that is, along the vale of the Doria Balea by Aoste and Isere. Polybius has, in short, two fixed points, the one 275 miles from the mouth of the Rhone, that is Vienne; and the descent from the hills through the Insubres, that is, north of Ivrea and Turin—the whole line therefore, from west to east, must have been considerably to the north of Mont Genevre and even Mont Cenis.

We have no space for niceties, but every thing which bears upon the question is discussed by the authors—and no shirking. They have themselves examined the country, completely, and in all directions—thoroughly sifted their materials—given to every body a hearing, and to every body their due: and all in a calm and temperate spirit which nothing but good faith and confidence in their researches could well support. General Melville, who spent many years in surveying the Alps, has the merit of first indicating the route now established, though he seems to have inclined to Great St. Bernard.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

While our sheets are coming from the press, and preparing to take, under the hands of the binder, that form which speeds them through the delighted world, the Theatres will be raising their curtains, and displaying their drop-scenes. We are not gifted with the faculty of prediction, and therefore think it wiser not to say what the Theatres are, and shall be, till they open. Covent Garden commences with a Shakspeare temple, painted by that capital artist, Roberts, and with a management directed by that not less capital artist in his way, Fawcett. But in what shape his ingenuity is to delight the world, we know not; for we have been painfully forced, from long experience, to doubt the actuality of the annual speculative list put forth in the newspapers, always giving us the "promise to the ear" of from three to five Comedies, a pair of Tragedies, and a profusion of minor performances that would take up the brains of a whole generation of adapters.

Drury Lane comes out in great force. By the accession of Farren, the Comic company is complete and admirable. With the best fop on the stage, in Jones, and the best old man, in Farren, Comedy can require nothing beyond the powers of the company. Wallack's American trip has left the stage in the hands of Mr. Cooper, whose intelligence, moderation, and good sense, mark him for the situation. But excepting a Tragedy, from Miss Mitford, a Drama, from Knowles, and an altered play, from Kenny, the Theatrical Library is empty.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, June 16.—After the prizes had been awarded, as mentioned in our last Number, an historical eulogium of M. Ramond was read by Baron Cuvier, perpetual secretary. Also a Physiological Memoir on the Brain, by M. Magendie. Baron Fourier, perpetual secretary, then delivered an historical eulogium on M. Charles; and afterwards, M. Prony read a memoir on the labours of the late M. Perronnet. The subject of the prizes for the years 1829 and 1830 were then announced.—23. M. N. Cacciatore, director of the observatory at Palermo, forwarded to the Academy the fifth book of one of the astronomical works of Piazzi, and which was wanting in the library of the Institute. MM. Navier and Mathieu reported very favourably on a *perspective sector* of M. Lalaune, an instrument for facilitating the attainment of the perspective lines in a drawing. MM. Lacroix, Poinsot, and Navier, made a most flattering report, and recommended for insertion in the "Recueil des Savans Etrangers," a memoir of M. Corances, on the Integration of some Equations of Partial Differences, and on the Movement of Water in Vessels. MM. Dumeril and Blainville then presented a report, a memoir of Dr. Foville upon the Anatomy of the Brain; and the Academy requested the continuance of his investigations.—30. M. Mirbel read a note on a remarkable development of the

stem of the calycanthus floridus. M. Gay Lussac presented a specimen of artificial ultra-marine, manufactured by M. Guimet; and a new pyrophorus, formed by the calcination of sulphate of potass with charcoal; and showed by experiment that it is much more inflammable than the pyrophorus formerly known. MM. Dulong and Ampere reported on an Italian memoir of M. L. Nobili, relative to an effective system for measuring the electric currents; and this eminent philosopher was solicited to continue his researches.—July 7. M. Poisson read a note on the problem of the waves.—14. M. Arago communicated a letter of M. De la Rive, on some electrical experiments. M. Latreille made a verbal report on a paper of M. Macquart, entitled *Diptères du Nord de la France.*

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Meteorology.—On the evening of the second of November, 1827, a halo was observed in America, at New Haven, to which nothing similar seems to have been remarked. Between the hours of seven and eight there appeared around the moon, a little more than its width in distance, a very luminous saffron-coloured light. On the outer edge was a circle of bright red, which now graduated into a deep purple; around the purple was a circle of bright blue, which faded into a yellowish green, increasing towards the outer edge to a very vivid green. There appeared to be faint white rays passing from the moon across these columns, whose circles formed around this lunar glory a larger circle, of a dark leaden colour, which gave the whole a very beautiful appearance.

Antiquities.—Some most interesting intelligence has recently been transmitted to Europe by two French travellers, relative to the city of Petra, in Arabia Petræa, and concerning the country of the Nabathæi. The following particulars regarding Wadi-Moasa, a place of which preceding travellers had scarcely obtained a view, are worthy of being laid before the public, and are extracted from a letter written on the spot by M. Laborde. "Arrived in the ravine, we descended from our camels, and began to sketch, when the Arabs inquired what we were about, as these were not the ruins; in fact, we soon after entered the true Wadi-Moasa, in the midst of the most magnificent tombs, cut in the solid rock, and more elevated than the first; and in the back ground we perceived a range of gigantic monuments, of which the effect is indescribable. We had seen the ruins of Balbek, the long ranges of columns of Palmyra, the street and the oval of Djerask; but all these were far behind these immense piles of two or three stages of columns, this square league of rock, excavated and strewed with the most splendid ruins. We were in a continual ecstasy. At length we arrived at the place called Serai Pharaon, *palace of Pharaoh*, an edifice near which we established our head quarters, in a grotto, and while examining these monuments, only intreated heaven to allow us sufficient time to pourtray and lay down plans of them. But scarcely had we began to sketch that which was nearest to us, when an Arab came to say that this was nothing, and that we should proceed without loss of time to the Kamel Pharaon, *treasury of Pharaoh.* We followed him, and passed by a vast theatre, excavated in the rock, and by other mausoleums. We soon saw a *chef-d'œuvre*, both for its state of preservation and its singularity, of which the style and the construction are full of faults, but of which the mass, consisting of two stages of columns, interspersed with the richest ornaments, curious bas-reliefs, and great equestrian statues, presented the most extraordinary appearance that we had ever seen, and of which the finest drawings would give but a faint idea. We subsequently penetrated deeper into the ravine, and found a great triumphal arch, supported by the two sides of the rock which enclose this narrow valley, and another avenue of the most interesting tombs, still richer than the first. All these monuments, cut in a rose-coloured granite rock, have a soft harmonious tint, and are still further embellished by the large shadows of the surrounding rocks."

Monument to Kosciuzko.—On the mountain of Bronislawa (composed of two words, signifying *to defend glory*), almost at the gates of Cracow, the Poles have raised an indestructible monument to Kosciuzko:—it is a mountain piled upon another mountain. Seven years it has been in progress, and is only now finished. Subscriptions were collected for the purpose of erecting it, in Poland, Lithuania, and even in Russia. All the youth of Warsaw, the nobility, the people, old men, women, and children, either handled the spade or wheeled the barrow; and those who were unable to work themselves, contributed to support the labour of others. But the tomb of the hero has not been placed on this monument; it still remains within the city, on the mountain of Wazel, where with Joseph Poniatowski only, Kosciuzko shares the honour of the regal sepulchre, and is placed near the great Sobieski.

Circulating Manure.—Common salt and lime, when mixed together, gradually decompose each other; the result of the decomposition is soda, and a peculiar deliquescing salt, muriate of lime. This salt, from its great attraction for the moisture of the atmosphere, is an admirable fertilizer for sandy

hot soils. A plan similar to this is actually adopted in China, but instead of fish (in this country sprats) night-soil is used with the lime; the whole mass being made into cakes like bricks, is afterwards dried in the sun, and sent into the inland provinces for the use of the farmers. So universal is this practice at Pekin, that these cakes are said to form no inconsiderable portion of the circulating medium of that great city.—*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

Damascus Steel.—From the observation of travellers, that the manufacture of Damascus blades was carried on only during the time when north winds occurred, a Russian philosopher, M. Anozoff, made experiments on the hardening of steel instruments, by putting them, when heated, into a powerful current of air, instead of quenching them in water. From the experiments already made, he expects ultimate success. He finds that for very sharp-edged instruments this method is much better than the ordinary one; that the colder the air, and the more rapid its stream, the greater is the effect, which last varies with the thickness of the mass to be hardened. The method succeeds well with case-hardened goods.

Growth of Hair.—From the following circumstance, recorded in a medical journal, it would appear that a most redoubtable rival to the far-famed Macassar oil has been discovered in Germany. A man, between twenty and thirty years of age, of a strong and healthy constitution, having a short curly, and coarse hair, of a dark brown colour, found himself becoming bald. Numerous and large bald spots appeared on the head, and gradually increased until it became perfctly bare; and as the eyelashes fell out, the man had quite a singular and disagreeable appearance. When the head was closely examined, a short white and scattered down, very similar to a slight degree of mouldiness, was perceptible. At first it was hoped that the hair would grow again; but the sequel proved the contrary. After two years, Dr. Radimacher advised him to pour French brandy upon sulphate of copper, and when it had remained a few days, to wash the bald parts once a-day with the solution. In eight days the hair had begun to grow, and in four months it equalled the original growth in quantity, but was of a lighter colour, crisp, dry, and stiff, and had not a natural appearance. A spot still remained bald on the back of the head. The eye-brows and lashes grew again, like the rest of the hair. A year after this the man shed his hair again, but the eye-brows and lashes remained. Dr. Radimacher wished him now to wait awhile, to ascertain whether the hair would or would not grow again spontaneously; but the patient would not, and had recourse to the solution, which produced another growth of bland or light hair; and the spot which had continued bald, notwithstanding the solution, became covered in common with the other parts of the head. This growth had a much more natural appearance than the former one.

Temperature of the Planetary Space.—According to M. Fourier, the temperature of the space occupied by our planetary system is very nearly forty octogesimal degrees, or ninety degrees of Fahrenheit's scale, colder than the temperature of freezing ice.

Natural Phenomenon.—A substance was recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences, which had been forwarded to the government, as having fallen from the sky in Persia, at the commencement of this year. This species of celestial manna was found in such great quantities, that the earth for a considerable distance was entirely covered with it. In some places it was five or six inches in depth. The cattle, and particularly the sheep, eagerly fed upon this singular production, which was also converted into bread for the support of the inhabitants. Such was the information which a Russian general, who had witnessed the phenomenon, communicated to the French consul in Persia. Upon examination, this substance was found to be a sort of lichen, already described by botanists. These mosses, which appear to be found in very great abundance, must have been carried by the wind to the places where their sudden appearance was remarked. A similar phenomenon was noticed in the same regions of Persia in the year 1824.

Rectification of Spirits.—A patent has been recently obtained for an improved process of rectifying spirits, which deserves to be noticed. The material proposed to be employed is charcoal, which is to be re-charred immediately before using, and ground or bruised to a fine powder. This pulverised charcoal is to be introduced into the still in the proportion of about one gallon of the charcoal to four gallons of spirits. The application of fresh charred wood or charcoal to the spirits, in this way, will, it is said, totally destroy the empyreumatic flavour which the spirit may have contracted in the process of distillation. It is further proposed, in order to get rid of the essential oil in spirits, to mix water with it, and then to introduce the fresh charred charcoal in the way described, which will perfectly purify it, and leave the spirit without any unpleasant flavour. Spirits rectified in this way will be found particularly desirable for preparing and mixing with cordials.

Paper for Draughtsmen.—Reduce to a powder, and dissolve quickly in a glazed earthen vessel containing cold water, some gum-tragacanth, having been well worked with a wooden spatula, to free it from lumps. There must be a sufficient quantity of water to give this diluted gum the consistence of jelly. Paper, and some sorts of stuffs, upon which this composition is smoothly applied with a pencil or a brush, and dried before a gentle fire, will receive either water or oil colours. In using water colours, they must be mixed with a solution of the above gum.

This cloth or paper, so prepared, will take any colour except ink. When it is intended to retouch any particular part of the drawing, it should be marked with a sponge, or clean linen, or a pencil (containing some of the above-mentioned liquid); if the part is only small, it will then rise quickly, and appear as if repainted.

Intense Light.—It is stated by an eminent German chemist, that hydrate of lime, pulverised, and exposed upon charcoal to a stream of oxygen, through a blow pipe, with an orifice of 0·02 of an inch in diameter, fed by a common lamp, gives the most intense light. He attributes this to a sort of pulverulent atmosphere, which the lime disengages at that temperature. Substances which do not form molecules in a gaseous state cannot produce so vivid an incandescence.

Organic Relic.—A workman recently broke a mass of very firm conglomerate rock, quarried for the new state house, now building at New Haven, in the United States of America; and found lodged in a cavity, so completely enclosed as to exclude the possibility of external introduction, a piece of wood, the small limb of a tree, apparently of the pine family, with the bark entire; the wood not mineralized, but fresh and in perfect preservation, and not even attached to the walls of the cavity, except slightly at one end, but lying in it, as in a case; the piece of wood was not longer than a finger, and the cavity but two or three inches in diameter; it was lined with a soft and feebly coherent matter, resembling the substance of the rock, in a state of rather minute division. The conclusion, from this interesting fact appears irresistible, that this piece of wood was floating in the waters which were charged with the materials of this rock, and became enclosed during their consolidation—thus proving that this rock had never been ignited, and that a tree or shrub was in existence when it was formed. That it is a very ancient rock of this class is evident from its composition presenting quartz, fresh and brilliant, red feldspar, and mica, along with entire fragments of granite, gniess, mica slate, argillite, &c., being evidently an early offset from the destruction of a primitive formation. It passes from a fine sand-stone into a coarse pudding-stone. The rock has been usually referred, by the American geologists, to the red sand-stone formation; it is in many places covered by ridges of green-stone lias. In the same rock formation, but fifty miles from New Haven, were found the bones of a large animal. In a similar rock in Scotland, certain traces of animals have been recently observed.—*Silliman's Journal.*

New Mode of communicating Heat.—A patent has been recently obtained for a new method of communicating heat, which, in some respects, resembles that of heating by High Pressure Steam. The Boiler is withdrawn from the direct influence of the fire, and heat is communicated through other substances, the peculiar properties of which, constitute the value of the invention. Double bottomed vessels are used, and in the intermediate space, fluid substances are placed, in sufficient quantity to cover and protect the flat bottom of the outer vessel.

The substances used are various, but all have the properties of boiling at known and fixed degrees of temperature; so that when fire is applied to the vessel containing them, to raise them to the boiling point, they furnish vapour heavier than atmospheric air, and easily condensible by comparatively hot surfaces, which vapour, coming in contact with the colder surface of the inner vessel, imparts heat thereto, and falls again, in the fluid state, to be reheated, whereby a constant generation of vapour and return of fluid is going forward; and this without any mechanical pressure or elastic force being exerted, a communication being, at all times, kept up, between the fluid medium and the atmosphere. Thence a fluid which boils at 300° (and any degree between 200 and 700—Fahrenheit may be chosen) will impart nearly that degree to substances placed in the boiler, without it being possible to go beyond it: so that, a proper medium being chosen, all chance of burning or injuriously heating is avoided.

By these means it is proposed to supersede the use of high pressure steam in various processes, where a high but regulated heat is necessary, and likewise to produce very elastic steam without any danger in the process, and at a cost very inferior to what is now required for the same effect.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A work, highly interesting to the ancient historian, is now in active preparation; being a complete series of Lithographic Engravings, from the Original Model of the Great Egyptian Tomb, taken by the late traveller, Belzoni, on the spot. It is to be brought out by his widow, the possessor of the model; and under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence. In giving the intimation of this beautiful as well as learned work, to our readers, it may not be impertinent to say a few words of the interesting editress. We have been informed, on good authority, that she is a native of our own island, though some have dated her birth-place from Ireland. She married Mr. Belzoni when very young, also accompanied him, unrecedingly, through all the scenes of his enterprizing destiny; which was not less perilous than various. To his first celebrated publication, concerning his discoveries in Egypt and Nubia, she added a

little account of her visit to Jerusalem, which she modestly entitled "Mrs. Belzoni's *Trifling* Narrative;" but its information was far from *trifling*, and the unpretending simplicity of the style disarmed all severity of criticism. The letter-press of the present proposed work (subscribers' names for which are received by Mr. Churchill, bookseller, Leicester Square) we understand, is partly from MSS. notes of his own, and partly from subsequent written opinions of learned men, on the symbolic history, contained in the embossed and painted imagery on the walls of the tomb. Specimens of these figures and hierologyphics were shewn to the public, in the portion of the royal sepulchre exhibited in London, and also in about a dozen large plates, annexed to the before-mentioned narrative of Belzoni, published on his return from Egypt; but this contemplated work will convey, in eighty large prints, the *whole* picture of the interior of the tomb, in accurate copy from the original model.

A Poem, entitled, All for Love, or the Sinner well Saved, in three Cantos or Sections. By Mr. Southey, will be published in October.

Mr. Sotheby is engaged in a new version of the Iliad, in Heroic Rhyme; he has completed the first Six Books.

A Manual of the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Eye and its appendages. By S. J. Stratford, Member of the College of Surgeons, London.

Remarks on the several Sunday Services of the Church throughout the Year. By the Rev. Bishop Jolly.

Dr. Shirley Palmer, will publish in November, Popular Illustrations of Medicine and Diet. Part I., Of the Principal Exciting Causes of Disease and Death.

Another volume, in quarto, of Dr. Lingard's History of England, beginning with the Commonwealth, will be published in November.

The Rev. Samuel Hinds, Vice Principal of St. Albans' Hall, Oxford, is about to publish The History of the Rise and Early Progress of Christianity, comprising an Inquiry into its true Character and Design.

The Rev. J. B. S. Carwithen, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, Author of the Bampton Lectures, for 1809, has in the Press a History of the Church of England to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The first two volumes will appear in November, and bring down the Work to the Restoration of the Church and Monarchy, in 1660.

The Rev. C. Benson, Master of the Temple is about to reprint his Chronology of Our Saviour's Life.

A Pocket Cyclopedia is in preparation, which will be composed of complete Treatises on every branch of Literature and Science, freed from the difficulties of Technical and Mathematical Language. By Dr. Lardner.

Time's Telescope, for 1829, will be published with the Almanacks, on the 18th November. And will contain a variety of new and interesting matter, original Poetry by living Authors, &c. &c.

The Rev. John Angell James has in the Press, in 12mo., The Family Monitor, or a Help to Domestic Happiness.

The Bishop of Down and Connor, (Dr. Mant) is preparing for the Press a volume on those Events in our Saviour's Life which are the subjects of Annual Commemoration in the Services of the United Church of England and Ireland.

Early in October will appear, Great Britain Illustrated; a Series of Views, comprising all the Cities, Principal Towns, Public Buildings, Docks, and Remarkable Edifices in the United Kingdom; from drawings made expressly for the Work. By W. Westall, A.R.A., and engraved by E. Finden. With descriptions by Thomas Moule, author of the Bibliotheca Heraldica, &c. &c. This Work will appear Monthly. Each number will contain four Views.

A System of Geography, Popular and Scientific. By James Bell, Editor of Rollin's Ancient History, &c. 6 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Thomas Attwood has a new Work in the Press, on the Currency, &c. of the Kingdom.

Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind. By the late Jonathan Dymond, in 2 vols. 8vo.

Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, and other Matters, selected from the Times Journal, with additional pieces.

An Essay, Explanatory of a Method whereby Cancerous Ulceration may be stopped, by the Formation of Crusts and granulating Margins; with Practical Remarks on other Analogous Diseases. By W. Farr, Surgeon.

Hints to Counsel, Coroners, and Juries, on the Examination of Medical Witnesses. By John Gordon Smith, M.D.

The Rev. H. Pattam, Rector of St. Cuthbert's, Bedford, has in the Press a Compendious Grammar of the Egyptian Language, both of the Coptic and Sahidic Dialects. With Observations on the Bashmuric and Enchorial Characters, and some Explanation relative to their Use; with an Appendix, consisting of the Rudiments of a Dictionary of the Egyptian Language. By Dr. Young.

The Casket of Literary Gems. Second Series.

Dr. Shirley Palmer has nearly ready Popular Illustrations of Medicine and Diet, Part I. of the principal exciting Causes of Disease and Death.

The Annual Publications are all making great exertions to outvie each other, in the

attractiveness of their engravings, and the celebrity of their contributors. In addition to all those of last year, there will be several new ones this—each putting forth almost the same pretensions to superiority: the contributors and engravers to each, are, with few exceptions, nearly alike in all of them. Those of last year were the Forget Me Not, The Friendship's Offering, The Bijou, The Amulet, The Winter's Wreath, The Pledge of Friendship, The Keepsake, and The Literary Souvenir.—In addition this year we are threatened with The Anniversary, The Juvenile Forget Me Not, The Juvenile Keepsake, Edited by Mr. Roscoe, The New Year's Gift, making altogether 12 in number. When it is considered that these elegant publications require a large sale, perhaps 5000 or 6000, to repay the heavy expense of getting them up, it is to be feared that some of their proprietors will have reason to regret their speculation.

Besides the above, a new French Annual is announced, to be published by Mr. Ackermann. The writing to be entirely in French; and to contain seven engravings.

Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer, the author of Pelham, has a new work in the Press, entitled the Disowned. in 4 vols.

Tales of the Great St. Bernard, by the Rev. G. Croly, author of Salathiel, is on the eve of publication.

The Castilian; a Spanish Romance. By the author of Gomez Arias, will appear in October.

Mrs. Bray, author of the White Hoods, and De Foix, has an Historical Romance nearly ready, entitled The Protestant.

Tales of a Voyager. Second Series, will shortly appear.

Mr. Grattan, author of Highways and Byways, has a new work nearly ready for the Press.

The author of Brambletye House, is engaged on Zillah, a Tale of Jerusalem.

Nollikens, his Life and Times, by Mr. Smith, announced some time back in this Magazine, will soon appear; as will also Sailors and Saints, by the authors of the Naval Sketch Book.

The Last of the Plantagenets, illustrative of Domestic Manners and Public Events in the 15th Century.

Rank and Talent; Life in India, and The Anglo Irish, are all announced for speedy publication.

Mr. Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, accompanied with Explanatory Notes. in 2 vols. 8vo.

Mrs. Williams has in the Press, a Fourth Edition of her Syllabic Spelling Book, or a Summary Method of Teaching Children to Read; upon the principle originally invented by the Sieur Berthaud, adapted to the English Language, with numerous additions and improvements, and illustrated by appropriate engravings.

The 2nd Number of the "Enigmatical Entertainer and Mathematical Associate," being for the year 1829, will appear this month.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Life of the Celebrated Sir Francis Drake, the first English Circumnavigator, &c. &c. Imperial 8vo. 10s. boards.

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List of Patents, which, having been granted in October 1814, *expire in the present month of October* 1828.

3.—A. F. Didot, Holborn, *for an improvement in making printing types.*

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— R. Philips, Newbury, Berks, *for improvements in a plough.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

DR. GALL.

Jean Joseph Gall was born in 1758, in a village of the Dutchy of Baden; his parents were in trade. It was at Baden where he first commenced his education, then at Brucksal, and afterwards at Strasburgh, where he studied medicine, under professor Hermann; it was at Vienna in Austria, that he became invested with the title of Doctor, in the year 1785, and afterwards followed the practice of medicine; but at this place he was not permitted to develop his new ideas on the functions of the brain, which he had founded both on scientific study and observations on nature. This opposition to his views at length determined him to visit the north of Germany, and he was well received in all the capitals of the German states, as well as in Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, and he explained his system before several sovereigns, by whom he was honoured with marks of esteem and admiration. He likewise visited England, and at length determined to go to and reside at Paris; regarding it as the centre of the learned world, he judged it the most proper of all other places to propagate his doctrine: he therefore repaired to that capital in 1807, where his great reputation had already preceded him. And here we may remark that, although Dr. Gall's lectures had been interdicted at Vienna in 1802, by command of the government, it may be interesting to know that the expense of publishing the great work of Gall and Spurzheim, at Paris, in 1810, was guaranteed by Prince Metternich, at that time Austrian Minister at the Court of France. He had previously attended several courses of Dr. Gall's lectures, consulted him as his physician, and remained attached to him up to the time of his death.

The object which Gall proposed was to dissipate the void which existed in physiology and philosophy relative to the situation of the intellectual faculties of man; and, notwithstanding the knowledge of the ancients, and the hitherto received notions which science had taught, yet still its fundamental notions, not by any means perfect, were far from that degree of scientific precision to which the observations and genius of Gall have conducted us; and, although in the history of science the first ideas of the system may have been discovered, yet still it must be allowed that all the proofs belong to him, as well as the conservation of all the great truths which were brought forth in evidence.

The immense labours of Lavater were well calculated to draw the attention of the curious to the subject, and to apply to the part of the head those observations which he had made on the face and on the frontal region. Our knowledge of the exterior appearances of the head was yet very imperfect and vague, and those who supported the possibility had not the means of demon-

strating it; and the form of the head of those pretended connoisseurs, like the facial lines of Lavater, seemed rather coincidences than the necessary connexions between physics and morals. Gall collected these fugitive ideas, and finally imprinted on them a scientific form; and from which has resulted a system—a system of facts, a series of observations, enlightened by reasoning, grouped and arranged in such a manner that there necessarily follows the demonstration of a new truth, fruitful in useful applications, and sensibly advancing the progress of civilization. Such is the character of the celebrated system of craniology invented by Gall, and which it may be said his genius distinguished almost instantaneously, although confirmed by the force of immense application; but, starting from this point, the able physiologist laboured incessantly in his painful task, and consecrated the whole of his life with that indefatigable ardour, of which men of superior minds alone furnish examples; and although he has not completely succeeded in the difficult enterprise, yet he ought not to be reproached; on the contrary, thanks are due to his memory for the mere attempt; for the service he has rendered to philosophy is immense; he has prepared immortal glory to medical philosophy, in indicating the nature of the study which ought to be pursued to give intellectual physiology all the development of which it is capable; and moral philosophy itself is much indebted to him, for having diverted it from speculations foreign to its true end, and in which the most trifling prejudice is an incalculable loss of time.

Gall was attended in his lectures by the most distinguished persons in Paris, as well characterized for their learning, as for the eminent dignities they bore in society. He died at his country house, at Montrouge, near Paris, August 22, at the age of 71, and the examination of his body took place 40 hours after his death, in presence of the following members of the faculty: Messrs Fouquier, J. Cloquet, Dannecy, Fossati, Sarlandière, Fabré-Palaprat, Londe, Costello, Gaubert, Casimir-Broussais, Robouane, Vimont, Jobert, and Marotti. The exterior appearance of the body presented a considerable falling away, particularly in the face. The skull was sawed off with the greatest precaution. The substance of the brain was consistent, and this organ was firm and perfectly regular. No trace of ossification was remarked in the cerebral arteries, notwithstanding the advanced age of the defunct. The cerebral ventricles were not opened, the brain being expressly ordered to be preserved.

The funeral of Dr. Gall took place at Paris, at the burying ground de l'Est, on August 27, which was attended by a very considerable number of the faculty and learned persons. Three *éloges* or *oraisons funèbres* were delivered at the place of interment by Professor Broussais, Dr. Fossati and Dr. Londe.

Professor Broussais informs us, that Dr. Gall possessed most of the social virtues, particularly beneficence and good nature, qualities (he observes) precious in all ranks of society, and which ought to make amends for many defects; but for Gall, they had only to palliate a certain roughness of character which might wound the susceptibility of delicate persons, although the sick and the unfortunate never had to complain; and indeed the Doctor ought in strict justice to have more merit in our ideas, from never having once lost sight in his writings of either decency or moderation, particularly when it is remembered how severely he was attacked in propagating his favourite doctrine.

SIR HENRY TORRENS.

Colonel Sir Henry Torrens was born at Londonderry, in the year 1779. Having lost both father and mother at an early age, he was taken under the care of his uncle, Dr. Thomas Torrens. He received his education at the Military Academy of Dublin, where, from the hilarity of his disposition, he was universally designated "Happy Harry." He commenced his professional career, by obtaining an ensigncy in the 52d regiment, in November, 1793; in June, 1794, he was promoted to a lieutenantcy in the 92d regiment; and, in December, 1795, he was removed, with the same rank, to the 63d regiment. With the latter corps, he proceeded to the West Indies, where he served under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, distinguished himself by his bravery, upon several occasions, and was severely wounded in the thigh, at the siege of Morne Fortunee. While in the West Indies, he was appointed to a company, in one of the native corps then forming; and, through his professional skill, and the general amiableness of his manners, he obtained, in an eminent degree, the admiration and love of the officers and men under his command.

Captain Torrens returned to England in 1798; and, at the close of that year, he went to Portugal, as aid-de-camp to General Cuyler, who commanded a body of auxiliary British troops in that country.

Removed from his West India corps to the 20th regiment of foot, he served under the Duke of York in the Dutch campaign of 1799. In the battle fought between Egmont and Haarlem, he was severely wounded by a shot through both his thighs. On his return from Holland, he was promoted to a majority in a fencible regiment, with which he proceeded to Nova Scotia, and remained there till the autumn of 1801. He then exchanged into the 86th regiment of foot; and, after taking the command of that corps, he marched with it across the desert, to India. In consequence of a *coup de soliel*, at Bombay, he was obliged to re-

turn. At St. Helena, however, he recovered his health, and married Miss Patton, the daughter of the governor. He again proceeded to India, served there till 1805, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

After his arrival in England, he was employed on the staff as Assistant Adjutant General for the Kent district. In 1807, Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens joined the unfortunate expedition to South America, as military secretary to the commander of the forces. At the attack of Buenos Ayres, he received a contusion from a musket ball, which shattered the writing apparatus that was slung to his side.

On his return, the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley made him his military secretary; and, in that capacity, he embarked with the expedition to Portugal, in 1808, and was present at the battles of Roleia and Wimiera.

When the Duke of Wellington was superseded in his command, he returned with his Grace to England; and immediately afterwards, the Duke of York was pleased to confer upon him the appointment of military secretary to the Commander-in-chief; an office which he filled for many years with reputation to himself, and advantage to the army. In 1811, he obtained a company in the third guards; in 1812, he was made aide-de-camp to the Prince Regent, with the rank of colonel; in 1814, he was made major-general, by brevet; in 1815, he was appointed to the colonelcy of the 2d regiment of foot; and in 1820, he was appointed adjutant general. In performing the arduous duties of the last-mentioned office, he revised the old military regulations, and incorporated with them arrangements of a more rapid and masterly character.

Colonel Torrens was also a Knight Commander of the most honourable Order of the Bath, and a Knight of the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword. — His death, which occurred on the 23d of August, while he was upon a visit at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, was awfully sudden. Apparently never in better health and spirits than on the fatal day which closed his honourable and exemplary life, he went out for an airing on horseback, accompanied by Lady Torrens, his two daughters, and some gentlemen. He was seized with appoplexy, but did not fall from his horse. As soon as it was discovered that he was in a fit, he was carried into the house, and every effort was made to effect his recovery, but without success. From his first seizure, till the moment of his decease, two hours afterwards, he never spoke.

By the desire of his family, the funeral of Sir Henry Torrens was private. It took place at Welwyn, on the Thursday following, August 28. His remains were attended to the grave by one of his earliest and most attached friends, Lieut.-Colonel d'Aguilar.

Sir Herbert Taylor has been appointed Adjutant General in the room of Sir Henry Torrens; and Sir William Keppel succeeds him in the command of the second regiment.

THE DUKE OF SAN CARLOS.

The Duke of San Carlos, some years since ambassador from the court of Madrid to that of St. James's, and subsequently to the French court, was born at Lima, in the year 1771. He received his education in the principal college of that city, the rector of which was his governor. At the age of seventeen, he went to Spain, where he progressively attained high military rank, became a grandee of the first class, counsellor of state, &c. He commenced his military career as colonel in the second regiment of Majorca infantry, of which his uncle was colonel proprietor. He served in the Catalonian campaign, in the war of 1793; and as a volunteer in the Toulon expedition.

On the death of his uncle, Colonel San Carlos was appointed Chamberlain, and afterwards Governor, to the Prince of the Asturias, now Ferdinand VII. His system of education, however, not being in accordance with the political views of Godoy, Prince of the Peace, the influence of that profligate adventurer deprived him of his honourable post. Yet, such was the consequence of San Carlos, that he was named Major Domo to the Queen, in 1801, when the court was occupied with negociating an alliance between the heir of Spain, with his cousin, a Princess of Naples.

In 1805, he was invested with the office of Major Domo to Charles IV.; but, in 1807, some time previously to the imprisonment of the Prince of the Asturias, through the intrigues of Godoy, in the palace of the Escurial, he was removed from court, and appointed to the vice royship of Navarre. Three months after his assumption of that government, he was ordered to consider himself a prisoner in the citadel. This measure is understood to have been taken, in consequence of a report, that the Duke of San Carlos had ventured to advise the heir apparent to deprive the queen mother of all political influence, in the event of the king's death—his majesty being at that time very ill—and also to put Godoy upon his trial. It was on the 29th of October that Ferdinand's papers were seized, his person placed in durance, and he and his counsellors declared to be traitors. In the subsequent investigation of the Escurial, the Duke was subjected to close and severe examination; and, though liberated at the same moment as the Prince, he was ordered to remove sixty leagues from Madrid, not to reside within twenty leagues of the coast, and not to fix his abode in Navarre.

When the French armies entered Spain, he resided at Alfaro. In the meantime, the insurrection in Aranjuez broke out;

Prince Ferdinand ascended the throne (March, 1808), imprisoned and confiscated the property of Godoy, and appointed the Duke of San Carlos Grand Master of the Household, and Member of his Privy Council. The Duke arrived in Madrid some days before his royal master's departure for Bayonne, accompanied him in his journey, and had several conferences with Buonaparte on the subject of exchanging the crown of Spain for that of Etruria. In those conferences, the Duke invariably insisted that Ferdinand would not consent to any treaty, without the enjoyment of his liberty, or without the sanction of the Cortes. In the interim, Godoy had been liberated in Madrid, through the influence of Murat. He immediately proceeded to Bayonne, whither he was followed by Charles IV. and his queen. The old monarch then retracted his abdication, and, ultimately, his son was compelled to restore to him his crown. Ferdinand — Joseph Buonaparte having first been placed on the throne of Spain—was sent to Valençay, in France, whither he was accompanied by the Duke of San Carlos, the Canon Escoiquitz, &c. The Duke remained with Ferdinand till he, with Escoiquitz, was ordered by Buonaparte to Paris. While in that capital, he availed himself of the opportunity to confer with the diplomatic agents of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, on the affairs of Spain. Buonaparte, afterwards suspecting the influence possessed by the Duke, and by Escoiquitz, over his royal captive, determined upon separating them from Prince Ferdinand. The Duke was accordingly confined at Leons-le-Saulnier, and the Canon at Bourges.

In his retirement, the Duke of San Carlos cultivated his taste for botany, and more particularly for history, politics, and general literature. Five years had Ferdinand and his relatives been in captivity in France, when Buonaparte, finding himself attacked by the allied powers of Europe, and no longer in a condition to leave a numerous army in Spain, determined to reinstate him. In consequence of this resolve, he recalled the Duke of San Carlos to Paris, in the month of November, 1813. There San Carlos communicated with the Duke of Bassano, and then went to Valençay, where, after several long discussions, a treaty was concluded on the 11th of December. The Duke, in consequence, set out for Madrid, to obtain the consent of the Regency to the treaty. He arrived there on the 16th of January, 1814; but the arrangements proposed by France were not accepted, and he was under the necessity of returning to Valençay. In passing through Catalonia, he had a conference with Marshal Souchet, on the subject of evacuating Spain by the French army. Previously to the Duke's arrival at Valençay, Ferdinand, impatient of his return, had despatched Don Joseph Palafox, to Madrid, with new instructions. At length, after many obstructions, the King, accompanied by the Duke, set out upon his return. It was found expedient to proceed, in the first instance, to Saragossa; and, the Cortes not choosing to give up the reins of government, they next went to Valencia, in the month of April.

On the third of May, the Duke of San Carlos was appointed first Secretary of State. In consequence of the refusal of General Freyre to accept the office of Minister of War, the Duke accepted it, in conjunction with that of Minister of the King's Household. The former post he soon afterwards resigned in favour of General Eguia.

The Duke of San Carlos was presented by the Emperor of Russia with the decoration of the Order of the Black Eagle—by the King of Prussia, with that of the Red Eagle—and by the King of Naples, with the insignia of the orders of Saint Ferdinand and Merit, and Saint Januarius; with a very flattering letter of thanks from his Sicilian Majesty, for his having contributed to his re-establishment on the throne.

Soon after the restoration of King Ferdinand, the Duke, his minister, commenced the task of introducing a system of economy into the kingdom: he established a junta of ministers, over whom he presided—took various measures for a general repair of the roads, increasing the number of canals, and reviving the credit of the national bank—and he established several academies for the cultivation of the arts and sciences. Notwithstanding these very laudable exertions, his enemies were numerous; and, finding them increase, he, in the month of November, 1814, obtained permission to terminate his ministerial functions.

In October, 1815, he was nominated ambassador to the Austrian Court. In 1817, he was recalled, and sent, in the same capacity, to the court of Britain, where he resided some years, till replaced by the Duke de Frius. His next and last diplomatic appointment, which he held until the time of his death, was at the French Court. He died at Paris, of an aneurism of the heart, on the 17th of July, in the present year. His health is said to have declined very rapidly, since the death of his favourite daughter, the Countess de Lessine. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, the Count del Puerto, an officer in the royal guards of Spain.

M. CHARLES.

Jacques-Alexandre César Charles, late librarian to the Institut Royal, at Paris, whose name recals to our recollection the progress of experiments in natural philosophy, and an extraordinary discovery, was born at Baugency, November 12, 1746. In his early years he cultivated music and painting, and was remarked by a delicate and singular facility in acquiring the most varied talents. He occupied, for some time, an in-

ferior situation in the finances, and nothing at that period foretold that he would one day become one of the most able natural philosophers in Europe; still, either in the cultivation of the arts, or in his ordinary occupations, he undertook nothing but what he completed with elegance, justness, and precision. At length the plans of the comptroller-general of the finances forced M. Charles to enter into the career of the sciences. This employment was soon suppressed, when the name of Franklin and his discoveries mainly contributed to bring into vogue the study of natural phenomena. M. Charles therefore launched into the arena of science by public demonstrations, and was attended by numerous auditors, and in a short time his lectures gained great celebrity; insomuch, that Franklin himself, then ambassador at the court of Versailles, being present at one of them in which he had been eminently successful, said, "I see very well that nature has nothing to refuse you."

M. Charles had proceeded several years as a professor, when a striking and unlooked-for discovery astonished the amateurs of science. The brothers Montgolfiers had succeeded in constructing a machine capable of moving and elevating itself in the air to a great height, and supporting a considerable weight, which was received with joy and admiration throughout Europe; it was hailed as a new era, in which man, master at last of the only element left for him to contend with, might see his power over nature doubled. It was on the 5th of June, 1783, when the Montgolfiers made their first experiment, in presence of the states of Vivarais, assembled at Annonay; their balloon weighed 500 lbs., and elevated itself in ten minutes to the height of 1,000 toises; it then became stationary for a short time, and slowly descended, after having made an horizontal line of 7,200 feet. As soon as this was known at Paris it excited a general enthusiasm; all lovers of science felt the most lively desire to repeat the experiment, and M. Charles, from his celebrity, was fixed on to undertake it; and on the 27th of August, 1783, his balloon ascended from the Champ-de-Mars, in presence of a prodigious number of persons, who had the satisfaction of witnessing its complete success. The public astonishment was carried to its highest pitch afterwards, on viewing the ill-fated Pilatre-de-Rosière, and the Marquis d'Arlande, ascend in the air, seated in a boat suspended to a balloon. At length M. Charles formed a project not less adventurous, and, accompanied by M. Robert, ascended, from the Tuilleries, to the height of 7,000 feet, and travelled in the air nine leagues in the course of several minutes, and safely descended at Nesle, in presence of the celebrated Duc d'Orleans (then Duc de Chartres), and the *élite* of the court of France. After M. Robert had quitted the car, M. Charles reascended, the balloon rapidly attaining the region of the clouds in a still higher degree, when he again descended perfectly safe.

We well remember two anecdotes worthy recording upon this subject, of Louis XVI., both denoting the kind character of that prince. When he had been informed of the intention of M. Charles, fearful of the event, he ordered the police magistrate to prevent the ascension; but from some accident the order was eluded; and when his majesty heard the success of this daring enterprise, he gave M. Charles a pension from his own private purse, which was continued to the period of the revolution.

Some time after this event, the Duke of Orleans ascended with Messrs. Charles and Robert, from his (then) park of St. Cloud. It was in this excursion *aux nues* that the duke found himself obliged to cut open the balloon with his sword, which caused the ærial travellers to descend with more alacrity than they wished, although without any material accident.

Although ærostatic ascensions have offered spectacles the most astonishing, which the genius of man could ever imagine, yet they have not hitherto conferred any immediate advantages to society; still it must be confessed, that in their progress, the process discovered and perfected by M. Charles, has been uniformly followed.

Once during the lectures of M. Charles, the terrific leveller Marat, who professed the physical sciences, without any ceremony went to the apartments of M. Charles, and annoyed him with his opinions, which he called *discoveries*. M. Charles in return, with his usual perspicuity, explained the objects in discussion, when Marat, whom nothing reasonable could ever convince, became frantic, and drawing his sword, fell upon the professor, who being a powerful man, and excited by the imminent peril, rapidly seized his enemy, threw him down, and taking his sword from him, broke it to pieces. Marat fainted away,* and for some time life appeared doubtful. M. Charles called in his neighbours to assist him, and Marat was carried home, whilst Charles went to the minister of police to inform him of the transaction. We need hardly hint what a source of affliction this event became to Charles's friends, during the system of terror, when his adversary possessed such unbounded power; but luckily Charles had the happiness of being forgotten; he was lost in the innumerable host of the monster's new enemies.*

* Marat, previous to the revolution, pretended to be the apostate of liberty, and was the same vain captious egotist in England, when he published here his "*Chains of Slavery*," written expressly against the court of Versailles, about the year 1775. He was an envious mountebank, perpetually endeavouring to overthrow the reputation of every man of merit, and loading himself with consummate praise; and this attack upon Charles, whom he would have murdered, was solely because that professor had not spoken with adulation of his experiments. He was always the sanguinary wretch he afterwards so fully demon-

Although he escaped this danger, yet the remembrance of the revolutionary horrors obliges us to recount another. He had received from royal munificence, with his pension, apartments at the Louvre, and the rich cabinet of curiosities which he had formed, occupied a part of the Galerie d'Apollon. When the Tuilleries was attacked (August 10, 1792) the assassins penetrated into his apartments. Charles seeing himself so suddenly assailed by the furious multitude, avowed himself, and brought to their recollection his ærostatic ascensions, and even shewed them the car he used, which now became to him a monument of protection, for he owed his life solely to the singular impression this remembrance made on them. But a more powerful motive than personal interest animated him on this perilous occasion, and gave to his words an extraordinary effect, and indeed at no period of his life had he been so eloquent: one of his brothers, an ecclesiastic, pursued by the revolutionary demons, was hid in his apartments, where Charles had secretly kept him for above two months. After some useless searches the murderers retired; thus fraternal piety, presence of mind, talents, and courage, obtained a double blessing!

In the latter years of his life Charles was attacked by the stone, which, at length, (at the commencement of the present year), making rapid and despairing progress, obliged him to endure, with resignation, an operation almost without hope, and three days after, he was lost to science and the world—dying, he said, "I die without regret, since I shall not be forgotten by my friends!"

JEAN SAMUEL ERSCH.

The Universities of Halle and Jena have lately lost a professor who was esteemed one of the most indefatigable that bibliography had to boast of in Europe—Jean Samuel Ersch, born in 1766, at Gross-Glogau, in Silesia. He resided formerly at Jena, where he was occupied in periodical works on geography and statistics, and where he translated a variety of interesting voyages and travels in foreign countries. In 1788 he published a catalogue of the anonymous works of Germany, serving as a supplement to the work of Meusel, entitled "Learned Germany." He was associate with Schutz and Bertuch, in conducting the "Literary Gazette of Jena," and he contributed to that work until the beginning of the present year. He likewise edited a "Repertory of the Journals, and other Periodical German Works on Geography and History," in 3 vols., in which he indicated the different Mémoires contained in the journals. At Hamburgh he edited the "*Gazette Politique*," in which he continued the Repertory of Literature that he had commenced at Jena. It was at Hamburgh also he published the work which made known the name and the laborious researches of this German bibliographist. His "Literary France," containing the French authors from 1771 to 1791, with two continuations, which he published in 1800 and 1806, was very favourably received, although some faults and omissions were apparent, which it is hoped will be remedied and improved by M. Quérard's forthcoming work at Paris, as that is undertaken upon a grander scale. Ersch likewise published "The New German Library," without mentioning many other literary productions, the severe toils of which brought upon him a very serious illness; but having, in 1800, been chosen librarian to the University of Jena, he returned to that town, and there commenced a course of lectures on geography and modern history. Some years after, he was named chief librarian and professor of geography and statistics at the University of Halle, where he transferred the Literary Gazette of Jena. He there continued his bibliographic researches with the same zeal and attention, and published his "Manual of German Literature," from the middle of the eighteenth century to the end of 1814, in two heavy volumes; and he continued, after the death of Meusel, "Learned Germany," which contained an indication of all the works composed by each author, and the journals where they were either criticised or analyzed. He undertook, in conjunction with M. Gruber, a "General Encyclopedia of the Arts and Sciences;" an immense work, and which differed advantageously from all other encyclopedias, inasmuch as every thing in it was reduced to facts, and in which care was taken to join to every article numerous bibliographic references, where the reader might find more ample information upon all its various subjects. Unfortunately, the enterprise was more than Germany could support, and the work was discontinued, which so affected poor Ersch that he took it seriously to heart, and, falling ill, at length expired, broken-

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strated, and affected to challenge the whole world; yet at the same time a remarkable coward. Indeed he was ever in fear, for he had been informed that he had been watched closely when in England; we believe it was the Editor of *Le Gazetier Cuirassé*, who gave him this hint, which, to the day of his death, continually haunted him. Thus, when in 1782, he wrote a "Memoir on the Criminal Law," which he dared not put his name to, "because," said he, "that will be the way to the Bastille." Indeed, Brissot, who relates this anecdote, characterised him thus: "Under despotism he was afraid of the Bastille, and since the reign of liberty he has always been in fear of prisons!" In 1787, he was importuned by Brissot to join the popular party. "No," said he, "I would rather continue my physical experiments in peace, for philosophy does not lead to the Bastille; besides, the French are not yet sufficiently ripe nor courageous enough to support a revolution." This was the monster that a very short time after, not only preached (in his halfpenny paper called "*L'Ami du Peuple!*") but saw put in practice, the doctrine, that "*pour affranchir la France il faut que le sang de* 300,000 *têtes aristocratiques ruisselent dans les rues!*"—the blood of the heads of three hundred thousand aristocrats must flow, before France can be free!

hearted, the 16th of January last, at Halle.

Ersch was one of those laborious professors with which Germany, more than any other country, so much abounds. He was continually sought after and consulted; and, notwithstanding the occupation and toil with which he was almost overpowered, he still found time for satisfying the reiterated demands made upon his various knowledge. Nor can we conclude this short notice without wishing, in justice to his memory, that means may yet be found for finishing the very voluminous and useful encyclopedia—a work so much wanted in Germany, and the commencement of which was so arduously undertaken by Ersch and his coadjutor.

MONSIEUR GALLOIS.

Monsieur Gallois, a member of the French Institute, in the class of Political Economy, was formerly known, in England, as well as in his own country, as an active revolutionist. In 1798, he was sent over to negociate an exchange of prisoners with the English government; but, from some cause, with which we are unacquainted, his mission failed of success, and he was even forbidden to reside in the metropolis.

After his return, M. Gallois was, in 1799, made a member of the Tribunate. He is considered to have exerted himself very effectively in procuring the elevation of Buonaparte to the imperial dignity; and particularly in drawing up an instrument for the purpose of rendering that dignity hereditary.

In 1805, he made an official report on the letter which had been written by Buonaparte to the King of England. It was, we believe, for that service that he received the cross of the Legion of Honour. After the Tribunate was dissolved, he entered into the legislative body. In 1813, he was named, with M. Lainé, and others, one of the commissioners to inspect the papers relative to the negociations of France with the allies. The report of the commissioners was, that peace alone could save the country.

On the last night of the year 1813, M. Gallois was one of the deputies who were appointed to present the compliments of the season to Buonaparte, who was then in momentary danger of perdition, and who was pleased to treat the deputation as traitors to his state and power. M. Gallois, however, remained at his post in the Assembly, and was one of the first to acquiesce in and promote the abdication of his fallen master. In the month of August following, he expressed himself with great energy in favour of the liberty of the press; observing, that none but despots need fear it, or would lay it under restraint.

When Buonaparte returned from Elba, M. Gallois finally retired from public life. He died at Paris, on the 6th of July, bequeathing a rich library to the Institute. He is known as the translator of Filangieri's work on the Science of Legislation.

DR. HOOK.

The Rev. Dr. James Hook, Dean of Worcester, &c., was the eldest son of Mr. James Hook (musical composer for Vauxhall Gardens, for nearly half a century), and brother of Theodore Hook, Esq., the well-known author of *Sayings and Doings*, and various other popular works.

Educated at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, Mr. Hook entered into Holy Orders. Previously, however, to that important epoch of his life, he is said to have written for the stage, in 1795 and 1797, a comic opera, entitled Jack of Newbury; and another dramatic piece, Diamond Cut Diamond; but we are not aware that either of these productions has been published.

Mr. Hook married, in 1797, the second daughter of the late Sir Walter Farquhar. He had also the good fortune to be patronized by one of the members of the Royal Family; and, through a combination of fortunate circumstances, aided by merit and talent of no common order, he rose rapidly in the church, obtained a lucrative living, became one of the King's Chaplains, a Prebendary of Winchester, chief Deacon of Huntingdon, and Dean of Worcester; and, in all probability, had he lived a few years longer, a mitre would have encircled his brow.

Amongst Dr. Hook's clerical publications, we find—Anguis in Herba, a Sketch of the True Character of the Church of England, 8vo. 1813;—A Sermon preached at St. George's, Hanover Square; with a Correspondence between Earl Grey and the Author on the subject of it, 1812;—and a Charge to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Huntingdon, 1816.

The correspondence between Earl Grey and Dr. Hook, mentioned above, arose from the circumstance of the preacher having stated some opinions respecting the Roman Catholic Question. Lord Grey animadverted upon those opinions with great severity; and Dr. Hook replied with equal pungency.

The Rev. Dean died at Worcester, on the 5th of February. This event was thus respectfully announced in the *Worcester Journal* of the following day:—"We have the painful task of recording the death of our worthy Dean, the Rev. Dr. Hook, whose courtesy and hospitality endeared him to all ranks, during his comparatively short residence at the deanery. He expired yesterday, between twelve and one o'clock, in the 56th year of his age." The consignment of his body to our parent earth, in the succeeding week, was, also, thus honourably recorded:—"The funeral of our late lamented Dean, Dr. Hook, took place on Tuesday, in our Cathedral. The whole of the Choir, the Minor Canons, the Lay Clerks, the Prebendaries, the Archdeacon, and the Lord Bishop of the diocese, were in the procession. The pall bearers were Lords Foley and Deerhurst; Colonel Davies, M. P.; Sir Anthony Lech-

mere, Bart.; Mr. Whinnington Ingram; Messrs. Isack, Lechmere, and Wall. The mourners consisted principally of the Dean's family; the King's scholars closing the melancholy train. The body was deposited in a vault of our Lady's chapel. We may truly say, that never was more general or sincere sorrow felt, than has been excited here by the death of this most estimable divine; who, during his short residence at the Deanery, had, by his charity and benevolence, secured the gratitude of the poor; and by his urbanity and hospitality, obtained the esteem and affection of all who knew him in the county and city."

THE COUNT DE SEZE.

The memory of this noble-minded French royalist, who died in the month of April, will long be cherished with feelings of respect and devotion, from the fearlessness with which he advocated the cause of his sovereign, Louis XVI. He had been selected, with Tronchet, and Lamorgion de Malesherbes, then in his seventy-third year, to prepare the defence of their illustrious client. With what success, history too truly records: the task of delivering that defence was entrusted to De Seze.

More fortunate than his venerable colleague, Malesherbes, De Seze survived the horrors of the reign of terror, and had the exalted gratification of living to witness the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty. His fidelity was then rewarded. He was created a peer of France, grand treasurer of the order of the Holy Ghost, commander of the king's orders, and first president of the Court of Cassation.

Eminently moral and pious in all the relations of life, the Count de Seze expired in the arms of his children, to whom his dying words were addressed:—"You have always, like me, followed the path of duty: continue in it, my dear children."

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE Continental harvests have partaken, generally, of the defects of our own. Ireland seems to have been more fortunate, few complaints having arrived from thence, and considerable improvement having taken place in the condition of her labouring population. Greater numbers of them have found employment at home during the present, perhaps, than during any past year within memory. As subjects for wonder will never be wanting, even Ireland is, at length, rising in the scale of nations. Scotland, also, boasts a more prosperous harvest than the generality of our more Southern counties. In Perth, and the higher northern districts, though the wheat was beat down by the winds, it has been secured with little damage or complaint, excepting, in some parts, of a yellow caterpillar; the quantity about two-thirds of an average; the late sown wheats defective, all of various quality. Oats, barley, beans, peas, potatoes, a full average and of good quality. Turnips a vast crop. The oats are said to be the largest crop that has been obtained of late years. From Scotland we have received high panegyrics of the Irish labourers, as not only steady workmen, but able to cut a greater breadth of corn in a day, at the same time performing it with greater ease, than any other. Hopes are expressed that their usual annual visits to Scotland may ever continue. In various parts of England, complaints have been made of a deficiency of labourers for the harvest; in consequence, labour has been so dear, that good hands have earned upwards of eight shillings a day. This has chiefly arisen from the circumstance, that we have had less of Irish assistance during the present, than in former harvests.

Notwithstanding this reduced number of harvest labourers, several of our Correspondents express their apprehension of a surplussage of hands, during the approaching winter, and an extreme solicitude as to the ability of their parishes for the support of the supernumeraries. In this very serious exigence, they seem to have no other resource than in assistance from the legislature, which surely, all past expectations and circumstances considered, must be a very precarious dependence, if not absolutely a forlorn hope. A plan has been proposed of splitting the large parishes, each into two or three; but granting such a scheme might produce a better regulation of the support of paupers, or the unemployed, it could bring no accession of labour, which is the great *desideratum*. As it appears to us, the legislature can afford no relief in such a case, which indeed can only be supplied by the tenantry themselves, assisted by their landlords. It is, in fact, a strange occurrence, that the most important occupation of the most flourishing and opulent country upon the face of the earth, should be so managed, as to be incapable of giving bread for the labour it requires. Something surely must be radically wrong, must be rotten to the core, in such a state of things.

In all concerns of moment, men should look to themselves, and, taking an impartial view of their own conduct, endeavour to ascertain how much of the misfortune suffered, may have originated in their own error, and to what degree the remedy may lie within their own power. We will briefly recur to one source of ill success in farming, which we have repeatedly noticed in these reports—the excessive, and we venture to add, shameful,

foul and weedy state of vast breadths of both arable and pasture land, throughout this country, so boastful of her agriculture. Now the clearing away this degrading nuisance would, at once, employ a great additional number of labourers, and return a vast profit to their employers. There are also many profitable articles heretofore cultivated in England, but many years since entirely neglected, since wheat has been the golden object, the culture of which might now be advantageously revived. There are, too, numbers of indispensable articles which we have long been voluntarily in the habit of importing, that might be profitably grown at home. Our tenantry, indeed, complain, and very justly, of the oppressive burden of taxation; for though the public bears this burden, it must be understood with respect to those growers who have the means of holding their corn, whilst the less fortunate in that respect, on every falling market, must feel heavily the grievous weight of taxation. On this point, indeed, the appeal to Parliament is most legitimate. And it is the clearest and most obvious duty of all public bodies, to use their accumulated and powerful influence on the legislature, for the removal of all unnecessary, that is to say, of all taxation which is not required for truly public and national purposes. Such, however, seems by no means the leading object of our great agricultural associations. Finally, the signs of the times seem to indicate, that the monopoly of home-grown corn cannot be revived or obtained.

A summer, the most variable, wet, stormy, and blighting, that we have seen during many years, has been fortunately concluded by some weeks of the most mild and beautiful weather, with which our fickle climate ever indulges us. The result has been most fortunate for late harvests, and for those farmers in early districts who had either the good luck or the discretion not to be too hasty in their operations. The wheat crop will be full as defective as we stated in our last; nor will the quality of the best preserved, equal that produced in a good, namely, a dry season. Wet summers are unfriendly to the weight and quality of bread corn. However, price will make ample amends to the fortunate growers of the best samples of the year, and even afford some indemnity to the less fortunate, since the damp and rough corn will fill the bushel. Had not the Corn Bill passed, wheat would at this moment have been at an alarming price, sufficient to excite the most heart-burning clamours in the country. It may at present be deemed high, with little probability of a fall, since, from a harvest like the late, the supplies from abroad cannot be so considerable as in productive years. Old wheat is superior in price to the new, by 6s. to 16s. per quarter. The straw of all culmiferous crops is necessarily great, from the constant moisture of the season; and in the least fortunate districts, it is averred, that a sheaf of wheat has scarcely produced beyond one-half of the weight of corn, which was rendered by a sheaf of last year, the quality also cold, rough, and lean. These facts have been speedily ascertained, as the flail and threshing-mill, this year, have been called into very early operation.

The spring crops have been universally more prosperous than the wheats, both in straw and corn. Beans and peas are the most productive; oats standing next, though much of this corn was blown away by the high winds. Barley is a great crop, but a considerable part of it discoloured; and that which has been put up in a damp state, will scarcely escape being mow-burnt, thence unfit for matting. Much corn of all kinds, indeed, was stacked in so moist a condition, as to induce the necessity of unmaking the rick, in order to dry the sheaves. The harvest has been most perplexing and expensive, but to the fortunate few. The fen counties appear to have suffered most, and the heaviest calamities of the season have arisen from the floods. Clover seed, from the favourable change of the weather, has succeeded beyond expectation, yet will not be an abundant crop. Trefoil is a crop, and winter tares particularly good. Turnips, potatoes, and mangel wurzel are great crops —the after grasses most abundant, and the fallows green like a meadow, and full of keep. But in the fens, both the cole and turnips are unproductive. Our late observation has been verified, as to the inferior quality of grass forced into an inordinate luxuriance by constant moisture. Beasts, in the great cattle districts, have not improved in proportion to the superabundance of grass. The present cannot be deemed a great fruit year, nor is the quantity of any species entitled to particular commendation.

All store stock is in great request. Cart colts are at an extravagant price, and the import of horses continues. Wheat sowing began early, the length of the harvest, and condition of the fallows considered. These last, indeed, we never before saw in a more foul and slovenly condition. The next crop of wheat, that is to say, the proprietors of it, will suffer heavily for this. Hops, in consequence of the late favourable weather, have improved, but neither the quality or extent of the crop can be yet ascertained.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 6d. —Pork, 5s. to 6s.—Raw fat, 2s. 4d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46s. to 90s.—Barley, 34s. to 40s.—Oats, 19s. to 34s. —Bread, The London fine 4 lb. loaf 11d.—Hay 55s. to 100s.—Clover ditto, 75s. to 120s. Straw 32s. to 38s.

Coals in the Pool, 27s. to 39s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, September 22d.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The Sugar Market has been languid all the week; but the prices are fully supported, except for the very ordinary Brown Muscovadoes, which have in several instances been sold on rather lower terms. At the close of the market this afternoon the estimated amount of sales for the week were stated at 2,600 hghds. and tierces.

Coffee.—There have been several public sales of British Plantation Coffee this week; and some descriptions, of late so much neglected, have met with purchasers at advanced prices.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There have been rather extensive cargoes of Rum at market this week, as also a good supply of Brandy: moreover, Geneva is still inquired after; but no supplies of any extent are yet needed.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The latter article continues progressing: and has experienced an advance of from 6d. to 1s. 6d. per cwt. during the past week. Hemp is also in good demand. In Flax there is little variation.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3¼.—Altona, 13. 14¼.—Paris, 25. 40.—Hamburgh, 13. 14.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Frankfort, 151½.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 1½.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Madrid, 36¼.—Cadiz, 36¼.—Bilboa, 30.—Barcelona, 35½.—Seville, 35¼.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48½.—Genoa, 25. 40.—Naples, 39½.—Palermo, 119.—Venice, 47¼.—Lisbon, 45¼.—Oporto, 45¼.—Rio Janeiro, 20½*l.*—Bahia, 34*l.*—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9¾d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, 292*l.*—Coventry, 1,080*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 107*l.*—Grand Junction, 305*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 29½*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 413*l.*—Oxford, 700*l.*—Regent's, 26*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 805*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 260*l.*—London Docks (Stock), 83½*l.*—West India (Stock), 215*l.*—East London Water Works, 120*l.*—Grand Junction, 56*l.*—West Middlesex, 69*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance, 9½*l.*—Globe, 160*l.*—Guardian, 21*l.*—Hope Life, 5½*l.*—Imperial Fire, 101*l.*—Gas-Light Westminster Chartered Company, 52¾*l.*—City, 0*l.*—British, 8 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of August to the 23d of September 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Barker, Shrewsbury, coffee-house keeper
T. Fortune, Heighington, Durham, cattle-jobber

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 53.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Allen, W. S. Kingston-upon-Hull, bookseller. [Hall and Co., Beverley
Armand, P. le Comte de Fontaine Moreaw, Southampton-street, Fitzroy-square, and Churchcourt, Old Jewry, silk-merchant. [Darke, Red-lion-square
Alexander, I. and A. Stodart, Upper Clapton, brick-makers and builders. [Stratton and Overton, Shoreditch
Brooke, W. Gainsborough, innkeeper. [Spike, Temple; Wells, Gainsborough
Brandon, J. I. Rickmansworth, merchant. [Jacobs, Great St. Helens
Blake, J. G. Chelsea, shipowner. [Wright, Alie-street
Bonner, C. Spalding, scrivener. [Carter, Spalding
Brearley, J. Milnow, Rochdale, shopkeeper. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham, Brighouse, Halifax
Boone, A. and J. Piccadilly, hatters. [Coe, Hatton-garden
Cook, J. J. Southwark-brige-road, coach-maker. [Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence-lane
Crossland, J. Honley, Almondbury, York, scribling-miller. [Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Carr, Gomersal, Leeds
Dickinson, G. Liverpool, dealer. [Norris and Co., Bedford-row; Woodburn, Preston
Davis, T. Goswell-street, cheesemonger, [Bousfield, Chatham-place, and Mould, Great Knight Rider-street
Edwards, P. B. Tanyralt, Carnarvon, merchant. [Kearsey and Hughes, Lothbury; Williamson, Liverpool
Edmunds, A. Worcester, timber-merchant. [Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn; Parker and Smith, Worcester
Emet, J. Downend, Mangotsfield, Gloucester, stone-quarryman. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Haynes, Bristol
Foster, F. Oxford-street, tailor. [Sutcliffe and Co., New-bridge-street
Fallows, S. Stainland, York, cotton manufacturer. [Williamson, Gray's-inn; Norris, Halifax
Fair, C. Liverpool, wine-merchant. [Prest, Liverpool
Geary, J. Brentwood, master-mariner. [Baddeleys, Leman-street

Herring, J. M. Aberystwith, victualler. [Davies, Temple
Harris, J. Bletchington, Oxford, tailor. [Bridger, Finsbury-circus; Cecil, Oxford
Harris, G. North-buildings, Finsbury, bill-broker. [Norton, Jewin-street
Hone, W. Ludgate-hill, bookseller. [Harmer, Hatton-garden
Jones, E. Reading, canvass-manufacturer. [Church, Spital-square
Kemp, J. A. Prittlewell, Essex, miller. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle
Lister, H. North Audley-street, tailor. [Jackson, New-inn
Little, E. C. Old Kent-road, Camberwell, brewer. [Hayward, Temple
Lane, J. N. St. Mary-at-hill, wine-merchant. [Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane
Lee, I. Bankside, Southwark, timber-merchant. [Walker, Gloucester-street, Queen-square
Luff, T. Long-lane, Bermondsey, victualler. [Child and Mann, Upper Thames-street
Lind, G. Brighton, merchant. [Collier and Co., Carey-street
Moore, T. Tipton, Stafford, grocer. [Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Spurrier and Ingleby, Birmingham
Marshall, C. H. Cheltenham, merchant. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruen and Co., Cheltenham
Maunder, W. and J. Morchard Bishop, Devon, serge-manufacturers. [Anderson and Co., Bridge-street, Blackfriars; Terrell and Barton, Exeter
Metcalf, R. Haddiscore, Norfolk, miller. [Francis, New Boswell-court; Beart, Great Yarmouth
Nelson, W. Broad-street, Golden-square, oilman. [Atkins and Davies, Fox Ordinary-court
Palmer, J. Wells, innholder. [Miller, Frome, Selwood
Roper, P. H. Manchester-street, dealer. [Bebb and Ganning, Bloomsbury-square
Rhodes, E. and W. H. Sheffield, cutlers. [Smith, Sheffield
Snelus, T. Oxford, carrier. [Dudley, Oxford
Smallbones, G. Bath-place, New-road, St. Pancras, glass-cutter. [Gill, Millman-street
Shaw, J. Newsome, Almondbury, York, merchant. [Sandare, Old Jewry; Jacomb and Tindale, Huddersfield
Scholefield, J. Middleton, Lancashire, dealer in coals. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Duckworth and Co., Manchester
Tress, C. Bishop's Stortford, grocer. [Chester, Staple-inn
Town, J. Croydon, innkeeper. [Parker, Bouverie-street
Tomlinson, J. Salisbury-street, Strand, milliner. [Richardson, Ironmonger-lane
Tanner, P. Manchester, publican and iron-founder. [Heslop, Manchester
Thurtell, J. Great Yarmouth, commission-agent. [Austin, Gray's-inn; Palmer, Great Yarmouth
Wetherall, W. Mansfield, horse-dealer. [Perkins and Frampton, Gray's-inn; Raisbeck and Co., Stockton
Wadsworth, C. Salford, spirit-dealer. [Morris and Goolden, Manchester
Winder, J. Leicester, draper. [Ashurst, Sambrook-court
Watkins, H. D. Limehouse-hole, mast-maker. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. W. L. Bowles, to be a Canon Residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral.—Rev. L. H. Biddulph, to be Vicar of Old and New Shoreham, Sussex.—Rev. T. N. Blagden, to the Vicarage of Washington, Sussex.—Rev. L. Jefferson, to the Vicarage of Brough, Westmoreland.—Rev. R. Rocke, to the Rectory of Lynden, Rutland.—Rev. T. M. Symonds, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Countess of Carysfort.—Rev. T. Pitman, to the Vicarage of Eastbourne, Sussex.—Rev. R. J. Beadon, to the Vicarage of Holcombe Burnell.—Rev. J. Bettridge, of York, to the Living of St. Paul, the new church near the Asylum.—Rev. J. Skelton, to the Chaplaincy of Wykeham.—Rev. E. Ramsden, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. James's, Upper Darwent, Lancaster.—Rev. T. Furneaux, to the Augmented Perpetual Curacy of St. German's, Cornwall.—Rev. E. P. Stock, to the Curacy of St. James's, Bath.—Rev. W. Hobson, to the Perpetual Curacy of Thurton, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Salter, to the Rectory of Iron Acton, Gloucester.—Rev. J. C. Campbell, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Argyle.—Rev. J. Fayaer, to be Master of the Grammar School at Chard.—Rev. G. W. Wrangham, to the Rectory of Thorpe Bassett, York, and Chaplain to the Duke of Montrose.—Rev. W. J. Thornton, Chaplain to Earl Leven and Melville.—Rev. G. F. Tavel, to the Rectories of Euston with Barnham, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Dealtry, to the Chancellorship of Winchester.—Rev. M. Dallas, to the Rectory of Wonston, Hants.—Rev. M. Colpoys, to the Rectory of North Waltham.—Rev. A. Gibson, to the Vicarage of Chedworth, Gloucester.—Rev. H. N. Pearson, to be Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.—Rev. J. Wilkinson, to the Rectory of South Croxton, Leicester.—Rev. J. Hayton, to the Perpetual Curacy of Ryhope, Bishopwearmouth.—Rev. R. Ripley, to the Perpetual Curacy of Chester-le-Street.—Rev. Dr. Richardson, to the Rectory of Brancepeth.—Rev. G. L. Warner, to the Vicarage of St. Mary Breden, Canterbury.—Rev. J. Taylor, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Michael's at Thorn, Norfolk.—Rev. H. Green, to the Vicarage of Upton Snodsbury, Gloucester.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The King has appointed Viscount Melville, Vice-Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, Vice-Admiral Sir H. Hotham, Sir G. Clerk, bart., and G. C. Pratt, esq. (commonly called Earl of Brecknock) His Majesty's Commissioners for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral.—And the following have been appointed Commissioners for the Affairs of India: Lord Ellenborough, Right Hon. R. Peel, Lords Aberdeen, Sir G. Murray, bart., Duke of Wellington, Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Lord Wallace, Right Hon. I. Sullivan, Lord Ashley, Marquis of Graham, L. Peel, esq., and Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

August 21.—Report of the Committee of the House of Commons published relative to their inquiry into the manner of obtaining dead bodies for dissection. Their proposition is to follow the example of France, and appropriate for dissection the bodies of those who die under public charge, or who, when dead, are not claimed by their friends.

25.—Parliament prorogued to October 30.

26.—A beautiful new Gothic chapel consecrated at Kennington, called St. Mary, Lambeth; it is intended to hold about 2,000 persons; and as auxiliary to the chapel, a Sunday school is to be established.

27.—The late Archbishop of Canterbury's will proved in Doctor's Commons; personal property taken at £180,000!!! The value of the nomination to the Registry of the Prerogative Court, secured to his Grace by an Act of Parliament only a few days before his death, estimated at upwards of £100,000 more.

28.—Workmen commenced pulling down Covent Garden Market, in order to proceed with the building of a new one immediately.

— Duke of Cambridge left town on his return to Hanover.

— Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England had a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, relative to the disposition of the funds arising from the deposits of the Savings' Banks.

— Merchants of Liverpool trading to the Brazils, memorialized the Admiralty for protection against pirates infesting the South American seas.

September 5.—Parliamentary Paper published, containing a table of the number of persons employed in all public offices, and the gross amount of their salaries in 1827; the number is stated to be 22,912, and the money paid them, £2,788,907!*

8.—The Jewish year 5589, ushered in at sunset with the preparatory rites observed on such occasions by the Israelites resident in the metropolis assembled at their synagogues. The Feast of Trumpets early the next morning was celebrated, in commemoration of Abraham's offering up his son.

— First stone laid of a Meeting House for the Society of Friends at Stoke Newington. The expense is estimated at £10,000, and it is expected to be one of the handsomest buildings, as a place of worship, that has yet been erected by that respectable body.

11.—Old Bailey Sessions commenced.

12.—Advices from Lisbon announce the termination of the trial of Sir John M. Doyle and Mr. Young. Sir J. M. Doyle to be banished Portugal within eight days, and Mr. Young to find securities for not again interfering in the political affairs of the country.

13.—Notice sent to Lloyd's, from the Foreign Office, that the French Government had ordered an additional naval force to blockade Algiers.

20.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 24 prisoners received sentence of death (one of them only 15 years of age!) and above 100 were ordered for transportation.

* In the reign of George I. the army consisted of 18,500 men; and "the whole peace establishment," says Sir J. Sinclair, "cost £2,583,000." So that the present corps of placemen exceeds that number by 4,000, and their salaries amount to more than the whole of the peace establishment of that reign!!!

MARRIAGES.

D. Mackeller, esq., to Maria, daughter of Count Meneghetopulo, of Zante.—Lieut.-Colonel Dumaresq, to Elizabeth Sophia, daughter of the late Hon. A. R. B. Danvers.—Rev. A. P. Clayton, son of Sir W. Clayton, bart., to Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of the late Dean of Salisbury and Lady E. Talbot, and niece to the Duke of Beaufort.—Lord Clarina, to Susan Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Hugh Barton, esq., Battle-abbey.

DEATHS.

Hon. H. F. Stanhope, only brother to the Earl of Harrington.—Hon. and Rev. A. G. Legge, Dean of Lincoln.—93, Very Rev. Dr. R. D. Waddilove, Dean of Ripon.—Sir Henry Torrens, Adjutant-General of the Forces.—At Kensington, 79, T. A. Grindal, esq.—Her Grace Susan, Duchess of Manchester.—In Regent's-park, Mrs. C. A. D. Chapman, daughter of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.—At Blackheath, the Very Rev. Dr. G. Gordon, Dean of Lincoln.—Lady Montgomery, wife of Sir J. Montgomery, bart., M.P. Peebles.—In Myddleton-square, Mrs. T. Dibdin.—Lieut.-Col. Forsteen.—Ann, relict of Major General Fawcett.—90, Sir A. S. Namond, bart.; late comptroller of the navy.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Dr. Gall, the phrenologist.—In Sweden, Count Frederic Wachtmoister, lately in the British naval service.—At Stockholm, 85, Professor Thimberg.—At Dieppe, Miss Georgiana Drew, daughter of the late Lady Susan Douglas.—At Sydney, New South Wales, the Hon. C. Thorsby, member of the legislative council.—At Rotterdam, the Rev. H. Randolph.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

No less than 47 shopkeepers (many of them *respectable!* the *Tyne Mercury* says) were fined, August 25, in the Mayor's Chamber, at Newcastle, for their scales being not just, or their weights deficient.

A letter from Lord Eldon to the Ship-owners of the Society of North Shields, has been recently published; it is dated July 23, and announces that the Duke of Wellington purposes giving his attention to the important case of the shipowners during the present recess of Parliament.

YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.

Lately part of the cliff at Owthorne, once the site of the Sister Churches, fell into the sea, by which circumstance a leaden coffin was discovered, containing the remains of a clergyman, interred there upwards of 120 years ago; he had been murdered, and thrown into a well, where he was found four years afterwards.

The question relative to the Vicarial Tithes at Halifax is now finally settled, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of York, who has undertaken to recommend the measure to the Crown; the sum to be paid to the vicar is £1,500 per annum. The arrangement will ultimately be ratified and settled, *in perpetuity*, by an act of Parliament.—*Leeds Mercury.*

The Exhibition of Fine Arts (Northern Society) at Leeds has closed; and £400 were taken for the sale of pictures during the season. The number of single admissions, sold at 1s. each, were 5,422, besides 442 season tickets at 5s. each.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

In consequence of the increased population of Preston, His Majesty has been pleased to grant to the Corporation a new Charter, bearing date August 7, 1828, and appointing the late mayor and the senior alderman, for the time being respectively, His Majesty's Coroners, and the residue of the aldermen His Majesty's justices of the peace for the borough, in addition to the Coroner, and four justices of the peace, heretofore appointed by former charters.

At Lancaster assizes, 3 prisoners received sentence of death for burglary; the calendar (like all the other counties of the northern circuit this summer) was very light.

The first stone of a new Wesleyan Protestant Methodist Chapel has been recently laid at Holbeck.

At the September meeting of the Yorkshire Horticultural Society, a cucumber was presented, called the Wellington, which measured upwards of two feet in length, and of a proportionate thickness.

The Bazaar at Wakefield has produced £444. 11s. 6d., for the benefit of the Dispensary and Fever Ward.

The stupendous work of removing a mountain into a valley, in the Godly-lane-road, near Halifax, is proceeding successfully, and will, when completed, surpass any improvement ever attempted in Yorkshire.

Married.] At Liverpool, Sir John Jervis W. Jervis, bart., to Miss Bradford.

CHESHIRE AND DERBY.

Respecting the Silk Trade, and comparing the present state of the throwing mills in Congleton, as contrasted with 1824, it appears that, in 1824, there were 52 mills in Congleton, containing 13,340 dozen spindles in full operation, furnishing a remunerating return on the outlay employed, and an adequate price for labour, the average of each hand being somewhat more than 6s. per week. In 1825, commonly called the "mad year," 12 new mills were erected, and several others were enlarged. In 1828, the trade began with 64 mills, capable of containing 20,784 dozen of spindles. Of these mills, 25 are wholly unoccupied; and there are 12 parts of mills standing, comprehending 8,439 dozen of spindles; and the remainder, viz. 12,345 dozen, the number now in operation, are worked at a weekly loss to the occupier, notwithstanding an inadequate price for the labour, wages averaging somewhat more than 4s. per head, being a reduction of almost one-third, or upwards of 30 per cent.—*Macclesfield Courier.*

August 19, a new church was consecrated at Derby by the bishop of the diocese; it is in the Spanish Gothic style; and consists of a large oblong building, with four light and elegant towers at the corners, and other smaller embattled towers along the sides, and reminds the beholder of the Moorish buildings of Grenada.—*Derby Reporter.*

The cause against certain members of the corporation of Chester, as trustees of "Owen Jones's Charity," has been argued before the Vice-Chamberlain's Court, and given against them with costs, thus obliging them to render a faithful account of their stewardship, or suffer an attachment from the Chancery of the Palatinate.

At the Derby Musical Festival, the sum of £961. 4s. 11d. was received at the church doors during the four days; and the amount of tickets sold produced £2,914. 17s. 6d.

Died.] At Glossop, 70, the Rev. J. Barbe, a Roman Catholic clergyman, who had quitted France in 1793, in consequence of the revolutionary atrocities, and remained in England until his death, highly respected.—At Macclesfield, Mr. Batt, who for 21 years superintended the Sunday School.—At Bank-hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, 70, S. Frith, esq., deputy lieutenant of the county.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

The foundation stone of a new church has been recently laid at Wolverhampton; it will contain 2,300 sittings, of which 1,300 are to be free.

A new Wesleyan Chapel has been begun at Walsall; it is to be in the Grecian style.

Lord Kenyon has addressed "a Letter to the Protestants," dated August 30, on the state of the Catholic Question. With a proper respect for his lordship's motives and character, we read the following paragraph with surprise and sorrow:—"We live in times when every man who values principles should depend on his *own* exertions, and NOT *on those* of *princes, prelates, nobles, politicians*, or *parliament*. Some of the last sessions of parliament have shewn how little safe it is to trust to SUCH quarters for security."—*Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

A meeting has been held at Shrewsbury for the purpose of promoting the building of a free church in the vicinity of Castle Foregate in that town, when a committee was formed, and a subscription entered into for that purpose.

A monument has been opened in St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, to the memory of the Rev. J. B. Blakeway, 31 years ordinary and official,

and 32 years minister to that parish; it was erected by subscription of the parishioners.

Died.] At Stafford, 82, Mr. John Kenderdine, formerly shoe-manufacturer; he acted as agent for Sheridan in his elections for that borough, who called him always "Dear King John," as may be seen by the following note, inserted in Moore's Life of the orator:—"Cavendish-square, Sunday night.—"Dear King John, I shall be in Stafford in the course of next week, and if Your Majesty does not renew our old alliance, I shall never again have faith in any potentate on earth. Your's, very sincerely, *R. B. Sheridan.*"

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The Bishop of Lincoln in his recent visitation charge to the clergy at Leicester, gave a description of the law regarding plurality of benefices, residence upon the respective livings, curates, &c. &c., and stated that he felt it to be his imperative duty to enforce the requisitions of this act with strictness and impartiality; and he took this opportunity of explaining the law to the clergy of his diocese, lest any should incur the penalty from want of information!

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The tolls payable at Deritend Bridge, and at the several other gates in Deritend, leading into Birmingham, ceased on August 27.

Several persons have been punished under the new Street Act for having baited a bull, attended by a great concourse of people.

The Committee at Birmingham, established for endeavouring to get that town represented in parliament, invited Mr. Tennyson to a public dinner, as a mark of respect for his disinterested exertions in the House of Commons in behalf of that object; and Mr. Shaw, the high bailiff, wrote to him, but Mr. T. politely declined the honour, in accordance with what he conceived his public duty: and in his answer to the high bailiff, avers that government must soon yield to the paramount authority of public opinion, notwithstanding their opposition for a time to their fair pretensions.

The expenses for the Western Division of the County of Northampton for the last year, amount to £7,529. 19s. 1d.; out of which £1,044. 10s. 5d. were paid for bridges and surveyor, and £5,000 for the law, viz. vagrants, felons, prosecutions, debtors, gaol, judges' house, county hall, and coroners! The disbursements for the Eastern Division were, besides, £,3,635.

The Ladies' Bazaar at Leamington produced upwards of £700, for the benefit of the General Hospital and Dispensary.

At the Anniversary Meeting of the General Infirmary at Northampton, for the relief of the sick and lame of all counties, it appeared that 79,913 persons have been cured, and 8,508 relieved since its foundation in 1774. A sermon was preached for the charity, and £70. 7s. 7½d collected at the church doors.

At the Ladies' Bazaar at Northampton, for the benefit of the Infant School, the sum of £135. 1s. 3d. was collected.

Died.] At Peterborough, 80, Mrs. A. Fox; her ancestor, Ross, was in the service of Mary Queen of Scots, at Fotheringay-castle.—91, Mrs. M. Andrew, of Long Buckby; she was the mother of 12 children, grandmother of 63, great-grandmother of 113, and great-great-grandmother of 2, making in all 190 descendants.—At Birmingham, 84, Mrs. Judith Mansell.—At Coventry, Rev. J. Davies.—Mrs. Harris, at Coleshill; she had been mistress of the workhouse 21 years.—At Leamington, Sir P. C. Silvester, bart.; he was son of Admiral Carteret, and nephew to the late Recorder of London.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The collection at the doors of the Cathedral at Hereford Music Meeting, amounted to £775. 9s. 3½d.

Died.] At Hereford, J. Wathen, esq.—Within the space of four months have been interred at the parish of Powich, 8 persons, whose united ages amounted to 602 years; their names are as follow: John Penny, 85; Anne Goodman, 99; Thomas Brookes, 70; Mary Charles, 70; Thomas Grainger, 71; Mary Davis, 70; John Lea, 62; and Sarah Lawriman, 75.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The expences for paving, pitching, cleansing, and lighting the city of Bristol, and the liberties thereof, from January 1 to December 31, 1827, amounted to £10,953. 7s. 3d.

The disbursements for the county of Gloucester, from Easter sessions 1827 to Easter sessions 1828, amounted to upwards of £32,000; £17,158. 16s. 10½d. were expended for building and repairing county bridges, and nearly all the remainder for criminal jurisprudence and its attendants.

The collections, at the churches only, for the public charities at Cheltenham, have amounted during the last eight years to upwards of £5,500. The number of children now educating there at the public expense exceeds 1,600.

OXFORD AND BERKS.

A meeting was held at the Town-hall, Thame, August 28, to take into consideration the propriety of making a navigable canal from Aylesbury by Thame, to join the Wilts and Berks Canal at Abingdon, when a committee was formed for that purpose, as well as for an inquiry into the propriety of forming a railroad also instead of a canal. It was voted to raise a fund of £200,000 by shares of £25 each.

As one of the small boats which ply at and near Windsor was returning home, September 3, from Egham races, loaded with the extraordinary number of 19 persons, it struck on some stakes in the river, filled with water and sunk, when 9 persons perished.

The Bazaar, held at the National School, Banbury for the benefit of that institution and "The Visiting Charitable Society," was kept open two days, for the sale of fancy works, and produced upwards of £125.

An elegant school, for the gratuitous education of children, has just been completed at Wallingford, in the Gothic style, by public subscription.

HERTFORD AND ESSEX.

The new Corn Exchange at Bishop's Stortford will occupy a space of 126 feet in length, and 63 in width. The Exchange is at the north end, with counting-houses under a colonnade, supported by iron columns, which opens to an area in the centre, communicating to which is the hall, 60 by 25 feet, with entrances to the east and west. At the south end of the building is the butchers', fish,

and poultry market. Over the hall will be a coffee-room of the same dimensions, and 20 feet in height, with magistrates' and other rooms adjoining, the whole of which are so constructed as to be used for assemblies, concerts, or other public meetings. The building, when completed, will be an elegant specimen of the Grecian Ionic order.

Died.] At High Willows, 34, Henry, son of W. Thomson, esq.

KENT AND SURREY.

At a meeting held at Queenborough, of the fishermen of that place, to take into consideration their miserable situation, thanks were voted to the subscribers to their relief, and to Mr. Capel (one of their representatives in Parliament), who detailed to the meeting the efforts he had made to get a bill passed for their relief, but which, on the ground of informality, had at present failed—still he had every assurance, and from many circumstances, he firmly believed that justice was at hand. "We ask," said Skey, the fisherman, and defendant in the prosecution by the Mayor, "for the possession of what we received from our fathers, and what a jury declared to be our just inheritance." He concluded by a resolution, unanimously agreed to, "That in the midst of their privations, they looked forward with hope and confidence, that the nation would not, in their case, be presented with an instance of the prosperity of a town being destroyed, its source of industry annihilated, and its loyal inhabitants dispersed, for the sake of usurped authority and unconstitutional interest!"

A handsome new stone dock was recently opened in Chatham Yard; it is said to have cost £200,000!

Died.] At Dover, Forbes des Vœux, esq., son of Sir C. des Vœux, bart.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

The Commissioners for the better Regulating, &c. the Town of Brighthelmston, have published their account of disbursements for the last half year, by which it appears that the sum of £9,521. 17s. 8d. has been expended for that purpose. The expense for lighting and cleansing the streets amounted to £1,051. 9s. 4d., and upwards of £2,200 were paid for groynes and sea wall.

Married.] At Milbrook, the Rev. J. C. Ebden to Eliza, grand-daughter of the late P. P. Powney, esq., M.P. Windsor.—At Southampton, Sir R. Williams to Mrs. Bingham.—At Hastings, the Hon. G. F. Hamilton, son of Viscount Boyne, to Emma Maria, daughter of the late Matthew Russel, of Brancepeth-castle, Durham, esq.

DORSET AND WILTS.

At the Salisbury Music Meeting, the sum of £1,790 was received at the six performances, leaving only £140 for charitable purposes, to which should be added the profits of the dress ball.

Died.] At Poole, 73, Mrs. Forrestal; she married 40 years ago, and a few hours after the ceremony, her husband left the town, and has never been heard of since.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

The new school rooms erected at Honiton for the children of the Daily and Sunday Schools on the National System, have been opened; the two rooms are capable of containing 150 children each. It is not a little gratifying to know that, since its establishment, the young ladies of Honiton have principally instructed the female children themselves.

There are now 600 Portuguese exiles at Plymouth, among whom are magistrates, doctors of laws, physicians, merchants, officers, and some non-commissioned officers and privates, the greater part of whom are without resources. Every attention has been paid to these unfortunate foreigners by W. Fox, Esq., the Brazilian Vice-consul.—*Trewman's Exeter Flying Post.*

Died.] At Wiveliscombe, Mrs. Abigail Slowly; her death was occasioned by the overturning of the Barnstaple mail-coach!—At Sidmouth, Mrs. Cator.—At Wells, 80, Mrs. Jane Pulsford.—At Bath, 102, Mrs. Calvert.—At Tiverton, Mr. W. Salter.

CORNWALL.

The pilchard fishery has been more successful this season than it has been known to be for many years. At St. Ives, about 3,000 hogsheads have been secured by the seans; and at Fowey, upwards of 1,000 hogsheads of fish have been taken. A plan for curing them has lately been put in practice by Sir Isaac Coffin, and they turn out to be superior in flavour to the best red herrings.

Subscriptions have been entered into for rebuilding the Crown and Nisi Prius Courts at the Guildhall, Launceston.

A great number of Portuguese refugees have within the last ten days arrived at Falmouth. About 100 of these unfortunate foreigners landed from a Spanish brig, in which they embarked from Ferrol; a Swedish brig landed about 420 from the same place; a Spanish ship, a schooner, and a lugger, arrived with 616 refugees; and about 60 passengers came by the Marlborough, and 24 by the Stanmer. There are also at that place between 300 and 400 Germans, who arrived in the early part of the year in a vessel, in which they embarked for Brazil, but having put into Falmouth in distress, they refused to proceed, and have since remained there supported by the inhabitants!—*Western Flying Post, Sept.* 15.

Married.] At Fowey, Mr. Cowling to Miss Collings.

WALES.

We have heard much of the excellence of Scotch morals, generally ascribed to the influence of superior education; but we believe the Principality of Wales, if we are to take the amount of criminal offences as a fair criterion of the moral state of a country, furnishes fewer cases of judicial proceedings than the kingdom of Scotland, the respective number of their population being taken in the account. If in Wales there is not the refinement of England, neither are there the vices of England.—In Denbighshire, there are only 3 criminals in a population of about 70,000.—At Brecon, 2 for trial.—At Merioneth, not one prisoner for trial.—At Carnarvon, 4.—At Flint, 2.—At Cardigan, there was not *one* prisoner for trial! On this very cheering occasion, the officers' wands were decorated with white ribands!—At Carmarthen, the sessions were postponed in consequence of Mr. Justice Heywood having been attacked with paralysis.

At the late visitation dinner at Brecon, the Rev. Archdeacon Davies declared his intention of founding two scholarships of £25 each, at the College of St. David's, at Lampeter, from the pro-

ceeds of his archdeaconry. After an elegant sermon, preached by the bishop, £436. 17s. were added to the fund of that institution.

Denbigh Eisteddfod and Musical Festival was attended with the most exalted in rank and importance in the Principality. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was present, and received the freedom of the borough. The usual distribution of prizes took place.

Died.] At Wenvoe Rectory, Glamorgan, the Rev. T. Davies, upwards of 51 years the resident minister of that parish!—At Tenby, Pembroke, Mr. Serjeant Heywood, chief justice of the Carmarthen circuit.

SCOTLAND.

At a late hour yesterday evening, we received notice of a most distressing and melancholy accident which occurred on Loch Lomond that afternoon, whereby thirteen lives were lost. The Lady of the Lake, steam-boat, was on her return from her usual voyage to the head of the loch, and had lain to opposite Tarbet, to receive on board those passengers who had landed there, or such other visitors as were waiting for her at that place. The small boat, which belongs to the inn, immediately put off. The boat was crowded; there were from 20 to 25 crammed into the small coble. The lake was smooth, and shining as a mirror, and the steam-boat was not much more than thirty yards from the shore. A person, who was standing on the beach, described to us that the boat wabbled on, from one side to another, till it came close to the steamer; it then made a "creen" towards the steamer, so alarming, that most of the passengers rose up and clustered to the other side, when the boat completely heeled over, and floated keel uppermost. It was a moment of intense agony. Few shrieks were heard — one or two piercing ones could be distinguished — and thirteen unfortunates were stifled with the waters instantly! Where the accident took place there was about five fathoms of water. Every exertion was made by those on board the steamer, and by those on shore to render assistance.—*Paisley Advertiser, Aug.* 30.

A beautiful new Light House is erecting on the Mull of Galloway. The tower will stand 85 feet above the base, which, added to an elevation completely natural from the level of the sea to the apex of the rock, of 270 feet, will render the beacon one of the highest and most commanding in the whole kingdom; it will cost £8,000.

Died.] At Perth, 106, Mrs. Margaret Macphael; she had a distinct recollection of the Rebellion, and had twice seen the unfortunate Prince Edward in his wanderings.

IRELAND.

The Lord Lieutenant has recently visited his estates at Carlingford, when his tenantry met him by appointment in the lawn, and he thus addressed them:—"My friends, I have long promised myself the pleasure of coming amongst you; various causes deprived me for a time of that pleasure. Ill health, for which I am sure you were all sorry, first detained me; again, when on the eve of coming, I was called to assist in the councils of our Most Gracious Sovereign—the call came from a quarter too high to admit a moment's hesitation. At length an opportunity offered me, which brought me, not to visit, but reside amongst you. I was always an admirer of the Irish character, and I most unaffectually declare, that in no part, either of England, Scotland, or Wales, have I found a tenantry more upright, more just, or more punnctual, than in this part of Ireland. I am aware that I am addressing a mixed assemblage of Protestants and Catholics; but I came not here in the capacity of either, but as a friend. I care not at what altar a man worships, or under what form he sends forth his prayer to his Cretor, but the honest man is the man I respect—he, and he alone, shall find a place in my confidence. I have never asked, nor I never will ask, any man to change his religion. In my relation to this country, I am called on to decide between parties, and I shall always endeavour to support that principle which I first professed, and which I made a condition of, when I accepted the government of this country—to know no man by his religion—to be guided in my decision only by the justice of the cause. If every man in his situation in Ireland would act on the same principle, prosperity would soon be restored to this country, proof would be given that the surplus capital of the sister kingdom could be safely transferred to this, and your shores, which now present a scene of beauty unequalled, would then show an increase of wealth unexampled.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Perhaps on no other assizes in the recollection of any person living have there been so few cases for trial on the Irish Circuits as this year. This has been attributed by some to the influence of the Liberator and the Catholic priesthood; but we have no doubt that the real cause of the change is the improved condition of the working classes; and the increase of the Irish revenue for same time past puts this almost beyond a doubt.

It appears from the Report of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the friends of the "Irish Sunday School Society," that there are 173,613 scholars attending these schools, and that 28,853 of them are above 15 years of age; in the last 18 years there had been an increase of 2,000 schools, and even since January (this year) 183 new schools had been formed. It appears that "education was given at a cost of no more than fourpence a year for each child." Last year there was a goodly army of nearly 16,000 teachers ranged under the banners of the Society, and although fully the one-half of these were women, "yet," said the Rev. R. Daly, "he was sure this army would do more to tranquillize and civilize Ireland, than twice that number of the stoutest soldiers ever led by the Duke of Wellington." The Earl of Roden, in acknowledging a vote of thanks, said, "I consider it the greatest honour of my life to be the president of this Society. My sovereign has been pleased to bestow many honours upon me, for which he has my humble gratitude; but I would tell him as I tell you, that I consider the honour of my nomination to my present office, as far superior to them all!!!"

Married.] At Inch Bridge, Clare, widow O'Kelly, 94, to a hearty young fellow, named M'Namara, 241—At Dublin, the Rev. J. Hobson to Sarah, daughter to the late Right Hon. A. Browne.

Died.] At Collon, Louth, 88, Lord Oriel; his lordship commenced his Parliamentary career in the first year of George III.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of August to the 25th of September, 1828.

Aug.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	213½	88¼ ⅜	87⅜ ½	96⅛ ⅝	96⅛ ⅝	101⅜ 2	20 1-16	242	98 100p	73 74p	87⅜ ⅝
27	—	87⅞ 88	87⅛ ¼	96½	96⅜ ⅝	101⅜ ⅞	20 1-16	242 3	99 101p	73 74p	87⅛ ½
28	213½ 14¼	88⅛	87¼ ⅜	96½	96⅛ ⅝	101¾ 2	20 1-16	242	102 104p	73 75p	87⅛ ½
29	214½ 15	88¼	87¼ ⅜	96½	96½ ¼	101⅞ 2⅛	20 1-16	—	103 105p	74 75p	87⅜ ⅝
30	214¼ 15	88⅛ ¼	87⅜ ½	—	96⅜ ¾	102⅛ ¼	20 1-16⅛	—	103 106p	75 76p	87½
31	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Sep.											
1	215½	88¼ ⅜	87½ ⅝	—	96¾ 97	102¼ ⅜	20 1-16⅛	—	—	75 77p	87½ ⅝
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	214½ 15½	88⅜ ½	87⅝ ⅞	96⅞ 97⅛	97¼ ⅜	102⅜ ½	20 1-16⅜	242	107 108p	74 76p	87⅞
4	214¼ 15	—	87⅝ ⅞	97	97¼	102⅜ ½	—	—	108 109p	74 75p	87⅞
5	—	—	87⅝ 88	97⅜	—	102½ ⅝	—	—	108 109p	74 76p	87⅞ 8⅛
6	—	—	88⅛	—	—	102¼ ⅜	—	243	109p	74 75p	88⅛ ¼
7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8	—	—	88¼	97¼	—	102½ ¾	—	243	107p	74 76p	88⅛ ¾
9	—	—	87⅞ 88	97⅜	—	102⅜ ⅝	—	243	100 105p	73 75p	88 ⅛
10	—	—	87⅝ 88	—	—	102¼ ⅜	—	—	102 103p	73 75p	87⅞ 8
11	—	—	88¼	—	—	102⅜ ⅝	—	—	84 87p	72 74p	88⅛ ¼
12	—	—	88⅛ ¼	—	—	102⅜ ⅝	—	243½	87 89p	72 73p	88¼ ¼
13	—	—	88⅛ ¼	—	—	102¼ ⅜	—	—	88 90p	73 74p	88⅛ ⅛
14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
15	—	—	88¼	—	—	102⅛ ¼	—	—	88 91p	73 75p	88 ¼
16	—	—	87⅞ 88⅛	—	—	102⅛ ¼	—	243¾	91 103p	74 75p	88 ¼
17	—	—	87¼ 88	—	—	102⅜ ¼	—	—	95 97p	74 76p	87⅞ 8⅛
18	—	—	87⅞ 88	—	—	102⅛ ¼	—	—	95 96p	74 77p	88
19	—	—	87⅝ 88	—	—	102⅛ ¼	—	243½	95 97p	75 77p	88 ⅛
20	—	—	87⅞	—	—	102⅜ ¼	—	—	96p	76 77p	87⅞ 8⅛
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	—	—	87⅞ 88	—	—	102⅛ ¼	—	—	94p	75 77p	88
23	—	—	87⅞ 88	—	—	102⅜ ⅝	—	—	94p	76 77p	88 ⅛
24	—	—	88¼	—	—	102¼ ⅜	—	—	94p	76 77p	88 ¼
25	—	—	88¼	—	—	102¼ ⅜	—	—	94p	76 77p	88 ⅛

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From August 20th to September 19th, 1828.

By William Harris and Co. 50, High Holborn.

August.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P.M.
20	0		66	70	60	30 00	29 88	49	49	WNW	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
21	03		66	67	58	29 76	29 66	49	49	W	NW	Fine	Rain	—
22	87		64	63	54	29 62	29 70	49	49	WNW	N	Fine	Rain	Rain
23			61	62	51	29 88	29 96	49	49	NW	N	Fine	Fine	Fine
24			61	66	63	30 07	30 08	49	49	NW	NW	—	—	—
25		○	69	72	71	30 14	30 18	50	51	NW	NE	—	—	—
26			74	73	55	30 21	30 29	51	51	S	SE	—	—	—
27			72	71	59	30 18	30 14	50	50	SE	SE	—	—	—
28			72	73	59	30 11	30 08	50	50	SE	SE	—	—	—
29			69	72	60	30 07	30 05	50	50	SE	SE	—	—	—
30			65	70	57	30 06	30 04	49	50	E	NE	—	—	—
31			66	69	56	30 01	29 89	49	50	ESE	ESE	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
Sept.														
1		☾	65	69	55	29 81	29 84	50	50	ESE	ESE	Rain	Clo.	Fine
2			66	67	56	29 91	29 92	50	50	SE	NE	Fine	Fine	Fine
3	08		64	66	58	29 94	29 94	50	50	E	E	Rain	Rain	Fine
4			64	67	58	29 93	29 93	50	50	E	SE	Fine	Fine	Fine
5			66	68	58	29 91	29 91	51	51	SE	SE	Fine	Clo.	Fine
6			64	67	58	29 96	29 90	51	51	SE	SE	Fine	Fine	Fine
7			63	65	54	29 90	29 81	50	51	SE	SSE	—	—	—
8			66	74	53	29 83	29 70	50	49	S	SE	—	—	—
9	02	◔	65	74	54	29 74	29 79	49	51	SW	WSW	Rain	Fine	—
10	24		64	68	58	29 65	29 45	52	50	SSE	WSW	Fine	Rain	Clo.
11	16		67	64	61	29 45	29 47	50	51	W	W	Clo.	Show.	Fine
12	46		62	65	58	29 40	29 33	52	55	WSW	W	Rain	Clo.	Rain
13	09		64	68	52	29 46	29 57	51	51	NW	NW	Fine	Fine	Show.
14	22		54	58	50	29 70	29 90	51	50	NW	NE	Rain	Show.	Clo.
15			53	60	46	30 17	30 32	50	49	E	ENE	Fine	Fine	Fine
16		◗	53	59	42	30 40	30 38	48	47	NE	SE	—	—	Clo.
17			54	62	53	30 37	30 08	47	48	SE	SE	—	Clo.	Clo.
18			57	64	45	29 93	29 91	48	48	SE	SE	—	Fine	Fine
19			50	67	48	29 96	30 03	48	49	ESE	SE	—	—	—

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of August was 2 inches and 80 100ths.

THE

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INSANITY.*

So frightful a thing to contemplate is insanity, that most men sedulously turn from the subject. It is left almost wholly to professional or philosophical handling. Ignorance is more generally spread on this tremendous malady than on any other topic within the circle of human inquiry. Scarcely any body without the pale of the profession ventures to exercise his understanding, or hazard a judgment on the causes, workings, treatment, or cure. The doctor has thus an undisputed monopoly of the matter, and must be blindly trusted. It is an act of presumption to question his claims to intuitive superiority. So entirely at a loss, indeed, are the embarrassed connexions of the insane—so alarmed—so utterly incapable of directing, that the first impulse is to remove the afflicted individual from his home, and place him under the superintendence and dominion of strangers. Receptacles for numbers are thus in demand—for few can command the exclusive services of professional men—and the reception of the insane is thus a trade distinct for the most part from the cure; and the discipline adopted becomes almost, nay, quite irresistibly, not what is best calculated to cure, but what will give the least trouble, and be the least cost. Force and violence are the cheapest expedients; and severity, and augmenting severity, is the sure consequence. For a while these are successfully concealed; but, by degrees, they get wind. Harrowing tales rouse our indignation—our sympathies kindle—the victim must be rescued. The plea of necessity, which of course is vehemently urged, then gets thoroughly sifted. Inquiry soon shews that cruelty is more convenient for the keeper than serviceable to the sufferer. A little farther scrutiny as irresistibly proves that cruelty exasperates and confirms the malady; and we are thus led, step by step, to inquire into the *causes* of madness—convinced that, if these are accessible—if these can be once defined, we are, in proportion, likely to discover the cure, or at least shall be better able to judge, with some intelligence, of the applicability of the remedies proposed. The doctor, though he must still be the agent and manager, will no longer be the despotic controller; he will no longer be able to play the quack, and silence remonstrance by authority. The general grounds and modes of treatment will be understood by the laity; and the practitioner must no longer lay his account upon confiding ignorance, or consult his sole con-

* Commentaries on Insanity, by Geo. M. Burrowes, M.D.

venience. No attempt to hoodwink the public will be any longer of service.

And, in the name of common sense, why should the subject of insanity be supposed within the reach of one set of men, and out of the reach of all others? What is there supposed to be in insanity, or in any thing it concerns us to know, which we may not, as to all general principles, understand as well as the professional craftsman? Governors and priests have each, in elder times, wrapped their craft in mystery, and would still willingly withdraw from the public gaze the machinery of their labours. These, however, have at length become open subjects; and though every body does not—simply because not every body cares about them, or because most people are otherwise engaged—every one may understand them. The pursuits of the scholar and the man of science, in like manner, are now every where accessible. Every body knows that clues to wind the labyrinths are within his grasp, though he may not actually thread them. The general anatomy and physiology of the human frame—its uses and purposes—may be as well understood by the unprofessional as the professional—or to what purpose is the multitude of books, which are every day published expressly to instruct and inform? Distinctly and ably as many of them are composed, we have no manner of doubt, the matters thus communicated are often as thoroughly comprehended by the reader as the writer.

Why, then, should not insanity be regarded as equally intelligible as any other subject, which once exclusively engaged the attention of professional persons? To them we must look mainly for facts—to the men who have the more opportunities for observing; but why the professional man is better able to combine these facts, and infer from them, than another, it would puzzle any body, perhaps, to establish. An inference is not always matter of sagacity—of penetration—springs not up, we mean, as an effect of the will. Put two or more facts together; and their several relations, if any exist, present themselves spontaneously, we know not how. All that we, apparently, can do, is to place things together—and observe;—and what is there here that one cultivated man may not do as well as another? The superiority of one man over another—supposing the organization equal, which, though perhaps never precisely the case, is often sufficiently so for rough equalities—consists in observation. The more observant, in short, will know more than the less observant—every truth comes at last to a truism.

It is our intention to throw a glance over this appalling, but most interesting subject, mainly as to the CAUSES which originate or lead to its development. We profess no close, no minute, no complete, no technical analysis;—we shall draw together facts, the reality of which every one, on being reminded, will recognize; and these are the only bases on which the medical man himself has to build. If once causes are thoroughly ascertained, and found to be at all within human control, we are forthwith put in the way of discovering how to guard against the outbreak of those causes, and shall, moreover, surely be better qualified to check and thwart their operation, when they *do* break out, and better able to construct and apply the possible remedy. The process of cure will cease to be merely tentative on the part of the professor, and of stupid wonder on that of the laity. What is the final object of all inquiries and discussions, but to increase the individual's knowledge, and, of consequence, his "power;" and thus to take the management of himself and his

affairs, as much as possible, into his own hands? Why should we voluntarily throw ourselves, blindfold, into other people's power?

Is madness a disease of the mind or the body? Of the body, doubtless. But let us get into no metaphysics—much less into the doubts and difficulties of theology. We know nothing, physically, of the mind, but through the body. For any thing we *actually* know, the mind is the sheer result of admirable mechanism. Of the union of an independent body and an independent mind, we know nothing. We affirm nothing, certainly, of the mind, uninfluenced by the body. We enter not into the question of materialism: it is unconnected with the view we take of the subject. We must, however, speak popularly—the mind and the body. Mental disease, uncaused by external impressions, is scarcely intelligible. Sensations are excited from without and within; and in both may, in excess, become the cause of insanity. The process is shortly this—External impressions—in proportion, of course, to constitutional susceptibility—act, through the senses and nerves, upon the feelings; and the feelings re-act upon the brain. The impression is, in fact, double: first, upon the senses, next upon the heart—almost, perhaps quite, simultaneously. The nerves and the circulation are thus both implicated; and thus, by excess of action, moral impressions of all kinds may become causes of insanity. But the moral is not the immediate cause—it is productive of a physical one, which is in reality the immediate—the proximate cause of derangement; and to the physical effects must we direct our main attention.

Now these moral causes are within every body's observation, and every body can estimate the first effects. Some, without weighing the force of their expressions, have denied the influence of mind on matter; but the fact of effects upon the body—of even diseases, both of structure and function, produced by mental emotions—is established by a thousand proofs. The heart, stomach, liver, intestines, kidneys, &c. are often violently affected by the consequences of passion. The ancients referred particular passions to particular viscera—courage to the heart, anger to the liver, joy to the spleen, &c.; and even modern physicians of great eminence have done nearly the same. But we have nothing to do but with recognizable facts.

Sensations, emotions, passions, are all accompanied by bodily changes; yet these are all excited by impressions from without—that is, are all instances of mind acting upon matter, before matter acts upon mind—are all moral causes.

Modesty betrays itself by a simple blush, which vanishes with the exciting cause, and scarcely produces any farther perceptible effect; but shame shews a deeper suffusion—a more permanent one; the blood is, in a peculiar manner, retained in the vessels nearest the surface, as if the veins had suffered some sudden constriction, and refused to return it. This sensation, in its excesses, is known to have produced other physical effects of an extraordinary kind—suppressions, insanity, death. Esquirol, a French physician, records his attendance upon a "lady, who became insane on the wedding night, from shame, on sleeping with a man; and also another, who, though she loved her husband to excess, was deranged at the nuptial approach."

Diffidence is another modification of modesty, which has brought on mental derangement. Cowper the poet is quoted by Dr. Burrowes as

an instance of *melancholy*, from apprehension of inability to execute with propriety a very simple and honourable, but public duty.

Terror and horror produce similar effects. But here the face is pale —the blood is driven from the extreme vessels back upon the heart—the motions of the heart become thus embarrassed—a violent struggle ensues —and the organ may suddenly cease to beat, or may burst. In the reaction, too, the functions of the brain may be overwhelmed by the force of the blood rushing back into its vessels; and then insanity ensues.

In anger, again, the blood flies to the capillaries, and reddens the surface; but sometimes the effect is just the contrary, and the cheek is perfectly blanched. In the latter case, it is of the more deadly, though less impetuous character, coupled perhaps with the chilling checks of hatred and revenge—a sudden and forcible control, effected partly perhaps by the promise of future and more effective vent. But madness may follow, in the one case, the accelerated movement of the blood; and apoplexy, in the other, the violent reaction upon the exhausted vessels.

The effects of fear, and terror, and anger, even upon the muscular powers, are equally obvious. Anger augments them prodigiously—fear, on the contrary, paralyses. Sudden alarms, as we learn from physicians of respectability—and we may safely trust to such facts—by their chilling effects, have removed the symptoms of incipient fever. Fear, again, may check, as well as cause insanity. A pail of cold water dashed on the patient by surprise, has been known to cure mania; but there must always be danger of the reaction destroying the equilibrium between the nerves and the circulation; and thus producing fatuity or apoplexy. Terror, again, may stimulate, as well as paralyse. It will rouse to extraordinary efforts of self-preservation; but the ultimate effect may work the subversion of the mind. Dr. Burrowes records the effect of terror upon a British naval officer, who had an intrigue with the wife of a native of Monte Video. Returning from an interview, in the night, he was attacked by assassins; the sudden fright and peril acting as a powerful stimulant, he defended himself so vigorously, that he escaped unhurt, and took refuge in a place of safety; but scarcely had he reached it, when he was seized with furious mania. The reaction destroyed the equilibrium—the circulation had been too much quickened to calm quietly down to the point of steadiness.

The tendency of excessive grief to force blood to the brain, and consequently to bring on madness, is familiar to every one—tears give relief. Sudden joy, again, and more likely, apparently, than grief—it has no natural vent like grief. Transitions from joy to grief occasion the greatest shocks, and produce the most durable effects. Yet actual losses, or disappointments, in pecuniary speculations, do not appear, observes Dr. Burrowes, to occasion insanity so frequently as unexpected or immense wealth. In the six months succeeding the numerous failures of the winter of 1825-6, there were fewer returns to the commissioners for licensing madhouses, of insane persons in the London district, than in any corresponding period for many years before.

Distinct effects, again, are produced on particular organs, by particular passions. To give an instance or two—the smell, or even the expectation of food, excites the saliva—maternal feelings, the secretion of milk—dislike, both in the woman and the brute, prevents the flow of it—fear excites the intestines, kidneys, and skin, producing diarrhœa, incontinence of urine

and sweat—grief affects the stomach and lachrymal ducts—compassion, the bowels—anger, the liver—terror, the nerves, sometimes even to paralysis—extreme hope, the respiration.

And generally, whenever strong emotion and passion stimulate the brain to extraordinary exertion, the action of the heart is responsive, and varies with the force of the impression. Joy, anger, desire, &c., accelerate the circulation, and bring on, in its excesses, mania, palsy, &c. Fear, horror, &c., on the other hand, by retarding, or rather by reflecting back the current of the blood upon the larger vessels, produce fainting, and even absolute suspension of the action of the heart, and on the recovery of its force, so violent a reaction, that life is often extinguished in the conflict, or the intellect deranged.

Intense thought, or abstraction, has a powerful influence on the circulation. Mathematicians have been known, says Dr. Burrowes, to pass days and nights without sleep, from being too deeply engaged in some intricate calculations. This absence of sleep is obviously the result of excessive action of the brain, which, if not relieved, must soon run on to delirium. Extraordinary wakefulness is the signal of nature, therefore, for suspending such pursuits.

Other effects in abundance may be collected, not usually assigned among the results of the action of the mind upon the body, and yet as indisputably such as any that have already been noticed. Dr. Burrowes marks the *charming* of warts as an instance. The rapid change of the hair to white, is plainly another. The very temperature of the body is changed—lust heats—fear and aversion cool. The *mal de pays* arises from a moral source—producing, on the evidence of physicians, positive organic effects—the lungs are found adhering to the pleura, &c.

The moral causes hitherto enumerated originate in the individual; but there are others, which seem to spring from the existing condition and circumstances of society. The more artificial is the state of society, the more active are such causes—the more extensively they multiply and operate. Indulgence, indolence, the vices of refinement, make men more susceptible and irritable—more sensitive to impressions, and of course more liable to insanity. Intense pursuits of any kind—high cultivation—morals, religion, politics, produce intellectual disorders. The lower classes, too, though exempt from these concomitants of habitual luxury and intense cultivation, provoke disease by excesses—drunkenness and intemperance—producing thus the very effect which extreme refinement and fastidiousness do, among the higher—that is, greater susceptibility.

A very striking relation, moreover, is observable in insanity to public *events*. Great political revolutions are great excitors of enthusiasm; the passions ferment—extraordinary vicissitudes occur in the fortunes of numbers—and, in proportion as the feelings are actually *up*, will insanity prevail. The effect upon the human frame has been often observed by physicians. Pinel speaks of the immense numbers of insane, during the more violent fervours of the French revolution; and Dr. Halloran observed the same in the last rebellion of Ireland. Something very like it is visible at this moment, but more particularly among the Orangemen. Dr. Rush, again, has recorded many effects of the American revolution, both on the mind and the body. In the beginning of a battle, the enthusiasm of both officers and men excited great *thirst*; and at the first onset, a glow of *heat*, even in the severest cold, was perceptible in *both ears*. Soldiers were found dead in the field at the battle of Monmouth, without

any sign of wound, injury, or exhaustion—apparently from emotion. Diseases, unobserved before, he says, appeared on the sudden cessation of the war. Some among the royalists, of a desponding character, he describes specifically under the name of *revolutiana;* while others, which were observable among the revolutionists of an opposite cast, he classes as *anarchia.* Among the women, hysterical and other complaints were suspended, and new disorders apparently generated. Similar effects on females were observed during the Scotch rebellion of 1745; and the siege of Paris, by the allies, in 1814, occasioned, according to the report of French physicians, much irregularity of the same kind, and apoplexy and mania were more frequent.

Among the moral causes of intellectual derangement, religion has been enumerated, mainly because so many insane persons have been possessed by religious hallucinations. Excited to excess, every emotion and passion is capable of bringing on madness—if so, religion, calculated as are its tremendous considerations to influence our feelings, may well be supposed, by possibility, to be a cause of insanity. But still, though the hallucination be a religious one, the real source of insanity may be the very reverse of religion, and thus the religious hallucination itself, rather be the effect, than the cause of insanity. Generally, those who go mad through religion, as it is called, are people of susceptible temperaments, or very weak heads. Injudicious preachers, addressing themselves, as they chiefly do, to the weak and uninformed, may readily shake an addled understanding. It is quite idle, to impute the effect, as most people do, to the mysticism of the tenets inculcated, or to the intenseness, with which abstract theology is cultivated, or to the subject of religion being impressed too ardently on persons too young or too much informed to comprehend it. It is obviously much more to the purpose to look to the condition in which the perceptive and reasoning powers actually were, before religion appeared to bring on derangement. Dr. Burrowes' great experience goes to shew that the effect springs immediately from some perversion of religion, or the discussion or adoption of novel and extravagant doctrines, at a juncture when the understanding, from other causes, is already shaken. Nor does he recollect one instance of insanity, arising apparently from a religious source, where the party had been *undisturbed* about opinions. It appeared to him, always to originate during the conflict between opposite doctrines *before* conviction was determined. While the mind is in suspense from the dread of doing wrong in matters of conscience, and the balance is poised between old and new doctrines, involving salvation, the feelings are excited, says he, to a morbid degree of sensibility. In so irritable a state, an incident, which at any other time would pass unheeded, will elicit the latent spark, and inflame the mind to madness. Dr. Halloran, who had capital opportunities for observation, remarked, that in the Cork Lunatic Asylum, where Catholics in proportion to Protestants are ten to one, no instance of mental derangement, from this cause, occurred among the Catholics, but several among protestant *dissenters.* The fact is—and very important it is to the present purpose—Catholic ministers will not permit their flocks to discuss the subject of doctrines—distrust in these matters—doctrines or discipline—is denounced at once as stark heresy. The moment of peril—as to insane effects we mean—is when old opinions in matters of faith are wavering, or the adoption of new ones recent, and not yet quietly subsided; and from this peril the Catholic is obviously

protected, whilst the Protestant, with our freedom of discussion, is pre-eminently exposed to it. The Methodists are charged with making more lunatics than any other sect; but the truth seems to be—which explains the matter very satisfactorily—their converts are more numerous than those of any other sect, in the class to which such doctrines are mainly directed, and they have had, besides, we take it, almost a monopoly of the weaker heads, in that class.

Emotions, then, of every kind, are capable of disturbing the organs and functions of the body, and thus causes, in their origin moral, become physical in the course of their operations. These, all of them, in their excesses, lead or may lead to insanity; not by direct impressions, but through the morbid changes which they gradually bring about in the organs of the body. The more frequent the impressions, the greater, of course, is the effect in producing the tendency to derangement.

But these moral causes—numerous as they are, and capable of exciting lunacy to a fearful extent—are very far from being the most general causes of insanity. It is only where the frame is highly susceptible, or where the cause is vehement or excessive, that morbid effects are produced by them. The direct *physical* causes are far more extensive in their occurrence, and among these the very chiefest is *hereditary predisposition*. Esquirol—a man of no slight authority in these matters—assigns 150 out of 264, in his private practice; and Dr. Burrowes—of at least equal weight and experience—says, he has clearly ascertained this predisposition in six-sevenths of the whole of his patients, and scarcely seems to doubt its existence in many of the remaining seventh; but the difficulty of ascertaining the hereditary source is often great, from the perverse concealments of the friends. And, indeed, so general is the internal conviction, if not the professed belief of the reality and extensiveness of hereditary influence, that nothing is more frequent than the remark, when eccentricities are observed in individuals, "there is madness in the family—the father or mother was insane." Constitutional peculiarities, which physicians, after their learned manner, call idiosyncracies, are, in numerous respects, of the commonest occurrence, and need only to be alluded to, in a few particulars, to convince us they are more extensive than seems to be generally supposed, though every body's actual experience must furnish him numerous instances. Shell-fish are offensive to some stomachs—some fruits in like manner—the odour of particular flowers—and these peculiarities are known to descend through successive generations. It is quite a common thing to hear a person say—I cannot bear such or such a thing, nor could my father before me. One man, again, inherits gout, another consumption, another scrofula, another apoplexy, and propagates it. Peculiarities of form, feature, complexion, are all notoriously transmissible. "Whatever assumes a constitutional character," said John Hunter, "may be given to a child, and then it becomes what is called hereditary." That insanity, also, is hereditary, is equally well established, nobody, now-a-days, probably doubts. Every day's experience brings to the observer new convictions. Diseases, too, propagate themselves—the case of syphilis is an obvious instance. Liability to mania, fatuity, epilepsy, in successive generations, is an opinion confirmed by the experience of all ages. Some physicians have encouraged the notion that hereditary disorders, and insanity among them, appear only in every other, that is, in every third individual in lineal descent, but apparently without authority. Here

and there, in an individual, the disease may not develop—but no such *rule*, remarks Dr. Burrowes, is observable.

No fact, indeed, is more incontrovertible than the hereditariness of insanity, and no where is the effect more decisive than among tribes or families, where, in the well-understood language of the cattle breeder, they breed in and in. In our own country, hereditary insanity is more common in the higher ranks than in the lower—taking, we mean, numbers for numbers; and they confessedly more frequently marry with those of their own rank, and often among their own families. Examples are said to be most numerous in old Scotch families; and insanity is known to be more common in Scotland than in the rest of the country. Some centuries ago, the Scots were aware of the tendency, and provided against it—when a Scot was afflicted with a disease capable of being propagated, the sons were emasculated, and the daughters banished, and any female affected by such disease, and pregnant, was burnt alive.* Of all people, perhaps, the Jews have most pertinaciously intermarried with each other, and hence insanity is believed to be more frequent among them. One of the *youngest* patients Dr. Burrowes ever had under his care, was a member of a respectable Jewish family; both father and mother were insane, and six brothers and sisters, like himself, became deranged as they arrived at the age of puberty. The Quakers, also, intermarry very much, and among them insanity is more than usually prevalent. Mr. Tuke, of the York Retreat, computes one in two hundred, and apparently, in a great degree, from this cause.

Medical men distinguish insanity into types, or forms, or species—mania, melancholy, hypochondriasis, &c., but these several forms apparently propagate indiscriminately—that is, the maniac may beget a melancholic, and the contrary. Several forms of insanity, with various degrees of intellectual capacity, are sometimes developed in a large family. Of one, Dr. Burrowes observes—"one son has transcendent talents, the second is inferior, the third has been for years in a state of fatuity, and the fourth is an idiot. That great wit and madness are nearly allied is not a poetical fiction—but the one is rarely, the other generally, an inheritance."

Sometimes it shews itself merely in eccentricities. Individuals are often distinguished by singularity of ideas or pursuits—or by equipage or dress unlike any body else. Generally there must be some obliquity in the perception and judgment of such persons—"they certainly," says Dr. B., "do not perceive the difference between themselves and the generality (he is not speaking of mere fops), and many of these eccentricities, it is observable, if unnoticed or unchecked, grow more decided with time, and ripen at last into perfect insanity."

Nor does the hereditary tendency, or predisposition, always break out into actual madness, nor are the offspring always inevitably doomed to experience the calamity to the full extent. It will sometimes also lie dormant till old age, and then appear; and generally some pretty strong excitement seems required to develop it. But *there* are apparently the seeds and the soil, and there must always be danger of these seeds taking root, and maturing their fruits. It is, however, more decidedly in cases where there exists insanity, or the tendency, in both parents, that the effect is most inevitable. Where only one parent is so disposed, the

* Boethius de Vet. Scot. Moribus.

whole of a family are rarely affected. Some of the offspring, in other matters plainly, and, no doubt, in this respect, partake more of one parent than the other. The child that resembles the insane parent in features or complexion, will probably resemble him in constitution and disposition. Dr. Burrowes speaks of questions being put to him, professionally, by parties contemplating marriage, when it was known insanity had existed in the progenitor of one or the other—whether, for instance, a person born of parents descended from an insane family, but not themselves insane, was capable of propagating it—to which, supported by his own experience, he answered, yes. And, again, whether a child, born *before* insanity had been developed in either parent, was as liable to become insane as one born after it had been developed—to which he replied, of course, yes, if the insanity were hereditary, but no, if it were adventitious, that is, originating with the individual. Dr. Burrowes hesitates about the child born after the development of adventitious madness. Yet why he should, we see not. All hereditary insanity had a beginning, and was then adventitious. And in the same page of his most valuable work, of which we have made so liberal use, Dr. Burrowes must have thought so, when he himself remarked the predisposition must have originated in some one—it could not have run to the creation.

Now we must turn for a moment to other causes of the physical kind, for which we must depend almost wholly upon the evidence of physicians, because such matters do not come in a manner sufficiently direct and obvious before the cognizance of unprofessional persons. Many of these, and indeed the chief of them, pass under the name of *sympathies*, by which is meant, in plain terms, where one organ is injured, and another, somehow or other, is simultaneously or consecutively affected. A blow on the head will disturb the functions of the liver, and even disorganize it; and *vice versâ*, the injury of this organ will sometimes occasion mental disturbance—so will secretions of morbid bile—obstructions of the biliary ducts by gall stones—spasms, &c. In the Cork Asylum, Dr. Halloran found 160 out of 1,370 insane from drunkenness; the liver is confessedly affected by ardent spirits, and thus apparently by sympathy—for want of a better name—the brain. In the hospitals of Paris, also, 135 out of 2,507 were insane from drunkenness, and of these 59 women—notwithstanding the supposed comparative sobriety of the French people.

The morbid state of the viscera occupied in concocting the chyle is, again, sympathetically, a cause of mental derangement. Irritations in the stomach, through the same mysterious agency, is a more frequent cause than is usually imagined. Long continued nausea—and violent sea-sickness have produced mania within Dr. Burrowes's own knowledge in three instances. Irritations of the intestines, also—worms—bad diet—apparently, are frequent causes of sympathetic irritation of the brain. Reciprocal sympathies between the brain and the uterine system are frequent and better known. Puerperal mania is quite common. Of 57 cases, not more than half were connected with hereditary predisposition. Scrofula is a frightful cause of insanity, and of the most inveterate character—for scrofula is almost the despair of medicine.

Different temperaments appear to some physicians to predispose to particular species of insanity—the sanguine, to mania—the nervous, to both mania and what is termed monomania—the dry or melancholic, characterised by timidity and inquietude, to melancholy—the moist and

choleric, to mania and melancholy, and sometimes to fatuity—the apoplectic, with a large head, to fatuity; but this seems putting the matter too generally, though, doubtless, constitutional peculiarities announce the nature of approaching diseases.

Of the influence, again, of the planets and the moon—notwithstanding the name of lunatics, and the vulgar impressions—no proof whatever exists. Yet physicians of eminence—Mead even—have said, "the ravings of mad people kept lunar periods, accompanied by epileptic fits." The moon, apparently, is equally innocent of the thousand things ascribed to her. When the paroxysms of mad people do occur at the full of the moon, Dr. B. inclines to explain the matter thus—"Maniacs are, in general, light sleepers; therefore, like the dog which bays the moon, and many other animals, remarked as being always uneasy when it is at the full, they are disturbed by the flitting shadows of clouds, which are reflected on the earth and surrounding objects. Thus the lunatic converts shadows into images of terror; and, equally with all whom 'reason lights not,' is filled with alarm, and becomes distressed and noisy."

But there are still other physical causes which demand our notice, and among these the most conspicuous are *disorders of circulation*—totally distinct from disorders of circulation originating from without—when the blood is either excessive or defective. Of the likelihood of such extremes to produce madness, nobody will feel disposed to doubt. Blood may be driven to the head with extraordinary velocity, but be as readily returned by the veins—this is simply accelerated motion, and is called *determination;* or it may be sent with the natural velocity, or greater or less, but, from obstructing causes, not wholly or duly returned by the veins, and then there is accumulation—this is *plethora.* The latter tends to apoplexy, and indirectly to insanity; the former directly and originally to insanity.

External heat—*coups-de-soleil*—violent exercise—spirits—stimulating aliments, and medicines—mechanical injuries—all excite the circulation. Any of these stimuli are capable of producing the diseases usually called *nervous*—most of which probably originate in a disordered state of the circulation, and lead, first or last, to perfect insanity. On the other hand, if the circulation be defective, the functions of the brain cannot properly be performed. Such is the condition of those who are in a state of fatuity. All extenuating diseases—excessive or long-continued evacuations, from hæmorrhage, diarrhœa, urine, perspiration, or saliva, predispose to this lamentable condition. The deficiency first deteriorates the corporeal, and then the mental faculties, and finally extinguishes both.

Here then is a view—imperfect confessedly—of the main causes of insanity—consisting, first, of moral causes, that is, chiefly of excessive emotions, which operate, sooner or later, upon the circulation, and are thus eventually physical ones; next of what are originally physical—hereditary predisposition, which seems to amount to constitutional susceptibility—sympathies, that is, local and organic disorders, which consecutively affect the brain—and, finally, disorders of the nerves and the circulation.

The medical man, who contents himself with observing—above all who renounces the mental theory, and gives up the expectation of curing madness, by *reasoning* is apparently in the right course. The

proximate cause—so far as we can see and act upon it—is always physical—always deranging organs—and anatomy—morbid anatomy and physiology—is thus of more importance than philosophy. No mental remedies are to be hoped for. We know not how the intellect is generated—its ideas furnished, or multiplied, or modified, independent of corporeal agency. The disturbance of the brain proceeds from the same source. The exciting disease must be attacked in its seat and station—what will cure there, will probably cure the insanity, which appears to depend upon it. Be the cause moral or physical, the body—the organs—the constitution, in whole or in part, is the diseased point, and the subject of medical treatment.

Upon those who are yet sane, and upon those who are the subject of hereditary taint, the necessity for caution should be early and perseveringly inculcated; and the more the cause is understood and felt, surely, the more irresistibly will such caution operate. Avoid exciting occasions. The offspring of the insane has double motives for shunning them; and if he must marry, let him match with a *sane* person, though, as Rousseau said, "he be a king, and she be the hangman's daughter." Useful lessons may be taken from the cattle-breeder—judicious crossing will wear out the taint.

But though nothing is to be done, mentally, with the actually insane, moral discipline is as indispensable as medical treatment; for external objects, according to circumstances, are all calculated to exacerbate or to soothe: and here, accordingly, is an ample field for the employment of the best intelligence either of the professional or unprofessional attendant; and of course the more sensible and intelligent will be the more effective agent. Few rules can be laid down—every case requires its own treatment. No individuals are precisely alike, and in insanity, less than in any other disorder, apparently, are assimilations to be looked for. "Never, however," says Dr. B., "exercise the mind of the insane in the sense of his delirium—never oppose his morbid ideas, affections, or inclinations—but rather by diversity of impressions, give rise to new ideas and feelings, and thus, by exciting fresh moral emotions, revive the dormant faculties—and never commit yourself by promise; but if, inadvertently, a promise be given, adhere to it, unless the fulfilment will obviously be attended with worse consequences than the breach of it."

The critical period is when the bodily disease is giving way. Generally, returning reason follows, as an effect of its cause; and if it do not, the case becomes hopeless. The least glimmer of reason should be cherished and encouraged; but the common mind and the cultivated will not bear being treated alike. This is the moment to reason with the patient—to talk to him as to a rational person—to assist in expelling fading illusions—to soothe remaining irritations—to repress his impatience for freedom.

In the worst cases, the first symptom of returning reason is usually some sense of the decencies of life—the dropping of some pertinent remark, or asking some appropriate question, though hesitatingly, relative to his own situation, or that of his family, or giving way to his former obstinate defence of delusions. Sometimes convalescence announces itself by the gradual revival of the moral affections, and the feelings are often moved to tears. "No augury," says Dr. B., "is more favourable than such emotions; though feeble and transient, they

should be encouraged, and every effort of returning reflection be guided with a gentle and imperceptible hand. No mistakes should be noticed, lest the exposure shock and discourage him. If painful recollections rise on reasoning on any remaining delusion, the subject must be changed, and resumed on a more favourable occasion. All questions relative to domestic matters should be answered promptly, where there is nothing to excite, but discreetly and shortly. The very flood of reminiscences endangers, and the difficulty, of course, is in hitting the medium.

The memory is more impaired than is generally suspected. Lunatics recognize readily; but that appears to be the *only part* of memory unimpaired. But the difference in individuals is immense—to some, the retrospect is a perfect blank—to others like a dream—whilst others are in possession of all the realities of it; some refer to it with indifference—some with thankfulness for escape—others with pain and abhorrence. Of course they must be treated accordingly. The most satisfactory sign of convalescence is the fading of long delusions, and not replaced by new ones—especially if the patient allows them to have been delusions. To reason with a lunatic is folly—to oppose or deny his hallucination is worse, because it is sure to exasperate. If we wish to make an impression on him, it must be by talking *at* him, not to him. Though he will not listen to what is addressed to him, he will readily apply what bears upon his own situation, more forcibly than any body else can do. To break the chain of morbid ideas by fraud, trick, terror, or surprise, is always hazardous. The chances are greatly against success, and failure makes matters worse. Nothing is found of equal effect with engaging the confidence of the patient. A cheerful, encouraging, and friendly address—kind, but firm manners—patient to hear, but prudent in answering—never making a promise that cannot safely be performed, and when made, never to break it—vigilant and decided—prompt to control when necessary; and willing, but cautious, in removing it when once imposed—"these are the qualities," says Dr. B., "which will always acquire the good will and respect of lunatics, and a command over them that will accomplish what force can never attain."

From all which it must be evident that great personal and individual attention is indispensable. No hope, generally, can there be of success, where patients are huddled together, and treated, in classes, all on one system. There must be great separation, and constant vigilance and inspection, and this involves great *expense.* Asylums, supported by contributions, or by counties, well attended to and superintended—where money-making is not the object of the institutions—seem to be the only means of effecting material good, and especially among the poor. These institutions are every where spreading Liberal, but not extravagant remuneration should be given to conductors—rewards in proportion to cures—every encouragement given to personal care and kindness—all useless and severe restraint forbidden—and the forbiddance rigorously enforced by the authority of superiors.

A TALE OF THE PYRENEES.

The fair of Oleron, though attended by a concourse of al the neighbouring rustics, was reputed duller, and more brief in duration, than on any former occasion. The bright May-day on which it was held served little to animate the crowd; and long before the customary revels by moonlight, Dominic Etchegogen had packed up his little basket, and grasped his stout staff, on his road homewards. It would be idle to seek any certain cause for that stagnation of entertainment which resulted solely from accident. Where scattered people, without common grounds of pleasure or interest, fall together at the hazard of being lively, or the reverse, it will often happen, as on this day, that they require the aid of more social sympathies and personal attachments to secure the happy end for which they have assembled. In vain the puppets doled out their proper parts;—in vain were put forth the little stalls, on which were gorgeously displayed the famous handkerchiefs from Pau, and the linens still farther brought from the factories of Tarbes;—in vain were the choicest hams of the district suspended in goodly array, and the renowned mountain-mules made to caracole in the exercise-ground. Sunset seemed the signal for an almost general retreat; and Etchegogen, as before mentioned, was one of the earliest seceders.

He was an honest and substantial householder of the little town of Barcus, seated, as every one knows, in the department of the Bas Pyrenees, and not far from one source of the pleasant river Adour, of which the two principal streams, taking their origin in the same mountains which give rise to the Gallego and the Arragon, finally coalesce near the town of Peyrehorade, and fall into the ocean between Bidart and Ordres. He proceeded on his way, meditating much as concerning the degeneracy of men, and the sluggishness of the market;—he thought to have been more fortunate in his sales and purchases, and to have met a pretty face or two, which, for lack of smiles, seemed to have lost their prettiness. Every now and then a word of mongrel French would escape his lips in testimony of his ill-humour; and the premature dimness brought on by the early sinking of the sun behind the hills of Larreau seemed to annoy him still more, as if he half-regretted that he had come away from the fair, the dulness of which might now be remedied by twilight freaks and festivity. Without pursuing farther the current of his peevishness, he may now be fancied as having arrived within a short distance of his native place, the small town of Barcus, and had reached the old wooden bridge that connects the two banks of the principal stream that gives its tributary waters to the Adour. It seemed to him, in spite of the increasing darkness, that he could distinguish a human form skulking among the brushwood on the left, as if with the intent to watch his own route. The strangeness of this sight provoked his curiosity rather than his apprehension. He shouted lustily, and in a friendly tone, to the unknown; but an answer far different to any that he had expected was returned to him before his own words had well issued from his lips. A slight movement among the leaves was the prelude to the report of a rifle, levelled too truly at the honest farmer. The shot struck him, but in no vital part; he rolled along the bridge to its very parapet, and had not recovered his consciousness before a number of villagers, startled by the sound, had collected around their wounded friend. The aggressor had fled, or still

lay concealed hard by; and the discovery of his name was left to the conjectures of the curious.

Dominic having been carried home, was examined minutely concerning the circumstances of this event; but the nicest sagacity of the village sages, who did not fail to attend his sick-bed, doubtless from pure charity—the inquiries of many, and scrutiny of a few—all were insufficient to explain away the mystery of so unprovoked an attack upon a harmless wayfarer. The night passed; and the next morning, which served to summon home the general mass of those who had attended the fair at Oleron, shewed that one at least, and not an inglorious one, was still absent from his usual haunts. Etchehon, a name pronounced but seldom in accents of unconcern—a name associated with many suspicions, many opposite feelings of pity and terror, marvel and hostility—Etchehon, the wild, the desperate, the wretched—*he* stood not amongst them as he used to stand—the leader of a few careless spirits—the cast-away, the abandoned of the majority! He was watched, he was hunted for—not from love or anxiety for his welfare, but from the mischievous and cruel longing which unkind tempers manifest to affix on some one, even though he be a familiar companion, the authorship and unravelment of a mystery which might else pass away and be forgotten. But this neighbourly care for his discovery was all without its reward;—he came not—he was not heard of; and the disaster of poor Dominic was imputed to the scape-gallows wretch, whose memory was treated with even less of charity than his conduct when present and in the midst of them.

The character of Etchehon, the miserable subject of so much village talk, was involved in contradiction, but unhappily darkened by suspicions which almost wore the aspect of certainty. Those who remembered him in his younger days spoke of him as a strange, flighty, and daring man; but kind in his disposition, capable of the loftiest sentiments, tender and benevolent. The rough inhabitants of Barcus could trace the progress of his character, without detecting the reasons for its changes. They found him more and more lost in fancies and abstractions: he became restless in his habits; and for a charge of forgery, ill substantiated, he was doomed to a long imprisonment, from which he issued more gloomy and disturbed than ever. Whispers, dark and terrible, were passed respecting his course of life; his home was rarely crossed by his heavy foot; and the credulity of the neighbours, fed by rumours studiously circulated, at length invested him with attributes almost fiendish. These short-sighted creatures made him what he was. The imputations thrown upon him were felt, though not heard perhaps; and Etchehon's spirit fell beneath the host of ill-will, in itself adopted as a defence against him—like the warrior who lay overwhelmed by the shields and bucklers of his enemy. What has truth to say in vindication of this imputed sinfulness? His whole story must be recounted.

At an early period of life, the enthusiastic temper of Etchehon urged him to an inconsiderate marriage with a peasant girl of the neighbourhood. His bold and manly bearing at first pleased the child; but the disproportion between their characters soon estranged him from the heart of her hearts, and another was admitted to the sanctuary, in which he still breathed, and hoped only to live, as in the temple of his idol. Whether his own waywardness or her inconstancy served rather to expel him from her love, I cannot say. There are those who, having a loftier

and wider range of thought and feeling, yet can be content to anchor all their hopes on some poor creature moving in a lower sphere, and counting, as the sum of her homely emotions, that which would be no considerable item in the calendar of her worshipper;—and this simple, unadorned mortal may be less satisfied with an adoration the magnitude of which she cannot comprehend, than with the natural regard of an equal friend, moving, thinking, and feeling as she herself has done. Such was the pitiable lot of Etchehon. Doating more and more on his unworthy wife, he had the torture of beholding her, little by little, abandoning the post she had formerly held; he saw her confidence pass into distrust—her warmth become chilled. She smiled languidly on him, and sought him no longer for her associate. Her beauty, courted by many, was not satisfied with the adoration of one, and in a short time it was evident that she preferred another. The name of this other was Eguiapal—a man destitute of all principle and moral restraint; cruel, hard-hearted, sensual, and mean. He had contrived to ingratiate himself with the wife of his friend; and, partly by advancing his own suit, partly by detraction of Etchehon, he succeeded in gaining over the heart of the wife. At first secretly, but in progress of time without a show of concealment, these two were accustomed to meet, and pass their guilty time in a manner which could not be misinterpreted by the quick eye of Etchehon. He knew himself deceived—he thought himself dishonoured. His strong love for his wife lay at the bottom of his heart so firmly, that even her infidelity could not shake it from its place. The passion with which it was accompanied was that of hot revenge upon Eguiapal, for his present state of degradation; and the intensity of the one regulated the activity of the other. Many strange schemes, in which he became involved, were the issue of this desire of vengeance. Others were charged upon him by his wife and her paramour, to drive him, if possible, from the country, by imputed crimes, or by the wretchedness which awaited him at home. No means were left untried that might conduce to either end. He was provoked and enticed to acts of violence. If he resisted the temptation, the deeds were nevertheless presumed to have been done, and busy slander was employed to criminate him. Thus his friends fell away, and his foes became numerous. His temper became more and more wild under the pressure of so much misery; and when he found himself nearly outlawed by mankind for his misfortunes, his only solace was to indulge in fanciful dreams, and communings with the dull objects of nature, and to meditate on defensive acts of blood, which would never have had birth in his original and unaltered character.

The acute reader will readily perceive that he was the concealed person who had fired on Dominic Etchegogen. He will also conclude that he had mistaken the object, and had in reality his foe Eguiapal in his mind when he plotted this mode of removing a fellow-creature from the world. Ignorant of the final issue of this transaction, he skulked for a short time among the low trees on the bank; and, when the night closed in, he fled from the scenes of his youth and his distresses, and made for the mountainous district of Larreau, where he hoped to gain a shelter among the simple and hospitable shepherds. He was not disappointed. He found them willing as they were able to receive and assist him. They adopted him amongst their own tribe; and he strove to forget, in the quiet pastoral pleasures of an innocent course of life, the series of wretched and evil thoughts that had so long distracted him. He took his share of

daily labour; he watched the flocks, and engaged in the natural interests of his new associates. He was calmed, but not forgetful. On the mountain-tops his spirit became elevated, and the sadness of a despairing man clothed itself in the rich attire of poetical feeling. As he wandered over the unbeaten tracks of that region, tending the herds committed to him by his employer, his thoughts wandered far and free—more purely than heretofore, but not less wildly, or less peacefully. Solitude, that turns the current of our common sentiments, drew off from his their dross and vileness, but deepened and strengthened them. In such a mood, he composed, from time to time, many rude and irregular songs referring to his own condition, and used as the interpreters and relief of his strong emotions. Lying beneath the forest-shade, or gazing down upon the surface of the fair world, it was then he used to sing his unheard plaints, inspired only by that innate feeling which is the soul of poetry. One of these singular compositions, preserved by himself in writing, and afterwards produced as a document of legal evidence, furnishes some idea, though inadequate, of that sweet music which in a few minds is not produced by culture or imitation, but seems whispered at the hour of birth by some angel of heaven, ere the spirit which receives it has become perfectly human.

"The animals of the desert,"—(thus he sung)—"fly from before the face of man, which inspires them with terror; and I also, miserable and in tears, imitate them to lengthen my desolate life.

"The unfortunate are enough in the earth, but none so unfortunate as me; I have been driven from my own hearth for attempting to sit alone there as a master.

"I lay in ashes—in chains; but was it not my own madness? Of my life, one-half has passed in a dungeon—the other half, in a dungeon of the soul. Why did I love so truly? She cared neither for my prayers, nor my sighing, but for another.

"I see the sun's rising and its sinking; I count the shadows as they diminish to specks, and lengthen again as they were in the morning. They change the surface; but the earth is always what it was. I believe neither the smiles nor any countenance of a woman; it is evil underneath.

"My home! my home! The wind passes by me here in louder gusts, but not so sweetly to mine ear. I did not wander here before the days of my sorrow. Oh, my home! thou wert a garden of blessedness; but I am sentenced away.

"Ye who pursue Etchehon, seek him not at Barcus, for he is composing songs at Eginton, the fairest of the pasturages of the Pyrenees, inhabited by the shepherds of La Soule."

That Etchehon was for a time soothed by the simple tenor of his present life, is very probable. But that he soon felt an inquietude under the very stillness, and a longing to see once more the familiar things of his native place, is pretty evident, from the querulous tone that occasionally creeps into these fragments of his verse. This feeling, indeed grew upon him more and more; he would make little excursions from his proper beat to catch a glimpse of some neighbouring height and overhanging forest; and, after a few weeks, he determined to steal once more into some of his old haunts, and learn correctly what had followed upon the death of Eguiapal.

It was a dark, cold night, and the villagers of Barcus were for the most part collected in their homes; when some one coming from the fields later than was usual, discovered a heavy mass as of a cloud passing

low above the house-tops, and followed by little sparks and rays of light shot up from no distant object. He aroused many of the neighbours, and without loss of time proceeded to the source of this illumination, which proved to be a burning cottage, the property of Eguiapal. The fire had seized too surely the rafters and frame-work of the wooden building, and all their efforts were ineffectual to prevent the deathly crash which was heard not an hour afterwards. The owner himself of this ruined place took no share in the attempt to extinguish the conflagration. Where he was detained was not inquired until all remedy was past. Then some one, curious beyond the rest, betook himself to the house of Etchehon, where, as was not uncommon, he might possibly have retired with his false paramour. The door fronting the village highway was closed against intrusion, the windows barred from without, and the wicket-door at the back of the house was held firmly by a stranger, who stood like a spectre, heedless of the cries and entreaties from voices within, and from the rustics who now came up.

"Who keeps this watch?" cried the latter.

Silence was the only answer.

"Is Eguiapal in the cottage?"

Still no answer.

"Speak! pray, speak! If Eguiapal be within, let him know at least that his dwelling has been set on fire, and——"

"Consumed?" uttered a low, concealed voice.

"To ashes!" was the reply.

"Then tell him so!" cried Etchehon, in his natural tone; and, with the word, thrust open the door, which he had held tightly grasped, and in spite of all the efforts of the party under the roof.

"Tell him of his ruin, and let me see his agony!"

The tale was a short one; for the expiring flames were a sufficient voucher, and the cracking of timber was heard distinctly, though at some distance. Eguiapal rushed from the house, beseeching the villagers to seize and detain Etchehon, the author, as he supposed, of his misfortune. The order was willingly obeyed; for those who cared little for the discovery of the perpetrator of this last act had still that vague notion of Etchehon's romantic character which rendered his capture a matter of moment. He made little or no resistance, was delivered over to the police, and finally committed for trial, not on this charge of arson, which could have been supported by no evidence whatever, but as the person guilty of that assault upon Dominic Etchegogen which was related at the commencement of this narrative.

The grounds of accusation were numerous, and apparently substantial. His former character, as an ill-doer and infringer of law, went through the entire charge, as a prior argument in its behalf. Then it was declared by one of Eguiapal's labourers that he had concerted with him to kill not only his master, but some half-dozen others, who were obnoxious to him. On the morning of the fair, he had been seen casting slugs, similar in shape and size to that one which was extracted from the wound of Dominic; and, moreover, he had been heard to inquire earnestly whether Eguiapal meant to attend the fair that day, and had himself been seen walking in the direction of Oleron. To the questions of the president of the court, he answered with great precision and confidence. He gave a rapid history of his life, coloured with all the enthusiasm natural to him, and enriched by the poetical phraseology of the Basque

language, with which he seemed more conversant than with French. From the old treasury of this primitive tongue, he drew the copious expressions and illustrative imagery, which, as a bystander has witnessed, gave to his defence a loftiness and beauty not often reached by the most graceful of poets. The tone was eloquent, but restrained; and the flights of passion, which sometimes whirled him into a species of phrenzy, were completely escaped until the appearance of Eguiapal as a witness to substantiate some of the allegations. Then his moderation expanded into excesses of feeling, for which language seemed to have no adequate expression.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, "would you not be content with the ruin you have already inflicted? Have I not already suffered worse than death by your machinations? Your head was on the pillow of my married bed when I lay in the straw of a dungeon! You drank my wine, and ate my hams, when all that I had was water, and bread moistened by my tears. You are not yet satisfied! Oh, murderous villain! you have spat upon me, and kicked me, and none else has brought me here!"

The trial lasted two days. A host of circumstantial evidence was produced; but the presumptions of his guilt, however strong, amounted to no proof; and he was finally acquitted, on this score principally—that nothing was admitted to convict him of having had fire-arms in his possession at the time of the transaction. The sympathy of the court with the prisoner was extreme. His singular appearance, and rugged untaught bearing—his imposing language—and, beyond the rest, the unfortunate story of his life, which in itself would have palliated many an error—all won over the interest of the audience; and the verdict of acquittal was received by acclamations of the heartiest approval. He was discharged from the bar, to be once more exposed to the afflictions of his destiny.

His home was still polluted by the occasional visits of his enemy, who with his wife conspired to the utmost to torture and tempt him. For awhile he seemed careless of Eguiapal, and tolerated his presence, if they chanced to meet, without any manifestation of that ardent hate which was rankling in his heart. Only on one occasion did he exhibit his natural sentiments. He was returning to his house, after a day of labour, and was met at the threshold by one whom he did not fail to recognize. He seized him fiercely by the throat, and prevented his egress.

"What, Sir!" he cried, "are you so uncourteous as to pass me without one evening valediction? Whose hospitality have you been enjoying? Not mine, surely, or you would have the grace to thank me for it;—and if not mine, then my wife's. Come in, thou hate! and thank her for it before me."

And so saying, he dragged the almost passive coward into the room he had just left. The lights were still burning, and the remnants of the evening meal lay on the round table; but his wife either dreaded or was ashamed to appear before him.

"You have eaten together, I see; you have laughed together; you have——Oh! God! that I should say it! Here, villain! down on thy servile knee; and, if thou hast fear of God, who hast no love of man, pray to him for the repose of thy soul. What! is that incomprehensible? Here, then, take this staff, and defend thyself as thou mayest: I would not kill thee unarmed."

He rushed upon his victim; and few minutes would have intervened between that and his dying minute, but for the shrieks of a woman, who,

issuing from an inner room, threw herself between the combatants, and effectually stopped that conflict which would have so assuredly terminated in death.

"For the Virgin's sake, Bertin!" she exclaimed; "for me—for yourself—as you hope for happiness—spare him, and take my heart as the return!"

"Your heart!" he said, looking at her sorrowfully. "If I could believe that, Marie——. But my hopes are as chaff upon the wind: I cannot trust again."

"Yet, for the love you bore me, do not shed his blood! As a testimony of that love—perhaps a last act—Bertin, do not refuse me!"

She clung to his arm, and gazed at him with that eloquent look, which no mortal can resist from the object of his worship. He bent in silence his eyes upon her fair face, and slowly answered—

"It is not that I trust the future—not that I can now be moved into reliance upon you, who have so deceived me;—in memory of the past I listen to you—for your voice has the softness of other days, Marie, and I am not so changed but I must yield to it.—Go, wretched villain! and, if this lesson can teach thee aught, let me never see thee more."

Eguiapal obeyed the word, and days passed before he again ventured to seek the partner of his stolen pleasures, or dared run the risk of encountering the fiery Etchehon. But he could not wholly abandon so confirmed a habit and system of life; and Etchehon again had knowledge of his renewed intercourse with Marie. His determination was now taken, and executed as follows.

It was on the same narrow wooden bridge over the Adour which has before been mentioned, that Eguiapal had to pass, on his return homewards from a marriage-feast a few miles off. The winter's first snow lay on the ground, partly liquified, partly congealed, by the alternate changes of thaw and frost, which succeed each other in that climate often only for a duration of a few minutes. Picking his way slowly and deliberately, Eguiapal moved on to the bridge; now humming a scrap of a bridal song—now letting fall a word or two of his thoughts, which had been rendered rather more volatile than usual under the magic of copious libations. The name "Marie" fell from his lips more than once with an emphasis of considerable tenderness; and just as he reached the centre of the bridge, he was uttering the words,—

> "Toujours fidelle à toi, Marie,
> Fidelle toujours à toi,"—

when his progress and his song were stopt in an instant by the appearance of Etchehon, who, springing up from the other bank, darted upon him, and made a bound to clasp him in his arms. The other, urged possibly by despair, possibly animated by the liquors he had swallowed, was not now irresolute in his conduct, but opposed himself stoutly to his aggressor. They struggled for a while together, and the superior strength of Etchehon had at last succeeded in giving him an advantageous hold of his antagonist, when his foot, sliding along the treacherous surface of snow, failed him at the crisis, and both fell headlong to the earth. Their combat was here renewed: neither could regain his footing; but still Etchehon had the mastery in the conflict. He contrived to shift a little, from time to time, towards the edge of the bridge; and, at last, seizing a moment favourable to his purpose, he collected his whole strength—

thrust from him, in the direction of the parapet, the stunned body of Eguiapal—and rolling and scrambling himself to the same point, completed his work by urging him onward with his own legs, whilst with his hands he clung to the bars and side-rails of the bridge. A loud splash in the waters told of the end of Eguiapal. Etchehon himself, exhausted, but triumphant, shouted aloud in that his perilous situation, and thanked Heaven that the hour of retribution had at length come. His shout was overheard, and by none other than Dominic Etchegogen, to whom that bridge had before been so nearly fatal. Coming up at the moment, he then witnessed the exultation of Etchehon on the scene of his murderous success. He charged him with the deed—he warned him of his crime. Convicted now of mortal sin, nothing would save him from the vengeance of that law which he had so often outraged. He was proceeding to seize the criminal, whilst others were flocking to the spot to secure him; but their intentions were frustrated. Still hanging by his arms, and but little supported by the buttress that swelled out beneath him, Etchehon suddenly lifted himself upwards, and, bounding towards the level of the bridge, effected a secure footing. Then, loudly entreating a moment's pause, he uttered these words:—

"Friends! I have not offended you willingly: the cause of my error lies low beneath those waters. You say that death is at hand for me also: you speak truly. If I do not again see my wife, tell her that we may meet in heaven, if she now can repent of her cruelties to me. Her good is at my heart; I love her still; I love her for ever. Let my name pass away from your traditions, but not from her memory. Bid her weep for me, as she will do for the sinner whom she preferred to me. I follow him!"

He leaped from the bridge; and the waters, which were ruffled with his fall, soon passed quietly and smoothly over his stiffened corpse!

ÆVAH.

MIDNIGHT: A SONNET.

'Tis Night, deep Night! the moon is up, the stars
Are watching in the sky, and the quick ear
Can catch no sound, save where its lone career
Through Elle's* witch cavern, diamonded with spars,
Rolls the young laughing rill: this is the hour
For thought, when memory rears the awful ghost
Of buried youth; hopes chilled, affections crossed,
Again, in this new spring, put forth the flower,
'Till the whole heart is softness;—how serene,
How chastely cold, yon moon pursues her track
Through space! her mild but inexpressive mien
Smiles all undimmed by sorrow's rude attack;
While man's sad brow, the sable throne of gloom,
Is veiled in clouds from childhood to the tomb.

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* An old name for the cave of Crerig-cennan, near Llandilo-Vawr, South Wales.

WELSH JURISPRUDENCE.*

As nations conquer to extend the sweets of patronage to their rulers, and not the blessings of civilization to the vanquished, it seldom happens that the latter derive much benefit from the more-improved institutions of their conquerors. Such, at all events, has been the eventual history of English aggrandizement; and, if the state of its jurisprudence be taken as an indication, the fate of Wales is but the repetition of a twice-told tale.

In their petition to Henry VIII. to be admitted into the laws and privileges of Englishmen, we find the Welsh complaining "But as the kings of this realm, weary of their attempts in person against us, did formerly give not only our country to those who would conquer it, but permitted them, *jura regalia*, within their several precincts, so it was impossible to come to an agreement, while so many that undertook this work usurped martial and absolute power and jurisdiction in all they acquired, without establishing any equal justice; and that all offenders, for the rest, flying from one lordship marcher (for so they were termed) to another, did both avoid the punishment of the law, and easily commit those robberies, which have formerly tainted the honour of our parts." It is true, that in answer to this petition, a more regular system for the administration of justice through the principality was attempted to be provided, by the establishment of Courts Baron, Hundred, and County Courts, and the institution of the Court of Great Session. The three first are distributed about the country pretty much in the same way as our own petty courts of the same denomination. The last is an itinerant court corresponding with our courts of assize—possessed of powers equally ample for the trial of civil and criminal causes, with the addition of an equitable jurisdiction—and administered by judges appointed by the government. But this, in the one instance, was to leave the dispensation of justice to a description of tribunal which has never proved especially competent to its discharge: in the other, instead of embracing the country within the circuits of our judges, to trust it to the care of such inferior functionaries as it suited the purposes of patronage to bestow—and in both to turn the principality into a mere local jurisdiction. We do not indeed deny that a distribution of local tribunals throughout the whole face of a country, may be the best system of judicial organization it can adopt. Indeed, when we know that this has been recommended by so high an authority as Mr. Bentham, and hear its practical operation so loudly extolled in France, we wish devoutly that the current of popular attention set more strongly towards it.—In England, however, a local tribunal is synonymous with an incompetent one; and though sharing most of their defects, both the petty courts and courts of Great Session, are very far behind our own courts, both in the ability and impartiality of their officers.

"Practice makes perfect," saith the adage; and, if that wise saw of our grandmothers were an universal truth, most perfect indeed ought to be the county and baronial courts of Wales. From the parliamentary returns to the committee of 1821, it appears that the number of actions instituted in these courts for the county of Carmarthen, during a period

* Letter to Lord Lyndhurst on the Administration of Justice in Wales, by Earl Cawdor.

of no more than nine years, actually amounted to thirteen thousand nine hundred and thirty-six (and this, be it remembered, independent of those tried in the Court of Great Session), which was just about ten thousand more than the county of Monmouth (a county of very similar area and population) could muster during the same period. That these courts, however, are anything but "modern instances" of the saw, we believe no very elaborately-wrought chain of evidence will be required to prove. The goodness of a commodity is indeed apt to be measured by its cost, and courts in which the attorney of one year becomes the judge of the next—and a judge paid by the fees of the suitors—are not like to have the scale of their expence reduced to a degrading minimum. Beyond this, however, they appear to possess but few recommendations. They are characterized as vortexes for dragging the unwary into litigation, rather than as sanctuaries of justice; and we dismiss them with Lord Cawdor's sweeping observation—"Instead of a simple and expeditious manner of recovering small demands, intelligible to those who would generally be amenable to their jurisdiction, suits for the most trifling amount are protracted from year to year, and all the intricacies of special pleading, and legal chicanery resorted to, for no other purpose than to swell the costs of suit, and delay the administration of justice."—page 26.

The judicial apparatus of the Court of Great Session most assuredly does not suffer from any narrowness or contraction in its scale. Actuated, we suppose, by the love of Philosopher Square's "eternal fitness of things," our legislature must not only erect the principality into a separate jurisdiction, but must actually subdivide into four independent and original judicatures, each the subject of a separate circuit, with its chief judge and second judge, its attorney-general, and corresponding gradations of officers—its judges receiving salaries to the tune of eleven hundred and fifty pounds each: indeed, the chief justice of Chester pockets sixteen hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and the second judge twelve hundred and fifty pounds; but as they have the additional business of that county to transact, we set the difference down to that account. Only conceive it, ye people, "who put your trust in princes," twelve judges are thought sufficient for holding assizes for the whole of England—from John-o'-Groat even unto the Land's End—but for this little nook of the kingdom, these "barren regions of Venedotia," which, in the year 1811, did not, according to census, contain altogether a population equal to that of the West Riding of Yorkshire, nothing short of a judicial establishment of eight dignitaries, and minor officers in proportion, will content the rapacity of aristocratical patronage. Now when we see a vast number of powdered lacqueys forming the establishment of some small residence, and receiving exorbitant wages to boot, if we speculate at all in the matter, we generally come to two conclusions—first, that there is but little work in that house to be done; and secondly, that that little will be badly performed. Of the manner in which the work is done in the judicial establishment of Wales, we shall presently present our readers with the materials of judging. Of the quantity and of its cost, they may form an idea from an amusing calculation we have made for their instruction. Now it appears from the parliamentary returns, that the number of bills filed in the various Courts of Great Session during the preceding eleven years, ending in 1823, amounted to no more than six hundred and eighty-nine, the number of common law causes to thirteen hundred and seventeen, and the criminal

trials to eleven hundred and seven; but as the decrees pronounced in the various bills filed did not exceed two hundred and fifty-six, and the orders were only seven, the aggregate of causes actually despatched, but just reaches two thousand six hundred and eighty-seven. This divided over a period of eleven years, will give an average of two hundred and forty-four and a fraction, for each year; and this again distributed among the eight judges, the share of each will be a fraction more than thirty. Their wages, however, for trying thirty causes, amounting to eleven hundred and fifty pounds, it follows that the cost of judgment in each cause is somewhat more than thirty-eight pounds.—So much for the cost to the public. Let us next see what the proportion of payment is to those who receive it. Now both circuits together never occupy more than six weeks in the year, three in the spring, and three in the autumn; and, as there are but six working days in the week, there can be but thirty-six for the adjudication of these thirty and a fraction causes. From this we may fairly strike off the odd six for the days idled away in opening commissions, going through the farce of session sermons, grand jury charges, and all the parade of wasting time, and the estimate will therefore be for each judge *one* cause per day—and that, be it remembered, at the rate of thirty-eight pounds per cause. There are, however, just three hundred and thirteen working days in every year; if then the Welsh judges were in actual employment all the year round, at the same rate of business, and at the same scale of wages, each of these inferior functionaries would just receive the trifling salary of *eleven thousand eight hundred and ninety-four pounds*, which is only one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four pounds *more than the chief justice of all England*. But this is by no means a fair way of putting the estimate. On the English circuit, at the very lowest, we apprehend the daily average of causes cannot be less than six;* and, as all Welsh causes of importance are, for obvious reasons, carried to the next county within the English jurisdiction, and those left for the Court of Great Session, on the whole considerably less intricate and difficult than English ones, the Welsh causes ought probably not to consume above half the time of the latter in their trial. Taking, however, the average of *business* from the English, and the *pay* from the Welsh circuit, this would give the trifling *rate* of payment for *each* individual Welsh judge of *seventy-one thousand three hundred and sixty-four pounds* per annum; which, it cannot help being observed, is below the mark by a few *thousands* at least; and this for a little more than an easy drive through one of the most romantic countries in the world, twice in each year—once when the voice of spring is ringing through its mountains, and again when its magnificent vales are embrowning with an autumn sun. Some little difference between a Welsh judge and the worthy Parson Adams, who, "at the age of forty-five, found himself possessed of the handsome income of twenty-three pounds a-year, with which, however, he was unable to make any great show, because he lived in a dear country, and was, moreover, a little incumbered with a wife and six children." How close must the legal population be pressing upon the means of subsistence. Yet with all this in their eyes, the Finance Committee on Courts of Justice, of 1798, quietly report "among other

* In the Hints for more Speedy Administration of Justice, page 21, the *annual* average is said to be 2,090.

reductions of expenditure which *might possibly* take place without *any detriment*, and even much benefit to the public service, is the retrenchment which *might* be effected by the *gradual* consolidation of the four judicatures of Wales into one circuit," &c. We wonder when the people of England will cease to be treated as "husks for swine to fatten on."

To the usual evils of local jurisdictions (the want of power to compel the attendance of witnesses within them, or to enforce obedience to decrees without), an act which passed in the session of 1824, affected to apply a remedy. The remedies for the first are appropriately described by Lord Cawdor "to be almost as curious as the grievance." One would naturally have supposed that the shortest way of getting a witness into any court of justice (next to carrying him in on the shoulders), was to render the summons of that court imperative on him. Our legislature, however (perhaps thinking travelling a wholesome exercise to its subjects, and by way of extending their principle of *encouragement* to mail-coachmen), in order to get a Welshman into a Welsh witness box, prefer making the requisite summons issuable from the Court of Exchequer at Westminster; and though, in certain excepted cases, they trust the provincial court, with the exercise of this weighty authority, they nevertheless provide, that, with reference to all, the penalties for disobedience are only to be obtained in the Exchequer. "This is legislation," says his lordship, "beyond my comprehension. You render the Court of Exchequer, in the first part of this clause, ancillary to the Court of Great Session, and compel it to issue process in a case not before it. In the second, you authorise the Marshal of the Court of Great Session to issue the same process in a particular case, which, if he can do with propriety in that case, he might assuredly do in all. Then having issued the process in the name of a justice of the Court of Great Session, you deny him all jurisdiction as to the contempt of it; and, for the ease of parties residing in the country, *and to shew what value we ought to set upon having justice administered at our own doors,* the remedy for disobedience is to be sought in Westminster."—pages 31, 32. The clause empowering the judges to issue commissions for the examination of witnesses out of the jurisdiction, leaves it "entirely at the option of those persons to answer, or not, as may be found most convenient"—page 33; and the provision for enforcing decrees against parties who have submitted to the jurisdiction of the courts "is not in the shape of power to the Court of Great Session, but of authority to the Courts of Westminster to issue process, on the production of certain certificates and office copies of proceedings, in order to enforce rules and decrees made by another court." In addition to this, each jurisdiction has its own peculiar and varying standard of practice, which the rest refuse to recognise; and, either out of deference to the mutual jealousies of attornies, or from some other cause, the attorney of one circuit is restricted from practising in another, without a previous admission, to the great detriment of all who, happening to have suits without the limit of their own attorney's practice, may be driven to resort to strangers for the conduct of their causes. The first is an evil which can be removed only by a fundamental change in the whole jurisdiction; and to the latter, the act to which we have alluded did not even affect to provide a remedy.

The proceedings of the court exhibit the most anomalous compound of indecent hurry and ruinous delay. The Court of Great Session only occupies three weeks in its circuit; and it is during the progress of this,

that the whole circuit business of the county, including therein equity, has to be settled. The entire sitting, however, of the court for actually dispatching the business of the session, at any one place, does not exceed four days, and, accordingly, it frequently happens that causes of the greatest importance—causes involving great nicety in the construction of the law, and the arrangement of the pleadings, or requiring the testimony of numerous witnesses in their elucidation, may have to be instituted and decided within the space of those four days. On the other hand, if the want of preparation drive either party to the alternative of postponement to some future session (to say nothing of this not being always attainable), or, as must frequently happen, the limitation of the session equally prevents a decision, the delay becomes perhaps even more destructive than the previous scramble and confusion, so that, says Lord Cawdor, "The general result of all this is, that where there is despatch in the Welsh courts (i. e. in new issues), it is, in almost every instance, harassing to the suitors, counsel, and solicitors; whereas in old issues, or causes which have been commenced at a preceding sessions, six months have necessarily elapsed. In those instances in which causes are not tried till the second or third sessions, the delay is as great, or greater, than in England"—p. 43.

But it is in the equitable jurisdiction of the court that these opposite ingredients are most sweetly blended. Mr. Bentham, in his Rationale of Judicial Evidence, while with his usual quaintness, he alludes to "the Great High Court," as "a sort of sloth, which, though at its own pace, keeps on crawling almost the whole year round," describes "the little Welsh Equity Court, as a sort of dormouse, that must generally sleep ten or eleven months of the year." We confess, however, that when, after its long slumber, it *does* awake, it seems less like a dormouse than a giant refreshed with sleep—or a comet loosened from its orbit, for there never was any thing equal to the rapidity with which, when once in motion, it whirls itself through the whole Principality. Alluding to the "former practice of the court, to consider the legal jurisdiction as confined to the county in which the cause of action arose," Lord Cawdor remarks, "The equitable jurisdiction, on the contrary, was supposed to travel post, and to extend through the three counties, of which every circuit is composed; so that a bill may be filed at one stage, answered at the next, and the case, perhaps, argued at the third; then a delay of six months, when the rapid proceeding commenced again," p. 44. And truly it would appear, that if the suitors of the court ever posted with less than six horses, they could scarcely keep up with it; for Lord Cawdor relates in detail, and in a manner very illustrative, the case of a gentleman, who, at eleven o'clock in the morning, was served "at his usual place of residence, with a writ to appear at Cardiff, forty-seven miles distant, on the same evening, and posted there accordingly" —we presume under fear of being committed for a contempt.

The phenomenon of a court of justice sitting barely two months in the course of a year, did, however, attract the attention of the legislature; and to the long intervals between the sittings of the Court of Great Sessions, the act of 1824 also extended its care. But jurisprudential legislation is, in England, only a species of state quackery; and the whole of this precious sample appears to be about as efficacious in its remedies, as a quackish prescription for "causing magnanimity and curing the stone," which we remember to have met with in an early

pharmacopœia, published under the sanction of our College of Physicians. The fact presented to the consideration of the legislature was, the demand of the inhabitants of Wales for the establishment of a supreme court of justice *there,* which, if not permanently open to the resort of its inhabitants, might at the very least be sitting a large proportion of the year. The measure adopted was the extension to the judges of the Court of Great Session, "in all cases, both at law and in equity, when the said courts shall not be sitting in Wales, to hear motions and petitions, and to make such rules and orders thereon in vacation, and out of the jurisdiction of the said courts, as to them the said judges shall seem meet, and occasion shall require." But where will it be supposed that these extraordinary sittings of the judges were to be holden? Our readers, "good easy souls," will naturally enough exclaim, oh, in some incommodious court, built expressly for the purpose, at only double its necessary cost, planted possibly at no further distance from the centre of Wales than on the outskirts of one of the boundary counties, and so far open to the public as it pleases the dignity of javelin men to tolerate. No such thing. This vacation court, with the charming ubiquity of the King's Bench, disdains to be confined to one wretched spot. To day it may be taking the tour of the Highlands—to morrow, it may be steaming it from Southampton to Cowes—or the next day be visiting its great relative of Westminster—it follows its judges while they are shooting over preserves—it is at their heels again when they are gormandizing at the bench table of inns of court—nor does it forsake them when in the Lethean waters of some fashionable Spa they are whiling away all remembrance of ermine, save its profit. In short, the sitting of the court at all depends upon the good fortune of the attorney in getting two judges together at any spot throughout Great Britain, which may happen to suit their convenience; and as no other is allowed to practice in Welsh courts, this attorney must be a Welshman, a whole Welshman, and nothing but a Welshman. This collection of the judicial forces is, as Lord Cawdor observes, no easy matter—"For instance," says he, "one of the judges of the Carmarthen circuit resides in Denbighshire, the other in London; and there is nothing to compel the one to come from Denbighshire to London, or the London one to go into Denbighshire." Suppose this difficulty, however, surmounted, the next is to hit upon a place of sitting. This is, of course, discretionary with the judges selected; and, embued with the requisite quantity of veneration for the institutions of their ancestors, they might take a fancy to re-enact the part of the Druids, and fix the judgment seat on Stonehenge Crags—we find nothing in the act to prevent it. Indeed, we would recommend the scene to Cruikshank. It would form an admirable subject for a sketch under the title, "Welsh Administration of Justice at your own Door." But suppose they are resident lawyers in London, or, which is an even chance, country gentlemen resident on their own estates, we apprehend neither the chambers of the one, or the libraries of the other, are exactly the fittest place in the world to make courts of justice of. To crown the whole, there is nothing in the act imperative on either party to a suit to submit his cause to the judgment of this vacation court: and the advantages it presents are not quite so obvious as to overcome all reluctance on the subject.

Thus much for the outward framework of the Welsh Courts. As to the lustre likely to be shed upon their proceedings, from either

judges, advocates, or attornies, our readers shall have an opportunity of seeing.

The qualifications of the first are the common qualifications of sinecurists—great interest and little knowledge; and we can assure our readers, that a "mere Irishman" is not an animal of less respect to an Orangeman, than is a Welsh judge to an English lawyer. In addition to little original aptitude to their situations, these gentlemen, when they descend from the dignity of the bench, are usually left but to one of two courses. They must either fall into the ranks of practising advocates, or relapse into occupations altogether foreign to the administration of the law. In the former case (in addition to the sensible observation of the present Justice Littledale on the subject, "that the habits of a counsel and judge are very distinct, the mind of the one being in some respects differently arranged from that of the other"), it may happen, and Lord Cawdor states it actually to have happened, that the judge may have to pronounce in judgment on *the very case on which he has advised as counsel;* in the latter, most assuredly, the law, like Acres's courage, will rapidly "ooze out at his finger's ends." There is not a private practitioner, who, in the desertion of the active exercise of professional study, does not feel his familiarity with the law gradually crumbling away from him. To be even passably acquainted with its subtleties, a man must, to some extent, be mixed up as it were with the law and its administration—he must be constantly on the watch for every variation or extension of its principles; without this, a party affecting to preside as a judge, must become embarrassed with the feeling of his own insufficiency. He will deliver himself up to the guidance of the most dexterous advocates; and, what is even worse, perhaps, than the loss of his confidence in himself, the loss of others' confidence in him will come to complete the exhibition of his incompetence. His lordship states truly enough, that it must require "some courage in a Chancery barrister to come fresh from his practice in the Court of Equity, to sit in judgment on the lives of his fellow creatures;" but we think it would be even a still more absurd exhibition to see a lounger at watering-places, or a *gentleman-rustic*,* coming fresh from their ease, to expound knotty points of seisin and disseisin—pleadings and demurrers—or questions of tithes and moduses. Moreover, we quote the language of Mr. Brougham,—"another and a greater objection is, that the Welsh judges never change their circuits. One of them, for instance, goes the Carmarthen circuit, another the Brecon circuit, and a third the Chester circuit—but always the same circuit. And what is the inevitable consequence? Why, they become acquainted with the gentry, the magistrates, almost with the tradesmen of each district, the very witnesses who come before them, and intimately with the practitioners, whether counsel or attornies. The names, the faces, the characters, the histories, of all those persons are familiar to them; and out of this too great knowledge grow *likings* and *prejudices*, which never can by any possibility cast a shadow across the open, broad, and pure path of the judges of Westminster Hall."†

With respect to the advocates, we did not want his lordship to inform us, "that few barristers of eminence find it worth their while to go into Wales." Indeed, the dearth of barristers, of all descriptions, frequenting

* An animal better known as a country gentleman.

† Speech on the present state of the laws, pp. 21, 22.

the circuits of the Court of Great Session is so great, that, in the Equity Court, the same draftsman is sometimes obliged to prepare both bill and answer, "to the great satisfaction," doubtless, as his lordship observes, "of all parties concerned." The politeness of lawyers is, however, a thing not to be taken for granted on such slight authority as our own; and we must, therefore, quote the authority of Lord Cawdor, that the inconvenience of all alternate deficiencies of equity and common law counsel is, as far as in them lies, remedied by the great good manners of the barristers, who, "in the most obliging manner, are, in general, ready to practice in law or equity at a moment's notice."

Assuredly, the lack of counsel is not met by any corresponding deficiency of attornies. A statute of Henry VI., setting forth, that not long before that time there had not been more than six or eight attornies in Norfolk and Suffolk, "*que tempore* (it remarks) *magna tranquillitas regnabat*," but that the number had then increased to twenty-four, to the great vexation and prejudice of these counties, enacted, that for the future there should be only six attornies in Norfolk, six in Suffolk, and two in the city of Norwich. This "great vexation and prejudice," sustained by Norfolk and Suffolk, could scarcely be equal to that occasioned to all the counties of Wales, from the overwhelming excess of its attornies—an excess so great, that Lord Cawdor estimates the average of business in one of the circuits not to exceed one cause to every pair of attornies. Westley, however, used to say, "that the devil never found a man idle but he gave him a job," and, accordingly, as the dearth of business in the Court of Great Session leaves plenty of leisure on hand—and as the job is pleasanter than starving, the devil finds employment for the Welsh attornies, in raking up all sorts of petty disputes, and in driving the poor Welshmen about like cattle into all the petty provincial courts in the principality. The following *morceau* will convey some faint idea of the manner in which these precious labourers execute the work intrusted to them. Lord Cawdor states it to have been addressed to a labouring man, to recover payment for the mending of a pair of shoes, and to be copied from the original:—

"Sir,

"Having been directed by A. B. to apply to you for £0. 1s. 0d. due to him, I have to request that you will pay me that sum, *together with my charge of five shillings*, on or before Saturday next, as I shall otherwise be obliged to commence an action against you for the recovery thereof without further notice.

"I am

"Your obedient servant,

"C. D."

In a proclamation of the Emperor of China, called forth a few years back, by the troublesome increase of appeals from the provinces, His Mightiness enjoins "strict search to be made to discover all law-suit exciting blackguards, who fatten on feuds themselves have created, and when found to punish them severely." Fortunate is it for the Welsh attornies that the Emperor of China does not get among them with his bastinado. With their great learning in the art of suit-making, but little other education would seem to fall to their lot, and, somehow or other, they have ever borne a large share of that general obloquy which seems to attach upon the whole administration of justice in Wales. At a meeting of the county of Pembroke, in the year 1818, for the purpose

of taking into consideration the practice of the County Courts, was a resolution—"That we have observed with considerable alarm the increase of litigation, destructive of the public tranquillity, and highly injurious to the prosperity of the county of Pembroke: That not only have the legal charges been of late greatly increased, but repeated and cruel instances have come to our knowledge of suits being carried on in the most expensive manner that legal ingenuity could suggest for the recovery of the smallest debts, or in obtaining redress for the most trifling injuries, thereby *making the law of the land the instrument of the grossest oppression.*"

On the subject of juries we do not find much in print; but there is an old story in circulation of a Welsh trial, in which a prisoner, tried for forgery, was brought in guilty of *sheep stealing*, as the foreman declared, to save the criminal from being hanged; and another, in which a witness, who had prevaricated in his evidence, is represented as being brought in guilty instead of the culprit. "How say ye, gentlemen of the jury, guilty or not guilty?"—"Guilty, my lord, *against the witness!*" The act of the present reign affected to improve the character of the jurymen by giving them a qualification. Upon what principle of phrenology it is that a man's brains expand with the expansion of his acres, we have not yet had the good fortune to be instructed, though the English jury law seems to proceed upon its assumption. We have yet, however, to see how much the verdicts of Welsh jurymen will be improved under the operation of this wisdom-bestowing act.

Such is the paradise of law which English government has provided for Wales. But the "labours of love" have not stopped with the establishment of the paradise; bars must needs be devised to keep its happy inmates within its walls. Fearful lest the Welsh suitor should escape with his cause into any neighbouring English county, which such partial, ignorant, incompetent judges, as my Lord Tenterden, or Mr. Justice Bayley, might happen to be taking in their circuits, the legislature has enacted, "That all actions upon the case for words, action of debt, trespass, or the case of assault and battery, and other personal actions (which, be it observed, comprehend the greater part of all the actions brought) which shall be brought in any of His Majesty's Courts of Record out of the Principality of Wales, and the debt in damages, found by the jury, shall not amount to the sum of fifty pounds; and it shall appear that the cause of action arose in Wales, and that the defendant was resident there at the time of the commencement of the action, a judgment of *nonsuit* shall be entered against the plaintiff, and he shall pay to the defendant his costs of suit." This is confining the Welshmen in their paradise with a witness to it. Unluckily, however, like Rasselas in the happy valley, they do not seem quite so contented with their situation as some people may imagine they ought to be; though, for ourselves, we confess we are not much surprised that the dissatisfaction which appeared to the Committee of 1818, to be "felt in different parts of Wales, with the existing state of the courts, by means of which justice is there administered," should survive the miserable abortion which was provided as a remedy—the act of 1824. But when a country begins to mistrust either the purity or the sufficiency of its courts, it is high time, if it be not sought, to let it waste itself into "a voice crying in the wilderness," to put all considerations of power and patronage aside, and yield to the national lament. It is atrocious

that justice should receive even the suspicion of a stain—the wants of a country be left unheeded—and its moral advancement kept back, only that the judicial cushion may be turned into a pillow of repose, to reward the political subserviency of a few unlearned, untalented, unknown lawyers. The system has indeed found an excuse in the cheapness with which it provides justice to the suitors. Thirty-eight pounds per cause, we humbly suggest, is, however, rather a dear rate at which to purchase the species of adjudication which the Court of Great Session doles out; and with respect to the whole, we cite the authority of Lord Colchester.—"If it be urged, that all or any of these disadvantages are compensated by the cheapness with which justice is so administered, the fact itself may be well doubted, as a general proposition, and the reverse of it may in many cases be demonstrated: and if the fact be admitted, there still may remain a doubt whether the purchase of injustice (in so many instances) even at a cheap rate, be an advantageous privilege."—Preface to the Companion to the Chester Circuit, p. 29.

The Committee of 1821 reported,—"It appears to your Committee, after a diligent consideration of the evidence taken before them, and of the objections which have been urged against the judicature in its present form, that, although some of the minor difficulties might perhaps be done away by new regulations, yet that others, most essential to the right administration of justice, could not, without such fundamental changes as would amount to the institution of a *new jurisdiction.*" With this strong declaration in their teeth, how idle was it, in the legislature, to put forth their late statute as a remedy! When all is rottenness, little good is to be expected from palliatives—a system which hangs together only by the harmony of its evils, must be revolutionized and not patched up. But what is true with respect to the component parts of this lesser system, is an equal truth with that larger one of which it is only a member—the judicial organization of the whole kingdom; and so many are the obstacles which ignorance, prejudice, and interest conspire to oppose to the renovation of this larger whole, that, in urging the remodelling of any of its fractional parts, the jurist always feels that sickness of the heart which arises from the consciousness of wasted effort. He resembles the surgeon, whose utmost skill can scarce achieve the care of a few local sores, while he beholds his patient wasting away under the influence of an aneurized aorta. To abolish the whole jurisdiction of the principality as a separate jurisdiction—to consolidate it with that of England—to include Wales within the circuits of our judges, and to make all its proceedings triable only in our tribunals—are, however, the measures which have been recommended for the improvement of the Welsh system: and consistently with the existing frame-work of the rest of our judicial establishment, we confess they appear to be the most rational that can be adopted. Lord Cawdor's proposition for the arrangement of the circuit is, by dividing the Oxford circuit, to make two new ones, to one of which South Wales, to the other North Wales might be annexed—to take Lancaster from the Northern Circuit (which he says, truly enough, is now too large), and to add Oxford to the Midland, so that the two circuits would stand thus:—

1. *Lancaster.*	Shropshire,
Lancashire,	Staffordshire,
Cheshire,	North Wales.

2. *Gloucester.*	Worcestershire,
Gloucestershire,	Monmouthshire,
Herefordshire,	South Wales.

Independently of the obvious benefit of the substitution of a better for a worse system of judicature, there are many advantages which would ensue from this consolidation of jurisdictions. The increased intercourse which would thereby be engendered with this country—the greater resort of the suitors of Wales to our courts—the progress of our judges through its counties, with its necessary result of an extending identity of language—would all conspire to promote the advancement of our less civilized neighbour; while we believe what Lord Cawdor tells us as the result of one part of the existing system, is equally applicable to the whole—that it actually operates to deter individuals "who would otherwise be tempted to invest capital in Wales, either in the purchase of land or in commercial and mining speculations."

It may be gratifying to learn, that in the discussion of any projected improvements in this matter, we may hope to be spared a little the sound of that disgusting word "compensation"—a word which, we apprehend, would never have found its way into the glossary of any government whose grand agency was not corruption. That, instead of being compelled to disgorge a little of the past, men should have to be bought off from the means of future robbery on the public, is a system so absurd, that we cannot imagine how it could ever have been tolerated for an instant. Yet to such an extent is this claim now urged by every place-holding vampire, that we should not be surprised if fellows transported to Botany Bay for pick-pocketting, should not soon put in their claim to *compensation*, for being forced to relinquish their profitable walks on the London pavement. Lord Cawdor, however, states, that the four last judges appointed in the Court of Great Session, have, he believes, accepted their offices under the express understanding that they were to have no compensation in case of any alteration in the court. He adds, "nor is there any reason why they should have it"—a proposition, we apprehend, which would be readily assented to by all but the parties themselves, even had his lordship not added the qualification, "on account of any sacrifice made by them; for a Welsh judge (unfortunately he has to state) unlike an English one, does not give up his practice on coming upon the bench; his income as judge is entirely additional."

Still, whoever imagines this to be the only obstacle—or a very considerable one in the way of reform—will, we apprehend, be grievously mistaken. Patronage must take care that it is not injured in any way before government is like to set very heartily about the work; and it would seem that Lord Cawdor had some secret misgivings on the subject, for he thinks it necessary in concluding a work—the simple object of which was "to show that the remedies which have been applied to the grievances felt in the administration of justice in Wales, by no means meet the evil," to issue the formal manifesto, that he has done so "from no feeling of hostility to the government."

In addition to this, there are, most probably, other sinister interests to be grappled with; and sinister interest, like an American sharpshooter, is, in this country, indued with a presence so universal, that we only discover him by the ball of his rifle.

COLONEL ROCHE FERMOY ON THE MORAL AND PAYSICAL FORCE OF IRELAND.

Ireland, it is said in some of our newspapers, attracts much of the notice of the Continental politicians, and her strength or weakness is matter of anxious calculation abroad. We believe, if we say that the expatriated Irish are very anxious to impress the importance of the factions to which they belong, and the great interest which they ought to be in Europe, we shall have said what is nearer the truth. Without at present entering into the question as to the causes of the fact, it is matter of history that Irish exiles, from the earliest days that the history of these islands begins to dawn, have been painfully conspicuous for their anxiety to call in foreign aid. Almost the very first notice of Ireland in the annals of the civilized world, occurs in Tacitus's History of Agricola, and there we find a banished Irish chieftain proposing to the Roman commander to invade Ireland, and assuring him that half a legion, about three thousand men, would be amply sufficient for the conquest Ten or eleven centuries later, Dermot McMurrough called in the assistance of the Anglo-Norman knights, and it is rather whimsical to perceive that almost exactly the same number of men* as that proposed to Julius Agricola, was eventually required for the successful accomplishment of the purposes of their invasion.

During the long wars of the Lords of the Pale against their rude neighbours, the European powers were too much torn in pieces by intestine dissentions of their own to afford assistance to the descendants of those whom Mr. Moore has designated as the ragged, royal race of Tara. But as soon as nations began to consolidate, as soon as the present political relations, or at least outlines of them, commenced to get into play, viz. in the sixteenth century, the application for foreign interference begins to be as regular a feature in discontented Irish policy, as in the days of the Cæsars or the Plantagenets. In the reign of Elizabeth Spain was the leading continental power—the first in all the arts, and strongest in all the sinews of war. She was mistress of the Netherlands, of Portugal, of the Indies, the head of the Catholic interest, allied with all the great courts of Europe. To Spain, therefore, the eyes of the Irish insurrectionists were turned, and Spanish intrigue, Spanish dollars, and at last Spanish troops, (a small army commanded by Don Juan d'Aguilar, united to a large tumultuous force of Irish, was defeated in the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, near Kinsale) were employed in exciting the hopes or supporting the cause of the last barbarian princes of the Milesian descent. In the next century the ascendency of Spain had departed, and the insurgents of 1641 looked to France, to Louis XIV.; and as the temporal power of the Popes, or at least their treasury, was even then of some importance, the assistance of his Holiness and his exchequer was not deemed unworthy of attention. Modern Rome has however been as sparing of bestowing gold on foreign nations as antient—both have been much more active in gathering tribute than in returning any part of it; and the Urbans and Innocents sent bulls and nuncios, instead of men and money. French troops, however, and they too troops of the finest days of France, made their appearence upon the Irish soil, when James II. made his last struggle for his dominions; but with the surrender of Limerick they departed. France, in some few years after, had enough to do at home, without meddling with the territory of her neighbours.

From the date of their departure to our own times, the French armies have been filled with Irish, and a favourite measure, recommended by the puny courts of the Pretenders, and sometimes dreamt of by the French cabinet, was another invasion of Ireland. Numberless are the memoirs and plans of campaigns, drawn up by various military O's and Mac's existing on manuscripts lying in the French archives, in which it is demonstrated that the most obvious and prudent policy for France to adopt, would be the immediate invasion of their native country. Many causes, however, prevented their patriotic wishes from being carried into execution. After the peace of Utrecht, France had no power of moving offensively for some time, and when her strength had recovered, the policy of her minister, Fleury, was essentially pacific. When she appeared in arms in the middle of the last century, she was more occupied, (and not very succesfully) in the affairs of Germany than of England ; and though the young Pretender turned her attention, languidly, however, to Great Britain, his views were of necessity primarily confined to Scotland, where his chief connexion lay. In the American war France thought more of the West Indies than any thing else ; but the Irish in her service continually pressed Ireland upon her attention. In vain, however ; that was not her game. The Bourbons felt that they had done quite enough in fostering resistance to regal power in America, without bringing it into Europe, within easy sail of their own dominions. The revolutionists had no such scruples, and to them the prayers of the United Irishmen were addressed. Tone asked from Carnot—as his countryman, 1,700 years before, had asked of Agricola—half a legion for the conquest of Ireland. We need not bring our history down farther : the attempts of Hoche and Humbert are matters of newspaper chronology.

This propensity to look abroad, is, we believe, unparalleled in the history of any other people ; at least, in no other people has it become so distinctive a national mark. If Russia attains the ascendancy, which is expected, or *was* expected before this last campaign, she too will, in all probability, be supplicated for aid in the internal quarrels of Irish faction ; and, we perceive, indeed, that there are some hints thrown out already. The reasons for this propensity lie somewhat deeper than the trading politicians and journalists of this country would so flippantly and unhesitatingly assign..

The book before us is devoted exclusively to the purpose of showing that Ireland contains in herself all the means, physical, military, financial, moral, and political, of being independant of England, and its author labours hard to prove that it should look to her own means for working out this desirable object. He distinctly exclaims against expecting foreign aid :—

" If *any* nation think itself aggrieved, and seek relief, let it look *at home* for the cultivation of those powers, which may be equal to the end. Let it not repose upon *foreign* asisstance—the elements which human sagacity or human force cannot direct or control—the winds and the waves—fire—or by its absence, frost, may destroy the best calculated hope. *Foreign* expeditions are ever precarious.—The Spanish armada—*Deus afflavit, et dissipantur.*—Charles the Twelfth.—Napoleon arrested by frost—Cambyses and his million buried in burning sand—

———— " a while the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes—then all was still."

Without wishing to dispute this most disputable of all positions, one

which has been contradicted a thousand times in the history of the world, it is amusing to remark, that this gentleman, who disclaims all foreign assistance, publishes his book in Paris, and appeals, from beginning to end, to the passions of the French people. A lurking feeling possesses him, that all his calculations of internal Irish strength are not entirely to be relied upon. In this he is *national.*

The author is a Colonel Philip Roche, who, from the place of his birth, we suppose, calls himself Colonel Philip Roche Fermoy. Of his history we know nothing, but it is probable that he was in the French service. The warm praises which he bestows upon the Prussian armies of 1813, are something against this supposition, we confess; but then the praise is given principally for the purpose of bolstering up his theory of the superiority of a tumultuary over a regular force. His editor informs us, that his book, which is most voluminously entitled, "A Commentary on the Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Major-General in the Service of the Republic of France; in which the Moral and Physical Force of Ireland to support National Independance is discussed and examined from Authentic Documents," is published from his posthumous papers—but that they were perfectly prepared for the press. The editor gives some slight sketches of the history of Colonel Roche's family, but is studiously silent as to the colonel himself—perhaps, therefore, it is merely a *nom de guerre.* This is, indeed, of little consequence.

The work, which, if we may believe the *Courrier Français,* the *Journal des Debats,* or our *Morning Chronicle,* and some other journals of the same politics, has made some noise, commences by a dedication to "All the Blockheads, Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical, in the Service of His Britannic Majesty," which is not very valuable, on the score either of wit or information, and may be safely passed over. The introduction which follows, consists principally of a warm panegyric of Theobald Wolfe Tone, whose abilities appear to be here not a little overrated; and this again is followed by a discussion of some opinions on the state of Ireland, chiefly by Sir James Mackintosh, who is treated with no great civility. These portions of the work, also, present nothing worthy of notice.

The second chapter undertakes to prove that "Ireland, in her position, and in her forms, exterior and interior, is a fortress of the first order,"—and this gives a *coup-d'œil* of the military position of Ireland, considered for the purposes of defence, which may be worth reading:—

"The northern district—mountainous almost throughout—many portions of these mountains rocky—other portions boggy—others again rock and bog intermixed—full of intersections from rivers and lakes—these intersections pointing out, to the most inexperienced eye, lines of defence, peculiarly fitted to the mode of warfare adapted to irregular troops. In the interior of these great aquatic and mountainous intersections, the surface, where it is not bog or rock, is, from the minute divisions of farms in Ireland, laid out in small portions of arable and pasture lands, the boundaries of which are all formed by hedges and ditches, every one of these, from the embankment raised by sinking the ditch, forming a defence against musketry; and, if the defenders should avail themselves of rear columns of pikes, capable, not only of resisting, but of punishing the temerity of a charge of bayonets—the hedges forming shelter for cattle, that, in a climate, but lightly visited by snow or frost, are seldom housed—the ditches being absolutely necessary to carry off the superfluous water, in an abundantly moist climate.

"The southern division of Ireland presents, as to its *military* aspect, but

little difference from the northern. Its arable and pasture lands are much more fertile. In many places they are as minutely divided. In others, not so much—affording extensive feeding for cattle. But its mountains, its interior waters, and its sea-inlets, are as strongly marked with defensive features as most portions of the globe.

"There remains, of Ireland, a centre portion, which presents a different surface from either the northern or the southern divisions. Although not so level as the States of Holland or the Netherlands, the space from Dublin eastward, to Galway westward, does not produce the bold and rocky eminences which have been already described. Where the district approaches to a level, it is extensively boggy, as in portions of the King's and Queen's Counties, and the County of Kildare: or where it rises into firm ground, becomes a tissue of intersections, from the divisions of what is called the cottier population. Add to these artificial intersections, that, even with the arable and pasture grounds, are minutely interwoven small ramifications of the greater bogs—all these boggy portions impervious to cavalry and to artillery, and, if not totally impassable, extremely embarrassing to any infantry, attempting to act as *regulars*. Cavalry, from the intersections of ditches, and the frequency of bogs and mountains, may be considered as an almost useless arm in Ireland.

"Travelling still westward, new forms and new modes of division arise. The river Shannon may be said to insulate the western province from the rest of Ireland. Rising, towards the north, in the Leitrim mountains, those mountains, presenting insurmountable difficulty to a regular army (preserving at least its regular formations), it surrounds the whole western province to Loup-Head, its southern termination on the Atlantic. The western side of the Shannon presents, in many places, a surface for defence, to be seen in very few countries. A spectator, standing on the level, sees before him an extension for miles exhibiting nothing but a stony continuation of that level. Upon advancing into the *apparently stony desert*, he finds it composed of innumerable detached pieces of rock, almost all of equal height (evidently of alluvious formation), rising above the level of the soil, and inclosing, in their interstices, small patches of ground, covered with the richest pasture of the kingdom. Here, almost innumerable flocks of sheep are nourished by the interstitial herbage, and sheltered by the surrounding rocks. No *regular* army could, in its advance, among the stony *defenders*, preserve its formation, either in line or in column. It seems as if these surfaces were formed by the genius himself of modern and western war, for the exercise and safety of the *rifleman*. In these interstices, each rifleman would find a little redoubt, fitted by nature for the traverse of his rifle, and for the security of his person. No artillery can, in point-blank range, touch him at all. If howitzer practice with shells should be made use of, an accidental shell may fall within the little fortress of a rifleman: but, even from its explosion, it can carry its mischief no further—a moment of time, also, would give to the rifleman an opportunity of evasion into another and adjoining barrier."

The rivers, lakes, valleys, roads, come next under observation. We select the remarks on the roads:—

"The *roads* through Ireland are numerous and excellent. This circumstance, at the first contemplation, would seem greatly to facilitate the march of a *regular* army, with all its *matériel*. But these roads are of a peculiar character. They resemble not the old Roman structures of the Appian and Flaminian ways, nor their modern imitations on some parts of the continent—viz. a strong and heavily paved causeway in the centre, with open spaces at the sides. The Irish roads are raised from a softer material—small limestone gravel, or limestone rock, broken into a gravel size. The plan of the road-makers of the modern roads in Ireland, has been to carry them, as much as possible, through the level parts of the island—through the intermingled bog and arable of the levels, or winding with the course of the

valleys through the mountains. In these lower parts, through which the roads run, the superabundant moisture of the climate requires that drains to carry off the water should be run parallel to each side of a road. Sinking drains necessarily produces embankments: hence a road in Ireland may, in a military sense, be considered as a *defile*, where the march of troops can be annoyed, if not commanded, from every side—ditches and embankments running continually parallel, and, at small distances, being met by other ditches and embankments, intersecting the parallel ditches at different angles. All these afford protecting positions to troops, capable of rapid movements, and trained as good marksmen, to impede in front, and to attack in flanks and rear, any bodies of *regular* troops: more especially, if they should move with their usual *impedimenta*.

"There is scarcely occasion to state that the roads running through the valleys of the mountainous districts are, each of them, a natural *defile*, as the roads on the levels are artificially so.

"On a defensive system, one advantage attends both. Various streams of water, fed by the moisture of the climate, cross, at very short intervals, both these classes of roads: they are generally conveyed through low arches, level with the surface of the road, and are called gullets. To impede the march of *regular* troops, no other instruments are necessary than the pick-axe, the crow-bar, and the shovel. Break down these low arches, and a short way of the bed of the road—stop the water below, and the line of passage becomes inundated. Even if the dam below should be removed, the previously submerged portion will remain (especially in bog) an impassable mass of mud.

"The art of inundation (see Vallancey's translation of Clairac) should become in Ireland, a branch of general study. "*Out of the roads*, the country can hardly be passed, its inclosures are so frequent and so strong, and the soil so deep. The manœuvres of a *regular* army would be much impeded. The ditches are deep, and cast up so as to form breast-works, and upon every road, there are many places *têtes de pont* might be established to excellent purpose. It would be difficult to bring on a *decisive* action here. *The troops which could move with the greatest celerity, must have the advantage.* Their operations would be similar to fighting in trenches. or continuous traverses, where the enemy is scarcely ever seen—here no imposing masses, no brilliant charges of cavalry, no regular deployments from moveable columns; but a war of constant fatigue to the troops, constant enterprizes, and occasional capture of prisoners.

"An improvement in the agricultural system of the country, would, with equal steps, improve the defensive system. Increasing the depth and width of the ditches, would increase the strength of the embankments. Planting those enlarged embankments would increase their military strength, and would add to the profit of the tiller of the soil, by increasing shelter, and providing a stock of timber, in a country, where, from the *protecting* influence of England, for 600 years, it seems to be the only natural want. Taking off portions at the angles of the field divisions, planting those cut off portions, as has been already done in some places, would form works, similar in effect to bastions or flanking redoubts, to the curtains already formed by the banks and the ditches. Breaking up, at intervals, and inundating the direct roads, would, from the intersections of the country, deprive any body of infantry, disciplined according to the present European system, of its two main arms, cavalry and artillery. But European battalions, deprived of these adjuncts, are, of all military bodies, the most *imbéciles*. Some weapons of a defensive military system, the Irish peasant is in complete possession of, and well inured to wield. —The spade, the shovel, the mattock, and the crow-bar, are, to any other weapons of war, aids of the first necessity."

The physical capacity of the garrison of this great fortress is highly extolled in the next chapter; and it is contended, that the Irish, from their poverty and general wretchedness, ought to be the finest troops in

the world. Their moral character, from its degradation, is considered equally advantageous. The agricultural and manufacturing population of England are declared perfectly unworthy of being compared with them; and we have no doubt that the remarks on the misery of our potteries, manufactures, poor-laws, &c., will be considered as very conclusive authority on the continent. The financial strength of Ireland is extolled, strange to say, over that of England; but, all wonder on this head will cease, when we find that he reckons the Irish debt, funded and unfunded, and an advance made by England of 6,300,000*l.*, as part of her ordinary and annual revenue! This is, indeed, Irish financiering with a vengeance.

Parallels with the power of Holland, in the flourishing period of her stadtholders, in the seventeenth century—with Prussia, under Frederick the Great, and, again, when roused against Napoleon—and, of course, with the States of America, follow. In this latter case, he finds, however, that the parallel does not fit, and the allusion which the passage contains to the heroes of the Roman Catholic Association is not unamusing:—

"But as the differences between the conduct of America and Ireland have been stated, it may be right to advert to a difference of circumstances, in the situation of the two countries, which might have produced this difference of conduct.

"In Ireland all officers were there immediately dependent, and removable at pleasure. From the proximity of Ireland, its government, although not *domestic*, was enabled to keep *better watch* over the conduct of its functionaries, than it could in America. The American colonies were remote, and the officers (native) generally more disposed to please the people, than the king or his representative.

"In Ireland there was always the *ultima ratio* (a standing army).—The colonies were almost destitute of it, and the civil magistrate not prone to direct the use of it. Here then are differences—difference as *to servility of public functionaries;*—the cause of that servility, the advantage taken of a difference in religious creeds—of supposed difference in descent of blood, to confine the civil magistracy to a small but ascendant class—the servility and the exaggerated fears of that ascendant class, rendering it prone, even to flippancy, to direct the use of a standing army, which, since the union, has been doubled in numbers and in vigilance An army divided into above four hundred different stations, shows what *military* attention has been given, to enforce a *civil union.*

"But there is another difference, which it is difficult to class—the difference in *individual characters*, which times of commotion and change in every country throw forward on the public stage—the frame of such *individual characters*, often determining the fate of *national contests.*

"Among the *great instruments* of American independence, General Washington was not a *speech-maker.*

"Doctor Franklin was not a *speech-maker.* General Gates was not a *speech-maker*—nor was General Green a *speech-maker.* Yet these were the men whose labours wrought out the American independence.

"Since that period, and in the late (1813) attack made on American independence, by her early, and, indeed her only enemy, General Jackson was not a *speech-maker;* nor was Commodore Mac Donough, nor one of those naval heroes, who, on the waters, nerved the force of America, a *speech-maker.*

"In the talents of these men—the nature of their talents marking the nature of their designation—America, without the leading aid of one *speech-maker*, first achieved, and afterwards defended her independence and her happiness.

"But as the declaration of independence produced, in America, heroes, statesmen and legislators;—so, the act of *union*, being the *reverse* of the decla-

ration of *independence*, produced, in Ireland, the *reverse* of heroes, statesmen and legislators—i. e. nothing but *speech-makers*.

> 'A nation of abortive men,
> Who dart the tongue, and point the pen,
> And at the back of Europe hurled—
> The base posterior of the world.'

"A remark of Colonel Napier, in his history of the war in the Peninsula, illustrates the effect of this tendency of feeling in any nation. "Their (the Spaniards') tardy abortive measures demonstrated, how wide the space between a sophist and a statesman, and how *dangerous* to a nation is that public feeling, which, insatiable of *words*, disregards the *actions* of men, esteeming more the interested eloquence of a wit and an *orator* like Demades, than the simple integrity, sound judgment, and great exploits, of a general like Phocion.

"As the differences subsisting between the courses which Ireland and America have been touched upon, it may be necessary to observe upon the *effects*, which these different courses have, in the different countries, produced.

"In America, the *relief sought* was in the declaration of independence.

"In Ireland, the *relief*, not sought, but by *pretence* of which she was, in *purpose*, overlaid, was the act of *union*.

"In America, the declaration of independence was framed by a body of men, calling itself a congress, composed almost entirely of traders and farmers.

"In Ireland, the act of union was framed by certain Noblemen and Gentlemen, who received, among them, under one act of Parliament alone, and of their own making, the sum of £1,500,000, for their trouble in *knocking down* their country to the highest bidder.

"From the *life* of the American congress arose two men, whose names are now interwoven with all of whatever history records of the brave, the wise, and the virtuous among the active spirits of mankind—Washington and Franklin.

"These two names are mentioned but as *samples* of that sagacity, and that spirit, which animated the first American congress.

"From the *death* and subsequent putrefaction of the body of the Irish Parliament, sprung up divers assemblies or associations, calling themselves by divers names; but have any or have all of these assemblies put forth such *samples* as Washington and Franklin?--samples of the mere gristle of the then youthful America.

"These two men did not, perhaps, understand how to 'marshal assets' in a court of equity, or to conduct a pitched battle for an old cow in replevin, as well as some other leaders; but they had deeply studied the problem of Themistocles, how to make a small state a great one. Of the labours of these American leaders, in order to form a just estimate, it will be necessary to survey the materials with which they began, and the building, which has, on the foundation laid by them, been erected."

The colonel has a soldierly disdain of spouters: the very last sentence of his book is—"The school-master is abroad; he will have his military as well as his civil schools;" and the business to be taught by the learned pedagogue is the best method of severing Ireland from England. The example of Prussia, in 1813, has taught eight propositions, which prove the possibility of putting the lesson into practice:—

"First.—From the two instances which the transactions of Prussia have afforded, it may be inferred, that it does not require more than five millions of people, and a revenue, amounting to four millions sterling, for any nation to maintain an *independent* position, and 'to *equal*, in her exertion, a power in Europe, perhaps not the first, but certainly of the first order.'

"Secondly.—That such independence may, with such resources, be main-

tained, notwithstanding the territories, unfruitful in themselves, were scattered at such distances from each other, that it was most easy to attack, and most difficult to defend them.

"Thirdly.—It may be maintained (*à fortiori* if the above rules be truly founded in the instances of Prussia) that a nation, containing actually 7,000,000 of inhabitants mostly agricultural, compacted into one mass, with a territory so fertile as to be able to treble its population, the position of which territory constitutes it a natural fortress of the highest order, and whose ordinary revenue would, if due management were introduced, and waste excluded, amount to nearly £7,000,000, may maintain an *independent* station among the powers of Europe.

"Fourthly.—That a nation, without any greater resources, may vindicate herself into a state of dignity and independence, although she may have previously groaned under the most atrocious tyranny that ever disgraced the history of mankind.

"Fifthly.—To a nation so vindicating her rights, it does not seem necessary that she should be led by legitimacy: on the contrary, by the example of Prussia, we are taught, that two or three officers of activity and popularity were able to raise their country to that station, from which she had, under the protection of legitimacy, fallen:—that they were able to raise *raw* troops, who immediately overpowered the *veterans* of France.

"Sixthly.—It appears that the military head of one *bourgeois*, [alluding to Bernadotte] self-educated, is more worth than the heads of all the legitimates of a Holy Alliance, and all their regularly trained officers put together.

"Seventhly.—It appears from the speech of Lord Liverpool, that, in the modern constitutions of Europe, there are *two distinct* political powers:—that of the *government*, and that of the *people*; and that a *government* may make war without the *people*, and the *people* without the *government*; and that a *people* may make war upon a *government*, and a *government* upon a *people* distinctively.

"Eighthly.—From the same authority it appears, that wherever a separation has taken place between those two political powers, 'on whatever side the PEOPLE have taken part, VICTORY has settled.'"

These last propositions refer to a speech made by Lord Liverpool, in which his Lordship had used the remarkable words, that—

"'In the former coalitions, it was a war of the *governments* of Europe against the *people* of France. In the present coalition, it is a war of the *people* of Europe against the *government* of France. On whatever side the *people* have taken part *victory* has settled.'"

To sum up in a few words—the gist of this book is, to prove that Ireland has a population of 7,000,000, which she can treble—a revenue adequate for all purposes—an impregnable position—a most marvellous people—who may safely defy England.——

The colonel forgets one thing. Even supposing all that he takes for granted to be true, there happens to be no small portion of the Irish garrison, as he calls it—and that not the least brave, or the least influential—to be beaten by the remainder before the experiment is tried: when that is done—and the Orangemen will not admit that it will be easily done—we shall begin to think about what England is to do. The book, however, is a curious one. It is not concluded.

LINES WRITTEN BESIDE THE BANKS OF TOWY.

Is this the glen by wizards trod,
By hostile arms invaded?
Is this the bonny stream that flowed
Where Freedom bloomed and faded?
Yes, still the stream flows gaily on,
Its glen still charms the rover;
But Freedom's day is past and gone,
The wizard's power is over.

A stranger age, to fancy blind,
Has dimmed Tradition's glory,
And rudely scattered to the wind
Each old romantic story:
No more the Fays are met at eve,
By shepherd sore affrighted;
No more the Baron's halls receive
The wandering bard benighted.

The days are gone of high romance,
The Druid oak's deserted,
Rust dims the border-chieftain's lance,
The Elves have all departed;
O'er grey Dynevor's castled height
The moss of age is creeping,
And ravens whoop where squire and knight
Beneath the sod lie sleeping.

A change hath fallen on heath and hill,
A change on peer and peasant,
The unheeded Past hath had its will,
And bows before the Present;—
But thus it is, from change alone
This world a charm can borrow;
Year after year rolls darkling on,
And nought endures but sorrow!

THE POLICE REPORT.*

The police system of England, which has been oftener the subject of animadversion than of sound investigation, is marked by many of the peculiarities which distinguish most of our institutions from those of other countries. Comparisons have been instituted between it and the more perfect inventions, as they are called, of modern times, which, in the continental nations, are said always to ensure the punishment, and often to effect the prevention of crime. Every body has heard stories, more or less miraculous, of the accuracy with which the agents of police in France detect crime; and, whoever believes them, cannot doubt for a moment that Buonaparte was a conjuror, and that Fouché and Savary both dealt with the devil. We confess that we have not, personally, the gift of belief in a very powerful degree. Even on occasions where the evidence has been more incredibly strong than on those to which we allude, it has failed to convince us; and, when we look at the state of crime under the late emperor, and since the restoration of the present dynasty, as far as it has been ascertained, we are unable to discover the practical proof of that superiority of which we hear so much. The principles upon which the French police was remodelled, under Napoleon, were, in some respects, the most objectionable that a legislature ever avowed. They involved a multitude of restrictions upon personal liberty, and created a power which could not have been endured in this country, at any period of our history, since we have held the rank of a nation; and, although they were suited well enough to answer the ambitious projects of Buonaparte, and were in unison with that spirit which required the sacrifice of every thing that stood in the way of the accomplishment of his designs, whether for good or for evil, we are no more prepared to believe that they tended to the real tranquillity and prosperity of his people, than that his mischievous policy in other respects was culculated to preserve the true interests of the state. Notwithstanding the praises that have been bestowed upon the French police, and which have been repeated in France and elsewhere, until eulogium is exhausted, its defects were glaring and monstrous. It acted upon an extensive scheme of *espionnage*, which resorted to the most base and infamous means of obtaining information—which encouraged the betrayal of trusts the most honourable and sacred, and rewarded the treachery by money drawn from the impurest sources†—which prohibited the press from making public any of the delinquencies of its agents, even when they were convicted and punished—under which the most odious vices were permitted to flourish unrepressed—which could neither secure private property, nor ensure the safety of the state—and which has been well described, by a writer who had witnessed its baneful effects, as a contrivance "unknown to the old régime, and incompatible with the new—a monster born of anarchy and despotism, and bred in the filth of the revolution."‡ That the system should have been a perfect one, was almost impossible. The circumstances of the time were unfavourable to its formation; the hands by which it was put together were, with a few

* Report from the Select Committee on the Police of the Metropolis, 11*th July*, 1828.

† The minister of police levied, annually, a tax amounting to about £400,000 sterling from the common gaming houses and brothels, of his own authority, and disposed of such part of it as he thought fit among his secret and invisible agents.

‡ Chateaubriand, *La Monarchie selon la Charte.*

exceptions, unapt; the time which is necessary to mature any scheme of criminal jurisprudence had only began its course; and the difficulties which beset its formation were so strongly felt, that the expression of them broke out even in the triumphant bombast with which its completion was announced.*

The police of England differs as much in its nature as in its history from that of France. Its main features remain the same as they were when, thirteen centuries ago, it was devised by Alfred; to whom—if to any monarch that ever lived—may be ascribed the epithet of a patriot king. Perfectly convinced of that first principle in criminal justice, that it is upon the efficacy of the laws by which it is regulated that the happiness of a state must depend, he so formed his schemes of jurisprudence that, throughout the stormy vicissitudes which the nation has since experienced, they have ever remained, as they still are, unimpeached and unchanged. Their principles are as simple as they are wise and just: the first is the entire protection and preservation of personal liberty; and the next is the repression of crime, *by means of an active police*, the ramifications of which extend over the entire surface of the kingdom, and which interests the whole community in the prevention of offences and the detection of offenders. The changing circumstances of the times—the varying habits, and tastes, and necessities of mankind—the perverse ingenuity of the wicked, and the calamities of the weak, have rendered it necessary, at various periods of our history, to modify the operations of those principles;—the corruptness of the agents by whom they must be carried into execution have compelled the legislature occasionally to clear away the imperfections and defects which naturally grow about them—but the principles have remained the same; and the recent investigation of the Police Committee confirms the opinion which we avow—that, whatever faults or deficiencies may be felt in the operation of the system, the true remedy for them is to be found in a recurrence to its original principles, and in invigorating the system, by the simple process of purifying it.

A belief that crime had increased in a monstrous proportion within a few years, and the deficiency of the police, which has lately become too apparent to be longer permitted with decency, or even safety, having given occasion to parliamentary discussion, a Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the cause of the increased number of commitments in London and Middlesex, and into the state of the Police of the Metropolis and the adjacent districts. The Report of that Committee has recently been made public, and fully justifies the expectations which have been formed of it. A large mass of information, the collection of which must have cost great pains, has been made public; and, although we are compelled to differ from a few of the conclusions at which the Committee have arrived, and to take views in some degree at variance with their's upon several of the topics to which they have directed their attention, we feel that the country is greatly indebted to the patience,

* In the *Rapport sur le Livre 1er du Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, this is plainly avowed, although the writer has ingeniously made it the vehicle of a fulsome compliment to the Emperor. After recapitulating some of the difficulties which the importance of the task has occasioned, he adds, "Pour tout dire, en un mot, *ce génie extraordinaire*, dont les regards pénétrent au-delà de tous les obstacles, a hésité plus d'une fois au milieu des difficultés qu'offraient nos lois criminelles."

vigilance, and intelligence with which they have conducted the difficult investigation that has been submitted to them.

The importance of such inquiries is as obvious as is their frequent necessity. With all due veneration for police officers, we cannot forget that their avocation is one which exposes them to many evil influences—besides that of occasionally keeping bad company; and even police magistrates have so often shewn themselves not wholly exempt from the human weaknesses of caprice, ill-humour, and indolence, that we cannot bring ourselves to believe but that they are the better for the occasional application of that moral check which the certainty of their conduct being inquired into supplies.

The Committee first direct their attention to an inquiry into the increase of crime in London and its neighbourhood, and into the causes of that increase. Taking two series of years (the one containing the period between 1811 and 1817, and the other that between 1821 and 1827), in which, having ascertained the number of commitments and their results, and also the state of the population during the same periods respectively, and having made a proportionate deduction from the whole amount of crime in respect of the increase of population, they come to the conclusion—which we confess appears to us an undeniable one—that the total increase of crime may be stated to be as thirty-six per cent.* The Committee frankly avow their inability to suggest a specific remedy for this increase; but they proceed to state the reasons which have been assigned for its existence by the witnesses they have examined.

The first of these causes is the increased population, the effect of which, whatever it may be, is limited, and which, as it has been already allowed for in the calculation made by the Committee, may be considered as disposed of; the others are the low price of spirituous liquors—a general want of employment—and neglect of children. On the cogency of each, or of any of these latter causes, the Committee offer no opinion; and, indeed, it seems to us that little weight is to be attached to them (evils as they unquestionably are), for the purpose of explaining that enormous increase of crime which is made out to have taken place.

The introduction of spirituous liquors at the cheap rate at which, since the late reduction of duties, they have been sold in the metropolis, is, no doubt, a cause of that demoralization of the lower classes which leads to crime of every description; but its influence is not unchecked:—and the fact which is next mentioned by the Committee as a cause of crime—a general want of employment—the effect of which must be to excite the industry and to drive to exertion by "the bare point of sharp neces-

* As nothing has occurred since 1821 to check the progressive addition to the population, but, on the contrary, much in the erection and construction of new and extensive buildings, to stimulate and advance it, there is ground to suppose, that between 1821 and 1828, the advance on the population, has not been proportionably less than it was between 1811 and 1821; if so, the population may be considered to have again increased little less than 19 per cent, making a total increase since 1801, amounting to 504,500.

The result then is, that the criminal calendar exhibits an increase in the annual average of commitals of 48 per cent. And in the annual average of convictions of 55 per cent; but, as the population returns show an increase of 19 per cent, within the same period of time, 19 per cent of the increase of commitments and convictions may be accounted for by a proportionate augmentation of population.

If the foregoing be a reasonable mode of accounting for 222 of the average increase of convictions being 19 per cent, there will remain to be accounted for 420, being the remaining 36 per cent.—*Report, page* 7.

sity," a class of people who *would* be luxurious and indolent, is of itself a most powerful counteraction of the pernicious habit of dram-drinking. In a poor community (and want of employment obviously induces poverty) it is so much a less weighty evil than in a rich one, that they can hardly be said to exist together; and it may be reasonably doubted whether considering the present state of society in the metropolis, the first has any such influence as entitles it to be relied on as a cause of crime. Under other circumstances, it would be different. There was a time when the cheap sale of spirits was felt to be so great an evil in London, that the legislature was compelled to put a stop to it;* but this, it must be remembered, was when the country was in a state of much greater prosperity, as regards the labouring classes, than it is at present: when there was not only no want of employment, but when labour was well enough paid for to allow of indulgences, which are universally found to be destructive of industrious and sober habits.

That want of employment is a cause of the increase of a certain class of crimes, admits of no question: that it exists to a certain and a lamentable extent in London, and that it will almost always continue to do so, is equally clear. The supply of labour is greater than the demand; and distress, the parent of crime, is the inevitable consequence. To this cause may be with much reason attributed a large portion of the increase which has been stated; and this opinion is corroborated by the fact, that the increase has taken place more remarkably in crimes affecting property, and of ordinary occurrence—exactly the sort of crime which labourers, out of employment and in distress, are most likely to commit.

To the alleged neglect of children by their parents, which is among the causes assigned, we are not disposed to give much weight; but if it does really operate, it is one to which a remedy cannot be applied. It would not only be inconsistent with the spirit of English jurisprudence, but (which is a more conclusive objection) it would be impracticable to attempt to compel, by legislative enactments, or by the extraordinary power of the police, the performance of duties which are prompted by nature and prescribed by religion. You can no more *make* a man take care of his children's, than of his own morals. The

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* The height to which this pernicious practise had been carried in the reign of George I. occasioned the passing the licensing act for liquor shops; spirits being before that time sold at the corner of every street. Hogarth's terrific picture of "Gin Lane" is familiar to every one's recollection, and the notion which Fielding entertained of it may be seen in his tract, "On the Increase of Robbers," in which he brings all his powers of eloquence, reproof, and biting sarcasm, to bear upon a habit which, destructive as it was, he seems to have believed rather to be hostile to the decency and happiness of the people, than possessing great influence as a cause of crime. He says, after recommending the total abolition of the pernicious liquor, "But if the difficulty be really insuperable, or if there be any political reason against the total demolition of this poison, so strong as to countervail the preservation of the morals, health, and being, of such numbers of his Majesty's subjects, let us, however, in some measure palliate the evil, and lessen its immediate ill consequences, by a more effectual provision against drunkenness than any we have at present, in which the method of conviction is too tedious and dilatory. Some little care on this head is surely necessary; for, though the increase of thieves and the destruction of morality; though the loss of our labourers, our sailors, and our soldiers, should not be sufficient reasons, there is one which seems to be unanswerable, and that is, the loss of our gin drinkers. Since, should this poison be continued in its present height during the next twenty years, there will by that time be very few of the common people left to drink it."—Page 22.

power of Parliament stops short of this: but a much stronger power begins then to operate—the common feelings of humanity, aided by that spread of virtuous habits to which the Committee triumphantly allude, and by the influence of education, which is proved, in spite of the old women who decry it, to have a most beneficial effect upon all the classes of the community to which it reaches, are powerful agents to counteract the evil complained of, and to those it must be left. It should, however, be remembered, that the offences of youthful criminals bear in their consequences, directly and personally, upon the parents, and are to them so much more immediate and burdensome than those which fall, from this cause, upon the state, that the evil, so far as it is produced by their neglect alone, can hardly extend very far. It cannot be denied that juvenile delinquency has lamentably increased; but we should be more disposed to assign as its cause the facilities which a defective police afford to the commission of crime, and the natural tendency of youth and inexperience to receive the infection of bad example and corrupt association.

Connected with this part of the inquiry is a most wholesome and valuable suggestion by the Committee, that a prison should be appropriated for the reception of juvenile offenders, where, besides the punishment and coercion to which their offences have exposed them, they shall have the benefit of such instruction as may enable them, their imprisonment being over, to enter society once more—not as regenerated—not with more profound sentiments of religion, or hearts more disposed to virtue, because all such results from imprisonment, however desirable, if they could be attained, have been proved to be impracticable—but with a conviction of the necessity of honest and regular exertion, with their old disinclination to industry removed by the force of a contrary habit, and with the means of procuring by honest labour that which they before perhaps knew only to gain by fraud. This is the magic by which the Committee propose that the reformation of juvenile offenders only (for all attempts on older thieves must fail) shall be tried. They propose, too, that the boys shall be taught just so much as may be necessary to fit them for the naval or merchant services, to which they are to be transferred as soon as may be expedient, and where they are to remain for certain periods in the character of apprentices. Every body, whose opinion on the subject is worth listening to, has approved of the transportation of offenders as the only effectual method of preventing the recurrence of crime. The monstrous expense of this system has hitherto prevented its being fully carried into practice (and this failure is one of the causes of increased crime not adverted to by the Committee); but if their present suggestion shall be adopted, the same benefit will be produced at a very trifling charge to the state. The criminals will "thus be separated from their former associates, weaned from their former habits, and a better security against the repetition of their offences provided, than could be hoped for from any improvement of their morals that could be effected by the discipline of a prison." (Report, page 8.) This suggestion is not only consistent with the recognised principles of all good systems of police, but is obviously wise, and founded upon a knowledge of human nature. Is it not clear, that a boy who goes into a prison for a limited time, and who knows that, from the moment he enters its walls, his character, if he ever had one, is irretrievably lost,

and that he has little chance (perhaps less inclination) to do any thing but resort again to dishonest courses as a means of living, is at once open to all the injurious impressions which are likely to be made by the society into which he is thrown: that he makes the best use of his time he is to pass in prison, profits, as well as he may, by the advice and experience of abler and older thieves, and returns almost invariably to the community more competent and better disposed to be mischievous than he was before? The only cure for this is, as complete a severance as can be effected of the infectious member from the society which he would contaminate.

In a subsequent part of the Report is stated, the result of the Committee's inquiry into the condition of the metropolitan prisons, which they find generally to be extremely ill adapted for the reformation of offenders. We have no doubt that such places abound with evils of all kinds, and it is not only natural that they should do so, but almost impossible to make them otherwise. In an abode, the main object of which is, or ought to be, not only the personal detention of criminals, but that they should be made to experience privations as irksome, and as painful as may be, consistently with the preservation of their health—from which every thing like comfort should be, upon principle, excluded, there must be much to shock the common sensibilities of human nature. But this is unavoidable. Prison discipline, with a view to reformation, if it be not a fallacy, is obviously impracticable. The first step in it must be by a perfect classification of prisoners, and this cannot be taken but at an expense which would, perhaps, be very ill bestowed, and which, in the present state of the gaols, is unadvisable. To effect a sound cure, you must go much deeper; to deal so with crime, that its commission shall not be easy, its detection and its punishment certain, is the true philanthropy, and of all prison discipline, that is the best which makes offenders feel all the bitterness of the punishment the law has awarded them.

The Committee recommend, too, the more frequently holding of sessions of the peace, which would facilitate the operation of an improved system of police. In the metropolis and the adjacent districts, there appears to be no objection to this measure; but it would of course be difficult of execution in the country, and as it must greatly increase the expense of the administration of criminal justice (already burdensome enough), without, as we can at present perceive, affording any adequate advantage, this seems to be a recommendation not likely to be speedily carried into effect.

The Committee give their own opinion of the causes which have influenced that increase of crime they have found to exist. These are the more ready detection and trial of culprits, the facilitating of prosecutions, the allowance of costs to prosecutors and witnesses; and to these they might have added the recent alterations in the criminal laws, which have simplified their operation, have increased certain classes of crimes (receivers of stolen goods, for example), among which a great part of the increase is to be found, ensured convictions, and reconciled prosecutors to the sometimes expensive, and almost always painful discharge of their duties. The difficulty of getting rid of convicted criminals, and of preventing their return to society, at least in the impure state in which they quitted it, is a cause of the increase of crime in the metropolis, the effect of which is obvious. The frequent summary commitments by magistrates have also a powerful tendency to increase crime,

the effect of which has been pointed out by another Parliamentary Committee.*

From the facts before them, the Committee are led to conclude, that, although *numerically* the crimes may have appeared to increase, yet their nature being less heinous, and the various circumstances we have alluded to, having, in greater or lesser degree, operated to produce that increase, that *no permanent or material deterioration of society can have taken place.*

Having disposed of this part of their inquiry, the Committee arrive at a topic upon which great curiosity and interest have been excited—the compromises which have been openly made between the robbers and the robbed, for the restitution of stolen goods of large value, which they have ascertained "to have been negociated with an unchecked frequency, and under an organised system far beyond what had been supposed to exist." A more disgusting nuisance, a greater disgrace, to any state of society, with even the semblance of a police, never was heard of. It is stated in the following terms by the Committee: "These compromises have generally been negociated *by solicitors, or police officers, or by both,* with the plotters of the robbery and receivers; or, as they are commonly called, "the putters up," and "fences."

With a police so ignorant, so indolent, or so indifferent, as that of the metropolis has proved itself, it is enough for a gang of these thieves to propose to themselves the robbery of any place, not guarded by soldiers, and they can hardly fail to succeed. For what is to prevent them? They put in action exactly the same means as would ensure success in any other enterprise. They possess intelligence, activity, and daring; they set about their business like men who know that every thing depends upon their own energy; they have wealth enough to employ agents who willingly encounter the immediate peril for the money that is paid them for their services, and who have no more interest in the produce of their nefarious labours than the skipper of a merchant ship has in the freight.† And what is opposed to them? *A sluggish police,*

* There can be no greater evil than the abuse of the power of sending to prison for trifling trespasses; so far from preventing atrocious offences, your Committee is of opinion, that the mere fact of having been sent to prison is likely to deprive a man of one of the greatest moral restraints—the dread of being marked out as a criminal in the face of his country. To this evil is to be added, the danger of associating with bad characters in prison, and the difficulty which sometimes occurs of finding employment after being discharged.—*Report of the Committee to inquire into the increase of Criminal Commitments and Convictions in England and Wales, June* 1827.

† The Committee state that "their inquiries have entirely convinced them, that the frequency of these seemingly blameless transactions (the compromises for restitution of stolen property) has led to the organization of a system which undermines the security of all valuable property; *which gives police officers a direct interest that robberies to a large amount should not be prevented;* and which has established a set of "putters up," and "fences," with means of evading, if not defying the arm of the law; who are wealthy enough, if large rewards are offered for their detection, to double them for their impunity; and who would in one case have given £1,000 to get rid of a single witness. Some of these persons ostensibly carry on a trade; one who had been tried formerly for robbing a coach, afterwards carried on business as a Smithfield drover, and died worth, it is believed, £15,000. Your Committee could not ascertain how many of these persons there are at present, but four of the principal have been pointed out. *One was lately the farmer of one of the greatest turnpike trusts in the metropolis:* he was formerly tried for receiving the contents of a stolen letter, and as a receiver of tolls employed by him, was also tried for stealing that very letter, being then a postman, it is not too much to infer, that the possession of these turnpikes is not unserviceable for the purposes of depredation. *Another has, it is said, been a surgeon in the army. The two others, of the four, have no trade,*

the executive members of which are not applied to until the mischief is past, who then cannot be induced to move but by the prospect of reward, while the reward itself is less than any one of the head thieves would give a checque upon his banker for, to induce the thief-taker to walk another way. The magistrates evidently do know, or will know nothing about the matter. Sir Richard Birnie said, in 1822, "he had heard of compromises between the persons robbed and the thieves, through the medium of the officers, *but he never could bring it home:* he thought the magistrates must have the means of detecting such practices." In his last examination, he says roundly, in alluding to a particular instance, "he believes it to be untrue that a compromise was effected through the means of an officer;" and Mr. Halls assures the Committee, "that he had tried to ascertain the fact, *but he had no knowledge of it.*" How these gentlemen think they have entitled themselves to public respect, from the manner in which they discharge their very important functions it would be difficult to guess. The conclusion to which the Committee come is so reasonable, so pertinent, and conveys so just a censure on the conduct of these magistrates, that it ought to be made as public as possible. "An inquiry also was instituted by the Home Office, during the last year, into a compromise, in which an officer was rumoured to have been concerned, without any discovery being made, though every officer in the establishment was sworn and examined. This ignorance could not, therefore, arise from attention not having been called to the subject. Your Committee having discovered, that through those years compromises have repeatedly taken place by the intervention of police officers, and a regular system to facilitate them has been gradually maturing, conceive *it is incumbent upon government to exact from the magistrates a more vigilant and intelligent superintendence generally, and more active inquiries whenever suspicions shall arise.*"—Report, page 12.

The fact of the police officers having been repeatedly engaged in such compromises has long been notorious to every body who has at all looked into the subject: the inquiries of the Committee put the matter beyond all question, and even the police magistrates themselves can no longer pretend to be ignorant of a fact which has taken place under their very noses,* and which Sir Richard Birnie himself says, he believes there is law enough to prevent. The Committee, with a caution which it is difficult to understand the reason of, doubt whether the exist-

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but live like men of property; and one of these, who appears to be the chief of the whole set, is well known on the turf, and is stated, on good grounds, to be worth £30,000.—*Report, page* 14.

* Suspicion has arisen in one case, that £800 more was received by the officer who negotiated, than the thieves asked or received; and in another, £50 was paid to procure restitution of £500, and neither the £500 nor the £50 were ever restored.—*Report, page* 12. The Committee think it necessary to add, that "it *does not appear in evidence* that any one of them stipulated for a reward before hand; nor connived at the escape of a thief, nor negociated a compromise when he possessed any clue that might lead to the detection of the guilty." Upon which it may be observed, that such facts were not likely to appear in evidence; that the reward is always offered before the police officer begins to stir himself; and that, when the non-detection of the thief ensures the officer a large reward (while his detection would give him little or none, and the party robbed would inevitably lose the whole of his property), we cannot bring ourselves to believe, with all our belief for the integrity of police officers, that they would say much about their *clues*. But even if it were otherwise, the power is too great, the temptation far too overpowering, for the principles of such a class of men to be safely exposed to.

ing law is strong enough to repress a practice so repugnant to justice; and they suggest that, in addition to the 7 and 8 Geo. IV. c. 29, s. 58, which makes the taking a reward under the pretence of helping any one to stolen goods a transportable offence, any party paying a reward for such purposes shall be guilty of a misdemeanour.

The old law upon the subject was provided for the particular benefit of the hero of one of Fielding's most admirable, though most neglected novels.* Jonathan Wild carried on a system very similar to that which the "putters-up" and "fences" of our own times have so profitably brought into practice, but in which, for the skill and daring with which their schemes are executed, and the value of their booty, they far surpass that *great* man. Some doubts have been entertained whether Mr. Peel's Act, which repeals the old law only to re-enact it, but reduces the penalty from death to transportation for life, includes money and bank notes in its description of "goods;" but, notwithstanding the old decisions, we should like to see some of the worthy gentlemen mentioned in this report waiting the opinions of the judges upon the point, having previously been found (as we have no doubt they would be) guilty by a jury. If, however, there be any question about the matter, as in such cases the safer is the better course, five words in an Act of Parliament will effectually provide for future offenders.

One word, however, about the means that have hitherto been taken to repress this crime. The duty of the police, even if it were efficiently performed, hardly extends to *prevent* such robberies. They are not, as has been seen, effected by ordinary, every-day thieves—by men whose sphere of action is so limited, that it is easily watched, or whose intelligence and activity are so little superior to those of police officers, that the advantage of numbers and force which the latter possess enable them to countermine the "putters-up." Their plans are matured in secret, and long before they are intended for execution; they lay wholly out of the course of the police; the report is not heard until after the blow has been struck, and the discovery is always after the fact. It can never be otherwise, unless by the treachery of their agents; and that the "putters-up" effectually prevent, by informing them of no part of the scheme until the moment for executing it has arrived. The detection is quite another matter, and one obviously within the duty of a police which possesses sufficient power, and the inclination to exercise it. They know the persons (for they are not many in number), some of whom must have been engaged in such robberies as soon as they have been committed. What is there that should prevent them from establishing a *cordon* of observation around them? Why should they not immediately have the right of searching, under certain restrictions, and in the presence of proper officers, the dwellings and the persons of the parties suspected? If it is objected that this would be to invade the privileges of a free people,

* Fielding relates the fact in his own exquisitely ironical manner.—"Now, as the vast schemes of Wild when they were discovered, however great in their nature, seemed, to some persons, like the projects of most other such persons, rather to be calculated for the glory of the great man himself, than to redound to the general good of society, designs began to be laid by several of those who thought it principally their duty to put a stop to the future progress of our hero; and a learned judge particularly, a great enemy to this kind of greatness, procured a clause in an act of parliament as a trap for Wild, which he soon after fell into. By this law it was made capital in a prig to steal with the hands of other people. A law so plainly calculated for the destruction of all priggish greatness, that it was indeed impossible for our hero to avoid it."—*Jonathan Wild the Great, vol. i. p.* 204.

and that it would be a sacrifice of constitutional principles, we beg those persons who think so to pause for a moment, and to consider whether there is not more of sound than of sense in such objections. Those privileges are not granted for the benefit of the worst foes of domestic security: the protection of constitutional principles is not meant to extend to the very cankers of society. Whipping at a cart's-tail, and the punishment of the pillory, are, no doubt, great indignities, and gross violations of the liberty of the subject; but nobody questions their applicability in certain cases. We would neither advocate such a search upon light grounds, nor have it exercised against any but persons whose past practices have justly rendered them objects of suspicion—nor even against them oppressively, or with more rigour than the ends of justice require. But if a robbery be committed to-night, why ought not the police, by day-break, or earlier, to have a full inspection of the holes and corners of Ikey Solomons, if he were here; or of his successors, or of the *respectable* solicitors,* or other ingenious gentlemen, who negotiate the compromise of robberies, whatever be their station? To the reformed it might be inconvenient; but still not an unreasonable penalty upon their former offences;—so far from hindering their return to society, if any of them were so disposed (a case which we do not believe to exist), it would facilitate that end by proving their freedom from imputation; while, as regards the guilty, it must be wholly without objection.

It is not upon these occasions alone, that the right of search ought to be conferred upon the police. The inspection of "marine store shops," of pawnbrokers, of "flash-houses," and of every other place favourable for the escape of offenders, or the concealment of their booty, is not only necessary to ensure the successful operations of the police, but it is a provision which the safety of society absolutely requires. The Committee allude particularly to the latter description of nuisance, on the subject of which they have collected a great quantity of evidence, which is little to be relied on. It requires, however, no evidence to shew that there are—for every one knows that there must be—in this metropolis places where the profligate and dissolute will resort for the purpose of meeting spirits congenial to their own. With these places, save for the purposes of inspection, the police have little to do. There must always be a great quantity of vice in action there; but it is not in those places that such crimes as are most commonly brought under the cognizance of the criminal administration are perpetrated. The only danger that can result from them is when their orgies are celebrated in secret. To be known, disarms them of the means of offending; and to permit, or rather to compel, the access of the police to such places at all hours, although it would not put an end to them, nor alter their noisome and disgusting features, would effectually prevent their becoming dangerous.

The Committee make some suggestions, the expediency of which admit of no doubt, for removing certain of the difficulties which, notwithstanding recent improvements, still disgrace our criminal jurisprudence. One of the chief difficulties in convicting forgers, seems to arise from the necessity of proving either the making, or the uttering, of the instrument forged at the place laid in the indictment. An adept in his art, there-

* "These negociations have frequently been carried on by solicitors (few, it is said, in number) of that class whose practice lies chiefly in the defence of culprits, and commonly denominated 'thieves' attornies.' Of these, your Committee believe some are respectable."(!)—*Report, page* 11.

fore, fabricates his forged cheque in his garret, with no human eye upon him, and employs a ticket-porter, or a simple boy, to present it at the banker's: if it succeeds, he takes the booty; if it fails, the utterer being an innocent person is not prosecuted, and the forger, even if taken (which is unlikely) escapes, merely because he took the precaution of working in private, and nobody knows where to lay, or how to prove the *venue* in the indictment. It is proposed that this absurdity shall, for the future, be removed; that the law against compounding penal suits shall be extended to informations before magistrates, and that warrants duly issued, whether for the apprehension of offenders, or for the search of suspected places, shall be valid without being "backed," although the district in which they may be executed shall be different from that in which they were granted. Another suggestion respecting the circulation of a Police Gazette seems less useful. It has been proved of late, that the ordinary newspapers have done more towards the detection of crime than all the "Hue and Cry" publications that have yet been devised. Their circulation is infinitely more certain and universal than the publication recommended by the Committee could ever become; and it should seem that all the objects which it can effect would be better accomplished at a much less expense, by a publication in the newspapers, which, if the advertisement duty were taken off, might be obtained at a small expense.

The result of the Committee's inquiry is, that they can suggest but one remedy for the manifold evils they have discovered, and that is, *such an arrangement of the police for the future, as shall give it vigour and consistency.* An avowal as satisfactory as it is frank, and which proves the value and excellence of the system, by recommending an addition to, but no material change in it. This leads them to consider the particular condition of the police of the metropolis as it now exists. They adopt that important and obvious distinction which exists between the police under the direction of the executive government, and that which is vested in the various parochial jurisdictions. They have ascertained the manner in which the nightly watch is provided, the sums raised under the authority of local acts for that purpose; and while they find that the latter is amply sufficient for all necessary purposes, they denounce, as a radical fault in the system, the number of separate and independent authorities which it comprises, and which they consider unfavourable to that unity of action, that co-operation of force which is sometimes necessary, and always advisable. The space to which our notice has already extended, prevents us from going at any length into this topic. Many objections present themselves (notwithstanding certain vices which the parochial system contains) to transferring the powers they exercise from the local authorities, who must possess an intimate knowledge of the particulars of their several districts, and who are immediately interested, as well in the expenditure, as in the efficacy of the protection which it enables them to provide for their own and their neighbour's persons and property. It is not made clearly to appear, either from past experience, or from any light which the discoveries of the Committee have been able to throw upon it, that any improvement would be effected by this proposition. Future opportunities will be afforded, when the matter comes, as it soon will, before the House of Commons, to examine the details of this part of the subject, and when those opportunities occur, we shall probably consider it farther. In the mean time, this is obvious, that any very great increase of expense is unnecessary; that if the parochial

authorities are inefficient in some respects, the police magistrates appointed by the government are still more so; and that it is safer to trust even to the ignorance and to the exclusive feeling which prevails in vestries and commissioners, than to rely upon the unwilling labours of police magistrates. Any attempt to deprive the former of the powers which have been conferred on them, and which are, upon the whole, usefully administered, will be strenuously resisted by them. With what success it is impossible to say; but that there are grounds for the resistance is quite clear. The institutions are of that popular nature, that is most in accordance with the general spirit of the constitution; they are open to inspection and revision, not only from the legal authorities, but by their neighbours, who have the means, as well as the inclination, to watch their conduct with effect and jealousy. Their services are gratuitous, and, as far as appears, earnest and useful. The small share of patronage they possess —if it can be so called—is not to be grudged them, and the main objections and evils they present, are a want of unity in their operations, and a want of responsibility in the executive part of their duty. These evils are not without remedy; but a much more simple one may be provided, than that suggested by the Committee, "That there should be constituted an office of police, acting under the immediate directions of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, upon which should be devolved the general control over the whole of the establishments of police of every denomination, including the nightly watch." If such an office were limited to the business of superintendence, and if such regulations were made applicable to parishes as would give that consistency and unity to their several systems as is suggested by the Committee, all that seems to be required would be supplied, and the change would be in unison with the other recommendations of the Committee. At present, there is this glaring inconsistency in them, that they propose to break up the parochial system, without stating any reasonable grounds for the change; and they propose also, to continue the police offices, the inefficiency of which they have exposed.

The qualifications for a police magistrate, if one may conclude from the persons who (with few exceptions*) at present fill those offices, seem to be that they should have failed at the bar, and possess influence enough with the government to appoint them to a post which suits the mediocrity of their talents, and is favourable to the indulgence of their indolence. By a comparison with such persons (unexceptionable as we admit their moral conduct to be), commissioners and select vestrymen rise higher in the scale of usefulness and respectability than the Committee seem to have considered.

The main recommendation, however, is one of obvious weight and soundness. The excellence of the system of English police is proved; the necessity of frequent examination for the purpose of purifying it is manifested; and all that is requisite to confer on it that vigour and activity which the Committtte justly think is most desirable, is demonstrated to be, in addition to the few alterations which have been pointed out, a vigilant superintendence of its operations by officers more energetic than those who are now placed at its head, and less sordid than the agents who are entrusted with its lower departments.

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* It is hardly necessary to say, that the chief magistrate at Bow Street, who occasionally makes very extraordinary displays of his fitness for his office, comes within this exception.

THE MAID OF COVADONGA.

I HAD long entertained an ardent wish to see the Vale of Covadonga, so celebrated in the earlier era of Spanish history. A visit which I paid to a friend, who lived part of the year at Canga de Onis, at length afforded me an opportunity of indulging these wishes, little suspecting the sort of adventure to which they gave rise. The distance from my friend's house to the renowned spot was not inconveniently great; and, accordingly, having procured a strong mule—a sort of accommodation peculiarly adapted to the nature of the ramble—I set out, full of romantic enthusiasm, for this my first chivalric expedition. A few hours' travelling brought me to the scene of my anticipated delight. As I gradually approached the hallowed spot, my heart throbbed with unusual emotion; nor could I view the glowing beauty, the wildness, the majestic grandeur of the distant scene, without feeling my heart awakened to every sensation of awe and admiration. The silence which reigned around seemed to reach the inmost soul; a solemn, breathless stillness hung over those imposing solitudes, and afforded a majestic picture of repose. The irregular variety and beautifully picturesque appearance of the surrounding objects excited the liveliest feelings of surprise. Here gigantic masses of rock rose majestically through the green foliage in which they were embosomed; and there the vale was flanked with numerous mountain ravines. Uncouth and shapeless clusters of wild shrubs at intervals met the sight, strikingly contrasting with the trees, irregularly strewn over the hill-sides, and added to the wild beauties of the prospect. I visited the famous cavern, where the Goths are said to have taken refuge at the time of the Moorish invasion, and where a chapel of rude workmanship commemorates to this day the stubborn resistance made in favour of barbarian independence.

Having thus paid my devoirs to the genius of the place, I mounted a little eminence near the chapel; and there, inspired by the deep silence of the scene, my mind insensibly fell into a train of absorbing contemplation. Methought I was carried back to ages long gone by, and that the stirring scenes of an epoch so mournful to my country were rehearsed anew. With these ideas of despondency and gloom, came mingled others, of vigorous feats and daring exploits, which served to enliven my melancholy views. "Here," I mentally exclaimed—"in this sacred spot, with mighty efforts of heroism, was commenced that series of valorous achievements, destined in process of time to rescue the mother country from the usurping grasp of her invading Mahomedan foes. In these wild and awful solitudes—fit emblems of the spirit of liberty and independence!—slavery and oppression could never take firm root; the soil was unpropitious to its growth; the mountain-air proved too strong for the sickly parasitical tribe. It was here, indeed, that the renowned Prince Pelagius checked the overwhelming and victorious career of the Moors. Yes! on this hallowed spot was the first little semblance of a nation instituted—a nation which, insignificant in its origin, became, in after-times, like the Roman, warlike and powerful, not unworthy to contend with the ancient mistress of the world."

These thoughts awakened a thousand others of congenial nature; and, insensibly, I fell into a profound reverie, more delicious to intellectual consciousness than even the softest slumber. Then the shadows of heroes

long dead passed in review before me; they stood out vividly before the vision of my heated imagination; they seemed to breathe with life, and I endowed them with new feelings and passions. The forms of Pelagius, Alfonso, Truela, and others, passed in awful sadness before my sight; and I hailed with enthusiasm those warriors who had escaped the enervating influence of the corrupted court of the unfortunate Don Rodrigo. In this mysterious trance I had remained some time, when, suddenly, my musings were interrupted by a shrill scream, which reverberated mournfully along those solitudes: I turned quickly to learn whence the cry of sorrow proceeded, and my curiosity was soon satisfied.

Not far from the place where I stood, I perceived a female form, in an attitude of terrific alarm, looking intently upon me, and apparently wavering what course to pursue. She seemed in the first bloom of womanhood, and her wretched attire accorded well with the strangeness of her look and her wild deportment. Her arms and legs were bare, and a tattered garment was the only dress she wore. Long tresses of raven hair flowed, unrestrained, along her back, and partly covered her bosom. Her countenance was pale and emaciated, and a flash of vivid eagerness shot at intervals from her dark eyes. Yet, amidst the disorder and misery of her appearance, there were still remains of uncommon beauty in her wasted form and features.

This unexpected apparition startled me from my dream. How such a being could be found in those wild solitudes, was to me a source of painful conjecture. That she was deranged, was the idea that most strongly occurred to my mind; but yet how she had contrived to escape from her friends, and wander so far from every human habitation, strangely perplexed me. I gazed upon her for some time in silence, and an expression of alarm became perceptible in her looks; I waived my hand in friendly token for her to approach; but she retreated, with looks of timid apprehension.

I then resolved to shew her that I came only as a friend, and advanced towards her. My intention, however, was baffled; for, in a moment, this strange being vanished from my view, like a phantom; and I continued some moments gazing at the spot, doubting if what I had seen were real.

Struck at this unusual incident, I felt an intense curiosity to learn farther particulars, as such an incident could not fail to make a strong impression on my feelings. For some time, therefore, I endeavoured to trace the course of the fugitive; but all my efforts proved in vain. Better acquainted than I with the secret passes of that complicated wilderness, she had baffled my pursuit. I was at length compelled to retrace my steps; the shadows of evening were fast descending, and I felt apprehensive lest a cheerless night of anxiety and pain would be the probable reward of my romantic adventure.

With some difficulty I regained the little eminence, and, mounting my mule, I endeavoured to make my way toward Canga de Onis; but the animal did not, in any way, seem to enter into my views, and flatly refused to advance with the expedition I wished. After an hour's peregrination, I descried the little hamlet of Riera, chiefly composed of several stray huts, sheltered by a small wood. A thought now crossed my mind, that I might learn from the inmates of those miserable tenements some particulars concerning the strange female; and, under this impres-

sion, I proceeded towards the place. On arriving at the entrance of the first hut, I found an old and a young goatherd, who appeared as much surprised at my visit there, as I was with their uncouth dress and bewildered looks. I hastened to remove their suspicions.

"My good friends," said I, "you seem startled at my approach;—what alarms you? Surely there is nothing very terrible in my appearance to excite this dread?"

"Your appearance, Senor," replied the old man, "is comely enough; but there are so many rogues, that——"

"Hold your peace, good man; I am no gentleman robber: no—for I merely come to demand——"

The word demand did not tend to remove the anxiety of the simple goatherds, and they evinced unequivocal signs of mistrust in their still lennthened visages.

"Gently, gently; you quite misapprehend me;—what I wish to demand of you is only information—a cheap commodity, I imagine, and which no doubt you can conveniently spare, if it indeed be that you possess it."

"Well, Senor," said the elder goatherd, somewhat reassured, "such I may contrive to bestow."

"That's rightly spoken. Now tell me, do you know any thing concerning a strange being that seems to haunt these places?"

"Strange beings, Senor! I don't quite understand what you mean. Sure enough, there's no lack of strange beings hereabouts. In the first place, there's that wicked *tia majura*, as great a witch as ever deserved to be burnt. Ah! Senor, did you but see her chin! *Virgen Santa!* what a suspicious chin! Then her mustachios, and her unnatural-looking eye! Well, I always cross myself whenever she comes into my mind; and I can assure you I am constantly thinking about the witch."

"Why, then, my honest fellow, your time must be, if not very profitably, at least very piously occupied, in prayer against her spells."

The old man returned no comment, but fervently made the sign of the cross—in which devout operation he was joined by his younger companion, whom I concluded to be his son. After a short pause, the speaker continued.

"Then there is the cripple tailor, who came from Oviedo—a very ugly little man; and then such things as he tells of the foreign parts he has visited!—and a great kingdom, called Madrid; to which, no doubt, he arrived in some large ship! Oh! Sir, he is a very learned man; but Heaven preserve me from all his wisdom!"

"Hold, my honest fellow; I mean not to dispute the claims of those whom you mention to be called *strange beings;* but the person of whom I speak is neither the witch with the long chin, nor the learned cripple tailor."

"Then," quoth the son, "mayhap you mean, Senor, the mischievous hunchback who made his appearance amongst us some days ago. He was full of tricks, the wicked, deformed monster! But he is no longer here. Some say that he returned to Oviedo, seeing how roughly he was treated, and how carefully shunned, by all honest people. For my part, Senor, I verily think he was carried away by the devil, one of whose imps he surely is. Certainly, his sudden coming and going was very mysterious."

"Well, well, if his Satanic majesty got hold of his promising subject, and carried him to the regions below, it is not likely he should send him back to a place where his first mission was attended with such indifferent success. Besides, the strange being to whom I allude is neither old, ugly, nor, do I believe, mischievous—but a young, beautiful female, whose sudden apparition in these wild passes, no less than the strangeness of her demeanour, have naturally excited my deepest interest and curiosity to learn the particulars of her history."

The son retreated in visible dismay as I pronounced these words. I perceived that I had touched upon a very tender topic, and this circumstance only tended to heighten my curiosity.

"Ah! Senor," cried the young goatherd, crossing himself, "*Dios nos defrenda!* when did you meet with her? was she very near this place?"

"Not far, certainly; perhaps a mile or so."

"A mile? only a mile? Good Heavens! Why, she approaches nearer every day.—Father, what shall we do?"

The old goatherd neither answered nor moved a muscle, but preserved a most profound gravity.

"Now, young friend," said I, "your suspicious and awful looks appear to me singularly out of time and place: I see no cause for such demonstrations. What, in the name of wonder, can you apprehend from a poor female? Do you know any thing of her?"

"No, Senor; we know nothing; and there precisely lies the mischief. How came she here?—what does she want? No good, I trow! Depend upon it, my very honoured master, she is possessed—she has an evil spirit. Yes, yes! I would take my oath she has a demon in her body."

"Indeed! that's a curious guest, to be sure. I suppose you have some very powerful proof to support your opinion?"

"She has often been heard communing with some one, very mysteriously, when no living soul was near. Perico Matos, a shrewd fellow, saw her twice; and I think that I once heard her myself. Now, it is very clear, Senor, that she was communing with the wicked sprite. Oh! never go near that horrid woman—that malignant being, I should say! for the female form is only a deceit; and I would swear that she is no more a woman than I am myself."

"Hush! Anton, thou foolish boy!" interposed the father, in a reproving tone, "how long wilt thou indulge in that silly belief? I have often told thee she is no devil, but a poor woman out of her wits—a wild maniac, who has no doubt committed some grievous crime, for which she is tormented only by the demon of remorse. Perhaps she wanders in these solitudes to do penance for her sin, and obtain mercy from above."

I thought the father's account of the female the most reasonable of the two; but the son favoured us with a very incredulous shake of the head, accompanied by a sagacious smile, which, translated into words, I believe meant—"Oh! but I know better."

"Besides," resumed the old goatherd, "how can she be thought a wicked, unearthly thing, being, as she is, so young and handsome?"

I considered this argument none of the worst; and I certainly admired the ingenious method which the old man had of guiding his judgment in

matters of witchcraft and diabolical interposition. I moreover concluded that the *tia majura*, the cripple tailor, and the hunchback, were indebted for their supposed magical powers to their extreme ugliness and superfluity of back. Ugliness and shrewdness are, indeed, regarded amongst ignorant people as sure tokens of mischief; and the inference is not, perhaps devoid of some shadow of reason. The devil is depicted, by some learned divines, as an extremely ugly and remarkably clever personage; and people naturally enough conclude that persons who possess those two qualities in an eminent degree, must of necessity have some connexion with the common enemy of mankind;—a hint this to every old, ugly woman, deformed wight, and sharp wit, speedily to remove from scanty villages to large towns, where any thing passes muster, and is not subject to special observation.

But to return.—The old goatherd, well satisfied with the approving looks which I bestowed upon his reasoning, very contentedly continued—

"No, no; there is nothing to indicate supernatural practices in that young woman. I think I ought to know something of these matters, for I am an old man; and, besides, our curate agrees with me in opinion; and sure enough the holy man is the most proper person to consult concerning these sort of affairs."

"How long has she been a wanderer about these places?" I then inquired.

"It is about a week since we saw her for the first time; but the motive of her coming here at all is a mystery. She was found weeping by the side of a brook, looking very afflicted, and, at other times, she startles the passing stranger with her sad groans and cries. Poor thing! she is certainly suffering great agony. When we first perceived her, we attempted to approach her; but she fled precipitately from us with signs of terror, and never since has she permitted any one to come near her."

"How does she contrive to procure a subsistence in her wandering life? These places seem not much adapted to the maintenance of rational beings."

"Alack! Senor, she feeds on acorns, like a wild boar; she eats any thing she can find; and often, too, when she approaches the hamlet, some of us take care to leave food in her way, which she snatches up greedily, and then disappears."

"And this is all you can tell me concerning the poor female?"

"As I am a Christian, it is."

Now the information I received, instead of satisfying, naturally enough tended to heighten my desire of knowing more of the story of the unfortunate wanderer. Night had closed in unusual darkness, and I became apprehensive I should not be able to find my way back to the town. In this dilemma, I requested the young goatherd to be my guide; but the timorous bumpkin would as soon have condescended to conduct me into a lion's den. He exhibited a most vacant and prodigious dismay at the bare proposal; and even the persuasive eloquence of a purse shewn to him was entirely thrown away upon his unenlightened mind.

"Keep your money, Senor," he replied peevishly, "and do not come to tempt poor honest folks with it. I want none of your gold, if I am to

procure it at the peril of my life, and, what is worse, by endangering my salvation. A goodly company are we likely to find in these places at night—and a night like this withal!"

The old man seemed more accommodating: he did not, indeed, offer himself as a guide, but frankly invited me to pass the night in his hut. In my situation, I thought the most prudent course to pursue was to accept his hospitality, which I accordingly did, and, dismounting, went to inspect what accommodation I was to hope for. A very frugal supper served as a prologue to a bed, composed of a mattrass of dry straw, and tattered rags for a coverlid. I slept, however, very soundly, and, strange to say, I was not visited by any dreams of the female maniac. But, if absent in my sleep, she was the first subject to occupy my imagination when I awoke.

I left the hut early in the morning, and pursued my journey to ———, where I arrived full of the adventure which had marked my visit to the famous vale and chapel of Covadonga. I was here, however, equally unable to gather any satisfactory account concerning the mysterious female who had so strangely crossed my path. Time, that general destroyer of every thing human, gradually obliterated from my mind the recollection of my adventure; and in less than a month I had scarcely a thought to bestow upon an incident which had absorbed all the powers of my imagination but a short time before.

* * * * * * *

Ten years had now elapsed—ten years full of variety of incident and peril. I had left my native city, Oviedo, with the intention of seeing the world; I witnessed the stirring scenes rehearsed in France during the despotic period of Napoleon's gigantic power; and I had taken arms in defence of my country, when that mighty conqueror ventured upon his imprudent invasion. After the downfal of that great man—for great I must call him, although my hated enemy—at the ever-memorable field of Waterloo, I returned to Oviedo to enjoy a life of tranquillity, after the many disasters, troubles, and perplexities which had until now distinguished it.

The restoration of Ferdinand to the throne of Spain gave birth to many brilliant hopes, which were unhappily rendered abortive. This was a new inducement to make me prefer the solitude and obscurity of my paternal home to the glittering scene of the court of Madrid. On the day after my arrival at Oviedo, I was awakened early in the morning by a visit from Don Lorenzo Navas, my intimate friend. After the first greetings, I inquired of him the cause of a confused rumour that I had heard in the street.

"What!" said Don Lorenzo, "you don't know any thing then of the strange event which is about to take place?"

"Not I, indeed; how, in the name of fortune, should I, arriving but yesterday, after an absence of ten years? But what is this strange event?"

"They are going to hang a poor helpless female."

"And that you call a strange event! Upon my word, your affairs at Oviedo must go on upon a very monotonous, uninteresting footing, since a public execution is calculated to produce such an effect."

"It is not, my good friend, the execution in itself that occasions this

unusual excitement in the public mind, but the strange circumstances connected with the unfortune culprit."

"Well, well, let me hear her story."

"It is, in sooth, a mournful one. The wretched being, who is to be the heroine of the tragedy of this day was once well known to me, as one of the most beautiful and innocent lasses of a neighbouring village. Maria Sanchez was, indeed, a most amiable creature, until she fell into the power of the ruffian who wrought her ruin. Maria was the daughter of a reduced farmer, a tenant of the Bishop of ———. The nephew of this prelate found means to insinuate himself into the heart of the unsuspecting girl. His fervent protestations were listened to—his reiterated promises of marriage believed. In the seclusion of her retired life, it could not be expected that Maria should in any way have become aware of the plot and artifices of an experienced seducer. She confided implicitly in the honour of her admirer, and in an evil hour she fell. Too late she deplored her error; the assiduities of her lover became less frequent; his caresses were no longer continued with the warmth of a fervent heart. He grew cold—indifferent; and she could only weep over the change.

"She was alarmed, but could not as yet surmise the whole extent of the dreadful fate that awaited her. She became a mother; and this circnmstance, which she considered would endear her to her neglectful lover, seemed only to estrange his affections more and more. His indifference soon grew into disgust; he saw but seldom the unfortunate girl; and her tears and agony growing daily more irksome, he ultimately abandoned her to her wretched lot. The heavy weight of her misfortunes and her shame now glaringly flashed upon the aching sight of poor Maria. She fled from the village, where she had been the idol of all around her; she was now become a by-word of contumely—an object of pity or abhorrence; she soon grew frantic with her sorrows, and for some time continued a houseless wanderer. Once more she chanced to meet with her heartless seducer; but her agonizing expostulations and scalding tears were poured in vain. He was grown callous even to the voice of pity; and some new amour in which he was now engaged completely alienated from his mind even the memory of the affection which he had once professed for the unfortunate Maria. This last proof of unkindnsss drove the wretched victim to the verge of insanity. In a fit of despair she committed a dreadful, an unnatural crime, which rendered doubly horrible her already too miserable fate. She deprived of life the wretched offspring of her guilty affection. From that fatal moment, the pangs of her remorse and woe were augmented. The common instinct of personal safety made her at first solicitous to conceal the perpetration of the fearful act, and to avoid observation. In a distracted state, she wandered for some time in unfrequented solitude; but suspicion had already been awakened by her strange conduct, and she did not long elude the avenging and awful pursuit of justice, which tracked her with slow but sure steps. She was at length taken, and conducted to the jail of this city, where she was tried, convicted of infanticide, and condemned to death. At this awful moment, it seems that a pang of remorse visited the heart of the merciless seducer. He could not, without shuddering, contemplate the misery of which he was the sole author. He passionately appealed to his uncle, the bishop, whose influence at court was immense.

His application did not prove fruitless. The prelate was himself eager to prevent the fulfilment of the sentence, and obtained a royal decree to have the cause investigated by the Council of Castile. The French invasion succeeded, and, in the confusion of those times, the sentence was suspended, and Maria lingered in prison. After a lapse of ten years, new judges have ordered the award of justice to be carried into execution."

"Can this be possible? Is such an instance of barbarity offered by a civilized nation? Methinks the ten years' confinement is ample punishment for the unfortunate girl."

"Well, but they say that strict justice requires her life."

"Then strict justice ought to have required that life ten years ago. But I don't see how we can reconcile this double punishment with ideas of justice."

A sullen murmur interrupted our conversation, and the bell tolled solemnly—the moment for the execution was arrived. An instinctive impulse hurried me to the place; an immense crowd surrounded the scaffold.

Presently the wretched victim appeared, supported by two friars: she seemed ready to drop into the earth. I shuddered at the sight of the poor maniac prisoner; but my astonishment, my horror increased, when I recognized, in the unfortunate culprit, the strange female—the mysterious being, who had ten years before surprised me so much in the Vale of Covadonga! Time and suffering had wofully altered her form and features. Her once full, dark eye had sunk into its yielding socket; her cheeks, once round and blooming, time and despair had frightfully disfigured; her rich, luxuriant tresses, once of raven-blackness, were now white as snow through extreme grief and terror—evidently not by age: her withered limbs, once symmetry itself, were almost paralyzed, and wholly unable to support their burden. But still there were sufficient traces yet remaining to convince me of the justice of my opinion.

The fatal noose was already round the neck of poor Maria. I could not support the horrid scene; and, with feelings of mingled pity, disgust, and indignation, I turned my eyes away, and rushed from the revolting scene.

HISPANUS.

AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

The Russians are either in actual retreat for the Danube, or on the point of it. So much, then, for the anticipations of those political reasoners, who already beheld the Russian eagles flapping their wings upon the towers of the Seraglio! "What," was the cry—"what is to resist the autocrat, who commands a million of men in arms, and can, at any time, bring half of that number to bear upon any given subject?" Nothing on earth like round numbers and big words for dazzling and deluding. The unbounded resources of Russia have been talked of till we come to believe the states of Europe even exist but upon her gentle sufferance. How has this come about? Overgrown extent of dominions was wont to be regarded rather as enfeebling resources than invigorating them; but Russia has the luck to have her power measured solely by her size. The conquest of Alexander is alleged as an irrefragable proof of her might; but Alexander, be it remembered, was only one of Napoleon's *many* conquerors. The glory of following up an advantage, and of prosecuting it to a successful conclusion, was wholly his; but the means by which this was achieved were his in common only with many others. Singly, he would never have made head against Napoleon, even crippled by the disasters of Moscow;—it was the flocking to his standard of the whole of exasperated Europe, that enabled him to enter the gates of Paris, and inflict a just but general revenge. He was, indeed, the ostensible hero of the day; but the exclusive credit of the achievement was gratefully, yet too hastily assigned him: the very sharers in the enterprise blindly succumbed before him, and honoured as their saviour the man who would have been nothing without their aid. Precedence once yielded, is not readily abandoned; and Russia has grown arrogant and presumptuous. The dupe of others' compliances and her own delusions, she has rushed upon a favourite enterprise, the cost of which she discovers, too late, she has ill-calculated. Prodigious as is the extent of her dominion, the population is thinly spread over its surface—its productions, natural and artificial, comparatively inconsiderable—and any extraordinary demand must soon drain them to the dregs. Though easy to assemble numbers, it is not easy to *keep* them together. Two or three hundred thousands marching over countries imperfectly cultivated, soon sweep off all superabundance. The bulk of provisions must be carried with them; and expense of carriage of this kind rapidly exhausts a scanty treasury. The wear and tear, again, upon men and material, of marches of two, three, and four months' continuance, is astounding, and, at such immense distances, scarcely possible, in any degree, to be replaced or repaired. Jaded and harassed, on invading the enemy's country, they have to encounter troops fresh and within reach of their resources; and, in the case of the Turks, a people inflamed by repeated insults, by the protection or the seduction of their rebellious subjects, and by attempts to force conciliation upon them, and roused to madness and the most determined resistance by the anticipated designs of the enemy to strip them of their native soil. Weighing these matters, we shall be the less surprised by the failure; but the loss of men, and means, and credit, will be to the Russians immense and irreparable. We shall hear little more of them for the next half century. Of their entire defeat we shall be heartily glad, and trust not a remnant may be suffered to re-cross the

Danube. Line upon line, lesson upon lesson, may ultimately teach nations, as well as individuals, to mind their own business, and governors to content themselves with oppressing at home.

From any success on the part of the Turks, nothing whatever is to be apprehended: they have long ceased to think of conquests; and as to *their* oppressions at home, what have *we* to do with them? Tyranny, when it becomes quite intolerable, will, somehow or other, be shaken off; and attempts from without, usually inefficient, have generally added to the bitterness of it. The Greeks, as a people writhing under the yoke of Turkish despotism, had the unquestionable right of nature to throw it off—and, left to themselves, would probably have done so long ago. But the busy and the talkative among us must interfere; and what good have they done the Greeks? None; but just the contrary. The Greeks are deep sufferers by their folly. Instead of husbanding their own resources, and trusting to their own exertions, they were taught to place reliance upon foreign friends; instead of uniting in the general object, each was looking to his own immediate interests; unanimity was broken, and nothing done in conjunction in furtherance of the common cause. So duped were they by the professions of individuals who affected to speak the sense of nations, that no doubt was entertained by them of their independence being effected from without, and themselves had only to seize the opportunity of studying their own advantage—the public business was taken up by others; and thus it was that the hopes held out of ample assistance from all quarters, retarded that career which, without them, would have been long ago brought to a successful completion. How were the Greeks to distinguish between the English and their Government; and what means had they of detecting the lies that were undoubtedly told them? Never was any thing, under heaven, more ridiculous than the conduct and management of the Greek cause in this country—and little better in France, or Germany, or even in America. Who were the active persons here? A few pennyless, nerveless, muscleless quidnuncs, who spent their breath—all they had—in talking of the classic soil of the Greeks—the splendid achievements of their ancestors; —commercial men, who were looking to Greece as a new market;—unemployed soldiers and sailors, gaping for commands;—and, finally, a flight of loan speculators. The admiration of Englishmen for Greece, ancient and modern, ultimately centred in undisguised pursuit of gain—gain by jobbing, and gain by employment. Even the gallant Cochrane —who has, by the way, of late completely vanished from public view—secured £37,000. out of the loans, to indemnify him for any possible loss on quitting the Brazil service. But Sir Francis Burdett, Cam Hobhouse, and their satellites—we utterly forgot them—their object was solely to be meddling—to keep in *ora virum*. Except so far as they might contribute to cherish idle hopes, they did no good—nor are ever likely, at home or abroad—and are only destined to figure in some new picture of *Village* Politicians, to be painted by Wilkie, now that he is come back among us again.

Baffled and driven back for half a century, as Russia has been, what will be the probable effect upon Greece? Will not the Turks, exulting in their success, be more than ever inflexible in refusing terms? It is possible—but the probability with us is, that, if France persevere—as, looking to the force she takes with her, apparently she means to do—in

establishing herself in the Morea—they will consent to an accommodation with their old subjects, and accept a *tribute,* under the guarantee of certain European powers, which, after all that has passed, can with no decency be declined. If no accommodation speedily follows, war with France is inevitable; and France will prove a much more formidable foe than Russia—her resources are substantial and nearer home, as near almost as those of Turkey—the difference of a day or two's sail. Both parties will be contending, in some respects, on equal terms; but superiority of discipline and *matériel,* on the part of France, will infallibly carry the victory—and then what becomes of Greece? After fighting for it, we may be sure France will be as little disposed to resign it to the natives as to restore it to the Turks.

But have *we* nothing to do with all this? Shall we suffer France to make this beautiful acquisition of the Morea? If we cannot prevent, it is surely better not to attempt it; and the policy of the existing administration, be it the effect of necessity or choice, is obviously not to precipitate war; and *that,* at all times, is probably the wiser course. More good is usually done—in private life, doubtless, and we see not why it should not in public—by waiting for events, than by anticipating and forcing. More good, we repeat, is done by watching opportunities for effective action, than rashly and blindly venturing forward, without adequate knowledge of the ground—where the course is not clear, and the issue unascertainable. It is too much, because we do not know what the government is actually doing, to take for granted it is doing nothing; and we have no doubt they will not be found neglecting or abandoning obvious duties. It is possible the course they take with foreign courts may not be effective; but it is very possible, also, it may be. It is not easily to be credited that we are really of so little weight in the political scale, as certain debaters would have us believe. Our expectation is, that, finally—in the course of the winter, perhaps—matters will be arranged, and return pretty much to the position they held before Mr. Canning's interference. The only exception, if exception there should be, will be in favour of the Greeks: the Morea will be given up to them, subject to a tribute; and the rest of their countrymen, for the present, must remain as before.

But the Dardanelles! Is it for the dignity of England to submit to the exclusions of a blockade? We do not know that she even proposes to submit. The Foreign Secretary, it is true, communicates to the merchants the fact of the expectation of a blockade; but, because he makes this communication, does it follow that the government will indolently acquiesce in its legality? If the Secretary was in possession of information important to the safety of the shipping, he was bound to communicate it. The communication might have been made in different terms; but the inference is unwarrantable, and suited only to serve party purposes, to suppose the government *acquiescing* in the direct infraction of a contract. It can scarcely be doubted that remonstrance will be made; and as little that Russia, on the instances of both France and England, will come back to the terms of her engagement, or to some less offensive modification; but for us to go furiously to war *before* remonstrance, is fit only for the Quixotism of the *Times,* who, on all occasions, rather than not fight at all, would tilt at a windmill. But events are dissolving the difficulty; the Russians are going, and the

blockade by this time exists neither in fact nor intention; and no necessity or expediency happily can yet be made out for going to war.

Turn we now to another quarter, of which it will be quite impossible to make a grave matter—we mean Portugal. Now that Mr. Canning is gone, and all his oratory with him, we are of course not going to war in this direction—either against Miguel, or for Don Pedro, or Donna Maria—no, nor even for the exclusive possession of the produce of all her vineyards. But to make out the right or the wrong of the policy which the government are pursuing, is beyond all common sagacity—there is no understanding it. If one act tells one way, the next tells another. So, for the present, we leave the matter. But the arrival of the new queen's little majesty has puzzled the papers a good deal. The *Morning Post* informed us one day the visit was wholly unexpected; and the next, that a house was to be taken for her in the country, to prosecute her education under English teachers. One day we learned she was to be honoured with all sorts of distinctions; and the next, on the best authority, that the two royal carriages would be withdrawn in a few days, and even the two rattle-trap sentry-boxes at Grillon's, propped up, very Lusitanicè, with broken bricks, removed. But the said sentry-boxes have been since replaced with two nearly sound ones, standing, still with the aid of a stone or two, quite perpendicular; and the minister himself, in full feather and "order," has made his bow, and entered, it seems, into a political discussion with her on her very delicate position; after which her majesty complimented him very prettily, by telling him she knew he had been her "august" grandfather's preserver, and hoped he would be her's; and at the same time, according to the caricatures—which are sometimes excellent authorities—taking certain freedoms with his grace's nose. The only bit of common-sense which breaks through the ceremony with which she has been so absurdly treated, was introducing to her Punch and Judy—with which she naturally was highly delighted, and testified that delight by insisting on giving the exhibitor a couple of six-and-thirties. The Falmouth people—they *are* at the Land's End—must be for ever memorable: the mayor and aldermen, accompanied by a file of "honorary police," each adorned with a rosette, and armed with a pike, actually *read* the young lady an address of welcome and self-gratulation on their felicity in receiving her majesty on their happy shore. At Bath—the seat and centre of frivolity for a century past—the same farce was more naturally performed. No notice, we have been assured, has yet been given for a Common Hall, in the city, to take up a dutiful address. Lord Lucan's house, at Laleham, was, according to the papers, a few days ago given up, as lying low, and too near the river, and likely to be injurious to her health;—and low, indeed, we remember it does lie—for, whenever the river floods, the grounds, like Chertsey, are all under water. But she goes, it seems, notwithstanding—and notwithstanding, also, we suppose, Dr. Maculloch's protest against the malaria.

And apropos of Dr. Maculloch—this reminds us of the Quarterly Journal of Science, upon which, on view and inquest of several numbers, if it were not redeemed, occasionally, by a little chemistry, we should be disposed to inflict none of the most flattering epithets. And even their communications on chemistry, the learned professors of Albemarle Street, in common indeed with other professors, are daily wrap-

ping up in more and more mystery. We appeal to any unscientific reader, accustomed to cast an eye on these matters now and then, whether, in language and construction, they are not considerably more unintelligible than they were twenty years ago. Dr. Maculloch has an able article (but of unreadable length) in the recent number, a second on the same topic—the old malaria on board ship—in which region of stinks nobody could ever for a moment doubt its existence, or of any thing else abominable. Turning over the leaves a little further, we find two articles, one on the steam navigation of the Hudson, and the other on the internal navigation of the United States, the "science" of which is not very manifest, and the articles themselves well enough calculated for some topographical school-book. Then follows a paper of one Mr. Wood—a very funny man—who has heretofore written on fatness, and now presents the "lineaments of leanness," drawn last year, it may be presumed, from the Anatomie Vivante. Laugh and grow fat, is the remedy warmly recommended by Mr. Wood, and though he himself, volunteering a ready-made prescription, very obligingly cuts a number of jokes, the effect we regret to add was entirely lost upon us, swallowing even the whole dose to the dregs. Turning on in despair, we pitched upon a paper of a Mr. Ranking, who by the way, we have since discovered is a prodigious book-maker, though we never heard of him before—entitled an attempt to prove the Ophir of the Scriptures to be no other than Ava—not a very inviting subject to be sure, but for want of something better to do just then, we chose to see what he had to say on this pen-beaten subject. And what thinks the reader Mr. Ranking has to say—why, wrapt up in a deal of idle verbiage, simply this—first Ava sounds, or may be made to sound like Ophir, which of itself is good *primâ facie* evidence—and next *every other* place by one or other has been fixed upon, and every one nevertheless rejected as untenable, except this Ava, which is therefore good negative evidence. Now a *primâ facie* evidence, backed by a negative one, makes up at last, every logician will allow, some degree of probability; and Mr. R. accordingly congratulates himself in very warm terms upon the discovery, and the settling of this *quæstio vexata*. A paper of a Dr. Harwood on the structure and economy of the whale, though absurdly pompous and pious, is by far the best of the book, but only part of the lecture is given, and the editor plainly does right to make the most of it. Another Dr. Harwood—probably the same—has a book reviewed, eulogistically, on the Curative Influence of Hastings, of which—the book we mean—we need say no more, than, doing every thing as the writer evidently has done for Hastings—he is a resident fishing for patients—it will be very ungrateful if Hastings does nothing for him.

But how could we be scribbling all this time, and forget the London University, which commenced its proceedings this month with the medical lectures, and threw open its doors gratuitously to all comers and goers, to fill the rooms and look respectable for a beginning. The lectures themselves were, no doubt, of a certain average quality, and, as all lectures have been, which we ever heard, highly applauded—excellent—clever—able—very superior man, Dr. So-and-so,—high talent, &c. One or two of the lectures have already, we believe, been printed, though none have yet fallen, and we trust, none will fall into our hands. This

mania for publishing lectures is quite alarming, and it will grow too—not a man among this new batch of professors—how many scores are there—one (not one score) for every pupil—but will publish at least his introductory, if not his whole course. Defend us from the inundation. A new book upon botany, for which there could be no earthly occasion, abounding as such books do, met our eyes the other day, by somebody never heard of before, who styled himself professor of botany to the London University. Then again there is King's College, before a brick is laid, or the money *subscribed* for, or a professor appointed, has already begun to print, though the secretary, it seems—we do not know why—*disclaims* the book.—Good! The results will soon be horribly annoying—*rechauffées* already meet us on every side, and nothing of course is to be expected but new *rechauffées* from a set of persons, who apparently think themselves bound *ex officio* to publish a book, and shew they *can* write. One consolation is left us—writers will soon be more numerous than readers, and then the evil will work its own remedy. The medical lecturers have 130 pupils attending them—that is among them. Who *suffers* we have not yet learnt, but some of course: the hospitals, or the private teachers. No new *medical* pupils can be created by the University; all who before wanted medical instruction, could get it abundantly. The New University has no extraordinary facilities for dissection; and as to professors, the old ones, are at least equal in name, practice, and experience to the new, be they as respectable as they may. It becomes, in fact, merely a rival shop—a new medical school was the thing in London the least demanded—a company running down the private dealers; companies have, however, *one* termination.

To represent the University, as the prospectuses do, as possessing superior means of communicating instruction—as aiding in any uncommon respect the diffusion of classical, or even of scientific knowledge—as instituted for the benefit of science, and the progress of education—is all obviously stuff, and would never have been swallowed by any other nation, or by this, in any other age. Those who know any thing of lectures, know that it is not by lectures that a language will be learnt, or science or philosophy be understood. If the lecturer can give any individual attention—it will be the quicker lads who will engross it—the duller can have no chance of it, and to them the lecture must of course be utterly useless. Next week a score or two more professors will be ready to commence—whether they will have *any* pupils we have not yet learnt. The new Latin professor has got some friend to advertise *his* course. It is, we observe, as nearly as possible, the one suggested and announced by Mr. Williams, the professor first appointed—so that this must be considered the prescription of the council. Why did Mr. Williams withdraw?

In the new number of the *Edinburgh* we find an article—the writer nobody will mistake—written in a tone of the fullest and most satisfied conviction, and anticipating the most complete success for this New University—to the utmost extent of the most sanguine expectation. King's College, for which, by the way, the subscriptions are lagging at last very remarkably, the writer doubts whether he shall call it a "younger sister," or the "first-born child." The fulness of his satisfaction prompts a novel effusion of good will towards the old institutions, and he is confident both the patrons and the depreciators of the New

University were actuated by much higher considerations than the enemies of both charged them with, or rather, what they charged each other with. The old Universities are convinced they were wrong in their opposition, and to this conviction the writer ascribes their acquiescence—taking no notice whatever of the yet deeper conviction, that the new institutions cannot in the slightest degree conflict with their thoroughly established interests. Some of the writer's anticipations are really curious. It will soon, he says, become a matter of perfect indifference with the father of a family, to which seat of learning he sends his sons, and accordingly one will go to Oxford, another to London, and a third to Cambridge, wherever the whim or the fashion prompts. One would think he had entirely lost sight of the annoying fact, that the old Universities retain the monopoly of degrees—that that alone will secure the exclusive reception of men destined for professions—that the disposal of masterships, tutorships, fellowships, scholarships, registrars, public orators, and offices and advantages innumerable, must always secure a preference over that which has nothing of the kind, amongst men who have their way to push in the world; and that, as to the aristocracy, every man of them are sure to send their sons solely to Cambridge and Oxford, except, perchance, some stray whig, who may be more bent upon himself being conspicuous, than consulting his son's interests. As long as distinctions have any influence among men, the London will sink below the level of her opulent and ancient rivals.

The question of religion is, it seems, finally settled. For our own parts, we never could tolerate the cry that was made against the London University on this point—it was the offspring of sheer hypocrisy. The very persons who made the outcry well knew how carelessly, how worse than inefficiently, the matter was enforced and conducted at both Cambridge and Oxford. The New University was avowedly to be thrown open to dissenters of all denominations—from that quarter its founders naturally looked for the chief supply of pupils,—and they wisely determined not to defeat their own aims, by instituting creeds or forms in which all could not unite. A sort of compromise has been entered into. They still do not intend *ex-cathedra* to teach divinity, but the professors are permitted to supply the deficiency extra-officially. Two professors (members of the church) have announced the opening of an episcopal chapel, contiguous to the University, where accommodation will be furnished to students residing in the neighbourhood, and where divinity lectures will be read during the accademical session. Two dissenting ministers, one the librarian, Cox, an Unitarian, will also deliver lectures on the subject, each after their own doctrines; and the writer adds, from the best authority—himself, it will be understood—he doubts not, if a Catholic wishes to do the same, he also will be sanctioned by the council. This, indeed, is all that *can* be done. Prayers morning and evening—supposing them *done* after the old and approved method, would be scarcely practicable, where students do not reside within the building, and are changing all the day. King's College propose to take the students under the roof, and then, of course, prayers and surplices will be easily managed.

In this same *Edinburgh* also, we find a high-flown panegyric on the publications and views of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, obviously from the same source. The writer is himself

ostensibly manager-in-chief, though we believe we may state pretty confidently, he finds himself occasionally, and more than he likes, overruled. The execution of these little books, nevertheless, he lauds in magnificent terms, though he betrays, the meanwhile, a lurking conviction of their utter unfitness for the classes for whose service they were specifically destined; and we may safely, ourselves, declare, we have seldom seen an attempt that so completely failed of its object. Mr. B's own two performances—though full of blunders—that very brilliant one above all others, on the law of gravitation—especially the hydrostatics, were much nearer the mark. The first part of Mechanics had much of the same character; but the second part of the same treatise was obscurity obscured, and must have been distilled, drop by drop, from the iron-bound pen of Olinthus Gregory. The arithmetic and algebra is decidedly a clumsy performance. Of the lives, Caxton contains some information of the right kind; but the outline of General History is much too skeletonish—a mere syllabus, nothing of which can stick in any novice's brain; and as to the History of Greece, though pretty good in some respects, is, particularly in the early part of it, too full of names, and deals too much in niceties, and is not good at all for that for which it was intended, and for which Mr. B. so extravagantly commends it. The fact is, the treatises together are, frankly, a failure; and arrangements are already, we have been assured, making for reforging the whole in metal of a better temper. In the *Edinburgh* also, Hallam's Constitutional History is reviewed—eulogized, of course, and that it deserves it, but not so lavishly. The worst of these party publications is, you know what they will say of a writer, if you happen to know his connexions. There is, however, an excellent bit—just and powerful—comparing Cromwell and Napoleon, in which they venture to contest a dictum of Mr. Hallam's. "In civil government," says Hallam, "there can be no adequate parallel between one who had sucked only the dregs of a besotted fanaticism, and one to whom the stores of reason and philosophy were open." This is very characteristically Mr. Hallam—all in broad lines—and strong, and therefore undue contrasts. We cannot quote the *Edinburgh*—every body will glance at it. Mr. Hallam himself, we hear, takes the command of the *Edinburgh* next number.

It is a rare thing for a week to pass in London without some alderman or police-magistrate presenting himself in some supremely ridiculous shape. The most frequent exhibitor of late has been Sir Peter Laurie. A few days ago a letter was addressed by Lord Frederick Beauclerck to Sir Peter, inclosing another, detailing a piteous tale of distress or oppression, we do not recollect which. To substantiate the story, the lady had given Lord Frederick two references in town, one to a Mrs. B. in Welbeck-street, the other to a gentleman near, which the noble lord, forwarding to Sir Peter, and complimenting him upon his known activity and humanity, begged him by some means or other, to ascertain the truth of the story. Away flies Sir Peter himself to Welbeck-street, all the way from the city, and calls first, of course, like a true knight as he is, upon Mrs. B., who confirms the whole story to the letter, assuring Sir Peter the lady was one of the most amiable and deserving of her sex. Touched and delighted with the success of his

expedition, he was bending back towards the city, when he bethought himself he might, now he was so near, call upon the gentleman too, and have the credit of performing his commission completely. "I am Sir Peter Laurie—do you know Miss ———?" The man hesitated. "Not know her, Sir!—I have just seen Mrs. B. of Welbeck-street, and she speaks of her in the highest possible terms." "I dare say she does, Sir Peter; Mrs. B. is the lady herself; and her mother is a very respectable butcher, one hundred and forty miles from London." This, however, only shews a desire to be busy; and, above all, to please a lord. But within this week or two, a man, five and thirty years of age, of sound wind and limb, was brought before Sir Peter by some parish officers, as chargeable to the parish, while his father was very well able to maintain him. The case being called on, the man stated that his father was a clergyman, with preferment of more than 2,000*l.* a year—that he himself had been a clerk at Everetts', the late bankers, and dismissed by them for no crime but that of winking at another's crime—that Everetts' house, though dismissing, had still occasionally employed him, sometimes as a footman; and that the father had for six years totally abandoned him, and even refused to repay him 30*l.*, which he himself had lent his father, while white-washing under the Insolvent Act, &c. On the face of it the story bore the broad marks of falsehood and suppression; but Sir Peter, good man, took the whole for gospel, and declaimed, as he knows how, with great energy and eloquence upon the sad conduct of so cruel a parent—a clergyman too—one who undertook to teach mercy, &c. Though not doubting the exaggeration for a moment, we were glad to see a contradiction from the father—he, it turns out, has 400*l.* a year, and four young children, and a load of debt—the young man was himself a defaulter to the amount of 320*l.*, and rescued from prosecution solely by the father's undertaking to indemnify the house; and vouchers are forthcoming for money and clothes within the six years. The letter concludes with advising Sir Peter, another time, to hear both sides before he ventures to give expression to his virtuous vituperations; and a very excellent bit of advice it is, and the sooner Sir Peter acts upon it, the better.

In the late inquiries relative to the water companies, several of the witnesses concurred in stating that the fishing of the river was absolutely ruined, by the refuse of the gas-works being thrown into the Thames. This statement was made to prove the filthy condition of the water. Nothing, we believe has been done to check the continuance of this nuisance; yet, the other day, we observed a sly sort of paragraph, congratulating the public upon the fish coming up the river again in abundance since the gas-works had ceased to pollute the river. This story of the return of the fish, we have no doubt, is a fudge; and who should it come from, but the *water-companies?*

This reminds us, by the way, of Mr. Martin's plan for bringing up the Colne, or a branch of it, by an aqueduct, to town. Artist like, he proposes to unite beauty and utility; and a very handsome piece of architecture he is projecting. He has published his plan, and accompanied it by some very beautiful sketches of river scenery; but the plan itself is probably too costly to pay. The Grand Junction professed to fill their reservoirs from the "streams of the vale of Ruislip."—How soft, and limpid, and refreshing felt the cold and pure liquid upon our lips—

streams of milk and honey, or nectar itself could scarcely sound more delightful. Mr. Martin has very rudely broken the charm, by assuring us these streams of the lovely vale of Ruislip were nothing but drain-ditches in the neighbourhood, dry all the summer.

Poor Mademoiselle Verrey, and her wee, simple features, and clustering, enveloping tresses. The Swiss exile to which she was said to be doomed by the advice of the magistrate proved to be the back-parlour, where, suddenly excluded from the delicious draughts of compliment she daily and hourly inhaled—the common air—the exhilarating sights—the perpetual bustle and movement of Regent Street, the unhappy girl sickened, pined, and died. Could nobody foresee that a change so abrupt and peremptory would shock to the centre a girl, like her, evidently of the most susceptible texture?

Contrast this poor girl with the young lady of Bremen—a perfect angel in form, and feature, and accomplishments, as the German papers represent her, who has poisoned sixty-five persons, prompted by the varying impulses of love, jealousy, ambition, and avarice. This out-herods Herod. How much of it is true?

In the way of extravagant assertion, though of a very innocent cast, take the following from the Quarterly Journal of Science, of whose merits we have already spoken. Last year the Pacha of Egypt offered a reward of seventeen piastres a measure (what size?) for grasshopper's eggs; and the quantity, by October, brought in, amounted to 46,000 piastres, or 40,000*l.* sterling. To be sure, the Quarterly Journal was not bound by any penalty to know the the value of a piastre; but the very sound of 40,000*l.* must surely have startled him, and led him to inquire about the quantity of grasshopper's eggs before he stuffed his ostentatious publication with a mad story of this kind.

There has been a sad dearth of new publications this month; but a novel we met with, the Anglo-Irish, has some scenes of considerable power. It was not every body who saw O'Connel and Shiel when in London. The waiter of an inn, playing Cicerone, will give us a glance:—

"'Please to look at that tall, lusty gentleman, with the Oxford-grey surtout, buttoned below, but wide open at the breast, and with the Quaker-like hat, and the healthy, good-humoured face, and his eyes cast down, thinking, and the umbrella lying along his arm—he that walks so firm and stout?'—'That's Counsellor Dan.'

"'Pray assist me again: I have my eye, I think, upon some other popular character, for the people turn to look after him too, though he is so different a figure from Mr. O'Connel—I mean the low, slight, little gentleman, who walks so rapidly, jerking his arms, and pushing out his under lip so often, and whose complexion is so bilious, and whose nose is rather short and cocked, and—now that he happens to look up—whose eyes are so dark, and fine, and expressive?'—'That's Mr. Shiel.'"

Similar glimpses are given of O'Gorman, Eneas M'Donnel, Sir Harcourt Lees, and Lord Norbury, and a fair sketch of the different style and manner of speaking in the two leaders.

Some where or other we saw it remarked, that onion or garlick, rubbed on the wound, would relieve the sting of a wasp. We do not recollect the authority—but an onion is always readily attainable; and

if such be its virtue, the remedy is worth knowing, and no great harm done, if it prove a mistake. The mere sprinkling of flour upon a *burn* will not only relieve the immediate anguish, but, continued, will completely heal the wound—in the severest cases. We forget our authority here, too—probably the *Lancet*, accompanied, *nevertheless*, with good testimonies: this, too, is worth remembering.

Though disgusted, in common with many others, at the ribaldry of the *Age*, especially respecting the Duchess of St. Albans, of whom a great deal too much is heard on all sides, we were struck with the extreme *greenness* of the duke at the Lincoln dinner. The duchess's health was drank; and, after returning thanks in her name, the duke took the opportunity of telling the company "he loved his wife, and that he and she despised the miscreants who *affected to doubt her virtue!*" Is it possible these words could have been uttered? We commended the silence that had before been preserved, convinced that breaking it would only make matters worse; but this *is* worse than we anticipated.

The Duke of Sussex still on his tour! Is it not a little singular that great men of this kind cannot have somebody about them with a little common understanding—somebody who could make a decent excuse, if they wished to break an engagement, not expecting to like their company? Unexpected dispatches from town prevent the duke's intended visit to the Lord Lieutenant, just at the moment when he is putting his foot on board the packet. Why, the duke is not in office—is, indeed, the most disengaged man in his Majesty's dominions; and so little imperative proved these dispatches, that he is not come to town yet. Though within twenty miles of Chester, again "pressing engagements" precluded his attendance at the Whig Club dinner.

The papers told us, a few days ago, the king wished to partake of the sacrament; and the Bishop of Winchester was accordingly sent for to administer. The servant loitered, and the bishop was behind the appointment. The royal impatience complained—explanation followed—and the servant was summoned, and angrily dismissed: the king then, turning to the bishop, said, "We may now proceed." But the bishop firmly, yet respectfully, assured his Majesty, in that frame of mind he was not a fit communicant. "You are right, my lord;"—and, ringing the bell, ordered the servant to be brought back, and forgave him on the spot. The details sufficiently prove the whole of this story to be mere humbug; but what grovelling wretch could be the author of such nauseous stuff?

Juries are about to be introduced in India. The *Times*, in an ecstasy, extols the liberality and judiciousness of the measure, and as one which marks, more distinctly than any fact upon record, the progress of modern improvement. The government communicated with some of the leading natives of Bombay, who evidently regard the matter rather as a burden than a privilege. In their reply, they beg to be excused altogether attending coroners' inquests—in all cases of life and death—when themselves or their families are sick—on certain festive and anniversary days—always after five o'clock. They stipulate, moreover, to be furnished with water, and allowed to attend to the calls of nature—and, being con-

fessedly ignorant of the duty, to be associated and instructed by Englishmen—but, also, that all Englishmen associated with them shall be *respectable Christians*. This latter condition is really a high joke, and speaks pretty expressively of the English residents at Bombay.

We take the following from the French *Globe*, relative to the state of education in France:—Out of thirty-two millions, sixteen cannot read at all; of the remaining sixteen, nine-tenths at least read nothing but the breviary, and perhaps an almanack. Among those whose means rise a little higher, a great number content themselves with a paper, or some miserable novel. The more enlightened amount but to some thousands, and among them very few are to be found whose ideas rise above the *level of acquired knowledge*.

Owen of Lanark is come to life again. We find a memorial of his just presented to the Mexican government, with the very moderate and modest request of the province of Texas, to be given up in full sovereignty to him and his friends, for the purpose of instituting, on a sufficient scale, quite uninterrupted, a *pattern* society, on his entirely new principles. His convictions are, that the whole existing system rests on lies and affectations; and his object, in one word, is to teach men to act according to their sensations; and this, after sundry trials, he finds cannot be done, where any thing belonging to the present condition of things comes in contact. Placing this society in this province, he tells the Mexicans, will prevent them and the Americans from conflicting by-and-by: it will form an excellent frontier barrier.

Is there any thing in this remark of a theatrical critic?—

"It is singular how few Englishmen are decent singers. We often see big, well-made men, stout, good-looking singers, with weak voices. For the last fifty years, it has been the custom to wrap folds of muslin round the throat, which must necessarily weaken that organ; and to this unnatural custom we, in a great degree, attribute the want of a decent voice on the part of our male singers. Of female excellence in singing, we have abundance. We have heard, but we know not how true it is, that female singers will never sing if they have a necklace on; and we have heard, too, that they conceit that even so slight a pressure as that of a necklace impairs the voice, or, at all events, does not benefit it. Now only let any one consider, if this be true, what an advantage female singers must have in singing, with their throat and neck unencumbered, in comparison with our male singers, the most of whom wrap round their throats cravats, enclosing well-stuffed small mattrasses."

The Animal Kingdom arranged, in Conformity with its Organization, by Baron Cuvier, &c. &c. By Edward Griffith, F.L.S., and others. Part XV.; 1828.—Something like a complete work on zoology, embracing modern improvements and discoveries, has long been imperatively demanded. The subject, though long pursued with ardour on the Continent by men of great eminence in their several departments—by such men as Lacepede, Meyer, Wolf, Temminke, Savigny, Brogniart, Illiger, Le Vaillant and Vieillot, and, above all, by Cuvier and his brother—has, in this country, been comparatively neglected, and, certainly, its importance greatly undervalued. The very important and elegant publication before us is intended, by supplying an acknowledged deficiency, at once to furnish the requisite materials, and stimulate to a more effective pursuit of the study. It has been some time in a course of publication, and has now reached a fifteenth part, with no diminution as to research, fulness, or ornament: the execution was good at the commencement, and continues so. Mr. Griffith and his able coadjutors, Major Hamilton Smith, and Mr. Pidgeon, have spared neither cost nor labour to present it in an instructive and acceptable shape.

But this is not to do adequate justice. The publication, deserving as it is, is not by any means so well known as it merits to be. The title gives but a very imperfect conception of either the object or the contents of the book. The work is not simply Cuvier's "Règne Animal." That admirable performance, exclusive of the introduction and occasional discussions, in which the genuine spirit of philosophy is every where conspicuous, is little else than a scientific catalogue, and that not complete, of the living tribes, arranged according to the laws of conformation. It, indeed, contains only a partial selection of the various species, just sufficient to illustrate the different genera. It was originally intended by him as an introduction only to his more elaborate work on Comparative Anatomy, and chiefly destined for the use of professional students, and, consequently, as might be concluded, is extremely defective in—or, more truly, is utterly unaccompanied by—popular descriptions relative to instinct, habits, &c. Cuvier's work, therefore, was altogether inadequate to meet the purposes which the editors had in view; and yet whatever he had accomplished was of too much weight and importance to be rejected. They have, therefore, given a careful translation of the "Règne Animal," and supplied from other sources, and those only of the most indisputable authority, whatever was requisite to complete their design. They have not only added an entire synopsis of existing species, as well as an account of the fossil ones, more complete than any we have hitherto seen; but descriptions of the several species are given to an extent proportioned to the importance and interest of each. Cuvier's materials will not amount to more than a fourth of the whole publication. The names of the editors are a sufficient guarantee for the correctness and respectability of the general performance, which may, therefore, safely be recommended at once as complete as the existing state of the science will admit, and incomparably superior, in point of appearance and illustration, to any thing of the kind in the English language. Every body, educated and uneducated, with scarcely an exception, to a certain extent, likes to know something about animals; and a book of reference, not likely to balk the referrer, is of incalculable value to those, above all, who wish only to consult, but who, when they do consult, expect to find what they want.

To enable the reader to judge of the extent of the labour which the editors have imposed upon themselves, it will be sufficient to remind him of Cuvier's classification, which they have strictly followed, and compare what is already done with what yet remains to be done. The animal kingdom, then, is by him divided into—

1. Vertebrated animals.
2. Mollusca, or shell animals—animals without a skeleton—boneless.
3. Articulated animals, or insects, worms, &c.
4. Radiated animals, or zoophytes.

The vertebrated are divided into four classes:—

1. Quadrupeds.
2. Birds.
3. Reptiles.
4. Fishes.

Each of these classes is again subdivided into orders, genera, species. The first class into the following eight orders, depending chiefly on the teeth and claws:—

1. Bimana.
2. Quadrimana.
3. Carnivora.
4. Glires, or rodentia.
5. Edentata.
6. Ruminantia.
7. Pachydermata.
8. Cetacea.

The second class (birds) into six orders; and these again into families and genera:—

1. Birds of prey.
2. Passeres.
3. Climbers.
4. Gallinaceous.
5. Waders.
6. Swimmers.

The fifteen parts—which are all we have seen, and all, we believe, yet published—

bring the work down to the passeres. That is, of the first division, the first class is completed; and of the second, one order is completed, and a considerable portion of a second — making about five volumes. The work will, of necessity, be of considerable extent—but will be valuable precisely in proportion to that extent: a shorter publication would have defeated the utility of the whole. But the ornamental part must not be forgotten. The plates are worthy of the work—well and distinctly engraved—the figures of a good size—and some of the animals drawn and etched by Landseer.

Historical Sketches of Charles I., &c., by W. D. Fellowes, Esq. 4to.; 1828.—This is the production of Mr. Fellowes of the chamberlain's office, and dedicated to the Right Honourable Priscilla Barbara Elizabeth Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby, and the Most Noble Georgina Charlotte Marchioness of Cholmondeley, joint hereditary *lord* great chamberlain of England—very dutifully, no doubt, but with what possible propriety we could never have guessed without Mr. Fellowes's assistance—it appears, "all parties bear a willing testimony to the merits of Robert Earl of Lindsey, and his son Montague, who nobly shed their blood on the disastrous fields of Edgehill and Naseby, and therefore," adds Mr. Fellowes, "it was natural for me to turn to your ladyships, who are the representatives of these illustrious chiefs, as those to whom this record of their virtues should be most fitly inscribed." Only eight or ten pages are occupied with those very subordinate personages—but dedication and nonsense seem of late, more than ever, inseparably coupled.

The book itself is printed with a French type, to give an air of ancientness; and is said in the title page, to be printed BY John Murray, Albermarle Street, London—why this folly? But the utility of the whole concern is quite past all understanding.

It consists, to take the detail of the title page, of Historical Sketches of Charles the First, Cromwell, Charles the Second, and the principal personages of that period—including the king's trial and execution—to which is annexed an account of the sums exacted by the commonwealth from the royalists—and the names of all those who compounded for their estates—with other scarce documents—illustrated by fifty lithographic plates. The reader would of course expect from this parading statement, something original both in composition and document, but nothing of the first, and scarcely any thing of the last occurs. The sketches are taken chiefly from Clarendon's Life, and his history of the rebellion —Noble's Lives of the English Regicides, Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs, and from some "scarce tracts published at the period." The plates are copies of "some very rare prints and outlines, which may be considered," says Mr. F., "as enhancing the interest of the account of the ill-fated monarch's trial and execution."

The case seems to be, Mr. Fellowes, for some reason or other, chose to reprint Nalson's Trial and Execution of Charles, and was then tempted to throw in any odds and ends, in any way, near or remote, connected with Charles. To listen to his introduction, something more important was surely to be looked for, notwithstanding sundry disclaimers he makes. "Many interesting particulars," says he, "connected with the adverse fortunes of Charles, as well as the fate of the Regicides, are placed in such a new light from the important details which the last *twenty* years have brought into existence, that I have thought it necessary to add them." However true this may be —we have looked in vain for these important details—Mr. F. must certainly, by some oversight, have omitted them. With the exception of Mr. Ellis's letter, in which he claims the discovery of Charles's executioner—a letter or two of Charles's—the first from the Hayleian MS., and another letter or two of Charles the Second—and perhaps one or two other papers—we may safely say, the whole is well known to every one at all acquainted with the older documents of our history. Mr. F. finally claims no kind of merit from the compilation of these documents. "I have only," says he, "the desire to present, in *one connected whole*, the various detached memoranda, and many curious particulars of this most deeply eventful period of our history, which, in process of time, might otherwise be forgotten." To even this humble merit, however, he has no claim—*connexion* there is absolutely none—and much of it, it was mere waste of paper to reprint—Sir Thomas Herbert's stupid dream, for instance.

Charles the Second's letters amused us, and may the reader, who is little likely to trouble himself with referring to the book itself:—

No. I.

King Charles the Second's Description of his Queen, Donna Catherina, Infanta of Portugal, on his wedding day. 21st May, 1662.—Indorsed in the hand-writing of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. In the British Museum.

Portsmouth, 21st May, 8 in the morning.

I arrived heere yesterday aboute two in the afternoone and as soone as I had shifted myselfe, I went into my wive's chamber who I found in bed, by reason of a little cough and some inclination to a feaver which was caused, as we Phistians say, by having certain things stop at sea which ought to have carried away those humors; but now all is in due course, and I believe she will finde herself very well this morning as soon as she wakes; it was happy for the honour of the nation that I was not put to the consummation of the marriage last night, for I was so sleepy by having slept but two hours in my journy, as I am afraid that matters would have gone very sleepily. I can now only give you an account of what I have seene a bed, which in shorte is; her face is not so exact as to be called a beauty, though her

eyes are excelent good, and not any thing in her face that in the least degree can shayme one; on the contrary she hath as much agreeablenesse in her lookes altogether as ever I saw, and if I have any skill in visiognemy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was borne; her conversation as much as I can perceave is very good, for she has witt enough and most agreeable voyse; you will wonder to see how well we are acquainted already, in a worde I thinke myselfe very happy, for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together.—I have not time to say any more. My Lord Lny. will give you an account of the rest. C.

No. II.

Letter from Charles the Second to Lord Clarendon.—In the British Museum.—Indorsed in Lord Clarendon's hand-writing and addressed —For the Chancellor.

Hamton Court. Thursday morning.

I forgot when you weare heare last to desire you to give Brodericke good councell not to meddle any more with what concerns my Lady Castlemaine, and to lett him have a care how he is the authour of any scandelous reports, for if I finde him guilty of any such thing I will make him repent it to the last moment of his life: and now I am entered on this matter, I thinke it very necessary to give you a little good councell, least you may thinke by making a farther stirr in the business you may diverte me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do, and I wish I may be unhappy in this world and in the world to come, if I faile in the least degree of what I resolved, which is of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wives bed chamber, and whosoever I finde endeavouring to hinder this resolution of myne (except it be only to myselfe) I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how much a friend I have been to you, if you will oblige me eternally, make this businesse as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of, for I am resolved to go through with this matter, lett what will come on it, which againe I solemnly sweare before Almighty God, wherefore if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, excepte it be to beate downe all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in; and whomsoever I finde to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live; you may shew this letter to my Lord Lunt. and if you have bothe a minde to oblige me, carry yourselves like friends to me in the matter.

CHARLES R.

Journey through the Upper Provinces of India, from Calcutta to Bombay, 1824–5, by Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta. 2 *vols.* 4*to.*; 1828.—These volumes belong to the very highest class of narrative travels. The writer was one of the most accomplished men of his day—a scholar and a gentleman, ardent in his benevolence, and earnest to diffuse good will and peace among men, with—what adds greatly to the interest his fate excites—something of the delicate and sensitive temperament of genius — high strung and high wrought—essentially erratic, but kept within the bounds of perfect propriety, by his peculiar position, kind feelings, and domestic attachments. The entire simplicity and singleness of his character was rescued from contempt by the direction and steadiness of his ruling purposes. The gentleness of his temper and evenness of his conduct, may, and must in part be ascribed to the ease and competency of his circumstances—his mixing mainly with the better part of mankind—the entire absence of all occasion for conflicting with opponents, or encountering serious difficulties. From the outset of life he was favourably placed—with every opportunity before him; his early acquirements were of a kind to win admiration among his associates and friends—his tastes prompted him to roam over the continent, and his circumstances enabled him to indulge his inclinations to the fullest extent. His position at home gave him the best introductions—he had good preferment—was well connected —and blessed with admiring friends and an amiable family. The wonder is, and it constitutes his real merit, that he preserved his simplicity, amidst a good deal of adulatory attention; he had a large literary acquaintance, and got well be-praised. To resist the natural effects of such circumstances shews no common vigour; there was no affectation in the man—no fanfaronade; his aims were direct, and aided by no obliquities. India presented to his somewhat ardent and sanguine imagination, an unbeaten field of usefulness, and, invested with the episcopal purple, with the mighty importance of which he was thoroughly, perhaps somewhat extravagantly possessed, he went resolutely and strenuously forward, and would never have rested as long as there were places for churches, or churches to consecrate, catechists to confirm, schools to establish, or chaplains to ordain.

There was something about him, however, much too elevated—too good, we had almost said, *absit invidia*—for a bishop. A bishop is, *ex officio*, bound to maintain certain dogmas, certain forms, certain privileges, whatever be the degree of his conviction as to their utility, or their continuance. To relax in the enforcement of them is to desert his duties—to apostatize. He has less freedom than any man in society—to take freedoms depreciates him by the very act, even in the eyes of those who are ready to speak of him with contempt; he is supposed to be, and, indeed, must always be, in buckram and lawn sleeves—he can scarcely give way to any natural feelings—his sentiments must always be in print, or he runs a manifest risk of being miserably calumniated. To join in any of the common pursuits of society is scarcely, in the most temperate degree, allowable—to play at cards—to appear at the Opera—to mingle in a dress party—to read poetry, a novel, is almost matter of scandal—to pursue science to any effective purpose is almost profanation—to escape it, Watson burnt his books

He must be a pattern man—always presenting an example — and an example which nobody wishes to imitate. The ridicule of the thing is incomparable—a bishop must do—and for the sake of example—what nobody will imitate, or would be tolerated if he did. Any body would as soon think of playing harlequin, or a mountebank, as take the tone, or mask, or wig of episcopacy. No, Reginald Heber had a soul above forms, in spite of all ceremonial and conventional necessities. He loved poetry, read novels, enjoyed romances—even in the book before us, and which we had nearly forgotten, quotes Scott, and Southey, and Byron—talks the language of common life—shews an intimacy with its sentiments and ways—without a desire to conceal it—and talks of *chance* and *luck*, where another would cant about Providence. The sacrifice of such a man is greatly to be lamented; he was calculated to adorn, and instruct, and soften the most cultivated, instead of being thrown among the roughest, and would have honoured the English bench. A very inferior man would have done for India. The idea of forcing a man to make the tour of India every three years is absurd—it will kill every one who attempts it.

The Journal, edited by his widow, consists of his visitation tour from Calcutta, up the Ganges, through the Upper Provinces of India, by Oude and Rohilcund, to the very confines of the Himalaya Mountains, returning, by the way of Delhi, Ferruckabad, Jeypoor, and Surat, to Bombay. His professional business is of course minutely detailed, but these matters constitute not only the least interesting, but, in fact, the smallest part of the book. That is filled with the objects that struck his observation, and few things escaped his vigilance—morals, manners, politics, scenery, the condition of the people. In all he shews himself a thoroughly amiable and good man, according to his best measure of good—undeterred, also, from expressing disapprobation occasionally of the mighty Company, under whose protection he was journeying. The kind feelings he betrays at every turn—the soothing services he was ever ready to perform to the poorest—his consideration for the humblest—his conciliating manners—neither affecting nor coveting popularity, make the reading one of the most gratifying enjoyments—he has often beguiled us of our sympathies. Without pursuing him regularly—the book is too bulky for that—we shall pick out a specimen or two. On leaving the court of Oude, he had made a distribution of small coin, according to the custom of the country, and had the mortification of seeing what he had given—more than to the rest—to a miserable old woman, torn forcibly from her—

> I observed (says he) that my chobdar, and the rest of my escort, seemed to think that it was strange to give more to a woman than to most of the men; and I had noticed on many occasions, that all through India any thing is thought good enough for the weaker sex, and that the roughest words, the poorest garments, the scantiest alms, the most degrading labour, and the hardest blows, are generally their portion. The same chuprassee, who, in clearing the way before a great man, speaks civilly enough to those of his own sex, cuffs and kicks any unfortunate female who crosses his path without warning or forbearance. Yet to young children they are all gentleness and indulgence. What riddles men are, and how strangely do they differ in different countries! An idle boy in a crowd would infallibly, in England, get his head broken; but what an outcry would be raised if an unoffending woman were beaten by one of the satellites of authority. Perhaps both parties might learn something from each other; at least I have always thought it very hard to see beadles, in England, lashing away children on all occasions, as if curiosity were a crime at an age in which it is, of all others, most natural.

Among the Rohillas he noticed some fields of tobacco, which he had not often observed before. The Hindostanee name is *tumbuccoo*, evidently derived, as well as the plant itself, through the Europeans, from America. "How strange it is," he adds, "that this *worthless* drug should have so rapidly become popular all over the world, and among people who are generally supposed to be most disinclined from the adoption of foreign customs." But why this vituperation of tobacco? It is manifestly a source of high enjoyment, and that to those who cannot be said to have too much. The fastidiousness of his own habits, we must suppose, betrays him here. It is the hardest thing in the world to enter into other people's tastes.

> When at Agra, I took this opportunity (says he) of inquiring in what degree of favour the name of the French stood in this part of India, where, for so many years together, it was paramount. I was told that many people were accustomed to speak of them as often oppressive and avaricious, but as of more conciliating and popular manners than the English sahibs. Many of them, indeed, had completely adopted the Indian dress and customs, and most of them were free from that exclusive and intolerant spirit, which makes the English, wherever they go, a caste by themselves, disliking and disliked by all their neighbours. Of this foolish, surly, national pride, I see but too many instances daily, and I am convinced it does us much harm in this country. We are not guilty of injustice, or wilful oppression, but we shut out the natives from our society, and a bullying, insolent manner is continually assumed in speaking to them.

At Broach is an hospital for sick and infirm animals. He was not able himself to visit it. Mr. Corsellis, the commercial agent, described it to him as a

> Very dirty and neglected place, which, though it has considerable endowments in land, only serves to enrich the brahmins who manage it. They have really animals of different kinds there,

not only those which are accounted sacred by the Hindoos, as monkeys, peacocks, &c., but horses, dogs, and cats, and they have also, in little boxes, an assortment of lice and fleas. It is not true, however, that they feed those pensioners on the flesh of beggars hired for the purpose. The brahmins say that insects, as well as the other inmates of the infirmary, are fed with vegetables only, such as rice, &c. How the insects thrive I did not hear, but the old horses and dogs, nay the peacocks and apes, are allowed to starve, and the only creatures said to be in any tolerable plight are some milch cows, which may be kept from other motives than charity.

When with Mr. Elphinstone, of whom he speaks in terms of high admiration, he inquired of him his motives for being so decidedly hostile to a *free press* in the country—

In discussing (says he) the topic, he was always open and candid, acknowledged that the dangers ascribed to a free press in India had been exaggerated; but spoke of the exceeding inconvenience, and even danger, which arose from the disunion and dissension which political discussion produced among the European officers at the different stations—the embarrassment occasioned to government by the exposure and canvass of all their measures by the Lentuli and Gracchi of a newspaper, and his preference of decided and vigorous to half measures, where any restrictive measures were necessary.

Near Guzerat, he met with the Indian reformer Swaamee Narain—the account of his interview with him is much too long to quote. His morality was said to be far better than any which could be learned from the Shaster. He preached a great degree of purity, forbidding his disciples so much as to look on any woman whom they passed. He condemned theft and bloodshed; and those villages and districts which had received him, from being among the worst, were among the best and most orderly in the provinces. Nor was this all—he was said to have destroyed the yoke of caste—to have preached one God, &c. But we have no space.

Essay on Political Economy, two Parts, by Captain Pettman, R.N.; 1828.—The final aim of the first of these pamphlets is, professedly, to teach the world how to reconcile apparent incompatibilities—that is, prevent fluctuations in the price of corn, and secure, at the same time, the advantages of a free trade in that article, ample remuneration to the grower, and good rents to the landowner; and of the second, to relieve the distresses of the labouring poor, benefit all classes of the community, increase the resources of the country, and give permanent value to a paper currency.

These are magnificent pretensions, the realizing of which we take it to be about as probable as any of Robert Owen's well-meant visions. Like most speculators and enthusiasts, the author grasps too much. His main expedient appears to be—what will give the reader a shock to begin with—*increasing the national debt!*—because the more debt, the more capital—the more capital, the more employment—the more employment, the more wages—the more wages, the more purchasers—the more purchasers, the more demand—the more demand, the more profits, the more wages, again and again, in eternal and augmenting circles. But, then, the more debt the more taxes—to be sure, but the taxes themselves must be spent; and the more expenditure, again, the more demand, employment, profits, wages, purchasers, &c. The author, indeed, would have the government the general banker—the general debtor—the general employer—to pick up all the stray debts—receive all the small deposits—all the unused and idle capital of the country, and with it set the people to work—drain, for instance, the four or five millions of bog in Ireland—cultivate and colonize Salisbury Plain, &c. As soon as the charter of the bank expires, we must have a national Bank, with authority to issue precisely the amount of circulation required for the service and convenience of the public, and no more and no less. This national bank is to have nothing to do with the government, nor make any advances to the state. Its object solely to supply a currency—which will thus prevent the fluctuation of prices, so far as currency is concerned. The state must manage its own affairs—if it wants more money, it must raise it by direct taxation; and borrowing will often become its *duty*. If the poor are unemployed, and interest low, government must borrow; the effect of this will be to raise interest, which will mend the condition of money lenders, and the money lenders will spend more, and that will increase consumption, and that again improve the condition of manufacturers and labourers—*they* will eat more, and that will benefit the farmers, who in their turn will be able to pay more rents. Then the government can levy *direct* taxes; and if these prove burdensome, take another loan, and then run the same career, and alternate and vary it with a little more direct taxation. In short, keep the people employed, and all classes thrive; and this will be readily and permanently effected by a currency of no intrinsic value—by a general system of credit—by pushing machinery and the productive powers of men and animals to the utmost—and empowering the government to set the unemployed to work, when nobody else can do it—the very means, in short, most of them, to which ignorant people seem inclined to attribute all the wide-spread poverty of the nation. The misfortune has been, we have stopped short in a career which would ultimately have led to an undying prosperity and splendour, and lost the race, when the prize was within our grasp.

Captain Pettman, however, is a very clever, ready fellow, and all that volubility of words

will effect, he will obviously accomplish. Points of his subjects he handles with great facility and ability—he is clear, earnest, full—occasionally comprehensive, and often sagacious, and only errs in the impracticability of his ends, and the want of measurement in his means.

The corn-protecting duties are well argued against the landlords—something in this manner:—These duties bear hard upon trade, and of course upon the manufacturing and labouring poor—that is, the interests of one-third of the country—taking in both farmer and farming labourer—are protected to the injury of those of *two*-thirds of the country. The landowner assumes, in the teeth of facts, that the burden of the taxes falls upon him, and to enable him to pay them, his property must be protected and privileged. But the truth is, he *direct* taxation, which is all he has to complain of, is comparatively insignificant. The whole amount of direct taxation is but six millions out of fifty, and the whole of that does not fall upon him exclusively. The land tax, of which he croaks so much, was, in the reign of George the Second, reduced from four shillings in the pound to three, and that upon an old rental, which has never been raised to this day. And, then, as to tithes and poor rates—the first do not touch him in the least—they never were *his*—they form no part of *his* estate, but are precisely the tenth part of that estate, of which he owns the other nine—he has as much reason to complain as the possessor of the moiety of an estate, that the legal owner of the other half withholds it from him. And as to poor rates, it may be truly affirmed, that, in a very large part of the landed property of the country, the owners are no sufferers, for they bought it with the burden upon it, and paid accordingly. But the claim of protecting duties, on the score of high taxation, is still more obviously groundless, when we look to the actual rate of rents. During the war they rose 150 per cent, while prices rose 75 perhaps—the landlords were thus benefitted 75 per cent.; but though prices have since fallen considerably, rents have scarcely fallen at all; and landlords, accordingly, are better able to pay their taxation by nearly, if not quite, 100 per cent., than they were before the war. What claim of right, then, can they have to protecting duties? It is obvious the price of corn *is* kept up by these duties—landlords would never be fools enough to incur the odium they know they do, if the duties were not *really*, as well as nominally, protecting ones. If the trade in corn were free, the price must, by foreign competition, come down; and the landlords must lower their rents; but this we see, they may do, 100 per cent., and be no worse off than before the war. And what necessity or pretence is there, for the landlord being placed, now-a-days, in a more favourable position in society than any other class? But the truth is, *every* other class is injured by this unjust privilege, and especially the most numerous of all, the labouring class. When people invest their capital in land, they do so for their own particular benefit—they do so as much as the manufacturer, and he should of course be left to take the consequences of his own act. If he makes a bad bargain, he must abide by it—as every man is made to do but himself.

The capital of the landlord is his land—the capital of the monied man is his money—the capital of the tradesman is his stock—and the capital of the labourer is his labour. If, therefore, the rent of the landlord be reduced from £500 to £450 a year; the interest of the monied man from £500 to £400; the stock of the tradesman from £400 to £200; and the wages of the labourer from 3s. to 2s. per day—it follows, that all capitals have been reduced in value, but that the landed capital has been reduced less than any other—and of course he is better able to bear the same burdens, if he have them still to bear, than before.

Captain Pettman's opinions upon the *currency*, also, are at least worth consideration. They are of this cast—prices, he thinks, have not depended on the issues of paper, but the issues on the prices. The cause, he conceives, is taken for the effect. If the demand for money be reduced—the demands for the business of circulation—the currency may well be contracted without changing its value, or producing any effect upon prices—for no more *can* be kept in circulation than is actually wanted. People do not hoard paper; if they have more than they want, they send it as deposits to a bank, or exchange it for some security, which returns an interest. If a country banker were to purchase an estate, and pay for it with his own notes, such notes would in a few days be returned to him in exchange for gold, or for Bank of England paper, or for some other security—they would not *remain in circulation*. The amount of money, and of paper that circulates as money, cannot exceed the sum paid for labour, or for commodities produced by labour—in short, it cannot exceed the expenditure; and hence it was, that the efforts made by bankers, previous to the late panic, to keep an increased quantity of their notes in circulation, by *reducing the rate of interest*, failed, and brought losses upon all, and ruin on many, &c.

Life of Leigh Richmond, by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe; 1828.—This Life of Leigh Richmond, though of no inconsiderable bulk, is yet so strictly personal, and written, if we may say it without offence, in so sectarian a spirit, that it will, and can be read by few but those of the class of religionists among whom he was deservedly distinguished. His life was exclusively spent, and prematurely exhausted, in preaching; but, except as the author of the Dairyman's

Daughter, which, in some form or other, must have fallen into every reader's hands —for copies to the amount of four millions, it seems, have been printed—he has left nothing to keep his memory alive. Yet he was no common person—possessed, indeed, of talents and energies that would have borne him through any labours, and acting on all occasions with a zeal and amiableness to make him loved and respected. Of a highly susceptible temperament, he was of course essentially enthusiastic, and when his feelings took the bent of religion, he had no rest in his soul, but as he brought others to his own convictions.

His sentiments were strictly what go by the name of evangelical—usually, we believe, characterised by the parties themselves, we scarcely know why, as *modified Calvinism*—for as to any doctrines peculiar to Calvin, they apply but to few of them. The peculiarities of the evangelical party are rather Lutheran than Calvinistic —sometimes in malice, but oftener, we doubt not, in ignorance, described as all for faith, and works must take their chance. None are, in fact, more zealous that conduct should correspond with profession, and none, probably, have actually produced more decided and even permanent effects, or so indisputably shown the practical influence of a point of doctrine. That some of their disciples are hypocrites, and others bigots—or stern, or arrogant—is no fault of the preachers; the source of these defects is in the frailty and perversion of individuals—the preachers inculcate them not, or any thing that fairly leads to them—humility is the point mainly enforced by them, and that on the ground of unworthiness.

The common church doctrine is briefly this—if men fulfil their appointed duties to the best of their ability, the merits of the Saviour will supply all deficiencies. The ground and necessity for redemption—the fall of man—is not, indeed, suppressed, but it is treated more as a matter of theory, to clear up obscurities, and aid in the business of interpretation, than as a doctrine destined or fitted to bear upon practice. The subject, indeed, beyond a cold statement of the admitted fact, is pretty carefully shunned by the true son of the church, sometimes professedly as unintelligible, but generally, as fixing the stamp of fanaticism upon the man who ventures to debate upon the corruptions it is supposed to have entailed upon us.

The evangelical churchman, on the other hand, not only brings the matter of original sin conspicuously forward as the very basis, and cause, and occasion of redemption, but represents the Redeemer as the sole and perfect instrument of salvation. With the orthodox, the merits of the Saviour are strictly supplementary—with the evangelical, all in all. Sin, and salvation from sin, is the burden of the latter—virtue, and the reward of it, that of the other. The evangelists preach absolute devotion of life, and heart, and feelings, in grateful prostration to the Redeemer—the sole medium of salvation—the pattern, also, and exemplar; and though no trust, nor any degree of it, is to be placed in good actions, the performance is by implication, if not by express declaration, indispensable, or rather, inseparable. The orthodox is equally earnest in representing the Saviour as the one pattern and exemplar; but he does not, apparently, make the ground and motive of imitation and obedience equally *personal*. He considers the sacrifice of Christ, as at once, and for ever, counterbalancing the fall —the matter as done with; whereas the evangelical urges the fact, that we are all ways, and always shall be to the end of life, under the influence of that fall, and shall always equally, to the end of life, require the counter workings of redemption. The thing, therefore, can never be out of his thoughts. The one is evidently more calculated to produce pervading effects than the other. The tendency of the one is to indifference and oblivion—of the other, to absorption and fanaticism. The doctrines of both, at the bottom, are the same; but the different aspects in which they are presented, may very well produce different effects. Which may be the corrector view is another question, but one which a literary journal need not busy itself with discussing. That question, indeed, is not one of authority, for then we might examine its basis—nor of speculation, for then we might look into the principles; but of interpretation, where both may be wrong, for neither will agree in a common criterion, nor submit to a common moderator.

Mr. Richmond's story is soon told. He was the son of a physician of some eminence at Bath. From an accident in his childhood, which lamed him for life—a circumstance which has often had a permanent influence upon character—he was educated chiefly at home, and sent, at the usual period, to Trinity College, "where," the biographer remarks, "Richmond, keeping immediately under the present Lord Chancellor, and being both reading men, he and Copley usually drank coffee together after midnight." Though destined for the bar, his thoughts turned early towards the church, and on his wishes being finally complied with, with a curacy and a wife, he settled himself in the Isle of Wight, where he was quickly distinguished for the zeal and perseverance with which he discharged his ministerial labours. While thus soberly engaged—with some inclination still to run a peculiar course—he met with Wilberforce's Practical Christianity, the perusal of which at once fixed him in evangelical sentiments. The Dairyman's Daughter, The Young Cottager, The Negro Servant, and some other tracts, were the first fruits of this change, and are records of facts which fell under his own observance. Through life, he was fond of eliciting the feelings

and language of piety from children, and has doubtless given birth to abundance of silly stories about infant conversions. While in the Isle of Wight, he commenced a publication of the "Fathers of the English Church," which extended, eventually, to eight octavo volumes—a work of considerable labour—exhibiting the substance of the writings of Tindal, Ridley, Cranmer, Latimer, Hooper, Bradford, Sewell, and others. In the Christian Observer, he reviewed, with great care, the controversy between Overton and Archdeacon Daubeny, of which he observes in his diary—"surely this is conclusive." Prompted by this performance, apparently, Hannah Moore offered him the curacy of Cheddar, which, however, he declined, and undertook to assist at the Lock, a wider field for usefulness. From the Lock he was speedily removed; some old lady, who held the advowson of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, placed it at the disposal of a frequenter of the Lock, and he conferred it forthwith upon the new preacher. To Turvey he accordingly went, and continued there, for twenty years, till his death.

His activity, and extraordinary powers of extempore preaching, soon brought him into conspicuous notice with his party. He now took a leading part in the business of religious societies — bibles, Jews, missions, schools, and particularly distinguished himself by his preaching tours—collecting for specific objects—chiefly the conversion of the Jews. Such, indeed, was his almost miraculous facility, that he was always ready to preach or expound. In one of his tours, we find in his diary—"Dined with dear Mrs. P. at S. Lodge. A most profitable and spiritual party. It was suddenly proposed, after dinner, that I should preach a lecture that night at Lancaster. At two hours' notice, about 1,000 people were collected." On another occasion—"In the evening I expounded the 23d Psalm to a large company of friends and neighbours."

These multiplied engagements took him much from his parish and family; but his care and anxiety for both were unceasing, notwithstanding the invidious remarks to which he subjected himself by these absences. He had a family of twelve children, of whom, the eldest, proving wayward, went to sea, and was, finally, wrecked, though not before he had been recalled to his father's sentiments. A second son partook largely of his father's feelings and temperament, but died just as his father began to anticipate the blessed fruits, and contemplate him as his own adequate successor. The effect, combined with the previous loss of his eldest son, was painful and pressing upon the disappointed parent—he had overworked—the disappointment took possession of a shaken, though not quite a shattered frame — it absorbed his thoughts, depressed his spirits, hung upon his feelings, and chagrined and gloomed his declining days—he died at 55, in May 1827. The volume contains many of his letters, chiefly addressed to his children in his absences—some on the marriages of his daughters—all of them full of earnest and affectionate concern for their spiritual welfare; and at the close, the biographer gives two letters, from the widow, and one of the daughters, which speak volumes for the amiable and excellent qualities of the man, and the influence he had gained, and the respect he had inspired in the members of his own family—written with great feeling, and energy, and ability—too full, of course, of scripture phrases, and proving clearly how well they were each of them qualified to preach themselves.

America, or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent, &c., by a Citizen of the United States, Author of "Europe," &c.; 1828.—For the present every body seems to be beginning to have had enough of America. This is unlucky—for the progress of a new state, built on new principles—explicitly in favour of individual liberty—an untried course of being—has something in it, surely, that deserves to command attention. But the truth is, we have been deluged with accounts from incompetent or interested quarters—on the one hand, from travellers, whose object has been not observation, but business—none of them men of education, or good society, or independent thoughts, but the creatures of newspapers, full of prejudices, extremes, and undigested materials, and disappointed, perhaps, in their private views—men of coarse habits, and certainly of no real delicacy—of no cultivation, in short, of mind or manners; and, on the other hand, from Americans themselves, who have eyes for nothing but their own superiorities. Partly, to be sure, America has been piqued by abuse and depreciation to assert itself, and partly cockered into conceit and presumption by the high-flown panegyrics of some among us, who have made cat's paws of the Americans to serve the purposes of political opposition at home. The character of the Americans has become precisely what our own used to be a few years ago—braggart and bullying—comparing our roast beef with French frogs—full shirts and top boots with frills and wooden shoes—our own rosy gills with their *anatomie vivante.*

The writer before us is a good specimen of the American, who sees nothing but superiority over England in his own institutions. His very motto — *matre pulchra, filia pulchrior*—is a sufficient indication of American modesty. Anticipating that America must become the most powerful nation in the world, he already takes the tone of supremacy, though professedly, at present, placing her only on a level with England and Russia. But England must soon shrink to a third or fourth rate power,

which, according to Bonaparte, it seems, is its natural position—its colonies will soon become independent—New South Wales, the Cape, India, the West Indies—and as to the Canadas, &c. they must of course speedily amalgamate with the United States. Then, stript of her adjuncts, what will England be?—Ireland, too, struggling for independence—or actually independent, and at war with England, and, eventually, bringing her, in turn, under her dominion—or America herself seizing both, at one fell swoop, in her talons.

America, on the contrary, has nothing to arrest her career—a world before her—her constitution has a preservative power within it, checking all tendency to decay. By its incomparable arrangements, each state is sovereign within itself, for certain purposes, and possesses, also, a share of the sovereignty of the Union. The Union, also, is sovereign over all for certain purposes—all strictly defined; and no clashings can follow from misunderstandings. The separate parts have no control whatever over the portion of sovereignty surrendered to the Union, nor the Union again over the portions of sovereignty retained by the states—collision is thus precluded. The sovereignty of the Union concerns mainly the foreign relations; and so little indeed has it to do with internal matters, that there actually is no secretary for the home department. The leading principle of government is the sovereignty of the people, and the ultimate aim to leave to individual action the greatest possible latitude. This, indeed, is the admirable part of the American institutions. Every one feels at liberty to move as he pleases, and no restrictions are tolerated, but such as are manifestly indispensable for the safety of all—no privileges retained, or conferred. As soon as restrictions are felt to be useless, they are promptly removed; for there actually exists no party eager and determined to support established or antiquated usages. Generally, the American sits free and loose; and feels it possible that things, though undoubtedly good, may, by possibility, be better still.

The manufactures of the country are rapidly advancing on every side; and the writer of the volume before us is earnest to shew the wisdom and sound policy of entire independence of all the world. Capital is every day accumulating; and large sums released by the payment of the debt, are all quickly invested in manufactures. In Boston no less than seven millions of dollars were thus paid in one year.

On returning lately to this country, after an absence of five years, I was not less astonished than delighted to witness the visible signs of this progress, and to find flourishing villages and even considerable towns springing up, as if by enchantment, on spots that were recently uninhabited. At Lowell, in Massachusetts, where there were not, if I am rightly informed, more than one or two dwelling houses in 1820, I found, in the spring of 1825, a population of 1,500 souls, wholly engaged in manufactures; and it was the opinion of persons, who had the means of judging correctly, that ten years would add another cypher to the number. Similar results may be observed at Weare, Springfield, Dover, Somersworth, and various other places; and, in short, the spirit that produced them is active through the whole country.

To enforce the necessity of complete independence of all foreign markets—he says—

In a time of war, the most extensive European and colonial markets are thrown open to our flour and provisions; and our cultivators extend their enterprizes in all directions, for years perhaps in succession. Peace comes at length, and all these markets are hermetically sealed. Flour falls from ten or fifteen dollars a barrel to three or four, and ruin stalks at large through the fair plantations of the United States. Again, a panic is felt in England, on account of a supposed deficiency in the supply of cotton actually on hand, and the value of the article takes a sudden rise. Our speculating merchants, incapable of estimating the correctness of the opinion that occasions it, go on buying for exportation at extravagant prices. Immense supplies arrive in Europe. In the meantime the imagined deficiency is found to be of little or no importance. The market is overstocked, and the merchants are ruined. Finally, we are forced ourselves into a war with England, and the usual supply of manufactures is checked. Immediately large amounts of capital, following the direction which they would naturally take in time of peace—were it not for the very peculiar circumstances in which our country had been placed—are invested in domestic establishments which are to make up the deficiency. Every thing goes on prosperously until the war comes to a close. Within a few months after, our markets are inundated with British goods, cheaper than we can make them, of equal quality, and our manufacturers are involved in their turn in one common ruin, &c.

Forgetting the politics and policy, of which the book is full, the more agreeable parts will be found in the notices scattered here and there of the distinguished citizens of America—and among these the best are those of the authors of the existing federal constitution, Madison and Hamilton, and the two veterans, Jefferson and Adams, who both died on the jubilee anniversary of American independence. There is a good deal of extravagance in the whole of them; but these were still eminent men; and mere prejudice it is not to place them on the same level with the most renowned statesmen of Europe. They were engaged in the same kind of business—executed it with effect—shewed inferiority to none—and were a match for the ablest. Why should a smile come over us, when we find them thus compared?

The subject of slavery is strangely huddled over. Slavery is sanctioned by, we believe, full one-half of the 25 states; but the *word* is never once mentioned. The blacks are talked about a little, as constituting a

portion of the American population. Attempts have been made by private societies to remove them, and between 3 and 400 a year, it seems, have been induced to withdraw to Africa and Hayti; but the course of nature re-produces between 30 and 40,000. The author doubts if it would be desirable to remove so large a portion of the working classes (if it could be done peaceably and quietly)—"they are," he says, "industrious and useful labourers, and the southern states would suffer not a little. All that can be done," he adds, "is to make them as happy as we can in their present condition, and then employ such means as may be expedient for raising them by a *slow* and gradual progress to a higher one." One of these means is, it seems, to discourage in every possible shape, the idea that any thing can be effected immediately, and at once; and the Colonization Society are sharply censured, because they keep up an impression that something may be done at once. This is just the way the Anti-Slavery people are treated among ourselves—but none of them suppose the business accomplishable at once; they wish, indeed, to be *beginning;* and if the question be not kept alive by discussion, and by making a *beginning,* and *going on*—we may be quite sure nothing ever will be done. The interested parties never yet did any thing spontaneously, and we may be certain never will.

In the meanwhile, however, to screen and mystify, by seeming to talk about the negroes, the question of their capacity is discussed very learnedly; and the writer, with extraordinary liberality, expresses his conviction, that no sufficient ground exists for any supposition of essential inferiority. If such a prejudice exists, he thinks it is rare. The whites have now the upper hand, and so had once the negroes. The authors of European civilization were all negroes—the Egyptians were all negroes—the founders of Græcian colonies were negroes—the Canaanites—the Tyrians—the Carthaginians. He has been reading Dr. Pritchard, apparently:—

> Even now, according to Colonel Denham, in the heart of Africa, the high intellectual spirit that once flashed out so finely in those sun-burnt climates is not yet quenched. He has presented us with several specimens of *contemporary* (with David?) African poetry, which are hardly inferior to the sweet and lofty strains of the ancient monarch minstrel. The dirge of the Furrancers in honour of their chief, Bookhaloom, will bear a comparison with the lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan. Give him songs! give him music! What words can equal his praise? His heart was as large as the desert. The overflowings of his coffers were like streams from the udder of the camel, bringing health and refreshment to all about him. An extempore love song unites the tenderness and purity of the Canticles, with something of the delicacy of imagery that distinguishes the poetry of Moore. The triumphal ode of the Sheik of Bornou, written by himself, is still more remarkable, and may fairly be considered as poetry of the first order. If such a thing were to be produced by one of the reigning sovereigns of Europe of the present day, we should not hear the last of it for 20 years, &c.

Notwithstanding, we take it the more enlightened impression is that there *is* an essential inferiority. The poor and miserable are every where treated with contempt enough, no doubt; but the treatment of the poor and the fool is different, and the negro is commonly, and certainly in America, treated as a child, or a natural. Nothing but *crossing* with the white will mend him probably.

The Life and Administration of Lord Burghley. 4to. *By Dr. Nares;* 1828.—Dr. Nares is professor of modern history in the University of Oxford, and though no novice in literature, has never tried his hand at any thing historical before. The task was suggested to him by his relation, Archdeacon Nares, as one which it became the "professor" to undertake, partly because Lord Burghley's life had never, it seems, been competently written, and partly because the original papers of the great statesman were still carefully preserved, and, through the courtesy of the noble possessors, perfectly accessible. Once determined, Dr. Nares set to with the method of age and vigour of youth. More than 59,000 pages of previous close reading did not appal him. He began to put pen to paper in March 1825, and in March 1828 was a first volume of 800 pages committed to the press, and another of the same vast magnificence actually ready—*oblita modi millesima pagina surgit.* Circumstances rendered it expedient to put off the publication of the second to a more convenient season.

The life is written carefully in the model of Archdeacon Coxe's performances, and, like them, is neither one thing nor the other—too comprehensive by half for the life of an individual, and too incomplete for the story of the times. We cannot for the life of us see the propriety, and certainly not the necessity for going into the wide field of historical events, to illustrate the particular actions of one, who, though he might be intimately mixed up with many of them, yet had no very influential share in the production of others, and with some had obviously nothing whatever to do. The general character of the times—the common facts and incidents should be gathered from general story, and might have been so gathered from a thousand sources. But then a *large* book—*a justum volumen*—could not be be made; and, in the case before us, Dr. Nares would have lost, what no professional man could bear to lose, the opportunity of discussing again the Reformation, and detecting new merits in the reformers.

But the chief fault of the book—a book which we shall readily allow possesses very considerable merits—is the perpetual straining of the author to make his hero a man

of importance before his time. Undoubtedly he was an able and an effective man, and to him we must look for the tenor and counsels of a long and successful reign—not one, however, distinguished for liberality, or freedom, or enlightened policy—but one which admirably accomplished its aims—keeping people in order. Burghley had, of course, enemies, and was exposed to calumnies, and no doubt suffered from them; but he was not, we imagine, the faultless angel his fond biographer would make him. An early account of Burghley was published anonymously by one who described himself as his "domestic for 25 years," written wholly in a laudatory spirit—in a servile, or more correctly, in a *dutiful* strain. Dr. Nares thinks he must have been rather a "retainer," according to the manners of the times—but there were no "retainers," we take it, of 25 years standing—"and very capable," Dr. N. adds, "of appreciating the high attainments of his lord and master, *and above flattery.*" This is quite gratuitously put—the probability is, that the man was confidentially employed, perhaps as a secretary, or a bailiff, or superintendent of his household; but why, because he writes his master's life, and praises him through thick and thin, he is, therefore, "above flattery," must be quite incomprehensible to common understandings. Dr. Nares forgets subordination in society was better practised in those days than ours; and men of humble stations did not presume to scan the conduct of their superiors—it was sufficient that they could venture to commemorate their virtues. This account, however, good or bad, is Dr. Nares's text-book, and the very object of his labours might really seem to be to justify the dicta of this "faithful" domestic. Every word of it is sacred to the author, and his own book is but a laboured commentary upon it. The life is brought down only to the death of Mary, and contains the part least known, and, moreover, politically, the least worthy of being known, though, doubtless, the tracing of the early career of a distinguished personage is not among the least *useful* purposes for which biographical stories are told.

Cecil was born in 1520, at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, and sent from Grantham school to St. John's, Cambridge. At Cambridge he was early distinguished; and before he was nineteen read amateur lectures on Greek—a study then comparatively new. Smith Cheke, Ascham, Nich. Bacon—all men of the highest acquirements—all somewhat older than himself—were his chief associates. He was one, in short, of a knot of men, who were the early patrons of Greek and Protestantism. At one and twenty, we find him in Gray's Inn, apparently studying for the bar, and within a few months marrying a sister of Cheke's. But a political career was, probably, from the first his object. His eyes were naturally turned to the court—his father was Henry VIII.'s master of the robes—and a ready access to the presence-chamber was open to him. According to his "domestic," a dispute with two of O'Neale's (the Irish chieftain—come to pay homage on Henry's assumption of the title of King of Ireland) chaplains, on the subject of the king's supremacy—then a very interesting topic—introduced him favourably to the king, who was so much pleased with him, that he desired the father would make some "suit" for the son, and, accordingly, the reversion of custos brevium of the Common Pleas was conferred on him. This was in 1541. He appears to have made no farther progress in Henry's good graces; but his friends at court multiplied—Cheke was made tutor to the young prince, and Ascham to the Princess Elizabeth. His first wife dying shortly after their marriage, he took a second—one of the five learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke—which added greatly to his courtly connexions, for Cooke was the prince's governor, and the other daughters were all of them well allied. Through these connexions, especially Cheke, he was introduced to more potent persons—to Somerset and Cranmer; and on Somerset's assuming the title of protector, was made apparently, his private secretary, and accompanied him in the expedition to Scotland, apparently, again, for the matter is not at all ascertainable, as a judge or provost-marshal of the army. Soon after he was taken into the secretary of state's office—not made secretary certainly, as seems to have been often supposed.

On the protector's fall, he was, with other confidential agents, thrown into the Tower; but—by what course of management brought about we know not—within a few months we find him actually succeeding Wootton as secretary of state; and under Warwick's government more thriving and prosperous than he had ever been under Somerset's. He was now knighted—and shared liberally in the good things that float in the atmosphere of a court; was made chancellor of the garter, and obtained the reversion for sixty years of Wimbledon Rectory. He is charged with betraying his patron, Somerset, to curry favour with Warwick, whose star rose as the other's set. But of this there is no good evidence; he lost one patron and gained another—these patrons were, it is true, enemies; but before Cecil's new appointments, these enemies were apparently friends again. As secretary, he shewed himself the steady coadjutor of Cranmer and the reformers, in furthering the interests of the Reformation, and, we suppose, it may be added, in persecuting its opponents.

Cecil was again charged with betraying his second patron, Warwick, the Duke of Northumberland. That he deserted him is no doubt true enough; but Northumberland's measures were obviously utterly un-

justifiable, and no man need be censured for prudently refusing to join in them. Nevertheless, he, and Cranmer too, signed the document, which was understood to throw Mary out of the succession. This, when called before the council, in the succeeding reign, after Northumberland's schemes had ended in his own destruction and that of his innocent victim, he endeavoured to show he had done merely as a witness, and had remonstrated against the act.

To a certain extent he made good his defence, and might—but this all depends on the "domestic"—have retained his office of secretary, would he have consented to change his religion. This, however, of course, was a condition, which, with his high-minded, and pure Protestant convictions, Cecil could never consent to: and he was accordingly dismissed, and the office of chancellor of the garter given to another. Cecil, however, was no further persecuted—nay, he rose into favour, for within a few little months we find him especially appointed one of an honourable commission to fetch the *legate* Cardinal Pole from Brussels—living with the same cardinal in terms of great intimacy on their return, and accompanying him back to the continent, when the cardinal went to negociate a peace; and in other respects, we find him not *overlooked* among the courtiers of the day. The fact is—and a melancholy fact it must be to his admirers—whatever Cecil's first impressions and resolutions were on the subject of religion, he soon changed his measures—he even conformed—this pillar and defender of Protestantism was converted; and at his Wimbledon residence had a priest in his house, confessed, attended mass, &c., and suffered Cranmer, whose coadjutor he had so long been, to go unaccompanied to the stake. Yet has he the good fortune to have gained the credit of sincerity, and even of consistency; he is considered as wisely accommodating himself to circumstances; and, while others fled, assuming a useful disguise, and thus effectively and allowably promoting the interests of Protestantism. In 1555, he was returned, according to his own account, unwillingly, to Parliament, and there took an active part, "*aliquo cum periculo*," he says, in occasionally opposing the measures of the administration. On one occasion, after an effort of this kind, certain members invited themselves to dine with him, and, contrary to an express stipulation, some of them talked freely at table. This was reported; they were summoned before the council, and severally committed. Cecil was the last. On his introduction, he begged they would not treat him as they had done the others—commit first, to hear afterwards—being convinced he could explain all to their satisfaction. "You speak like a man of experience," said Lord Paget—"go on." This was the sum of the *peril* he encountered in Mary's reign; and this is amply counterbalanced by many marks of favour. Cecil must have been a *very* prudent person, and his conversion, or conformity, is indisputable proof it. Dr. Nares has fought a good fight for him—but biographers need not surely be advocates. We shall be misunderstood, if we are supposed to depreciate Dr. Nares—there is much able *execution* in the work; but he has over estimated his man, and made too large a book.

Compendium of Mechanics, by Robert Brunton. 4th Edition; 1828.—This is a compilation for the use and benefit of Mechanics' Institutes, by one of themselves—a mechanic of Glasgow—consisting of a body of practical rules, for calculations in mechanical matters. The theory and principles of these things are wholly omitted—the object is solely a practical one. Rules are given for finding the areas of geometrical figures, selected from books of good authority. In the same way, and from the same sources, chiefly are presented rules for ascertaining and measuring specific gravities, the strength of materials—iron and timber—the strength and velocity of wheels—the powers of pumps and steam-engines, &c.; to which are added geometrical problems, and tables of specific gravities—weights of malleable and cast iron plates—velocities of falling bodies—squares, cubes, roots, &c.—all excellently adapted for immediate application, and unencumbered with reasons, though we cannot but think a little even of the grounds and reasons of these rules might not have been altogether out of place.

The Winter's Wreath; 1829.—This annual comes forth under new auspices. The leading object of the last, it will be remembered, was to convey religious impressions; in the present the introduction of similar topics has been carefully avoided, from a feeling that more harm than good is done in attempting to relieve grave matters by light handling—like Whitfield singing a psalm to the tune of the Black Joke. Though strictly provincial, the Winter's Wreath, will fairly match, in the beauty and elegance of its ornaments, with its rivals of the metropolis; and as to its literary treasures, besides concentrating the talent, alive and dead, of Liverpool—Roscoe, Shepherd, Currie, and initialists, whose names will be readily filled up, of acknowledged superiority, it presents many of the best specimens of the *bijouterie* of the annual establishments. The volume contains at least 120 pieces, of which it may be observed, generally, the prose bears the palm. Among these may be distinguished—not invidiously, for there are others probably of equal merit—Kit Wallace, by the author of Recollections in the Peninsula. Wallace was a soldier—a poor underwitted fellow, of whom nothing could be made—the common butt of his comrades, who survived the campaigns of Spain, and was after-

wards found by his former captain in India, entirely changed—not in intellect, for he was still as imbecile as ever, but in appearance and behaviour, and no longer the general laughing-stock. The cause appeared to be his attachment to a little child, who returned his attentions, with the most passionate fondness. This had engrossed and steadied him—he had found—what he had never found before—something *to love him.*—The memoirs of a young sculptor, is a very touching little narrative—a true story. Proctor, from a boy, had a decided bent for the art, but was forced by the inflexibility of his friends, to a linen draper's shop. Once released from the counter, he flew back to his old pursuit, and finally succeeded in modelling a group, of Diomedes torn in pieces by his horses, which was exhibited conspicuously at Somerset House, and admired by every body, but at the end of the season returned unsold, to the disappointed artist. In a fit of desperation he smashed it to atoms with a hammer, and was fast sinking into a state of entire apathy—when West heard of his condition, and kindly procured from the Academy a grant of a hundred a year, for three years, to enable him to visit Rome—the joy of which, by the sudden revulsion it occasioned, killed the poor fellow in a few days. Lady Anne Carr, by the author of May you like it—how excessively troublesome these paraphrases are—is in that writer's best and very amiable manner; Les Contretemps, half-French, is well told—and Audubon's Journey up the Mississippi, is a very agreeable sketch. The poetry, though exhibiting many specimens of very graceful versification—has nothing lofty or stirring in it. The editor's own epilogue may serve as a specimen. When speaking of his own difficulties in selecting, he says—

Nor bolder his attempt to judge the prize,
When the three goddesses stood all revealed,
And gave their beauties to his dazzled eyes,
Than mine, to cull amidst the spacious field,
Where flowers of every scent their fragrance yield,
A garland which shall blend the fairest hues;—
For still the sweetest lie the most concealed,
And numerous charms each dubious sense confuse,
Baffling his anxious care, who seeks the best to choose, &c.

Here is something very youthful in Mr. Roscoe's Sonnet:—

TO THE CAMELIA JAPONICA.

Say, what impels me, pure and spotless flower,
To view thee with a secret sympathy?
Is there some living spirit, shrined in thee,
That, as thou bloom'st within my humble bower,
Endows thee with some strange, mysterious power,
Waking high thoughts? As there perchance might be
Some angel-form of truth and purity,
Whose hallowed presence shared my lonely hour?
Yes, lovely flower! 'tis not thy virgin glow,
Thy petals, whiter than descending snow,
Nor all the charms thy velvet folds display;
'Tis the soft image of some beaming mind,
By grace adorned, by elegance refined,
That o'er my heart thus holds its silent sway.

Of the engravings, The Scotch Peasant Girl, perhaps, is distinguishable—and, certainly, The Sailor Boy; but all are of the highest order of execution. The View near Windsor is beautiful; and the Fire-works at St. Angelo has a very good effect.

Forget-me-not; 1829.—This is the annual which had the merit of introducing this class of publications; and, though now completing its sixth year, shews no symptoms of degenerating. The contributions are, for the most part, the handy works of well-known scribblers, and few comparatively are anonymous; but, again, the prose carries it decidedly against the poetry. Miss Mitford appears again with her Sketches, and more cricketing—which is really a very odd fancy of her's. Several stories are told in a very agreeable, light-hearted manner:—The Red Flag at the Nore—One Hour too many—and a piece of Irish extravagance, like Croker's. Hogg has some of his best prose and verse too. Among the poets, the ladies and the clergy predominate—and, among the latter, one "B. D." We do not, however, discover the literary pre-eminence above its competitors, of which the editor talks. Take, however, some of the best:—

LAST LINES BY C. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

By affection's torturing power
In that fatal, final hour—
By my waking on the morrow
To the consciousness of sorrow;
Grief, which far exceeded sadness;
Love, which still approaches madness;—

By the tones which, as thou speakest,
Make the firmest heart the weakest;
Charms, too fatally beguiling;
Pensive grace, or playful smiling,
Looks with which thou still delightest,
All expressions best and brightest;—

By my tears, repress, but starting,
At the moment of our parting—
By the love which yet adores thee—
By the pride which thus implores thee—
Pangs that torture, cares that fret me,
Doubly loved and lost—*forget me.*

Delta's Blind Piper is too long for quotation; but we may give a scrap;—there is no accounting for *taste*:—

I love to hear the bagpipe sound;
The tones wind magically round
The heart, which they subdue
To pain or pleasure; yes, they raise
Deep memories, and departed days
Glide sweetly in review.

'Tis soft—the low note speaks of love.
Lo! the blue lake; the birchen grove
Almost from view conceals
A maiden and a youth, for whom
Elysium, in its pictured womb,
Futurity reveals.

'Tis wild—hark! how the storms rejoice
Among the rocks; the cataract's voice
So mighty; and the breeze
Sweeps like a hurricane along,
Singing its fierce demoniac song
Amid the wondering trees.

'Tis harsh—the battle-onset's come;
With bray of trump and beat of drum.
In deadly combat meet
The soldier and his foe—the cry
Of onward—on to victory—
Of quarter—and retreat.

And now the wild and wailing tones
Seem sighs, and shrieks, and direful groans;
And now their hurrying force
Re-echoes like the tramp and tread
Athwart the dying and the dead,
Of horsemen and of horse.—&c.

The best engravings are,—The Blind Piper—The Cottage Kitchen—Ellen Strathallan (by the way, Mrs. Pickersgill's tale is perhaps the most melliffluous piece of versification in the volume)—and The Idle School-Boy;—but all are good.

The Gem; 1829.—This is a new start, under the sovereignty of Mr. Thomas Hood, of Whim and Oddity notoriety. The getting up of this very beautiful volume must, we think, be allowed to be superior to the rest. The subjects of the engravings have been selected by Cooper, R.A.; and the engravings themselves are most of them of unrivalled excellence. Hero and Leander—The Painter's Study—Harry and his Dog, except that Harry's sister's hand is nothing but a paw—Nina—May Talbot—May Queen, a very sweet face, but the picture does not in the least accord with the story it is intended to illustrate. The literary part of the book—not at all meaning to depreciate this in particular—is, after all, in these annuals, of the least importance. Almost any thing not much below mediocrity goes off very well, when the typography and the accompaniments are so beautiful: suspicion is lulled—it is a sop to Cerberus—the judgment is beguiled, and integrity duped. But Mr. Hood musters with great strength—he has Sir W. Scott, Charles Lamb, Montgomery, and Gleig; and among the ladies, Miss Mitford (Harry and his Dog should have been turned over to the Juvenile Souvenir) is at the head: but we do not see Mrs. Hemans, and what *can* have become of L.E.L.? The pieces do not exceed fifty, and we like the book the better for its moderation; the page is well set, and reads agreeably—some of the others have their page too much crowded. Mr. Hood has put his own mark upon it—

ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND LEANDER.

Why, Lover, why
Such a water-rover?
Would she love thee more
For coming *half-seas over?*

Why, Lady, why
So in love with dipping?
Must a lad of *Greece*
Come all over *dripping?*

Why, Cupid, why
Make the passage brighter?
Were not any boat
Better than a *lighter?*

Why, Maiden, why
So intrusive standing?
Must thou be on the stair,
When he's on the *landing?*

Here is a bit of exquisite twaddling; but it is only fair to add, plenty of the same quality is to be found in all of them:—

Oh! were I spiritual as the wafting wind,
Which breathes its sighing music through the wood,
Sports with the dancing leaves, and crisps the flood,
Then would I glide away from cares which bind
Down into haunts that taint the healthful mind;
And I would sport with many a bloom and bud,
Happiest the farthest from the neighbourhood,
And from the crimes and miseries of mankind;
Then would I waft me to the cowslip's bell;
And to the wild-rose should my voyage be;
Unto the lily, vestal of the dell,
Or Daisy, the pet-child of poësy;
Or be, beside some mossy forest-well,
Companion to the wood anemone.

Friendship's Offering; 1829.—This is one of the elder annuals, and maintains its position with undiminished respectability. The Scotch predominate very decidedly—Hogg, Pringle, Mackenzie, Moir (Δ), Cunningham, Malcolm, &c. among the poets; Gleig, Gillies, Fraser, Modern Pythagorean, &c. among the prose writers. Among the English, Miss Mitford figures still, and particularly in the "Election," one of her best—Mrs. Bowdich's "Going to Sea, and Ship's Crew," shews a good deal of Miss Mitford's graphic power; and generally, we incline to say, the literature takes a somewhat higher tone. The Editor claims the merit of "purer morality, and more generous and manly sentiment;" but this, as a fact, is not, to us at least, pre-eminently conspicuous; and still, as we said, the execution on the whole—if one can correctly speak of these things generally, and it is impossible to speak of them singly—is a shade or two above any we have hitherto glanced at. Of the ornamental part, Martin's Glen-Lynden, is quite in his style—rocky, gloomy, massive—with the distance beautifully undefined; the engrav-

ing of one of the Duke of Bedford's children among the best.

Mr. Malcolm's poem was pointed out to us by a lady as *inter ignes luna minores*—we quite agree with her—

THE SPIRIT'S LAND.

The Spirit's Land! Where is that land
Of which our Fathers tell?
On whose mysterious, viewless strand
Earth's parted millions dwell!
Beyond the bright and starry sphere,
Creation's flaming space remote;
Beyond the measureless career,
The phantom flight of thought.

There, fadeless flowers their blossoms wave
Beneath a cloudless sky;
And there the latest lingering tear
Is wiped from every eye;
And souls beneath the trees of life
Repose upon that blessed shore,
Where pain and toil, and storm and strife,
Shall never reach them more.

And yet, methinks, a chastened woe
E'en there may prompt the sigh—
Sweet sorrows we would not forego
For calm, unmingled joy;
When strains from angel harps may stray
On heavenly airs, of mortal birth,
That we have heard far, far away,
Amid the bowers of earth.

Ah, then, perchance, their saddening spell,
That from oblivion saves,
May wander, like a lone farewell,
From this dim land of graves;
And, like the vision of a dream,
Shed on the disembodied mind
Of mortal life a dying gleam,
And loved ones left behind.

Yes—yes, I will, I must believe
That Nature's sacred ties
Survive, and to the spirit cleave,
Immortal in the skies;
And that imperfect were my bliss
In heaven itself, and dashed with care,
If those I loved on earth should miss
The path that leadeth there.

What could prompt the Editor to print an old stale ode of Southey's, on Queen Charlotte? Never surely was such maudlin stuff—concluding thus—

Long, long then shall Queen Charlotte's name be dear;
And future Queens to her
As to the best exemplar look.
Who imitates her best
May best deserve our love.

The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir; 1829.—This is a new thing, edited by *Mrs.* Alaric Watts, wholly appropriated to children of from six to twelve. It is extremely well got up, put into a stout binding that will bear rough handling, and matches, nevertheless, well with the more adult publications. The Editor describes her aim to have been to make each piece convey some moral truth. Giants, ghosts, and fairies are all carefully excluded—and why? because they tend to enervate the infant mind, indispose it for wholesome nutriment, and nourish superstitious terrors. Mrs. Watts is herself too sensible a woman not to feel that any such effect will depend much more upon the general bringing up than the tales themselves. With a sounder judgment, Mrs. W. excludes, also, stories of exaggerated sentiment, "which forms," she says, "the staple of nursery literature, and are worse than the giants and fairies." The only romance admitted is that of "History and Real Life." Some of the regular annualists have been pressed into the service. Wiffen tells the story of Edward IV.'s hapless sons, in prose; and, in verse, gives a new version of the Children in the Wood; and somebody else the Death of Prince Arthur. Miss Mitford plays another match of cricket—and gives "pride a fall." Montgomery extols the virtues of shorthand, and Delta indites a Blackbird's Petition for release. Mrs. Hoffman, in her manner, tells a story of a Stolen Child among the American Indians, and Derwent Conway, very agreeably, a little French tale. Mr. Alaric has some agreeable lines to a "Dear Little Boy"—much too good for the occasion; and A Little Boy's Address to his Rocking Horse, involves some allusions, which Mrs. Watts ought surely, in consistency, to have excluded. We quote this, for the remarkably easy flow of it—

A LITTLE BOY'S ADDRESS TO HIS ROCKING-HORSE.
BY M. J. J.

There was Pegasus, famed in old story,
A dragon, too, turned by a screw;
What were they, and their wonderful glory,
Compared, wooden Dobbin, with you?
You need neither manger nor bin;
You are shod without shoes to your feet;
You starve, and yet never grow thin;
You work, and want nothing to eat!

My father has steeds in his stable,
Worth hundreds and hundreds of pounds;
And oh! very often at table
Their worth and their praises he sounds:
There is Wildfire, and Wagtail, and Wager,
And many another beside;
But racer, and hunter, and stager,
Are nought to the one that I ride.

Yet if I should wish for a buyer,
I fear a long while I might stop;
For I can't trace your pedigree higher
Than up to the carpenter's shop.
Never mind;—for when asked for your points,
E'en a jockey of honour may say,
That if you are stiff in your joints,
It keeps you from running away.

If I give you a cruel hard smack,
No dread of your rearing before;
If I happen to fall from your back,
No fear of a kick on the floor:—

You're saddled, and bridled, and ready,
Alike through the day and the night;
And well do I call you, Old Steady,
That never was known to take fright.

The Greeks gave the Trojans a shock,
With a horse that, like mine, was of wood;
But being unable to rock,
Though larger, it was not so good:—
To be horsed as I am is a pleasure,
At school to be horsed is no joke;
So I'll e'en make the most of my leisure,
And bid you good-morrow, good folk.

The Anniversary; 1829.—We can only speak of what we know. The Gem, the other day, appeared to us, and we said as much, to surpass in decoration its rivals—but the rivals we had then seen, of course, we meant; and now we find The Anniversary, setting it beside The Gem, to be not, indeed, quite Hyperion to a satyr, but as much superior to The Gem, as The Gem to those we had previously admired. The volume, like several others, is all green and gold, but of ampler margin, and containing full twenty engravings, all of great excellence. taken from paintings by Lawrence, Bonnington (to whose merits and memory, by the way, there is a handsome tribute in one of the numbers of the French *Globe* this month), Beechey, Shee, Landseer, Howard, &c.—of which Westall's Pickaback, Linton's Morning, and Allan's Picture of Scott in his Study, are the most conspicuous, and must first fix attention. The literary department is edited and enriched by Allan Cunningham; and contributions will be found from Southey, a piece of some little humour, describing the portraits which have been exhibited of him—from Professors Wilson and Lockhart—and from one, few would expect to find in the Annuals, Irving, the Scotch preacher, a tale of the times of the martyrs. The description of Abbotsford, the grotesque and yet beautiful creation of Sir Walter Scott's, is sketched, it may be supposed, by Geoffrey Crayon. A glance is given of Windsor Castle, and there we have the king and his "politeness" again. Miss Mitford, also, in a visit of one of her farmers and the carpenter's daughter to Ascot races, finds, in the "king's graciousness and dignity, the first gentleman in Europe (has the lady seen *all* the gentleman of Europe?), the greatest sovereign of the world." Somebody also eulogizes the late Sir George Beaumont; and he also, "to the easy dignity which we assign to the Sidneys and the Raleighs of Elizabeth's court, united the polished manners, refined taste, and sense of propriety, which distinguish George the Fourth." When shall we have done with this stuff?

We have no space to quote—or pieces of equal merit, with any of the other annualists which we have yet seen, might readily have been presented.

The Literary Souvenir; 1829.—Of this we have seen nothing at present, but the proof plates, to the number of thirteen. Of these deserve to be distinguished a good portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which very distinctly recalled to us his features as we, not very long ago, quietly contemplated them, on finding him at our elbow, gazing at an exhibition of fantoccini, in Burlington-street;—Cupid among the Graces, from Hilton's painting—a very charming group, except that Cupid's wig has just suffered from the friseur's curling-irons;—and The Sisters, by Stephanoff: the detecting sister has a laughing eye and sunny smile, quite incomparable and irresistible.

Portrait of the Right Hon. Mary Elizabeth Baroness de Clifford, &c. &c., Engraved by T. Wright, from a Painting by Derby.—A very great proportion of the drawings, or rather the best of them, that were made for Mr. Lodge's valuable work, and exhibited last season at Mr. Harding's, Pall-Mall East, were executed by the very clever artist, Mr. Derby, the painter of the excellent picture, from which this extremely beautiful engraving has been made. Mr. Wright, who, in his line of engraving, is decidedly at the top of the list, has been most successful in giving to the features the pleasing and amiable expression which characterizes the noble lady they represent. This engraving is to form the 47th of a Series of Portraits of Illustrious Females, now publishing in a work of much respectability, entitled La Belle Assemblee, the oracle of ladies' fashions. It is not usual for Magazines to criticize each other's performances, but as the plate is before us, we will not withhold our praise where it is so well merited.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE first month of our theatrical winter in London is generally as free from novelty as the most indolent of critics need desire. But we live in an age of innovation; and our winter managers—particularly he of Drury—seem determined not to be behind the rest of the world, in displaying that most unequivocal evidence of either wisdom, or the want of it, as the case may be. What is proved by it in the present instance, we shall not pretend to say; but with the results that now claim our notice, we are more than content. In fact, when Mr. Price can get into his hands such a tragedy as the "Rienzi" of Miss Mitford, and such a débutante as Miss Phillips to perform in it, he may bring them forward whenever it may seem to suit his managerial interests to do so: *those* being, we take it, the acknowledged and sole criteria of a modern manager's wisdom. Still, however (not having yet been able to attain to a very profound degree of respect for the penetration of our accredited purveyors of dramatic amusement), we cannot help suspecting that it was rather in contempt of the public taste, than in reverence towards it, that the two novelties now to be noticed were brought forward precisely at the moment when, of all others during the dramatic winter, the town is most empty of a dramatic audience. We imagine the truth to be, that certain shrewd doubts were entertained, in that most uncritical of all spots, the Green Room, as to the success both of "Rienzi" and of Miss Phillips; and that the moment of bringing these matters to issue was chosen accordingly. Be this as it may, the success of the experiment (so far as we, the public, are concerned) has been complete; and we proceed at once to give a brief account of it.

"Rienzi" is "*founded upon*" the true history of the extraordinary individual who bore that name in the middle of the fourteenth century, in Rome. But those spectators who will not take the trouble to enquire for themselves into matters of this nature, should be expressly informed, that history has been followed no step further than the dramatic purposes of the tragedy writer demanded. Miss Mitford has not scrupled to omit, to expand, to modify, to alter, and even to falsify facts, wherever the object she had in view, of producing an effective acting drama, seemed to call for such a course of proceeding. Without thinking it needful to enter into any inquiry as to the propriety of this, we are particular in stating the fact, because the most influential oracles of the daily press give their readers no hint of this being the case, but, on the contrary, declare that historical truth has been preserved "as much as circumstances would permit." What degree of latitude these critics may be pleased to allow to "circumstances," we cannot tell; but certain it is, that, to say nothing of Miss Mitford's having invented *all* the female characters, and the most important but one of the males, she has unquestionably given a tone and bearing to all the latter portion of *Rienzi*'s career, which the truth does not justify; and has, moreover, so entirely changed the final catastrophe of that career as to render it purely her own: that it is also *Nature's*, we are not disposed to deny, any more than that all her alterations have been conceived and effected with great judgment, and in the true spirit of a dramatic poet. But that she *has* made these changes, should not the less be denied or concealed. Leaving all further considerations of this kind to those who may wish to pursue them into detail; we now turn our exclusive attention to Miss Mitford's tragedy, *as it is*—not as what it might or might not have been. It opens by certain intimations, touching the existing feud between the rival houses of Colonna and Ursini; who may, at that period, be almost said to have divided between them the allegiance of the degenerate Roman people. At the time of the tragedy commencing, *Rienzi* (Mr. Young) may be supposed to have been secretly cherishing, during the greater part of his previous life, the most intense and absorbing desires to behold, and, if possible, to himself effect a recurrence to the older and better times of the Roman republic. In fact, though of the lowest origin, he may be looked upon as a shrewd, enlightened, and courageous patriot, who has fully satisfied himself as to the possible regeneration of the country which he loves, and prepared to wait and watch, with an inflexible patience, till some fit occasion presents itself of attempting the desired change. Such an occasion is made to occur in the opening scene of the tragedy. A Roman citizen is publicly outraged by some of the vassals of the Ursini, in presence of the assembled people; and *Rienzi*, having first punished the offender, calls upon his countrymen on the spot to assert their long-forgotten rights, and join him in casting off the contemptible tyranny under which they are daily sinking lower and lower in the scale of humanity. They are no less astonished than moved, and roused by his bold and eloquent appeal; for they had hitherto known him only as a permitted jester and buffoon in the family of the Colonna. The people with one accord meet and entertain his call upon them, and he appoints a general rendezvous at night on the Capitoline hill, at which meeting he is joined, and his views seconded, by *Angelo Colonna* (Mr. Cooper), the young and enthusiastic heir to the name and honours of the first family in Rome; but, forgetting his pride of birth in his newly-awakened love for the beautiful *Claudia*, *Rienzi*'s daughter (Miss Phillips). With this ac-

cession to the strength of his party, *Rienzi* loses not a moment in calling it into action. Scrolls are placed on all the conspicuous parts of the city, calling upon the people to rise against their oppressors—appointing a place and hour for meeting—and openly signed by *Rienzi*'s name. They are scorned and treated with contempt by those whose power and its bad use they threaten. The meeting takes place—the changes are carried by acclamation—and *Rienzi* is placed in the seat of supreme and uncontrolled power, as "Tribune of the People." The patriot is no sooner seated in the chair of state than he shows symptoms of being about to become the politician. He instantly brings about a marriage between the heir of the Colonna and his own daughter; having previously, however, urged the age of the nobles to its height, by executing summary vengeance on one of their most distinguished members, merely for committing a crime that impunity had rendered at least venial, if not a virtue, in the eyes of his fellows and followers. To the marriage banquet of his daughter with *Angelo*, *Rienzi* now invites all the chief nobles of the city, though he had previously gained knowledge of a plot which they had prepared for his immediate assassination. The nobles attend—their plot is exposed and frustrated, and themselves condemned to death; but they are all pardoned by the new dictator, on condition that they take certain degrading oaths, and go through other ceremonies, all of which are of a nature at once to further the interests of the people, and fix the power of their (now) ambitious leader. These oaths and ceremonies (so degrading are they to the honour of the nobles, at the head of whom is the elder *Colonna*) induce the new-made bridegroom not only to secede from his connection with *Rienzi*, but to taunt and outrage him to his face, and finally to head a new conspiracy of the nobles. This is met by new exertions on the part of *Rienzi*, and a trial of strength in the field, or rather in the streets of Rome, ensues, in which the party of the nobles is partially defeated, and several of themselves (including *Angelo*) taken prisoners, and condemned to instant execution. By the intercession of *Claudia*, *Angelo's* pardon is pronounced by *Rienzi*, but not till it is too late; for as the scene between the daughter and father is concluding, the frantic mother of *Angelo* enters to announce the death of her son, and pronounce a prophetic curse upon its author. It now appears that the sinister changes which have taken place in the character and conduct of *Rienzi* since his elevation to supreme power, added to the unceasing and now united efforts of the nobles against him, have greatly alienated the people from his party; and, accordingly, his self-confidence is shaken, his rule totters, and his mingled weakness, arrogance, and intemperance, are hastening his downfal. At length, while he is meditating on his altered condition, his enemies, both patrician and plebeian, have collected in overwhelming force at the gates of the capitol (where he is shut up); and just as they are about to storm it, he orders the gates to be flung open, and issues forth alone and unarmed; and having harangued them on their fickleness, he resigns his power back into the hands that gave it. This, however is not enough: they demand his instant death; and just as he is baring his breast to their swords, *Claudia* enters, in time to receive the first mortal wound that was aimed at her father's heart, but not to cover it from a thousand others that the instant after assail it.

It will be seen, from the above sketch, that Miss Mitford's plot is a very simple one, consisting merely of the sudden rise, the brief reign, and the precipitate fall, of an ambitious man. Nevertheless, it includes several situations of great dramatic capability, and scope for the display of much passion and pathos, and the developement of many subtle windings and varyings of the human character. With regard to the first of these, we will say that Miss Mitford has used her materials with great judgment, and with corresponding dramatic effect. The scene in which *Rienzi's* apparently insane boldness, in affixing his name to the scroll that is stuck about the city, is related to the lords whose power it contemns (*Rienzi* himself loitering in, as if by accident, and taking part against himself), is conceived in a true dramatic spirit, and executed with great felicity. Those also between the same parties after *Rienzi's* elevation, when the lords beg for *Ursini's* pardon; and again at the bridal banquet, the fine scene between *Rienzi* and *Angelo* alone, when the latter contemns and falls off from his alliance with his plebeian father-in-law, and *Rienzi* runs through the history of his own past life; the scene between the same two characters, when *Angelo* is condemned to death by *Rienzi*; and finally, the concluding catastrophe: all these points of dramatic interest are worked out with great skill, and with a real feeling of the nature and capability of the materials in hand. We are not able to give equal praise to the manner in which the character of *Rienzi* is brought out, and its subtle changes and windings linked together. We admit the truth of all its parts; but we are not made to see the connecting links which bind those parts one to another. We must add, too, that in softening down those points of *Rienzi's* real character which would have stood in the way of the spectator's sympathy, Miss Mitford has in no slight degree impaired the truth as well as the force and consistency of her representation. Moreover, by choosing to crowd the events and feelings of many years into the limits of a single play, she has (almost necessarily, perhaps) induced a hurry and consequent confusion in the spectator's mind, which is

productive of very mischievous effects in a dramatic point of view. Not that we would advocate a French strictness in regard to the unity of time and place; though we should be glad to see that unity preserved in all other things, and above all in character and dramatic effect. But we must venture to confess our belief, that even the strict unity of time, which the French tragic drama exacts, is productive of very excellent effects, and effects which of themselves alone are often capable of, in some sort, compensating for the miserable deficiencies of that drama in other respects: since, by not taxing the spectator's imagination too lavishly in the direction in question, it is left free to dwell on other and more important matters, and to busy itself about *them* alone.

In the minor character of *Angelo*, we think Miss Mitford has been successful throughout. The proud and ardent, yet pure and high-minded heir of the Colonna, swayed for a moment from the haughty course which custom has made a nature, and almost a duty in him, turned from his filial allegiance, by love and beauty acting upon and rendering irresistible his young impulses to good, but retracing his steps the instant he has reason to doubt and distrust the motives and views of his new leader and director, *Angelo Colonna* exhibits, as far as his character is developed, a true picture of a noble nature, at the mercy (as even the noblest are) of passion and of circumstance.

For the sweet *Claudia*, too, we have many thanks to offer Miss Mitford. It is one of those sketches in which much is atchieved, because little is attempted. It is as touching as true feminine sweetness and simplicity can make it. These are the female characters that we would fain see on our tragic stage, because it is these that we see in the real drama of human life: any thing beyond these, any thing more subtle, or more recondite, or more complicated, is "*from* the purpose of playing." We have to speak of the general performance of this tragedy with great commendation; but not with that unmeasured, because undiscriminating, praise which has been lavished on it by our daily and weekly cotemporaries—particularly on Mr. Young's performance of *Rienzi*. We know of no character that is, upon the whole, so exactly adapted to display all the best qualities of that actor; but we must nevertheless insist, that he *might* have played it much better than he did. It was, in fact, a most clever piece of acting, including some high beauties; but it was careless and off-hand to a singular degree; and from this arose all its faults, certainly—perhaps some of its beauties. Be this as it may, the performance occasionally touched the heights of passion, and now and then sounded the depths of pathos; but not seldom it was "full of sound and fury," but "signifying nothing," or, rather, signifying worse than nothing, because not what either nature or the author meant that it should.* There was a vigour and a vitality in it throughout; and there were passages to which no human powers could have added either force or intensity. But a sense of even justice impels us to add, that there was not a little of mere school-boy declamation, in which the actor uttered *words*, and words only: *vox, et preterea nihil.*

Mr. Cooper is an actor whom we do not greatly affect. He is prodigiously judicious, respectable, and "all that." Moreover, there is an earnestness of purpose about him, which is capable of redeeming even respectability—that deadliest of dramatic sins. But Mr. Cooper has a voice—to which "sounding brass" is softness. True, he has tutored it with great care; but a man's voice has a will of its own, and "commonly rebels," just at those precise moments when it has most need to obey. It is because we are not always so gratified by Mr. Cooper's efforts as his uniform care, his evident love of his art, and his earnest pursuit of excellence, lead us to wish we could be, that we are the more pleased at being able to speak with almost unmingled praise of his *Angelo Colonna*, which, to all his usual correctness and energy, adds, in one scene, a power and spirit that we do not desire to see surpassed on the stage. We allude to his conference with *Rienzi*, just before he is led off to death.

Finally, what shall we say of Miss Phillips, the sweet and gentle representative of the sweet and gentle *Claudia*?—At present we will say nothing in detail. But we will stake our modicum of critical reputation on the prediction, that, if she proceeds as she has begun, nothing can prevent her from being among the brightest ornaments of our stage, for the next twenty years: that is to say, if, (as we at once fear and hope) her personal charms do not prove the occasion of our losing her almost as soon as we have found her. Truly she is a sweet young lady, and as intelligent as she is sweet, and as modest as she is intelligent, and as fearless and self possessed as she is modest. Her performance of *Claudia* offers much to think about it, but little to write about. When she appears in a new character she shall have our best attention, and (if she seems to need it) our respectful advice. But, so far as we can judge at present, she seems likely (provided she is permitted to keep to her proper line of character) to claim little from us but a gratified admiration.

Mr. Price is doing excellently well this season. Let him proceed as he has begun, and we promise him success. In the very

* We must let this passage stand, even after having read Miss Mitford's unqualified panegyric of Mr. Young's performance: for (putting the habitual politeness of dramatic prefaces out of the question) we are of opinion that a reader sometimes knows what a writer means better than the writer's self!

midst of the attraction of "Rienzi," he has given us a *petite* comedy, of the modern French school, which is exceeding lively, spirited and agreeable; indeed, but for one fault, it would be perfect in its way. It is called "The Youthful Queen." On reading this title we were sorely afraid that we must witness what the French call a *pièce d'occasion*—the "occasion" being the advent, to our shores, of a certain youthful "queen, or no queen,"—as the case may be. Expecting, therefore, nothing more than "a tale of the nursery" we are doubly gratified in having to announce a drama, that, as far as it goes, is fully entitled to the name of a comedy; and one, too, that is unalloyed by the slightest mixture of farce. *Christine*, of Sweden (daughter of the great Gustavus) is called upon to reign as absolute sovereign, while still in extreme youth, and by the time she reaches to woman's estate, (the period at which the drama commences) her queenly and her womanly nature, togegether, have of course rendered her as hasty, headstrong, and wilful a little personage, as a prime minister could desire to have the mismanagement of. Moreover, she has chosen to fall in love, and with an untitled and undistinguished subject, one *Frederick Bury*, an adventurer in her army—whom she meets by accident while strolling incognita in her park at Stockholm, and on whom she causes to be bestowed favor after favor—all of which her protégé richly merits, by his gallant conduct in the field against the Danes, with whom a fierce war is raging. Previously, however, to this lucky rencontre with the fair unknown of the park, *Frederick* himself had fallen in love with *Emma*, niece of the haughty, but honest and faithful *Oxtensteirn*, prime minister of the queen —who peremptorily refuses the offered addresses of the new favourite, but without, at first, having the remotest guess as to how his rapid promotion has been brought about. But his earnest endeavours to get rid of *Frederick* from the court, being repeatedly frustrated by some secret influence which the latter evidently possesses with the queen, and the queen herself not being over skilful in concealing her sentiments, especially on the occasion of a formal offer of marriage from Prince Ulric of Denmark, as a condition of peace between the two countries, and which offer the lady rejects in a manner that neither the occasion nor the policy of the moment render natural or reasonable, these things enable *Oxtensteirn* to at length divine her secret, and to take his measures accordingly. To remove *Frederick* from the court against the positive determination of the queen, he finds impossible; but to permit a marriage which she evidently contemplates, but which would be destructive to the welfare of the state, is not to be thought of. Meantime, the queen's passion gains strength every hour, and with it her wilfulness; and she heaps new honours and rewards upon her favourite, in proportion as her minister seeks to detach him from her presence: and at length confesses that it is *she* who protects him, and even insinuates her intention of placing him beyond the reach of envy or controul: and she is the more strongly urged to all this, by discovering the passion of *Emma* for *Frederick*—though she is not aware that *Frederick* is equally ardent in returning it. The hopes, fears and embarrassments arising out of these contradictory circumstances, make up the business of the piece till the last two scenes, when *Oxtensteirn* determines to adopt, while there is still time, the only means which remain of warding off the danger which awaits the queen's rash project of marriage, by, at all risks, putting it out of her power to fulfil it. Taking advantage of *Frederick's* still unchanged passion for his niece, he withdraws his refusal to their union, but on the express condition that that union take place instantly. The lovers are accordingly united in the chapel of the palace; and *Frederick* returns to the queen's presence only to receive the avowal of her love, and the offer of her throne and person, and to declare the engagements which (even if his heart had been previously free) must have prevented him from accepting her offers. Rage and disappointment are of course the order of the moment; but a little reflection brings back the good sense and good feelings of the young sovereign; and all parties (but particularly *Oxtensteirn*, who had been disgraced and dismissed) are pardoned and honoured; and the queen herself seemed disposed to take a useful lesson from the discovery she now for the first time makes, that even queens may and should meet with disappointed hopes and baffled intentions, when their projects have been formed in giddy haste, and do not point to the welfare of those whom they are set over.

The scenes growing out of the above plot are conducted throughout with that easy dexterity which is the prime boast of the modern French stage, but which our own furnishes very few examples of. There is no wit, no humour, no satire, no sentiment, and little or no developement of character: and yet, by a clever and comprehensive arrangement of parts, a clear connection between those parts, and a judicious adaptation of them to the purposes of dramatic effect, added to an easy and natural dialogue—a whole is produced, which excites an unfailing interest from beginning to end, without taxing the spectator's feelings beyond the due bounds of pleasure, and without outraging his sense of probability in any one instance. The fault of this pleasant little drama is, that its author (for fear of not being sufficiently effective) has been rather too hard upon the youthful queen—considering that, with all her wilfulness, she is young, beautiful, virtuous, and sincere in her love for *Frederick*,—we could hardly have tolerated the fearfully painful situation

in which she is placed, in avowing her love for, and her desire to marry, a man who loves and is married to another woman: especially when the conduct of the man she loves had in no particular led her to suppose that his heart was engaged, but on the contrary that it was devoted to *her*. We conceive that this great fault might have been avoided, without impairing the strength of the interest excited, so far as that interest was founded on just and natural grounds. But the lady is a queen; and *therefore* we bear to see an outrage committed upon her feelings, which, had she been any thing less than a queen, we should have revolted against. She is not one of *ourselves*, and therefore we cannot fully and entirely sympathise with her, but on the contrary are not sorry to see her receive "a great moral lesson," which she herself evidently thought herself beyond the reach of. This is paltry enough; but it is human nature, and it is that portion of it which the author of this drama has depended upon, in venturing to construct the scene we are now alluding to: for he is too judicious a person to have erred from ignorance of what is due to the feelings in question.

Nothing could possibly be more spirited and effective throughout than Miss E. Tree's performance of the *Youthful Queen*, and in some parts, particularly the last scene, it was fraught with a degree of feeling (almost amounting to passion) for which we had not given her credit. Farren's *Count Oxtensteirn* was also excellent; though somewhat too wise and sagacious in manner, perhaps, too much in the style of my Lord Burleigh. There was also a short sketch of a courtier, *Steinberg*, who is raised from obscurity, he himself cannot divine how or why—but in reality because the Queen discovers that he is related to *Frederick*. This was acted with infinite tact and humour by Jones, and gave a liveliness and variety to the piece that it might otherwise perhaps have been felt to want. "The Youthful Queen" was entirely successful, and promises and deserves to become a *stock* piece, if it be only from the excellent occasion it offers, in the principal character, for the display of a certain class of female talent. It will unquestionably be a favourite with future débutantes.

The minor theatres grow daily more and more deserving the public attention and favour; but they are still lamentably beneath what the interests of the drama, no less than the public wants, require that they should be, and what their own capabilities might speedily render them. In the meantime, the most popular of them has taken a new step towards the desired goal, in gaining, as its proprietor, at once the most enthusiastic and most enlightened lover of the drama, that the *profession* can at present boast. We are aware that this includes but a very limited degree of commendation. In fact, there is no exaggeration in saying that Mr. Mathews deserves well, not merely of his profession, but of his country, for the manner in which he has spent much of his hard earned gains, in collecting together a mass of dramatic wealth, that is perhaps unparralleled in its way. We would fain have to award him a still higher degree of praise hereafter, for the ends to which he may (if he pleases) turn his new possession. Two minor winter theatres, conducted as they assuredly might be without infringing the present privileges of the great *patent* ones, would in the course of two or three seasons break up and for ever put an end to, their monopoly. But we must confess our fears and misgivings on this point, so far as relates to the new management of the Adelphi. There may be many actors who sincerely love the *drama*, and some who would endure sacrifices in purse and person, to serve its interests; but we do not believe there is *one* actor who loves his *profession*, or would move a finger to do more than lift himself from the mire in which it lies: and a man must love *both* before he will take efficient steps to restore *either* to the station it might occupy; and there is no restoring one without the other. What Mr. Mathews' particular set of views may be, in having embarked his fortune and his name in the Adelphi, we cannot pretend to guess; but thus much we feel confident of, that, whatever they are, they will be disappointed, if no better methods of furthering them are adopted, than those we have hitherto had occasion to witness. The worst that need or that can be said of the novelties hitherto produced at this theatre since its re-opening under its new management, is that they are precisely adapted to the kind of audience that is expected to attend them, and that, consequently *does* attend them. In short, generally speaking, they have been dreary trash, disgraceful to those who offer it, and insulting to those to whom it is offered. The only exception to this is the little *pièce d'occasion* with which the theatre opened, and in which Mr. Mathew's himself performed three very tolerable sketches of character, with a precision, a spirit, and a distinctness of marking, worthy of his extraordinary powers, and well calculated to shew them off. For the rest, he has been worse than throwing away his time and talents upon stuff that even he could not redeem, for a moment, from the contempt of all but those whose applause is an affront, and their good word a libel. We are sorry to be obliged to say this, and should not have taken the trouble to say it all, under ordinary circumstances; but we had looked for better things, and the disappointment has grieved and vexed us. But what we are most sorry for is, that we already observe a tendency, in Mr. Mathews himself, to play *down* to his audience. If he means to leave behind him the reputation which he now enjoys, and so richly deserves, let him

above all things else beware of this. Reputation resembles a more tangible species of wealth, in various particulars; but in none more than this, that it cannot be squandered away, and kept, at one and the same time. Let the voice of a real well-wisher warn Mr. Mathews of his danger in regard to both the above named possessions. That the Adelphi Theatre is a mine of wealth, we do not intend to deny: but let Mr. Mathews beware, lest, by his mode of working it, it prove (like most other mines) a place for the deposition of wealth rather than the extraction of it. We shall pay more than usually strict attention to the proceedings of this little theatre, and do not care how soon we have occasion to reverse the opinion we have just pronounced as to its future prospects.

Covent Garden has produced one successful new piece, and some new performers; Mr. Kean has been playing (we hear) with a vigour and spirit that bring back to remembrance the early days of his (and our) theatrical life. But the lateness of the time prevents us from going further into detail till our next.

We have also a French Company at Tottenham Street, a French conjurer at the Haymarket, and a French puppet-shew at the Argyll Rooms, all of which may chance to gain notice from us, if our critical duty to more important matters permit.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Apology for Jacobinism.—The effect of an heroic passage in one of Voltaire's most celebrated tragedies, was completely destroyed among the Parisians by a ridiculous parody to which it gave rise. The lines were:—

Quand on a tout perdu et qu'on n'a plus d'espoir,
La vie est un opprobre et la mort un devoir;—

for the latter of which some wiseacre substituted—

On prend le pan de sa chemise et en fait un mouchoir!

Racine's tragedy of Berenice is reported to have totally failed on the stage from a similar absurd *application*. An attendant inquires on entering, "Où est la reine Berenice?" Some michievous wag in the pit replied in an indecorous rhyme, which convulsed the house with laughter, and the play was hissed. Among such a "thinking people" as the English, ludicrous associations are not equally omnipotent; but the story of Dryden and the Earl of Rochester is well known; and, amongst the green-room traditions of Covent Garden theatre, there is one which regards a tippling actress, who was hooted off the stage in the piece of Cymon, from some one of the audience having replied, in her absence, to her lover's question—

"Ah! is she then gone? where shall I o'ertake her?"—

"She has stepped to a gin-shop hard by in Long Acre!"

Lord Chesterfield, if we recollect right, particularly mentions to his son to avoid all words which can, by any possibility, suggest other ideas than those they are intended to convey. Now a plain matter-of-fact correspondent of ours has been greatly scandalized by the following passage from Sir W. Scott's Life of Napoleon:—"The red night-cap was the badge of breechless liberty." Vol. i., p. 113.

Apology for Sans Culottes!
And from a pen like Walter Scott's!!!
The thing's as strange as true:
I would not credit Byron's lore,
Nor Hazlitt, Campbell, Hunt, nor Moore,
Nor Jeffery's yellow and blue;
But it must strike opponents speechless,
To hear from Scott that they were "*breechless!*"

This worthy correspondent is not, however, the only one who remarked this singular passage in the first romancer of the day. From a different quarter we hear:—

Paris, when blessed in ninety-three
With Jacobinic Liberty,
Though Liberty shone full upon her,
Could not be termed the seat of honour;
Nor could Sir Walter mean to teach less
In calling this same goddess "*breechless.*"

Another friend writes in a similar strain:—

Fair Liberty! thy tree to plant
All France took up the spade;
Yet honour's seat, we all must grant,
Was not beneath that shade;
And that I deem the reason why
Scott calls thee "breechless Liberty!"

Couching for Cataract.—A great deal is said in this country about the operation for removing cataract, which is represented by those who practise it as a sort of mystery, which but few can exercise. This may be true, so far as the English oculists are concerned, but few of them being men whose education has been such as to render their success any thing short of a miracle. Very different has been the case in India, with Mr. Assistant-Surgeon Richmond, of His Majesty's 4th Light Dragroons, who has for some years held the situation of oculist to the subordinate station of the Bombay residency. The couching-needle used by that gentleman is extremely delicate and spear-pointed, and the handle not quite an inch long. The success of his practice is sur-

prising, his failures not exceeding one in twenty. The patients who, before the operation, could only distinguish day from night, could, after it, clearly and distinctly point out the figures on the face of a watch, which, considering the advanced age many of them had attained, was as much as could reasonably be expected from them. Mr. R. dispenses with all the usual preparations recommended by authors, and which are certainly calculated to excite alarm in the mind of the patient: he thinks not of chairs, stools, pillows, speculums, &c.; but, with his native assistant to raise the upper eyelids, the patient is seated on the floor of the room, or, provided there be light sufficient, wherever by accident he may be standing. Something is given to him to hold, with the view of diverting his attention; when, kneeling, Mr. R. introduces the needle, and quickly removes the lens and its capsule from the axis of vision. In this position, and without any support, he operates, if necessary, on both eyes, and uses his right and left hand with equal steadiness and dexterity. In this way he has restored more than 2,000 blind to sight, and examined more than 3,000 cases of cataract. Great experience has taught him that that operation will be the most successful which disturbs the eye least, is performed with the greatest facility, and is attended with the smallest degree of pain, and that is least likely to excite subsequent inflammation. Couching, Mr. R. observes, is as easily performed as blood-letting; and, when skilfully done, occasions so little pain, that the patient is often not sensible that an instrument has been introduced into the eye. Secondary cataract is always the fault of the operator.

Experiments on Steam.—In the seventh chapter of the fifth book of Agathias (one of the most distinguished of the Byzantine historians), under the year 557, are some singularly curious details respecting the effects of the expansive force of steam, produced by Anthemius, the famous architect of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, and which is probably the oldest experiment of the kind of which we have any account. The following is an abridgment of Agathias's account:—"Anthemius had a neighbour named Zeno, a celebrated rhetorician; their houses joined together in such a manner as to appear only one. In course of time, some dispute arose between them that ended in a lawsuit, in which Zeno pleaded his own cause, and gained the victory. Anthemius finding himself unequal to cope with his adversary in eloquence, resolved to give him a proof of his superiority in his own art. The lower part of Zeno's house was so connected with his as to afford him the necessary facilities for executing his scheme. He procured several large vessels, which he filled with water, to which he attached long leathern pipes, wide enough at bottom to cover the vessels entirely, and very narrow at the tops, which he fixed to the joists of his neighbour's floor, with so much nicety, that not a particle of the vapour which ascended could escape. He then lighted a great fire under the vessels. As soon as the water began to boil, it threw up a thick steam, which rose with violence, and pressed against the joists with so much force, as to make the floor and the whole house shake and tremble, so as to resemble the shock of an earthquake; the servants of Zeno were so terrified as to run out into the street," &c.

Improvement of Candles.—Steep the cotton wick in lime-water, in which has been dissolved a considerable quantity of nitrate of potassa (chlorate of potassa answers still better, but is too expensive for common practice); and, by these means, a purer flame and superior light is secured, a more perfect combustion is ensured, snuffing is rendered nearly as superfluous as in wax candles, and the candles thus treated do not "run." The wicks must be thoroughly dry before the tallow is put to them.

Silver Mine in Australia.—Australia, it is well known, is daily rising into commercial importance, and attracting the attention both of the speculating capitalist and the needy adventurer; and this alone, of all the colonies of Great Britain, is, perhaps, the only one from which the mother country may receive any advantages equivalent to the expense incurred. A short time since, a silver mine was discovered in the western part of this country, by W. Lawson, Esq.; specimens of which are now in Sydney, if none have been as yet forwarded to England.

The Jaculator Fish of Java.—An account is given, in the last number of the Edinburgh Journal, of these extraordinary animals, by a gentleman who found them in the possession of a Javanese chief. The fish were placed in a small, circular pond, from the centre of which projected a pole upwards of two feet in height. At the top of this pole were inserted small pieces of wood, sharp-pointed, on each of which were placed insects of the beetle tribe. When all had become tranquil after the placing of the beetles by the slaves, the fish came out of their holes, and swam round about the pond. One of them came to the surface of the water, rested there, and, after steadily fixing his eyes for some time on an insect, it discharged from its mouth a small quantity of watery fluid, with such force and precision of aim, as to force it off the twig into the water, and in an instant swallowed it. After this, another fish came and performed a similar feat, and was followed by the others, till they had seized all the insects. He observed, that if a fish failed in bringing down its prey at the first shot, it swam round the pond till it came opposite the same object, and fired again. In one instance, he remarked one of the animals return three times to the attack before it secured its prey; but, in general, they seemed to be very ex-

pert gunners, bringing down their prey at the first discharge. This fish, in a state of nature, frequents the shores and sides of the sea and rivers, in search of food. When it spies a fly settling on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims on to the distance of from five or six feet from them; and then, with surprising dexterity, it ejects out of its tubular mouth a single drop of water, which never fails to strike the fly into the sea, where it soon becomes its prey.

Goëthe's Herman and Dorothea.—The following anecdote of a circumstance which took place in Germany nearly a hundred years ago, is said to be the foundation of this celebrated poem. In the year 1732, in consequence of a great persecution of the Protestants in the principality of Salzburgh, great numbers of them were compelled to emigrate, and about 20,000 of them came to Prussia. The son of a rich farmer happening to meet with one of these emigrant parties, and entering into conversation with a young woman belonging to it, was very much smitten with her; but, being unwilling to make her more serious proposals till his parents should have seen her, asked if she would be willing to engage as their servant. Having assented to the proposal, she went with him to his father's house. After some time, the young man, having obtained his father's consent, offered her his hand, which she, fancying he was merely in jest, at first resented; but, being soon satisfied by his father that the proposal was serious, she joyfully consented, and then drew from ner bosom a purse, containing 130 pieces of gold, which she offered him as her marriage portion. The story is related in a Berlin journal of the year in which it happened.

Influence of Electricity on the Emanation of Odours.—When a continued current of electricity traverses an odoriferous body —camphor, for example—the odour of this substance becomes more and more feeble, and at last entirely disappears. When this has taken place, and when the body, withdrawn from all electrical influence, is put in communication with the ground, it will remain without odour for some time. The camphor, however, resumes its former properties gradually and slowly. M. Libri, of Florence, the author of this curious experiment, has promised to describe it with more detail.

Important to the Studious.—Edmund Castell, one of the scholars of the seventeenth century, of whom England may be most justly proud, devoted his whole time and his eyesight to complete his Lexicon Heptaglotton—a most extraordinary monument of learning and industry. It is important, however, for scholars to know, that the regular application of eighteen hours a day, for seventeen years, did not so far impair his constitution as to prevent his reaching the advanced age of seventy-nine.

Meteoric Iron.—A great quantity of native iron, which, from its containing cobalt and nickel, may safely be considered of meteoric iron, has been found in the province of Atacarna, in Peru, at a distance of about twenty leagues from the port of Cobija, in large masses, imbedded in a mountain in the neighbourhood of the village of San Pedro, and scattered over the plains at the foot of the mountain in question for a distance of three or four leagues, and sometimes in fragments of considerable magnitude. From specimens that have arrived in this country, it seems to be entirely similar to the Siberian mass of native iron, which hitherto has stood unrivalled.

Protection against Damp, Rust, &c.—If linen or woollen cloth be immersed in water saturated with quicklime and sulphate of soda, and then carefully dried, delicate steel instruments folded up in it, even if themselves damp, are effectually preserved from rust or oxidation. The rust of iron is found to contain a carbonate of that metal, and the aqueous particles of "rust" and "damp" are, it is proved, decomposed by the contact of iron at all temperatures, and with increased effect at an elevated one: hence the formation of rust or oxidation, &c. It is probable that the caustic lime not merely absorbs any minute quantity of carbonic acid present in the air, by damp brought into more immediate contact with the iron or steel, but also absorbs the first portions of present damp: perhaps, too, caustic lime may even take up oxygen. The efflorescent sulphate of soda does not attract humidity, but rather casts it off, even its own water of crystallization. It is evident that an envelop of cotton or woollen cloth, saturated as described, would not only be a protection against damp, in the case of steel, plate, &c., but also of equal value for the preservation of deeds, &c., whether on paper or parchment. These articles, &c. may be very well preserved if bruised in powdered quicklime. By suspending, by means of a silk, &c. thread, finely-polished and magnetized steel bars in lime-water, so as to float freely in this medium from the point of suspension, it points out an admirable method by which the magnetic virtue may be preserved for an indefinite period. A ring of iron, inclining to the "angle of no attraction," pointed out in Dr. Barlow's researches, might surround the phial or little glass globe, and the ordinal points be engraved by a diamond on a circular line externally. Under these circumstances, poised in an uniform medium of unvarying density, no atmospheric mutations would disturb it, and the finely-polished steel needle would be preserved even free from oxidation—the fatal antagonist to magnetism.

Shower of Ice.—On Saturday, 9th of August last, there was a fall of solid ice at Horsley, in Staffordshire. Some of the pieces were three inches long by one inch broad, and others were about three inches in circumference, and quite solid. One gentleman in Dudley had £70. worth of glass

broken in his house; and at Mr. Yates's house, near the Horsley iron-works, about 150 panes of glass were broken: about 100 panes were broken at the iron-works. The storm was accompanied with very heavy thunder, but no lightning. The crops upon which the ice fell are said to be completely ruined.

Lectures on the Ear.—The first of a series of lectures on the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the ear, was delivered a few days since at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, Dean-street, Soho-square, by Mr. Curtis, aurist to his Majesty. The lecturer commenced by giving a zoological definition of man, according to the present arrangement of Cuvier, Blumenbach, &c., and traced the commencement of society from barbarism to civilization: he then traced the comparative anatomy of the ear, and the gradation of organization in different animals, shewing its perfection in man above all others; and passing down from the monkey, dog, elephant, and horse, to other quadrupeds; thence to birds, reptiles, and fishes; and so on, to the lowest links of the animal chain. On this subject he agreed with Haller, the father and founder of physiology, that the situation and size of parts must be learned from man—their uses and motions must be drawn from animals. In entering on the diseases of the ear, he observed, that although they were noticed by the ancients, even in the time of Hippocrates, who flourished 400 years before the birth of Christ, yet it was only in a general way; it was reserved for modern times to render it an important branch of study—a knowledge which cannot be learned in the closet, but is only to be acquired by daily practice and experience, joined with an anxious zeal for improvement. The rapid progress in every science is now such as to augur and hold out the most flattering prospects that the age of prejudice is past, and that the mind is now fully open to the conviction of truth. This improvement he strongly instanced in several cases of deaf and dumb which had come under his care, and been successfully treated; and he pointed out the superiority and necessity of such treatment, in early infancy, to the present mechanical mode of education. In this lecture, Mr. Curtis exhibited a curious and expensive collection of anatomical preparations of the ear, from France and Italy; likewise the choicest preparations of Mr. Brooks's late museum, by which he explained the causes of disease, with the mode of relief.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In the course of November will be published, Part XVII. of The Animal Kingdom, described and arranged, in conformity with its organization, by Baron Cuvier, Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. with additional descriptions of all the species hitherto named, and many not before noticed; together with much original matter. By Edward Griffith, F.L.S., and others. This Part will contain a continuation of the Order Passeres, Class Aves. It has been carefully collated with the second edition of the Règne Animal, now publishing in Paris; and will be illustrated by seventeen highly finished engravings, of birds of different descriptions.

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List of Patents, which, having been granted in November 1814, *expire in the present month of November* 1828.

1. J. Longhurst, London, *for an Æolian organ or barrel-organ, with a self-acting wheel.*

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28. Robert Dickinson, Esq., London, *for his improvements in the art of sadlery.*

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MR. VAN DYK.

Harry Stoe Van Dyk was born in London about the year 1798. His father, as we learn from a contemporary publication, "was a native of Holland; his mother, of the Cape of Good Hope. They came to reside in London about the year 1797. Mr. Van Dyk was principal owner and captain of a ship, in which he made voyages between London and Demerara. On the passage home of his last voyage, he was boarded on the south-west coast by a French privateer, commanded by the celebrated Captain Blacke; and after making considerable resistance, in which he was severely wounded, was taken, carried to France, confined in one of the French prisons, where he ultimately died. Shortly after this event, Mrs. Van Dyk quitted London for Demerara, with her family, to take possession of a plantation there, which was, in consequence of her husband's death, involved in some difficulty. She, however, succeeded in her undertaking, resided there for some years, married, in 1817, Dr. Page, a gentleman in the medical profession, and died not long afterwards." The youth, her son, then left Demerara for Holland, and for some time resided at Westmaas, with a clergyman, a friend of his parents. With him he acquired his knowledge of the Latin and French languages, in the former of which he was a proficient. In his own language, also, he subsequently acquired a critical correctness. His talent for poetry was evinced at an early age.

Mr. Van Dyk returned to London about the year 1821. For some time he relied for his support chiefly on remittances from his brother, who occupied the plantation in Demerara; but latterly, that resource failing, he rested on his own exertions for the booksellers, music publishers, the periodical press, &c. His "Theatrical Portraits" displayed considerable smartness. As a song writer, Byron and Moore were his models; yet his effusions were not without considerable originality of genius. "In 1825, he translated, in conjunction with Mr. Bowring, Specimens of the Dutch Poets, in one uvolme, entitled Batavian Anthology, for which each obtained a very handsome medal from His Majesty the King of Holland, through his ambassador in London, with a flattering letter, acknowledging the receipt of the copies which were forwarded by the translators to his majesty." Besides his share in this volume, Mr. Van Dyk's publications are, "Theatrical Portraits," "The Gondola," "Songs set to Music," &c. Had he lived, another volume of his, consisting principally of short legendary poems, would probably ere this have seen the light. Unfortunately, on Christmas-day last, he was seized with a pulmonary affection, which terminated fatally, at Brompton, on the 5th of June.

The turn of Mr. Van Dyk's mind was romantic and melancholy; yet, in society, he was the life of all around him. It is gratifying to know, that his friends watched him in his illness with the most anxious affection; and that, though unavailing, he had the best medical assistance. His remains were interred in Kensington churchyard.

THE RIGHT HON. DENIS BROWNE.

This gentleman, brother of the late, and uncle of the present Marquis of Sligo, was born in August 1763. His mother, the Countess, was Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of Denis Kelly, Esq., Chief Justice of the Island of Jamaica.

Mr. Browne was one of the representatives of the county of Mayo in Parliament more than five-and-thirty years; during which extended period, he was considered to hold paramount sway over its internal discipline and local interests. Excepting as a grand juror of the county, he had, for some years previously to his decease, retired from public life. While in his performance of the duties appertaining to the office just mentioned, at the late assizes, he was seized with an illness, which terminated his existence, at his residence, Claremorris, on the 14th of August.

Mr. Browne was governor of the county of Mayo, and a member of His Majesty's privy council in Ireland. He married, in 1790, Anne, the daughter of Ross Mahon, Esq., by whom he had a family of eight or nine children.

LORD ORIEL.

The Right Honourable John Foster, Lord Oriel, of Ferrard, in the county of Louth—a privy councillor in England—a governor of the county of Louth—one of the corporation for improving the port of Dublin—a trustee of the linen manufacture—a member of the Royal Irish Academy, &c.—was born on the 28th of September, 1740. His lordship was the eldest son and heir of Anthony Foster, of Collon, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, by his wife, Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of William Burgh, of Dublin, Esq. He received his education at the University of Dublin, where he was contemporary with the celebrated Mr. Grattan, Mr. Fitzgibbon, afterwards Chancellor of Ireland, &c. In 1776 he was called to the Irish bar, while his father, the Chief Baron, was yet on the bench. To him, however, law was little more than a nominal pursuit.

He turned his attention chiefly towards statistical subjects, in the study of which he became a proficient. Shortly after his call to the bar, he was returned M.P. for the county of Louth. He soon became as conspicuous for talents as for knowledge. He particularly distinguished himself by the introduction of a new system of corn laws for the kingdom of Ireland; through the adoption of which, that country, from being unable to supply more than two-thirds of her people with bread, was enabled not only to feed the whole of her inhabitants, but actually to export grain to the amount of £200,000 annually.

Mr. Foster's next great object was the linen manufacture of his native country; and by the regulations which, on his advice, were from time to time introduced, the character of the fabric was greatly raised, and the demands of the foreign markets secured and widely extended. Notwithstanding these salutary efforts, Mr. Foster was exceedingly unpopular amongst the lower classes. The manufacturers of the capital were either starving for want of employment, or kept alive by eleemosynary contributions. Resisting, upon philosophical principles, the introduction of protecting duties in favour of these famished artizans, he incurred the hatred of the people, who regarded the measures which he conscientiously, and patriotically opposed, as calculated to give them bread. His having declared an opinion against promoting the silk manufacture of Ireland, also raised him a host of enemies; and at one time, such was the general detestation, it was thought necesary to give him a guard for the safety of his person.

In the year 1785, Mr. Foster was appointed Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, an office for which, by his comprehensive and methodical mind, added to his extensive knowledge of the resources of the country, he was admirably qualified. In 1786, however, he resigned the chancellorship, on being chosen speaker for the House of Commons. For several years he most ably discharged the duties of that high office.

As a politician, Mr. Foster was generally thought to be more favourable to the interests of Britain than to those of Ireland, whenever there might be a difference or competition between them. He always professed himself adverse to the admission of Roman Catholics to the privileges of the constitution; and, upon the introduction of the bill for allowing them to vote at elections, he delivered a speech against that measure, confessedly the best that was made in either house upon the subject. However, he proved a strenuous opponent of the union between Great Britain and Ireland; and, since the accomplishment of that event, he has not made a very conspicuous figure in the sphere of politics.

Mr. Foster married, in the year 1764, Margaretta Amelia Burgh, daughter of Thomas Burgh, of Birt, in the county of Kildare, Esq.; who was created Baroness Oriel, of Collon, in the county of Louth, in 1790, and Viscountess Ferrard, of Oriel, in her own right, in 1797, with remainder to the male issue of her husband. Mr. Foster was raised to the English peerage, by the title of Baron Oriel, in July, 1821. By his lady, who died in 1824, he had two sons and a daughter. His eldest son is dead: his second, now Lord Oriel, married, in 1810, Harriet Sheffington, Viscountess Massereene in her own right, daughter and sole heiress of Chichester, fourth and last Earl of Massereene; and his daughter married, in 1801, the present Lord Dufferin and Claneboye.

Lord Oriel was a high-bred man, displaying more of the lofty manners of the last age, than of the easy and familiar habits of the present. Yet, in private life, most amiable and respectable — a kind friend, an indulgent landlord, a truly estimable man. His style of living was magnificent; and his ardour for the improvement of his estates, grounds, &c., amounted almost to a passion.

His lordship died at his beautiful seat at Collon, on the 23d of August.

GOVERNOR CLINTON.

George De Witt Clinton was the youngest son of Samuel Clinton, formerly the British Governor of the State of New York. He was born in that town in the year 1740, and educated to the bar. He continued in his profession until the commencement of the Revolution in 1775, when he entered into the military service of America, in which he soon attained the rank of Colonel and Major-General. He acquired much reputation in the two first campaigns. When the independence of America had been declared, he took an active part in forming a constitution for the state of New York; and, in 1787, after the completion of its code of laws, he was elected its Governor. The estimation in which he was held by his countrymen could not be better attested than by the fact that, with, we believe, only two exceptions, he has been always re-elected to the same high and honourable office. In 1795, having expressed his wish to retire on account of ill health, Mr. Gay was elected as his successor; but, in 1801, that gentleman's health having also declined, and Mr. Clinton's been restored, he was again elected. Since that period, he has been elected Vice-President of the Union.

Governor Clinton's efforts were uniformly directed towards the benefit of the state over which he presided, by promoting education, and every description of internal improvement. The great canal which is to join the Western waters with Hudson's river was undertaken and prosecuted chiefly through his influence. This patriotic and esteemed individual terminated his long and useful life at New York, early in the month of

February. His death was sudden, being occasioned by the rupture of a blood-vessel in the heart. Both houses of the legislature of New York immediately passed resolutions for going into mourning, and paying other honours to his memory. His funeral took place on the 14th of February, accompanied by every possible token of respect and sorrow.

SIR THOMAS BOULDEN THOMPSON.

Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson, Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, &c. was born at Barham, in the county of Kent, on the 28th of February, 1766. His father, Mr. Boulden, married the sister of the late Commodore Edward Thompson, an officer of eminence, and a gentleman extensively known in the polite and even in the literary world. His poems are still in high request amongst the choice spirits of the navy.

In June 1780, young Boulden, the subject of this brief memoir, assumed the name of Thompson; under the auspices of his uncle, he entered into active service, on board the Hyena frigate; and soon afterwards accompanied the fleet under Sir G. B. Rodney to the relief of Gibraltar.

In the following year, Mr. Thompson served in the West Indies, obtained a lieutenancy there, and distinguished himself by capturing a French privateer of superior force.

Some time after the termination of the American war, Lieutenant Thompson joined the Grampus, of 50 guns, bearing the broad pennant of his uncle; upon whose death he succeeded to the command of the Nautilus sloop, in which he continued about twelve months, when he returned to England, and was paid off.

Captain Thompson obtained post rank on the 22d of November, 1790. In 1796, he was appointed to the Leander, in which he joined the Mediterranean fleet under Earl St. Vincent. Soon afterwards, he accompanied Sir Horatio Nelson in his unfortunate enterprise against Teneriffe. In that affair, he was amongst the wounded.

Captain Thompson was in the battle of the Nile; and, five days after, he fought his memorable action with Le Généreux, of 78 guns, and 900 men. Notwithstanding the superiority of force, he did not yield until after a close and inveterate conflict of eight hours; at the expiration of which time, the Leander, greatly disabled, and with her decks full of killed and wounded, had become totally unmanageable.

For his gallant conduct upon this occasion—the defence of the Leander being considered without parallel, even in the annals of the British navy—Captain Thompson received the honour of knighthood.

In 1799, he commanded the Bellona, off Copenhagen; and, in the action there, he lost one of his legs.

About the year 1806, Sir T. B. Thompson was nominated Comptroller of the Navy; an office which he held till February 1816, when he succeeded to the treasurership of Greenwich Hospital. He was created K.C.B. on the 2d of January, 1815; and G.C.B. on the 14th of September, 1822.

Sir Thomas sat several years in Parliament, as one of the representatives of the city of Rochester, his seat for which he vacated on receiving his last appointment. He died at his residence, Hartsbourne Manor House, in Hertfordshire, on the 3d of March. On receiving the melancholy intelligence, his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, addressed a letter of condolence to Lady Thompson, sympathising with her upon the loss which not only she, but the country, had sustained in the death of so distinguished an officer; at the same time telling her, that, knowing she had a son, a lieutenant on the South American station, he had reserved for him a commission as captain, which should be presented to him on his return; and, farther, his Royal Highness promised that he would not lose sight of him.—Sir T. B. Thompson's remains were interred on Monday, the 10th of March.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

By the time this Report will get abroad, the harvest of corn and seeds may be deemed completely finished throughout the three kingdoms; and, although with abundant difficulties and heavy expense in too many parts, on the whole, with far greater success than could have been even hoped. It was quite natural and in course, under the late circumstances, and in a case relating to bread for the national supply, for the public mind to be powerfully excited, and for gloomy apprehensions and alarms suddenly to arise. Such fervours, whether in regard to prospective good or evil, to large or defective crops, are ever in extremes. Just so it has proved, and fortunately, on the present occasion. Accounts, indeed, favourable enough to surprise us, are coming from various parts of the country; and, on the whole, alarm has, in a considerable degree, subsided. This also has been confirmed, so far as our personal observations have extended over several counties. After all, in this truly miscellaneous year, both in respect to weather and the earth's produce, there yet remains ill-luck *plus satis* to individuals, in deficiency both of quantity and quality of bread-corn, by consequence, to the public.

In Cornwall and the extreme west, and also in some few parts of the north, they boast of wheat crops, equal in both respects to the crops of last year, and scarcely deem worthy of

quotation their small sprinkling of sprouted corn—their rains during the summer, as in most parts of Ireland, being genial showers, with dry intervals. Their barley-crop late harvested, but generally bright, fine, and heavy. By a singular anomaly, oats, so abundant elsewhere, the worst crop they have complained of during many years, and particularly defective in straw. Plenty of seed-wheat of fine quality, both old and new—the new white proving the best sample, yet the sudden brisk demand has maintained it at a high price. With the above exception, the report on all their crops and their harvesting, appears highly satisfactory. The pilchard fishery has been remarkably successful, and labourers are, generally, well employed. From Cumberland and its vicinity, the accounts are nearly as satisfactory. They seem to have escaped all the difficulties of the harvest; their wheat nearly an average quantity and quality; oats with a vast bulk of straw, and good prospect of yield; with the best crop of barley that they have gathered during many years.

Several of our correspondents from different quarters go so far as to assert, that the stock of old wheat at Michaelmas was actually double in amount to that of the foregoing year. Without warranting the accuracy of this calculation in any particular quarter, we remain confirmed in our former opinion of the ample sufficiency of the stock—a fortunate circumstance, considering the general inferiority of the new sample. The great demand on this stock for seed, and for mixing, together with the speculative views of the holders of bonded foreign wheat, obviously occasioned the late very sudden rise in price; and the eagerness of our country holders not to miss their share of the benefit very naturally produced an equally sudden decline in the London market, which governs all others, and which, in a late week, had arrivals of wheat and flour to an amount unprecedented for some years past. The governments of both France and England have been laudably solicitous to secure a foreign supply; and, with our ample and excellent stock of well-stored potatoes, no apprehension need be entertained of a want of bread: at the same time, it ought not to be expected cheap. The average weight of our new wheat is laid at 4lbs. or 5lbs. per imperial bushel below that of last year. The old stocks of malt and hops were considerable. It is said that some samples of very fine old wheat have been sold at £5. 10s. the quarter, and the London loaf has reached 13d.

Hop-picking has concluded under happier auspices than expected, and the crop tallies very evenly with that of wheat, in regard to amount and quality. Of turnips and mangel-wurtzel there will be plenty, though it is supposed the crop of neither will be remarkable for size and weight of bulb. Now is the time for those who have the prudent foresight to draw and store, at least, a considerable part of both. Clover-seed hath not deceived us; it is a bad crop. Young clovers, and grasses of all kind, most luxuriant; but the great flush of grass, as we apprehended, has not forwarded the cattle in proportion, and, upon wet soils, has brought a suspicious unsoundness in the sheep. The scarcity of apples in the country seems a general complaint, which may be contrasted with their present considerable plenty in the metropolis, where, nevertheless, nonpareils are 18s. per bushel.

Perhaps no living man has witnessed a more favourable season for sowing wheat, truly disgraced, indeed, by the foul and slovenly condition of the fallows. If any thing could possibly atone for this foul disgrace to British husbandry in the nineteenth century, it must be the late resource, in several remote districts, to the enlightened practice, recommended many years since, of *paring and burning the stubbles*. In the early sowing counties, the young wheats, the produce of old seed, have planted thickly and vigorously, and, in their infancy, are of high promise. Expectation is not so sanguine in favour of those from new and infirm seed. The breadth of this favourite farmers' crop, it is expected, will be amongst the largest hitherto known; and, the present favourable weather continuing, all will be got in during the autumn—a signal advantage. The drill husbandry is once more making its appearance in the country; not the sham or bastard drill, which has so long prevailed, and with so little enmity to weed vegetation—but the real system of that immortal, though slighted benefactor to his country, old JETHRO TULL, which admits not of the possible existence of weeds, either below or above ground, converts every arable farm into a garden, and would, if generally adopted, give employment to the whole body of our labourers, at a charge of labour far below the present—or, rather, at free cost; since the weeds upon most farms, according to the present practice, are a much heavier expense to the farmer than that of labour. If we can entertain any hope of the general renewal and spread of the real drill system, it must arise from the recent example of the great COKE, of Holkam, who has made corn to grow where none could be grown before; and who, in the course of half a century of unremitting attention, has changed a barren desert into a fruitful and profitable paradise, surrounded by a tenantry unparalleled for wealth, respectability, and intelligence, and contributing more towards the public subsistence than any other man living. Yet a man like this must not expect to enjoy an equal share of fame or of popular favour with the destroyers of the earth and of human life! For an account of the Tullian system and practice, reference may be had to the "New Farmers' Calendar."

Nothing of novelty has occurred since last month, excepting that the price of pigs, which seemed rather to decline, has revived. Store cattle and sheep hold price, or have rather advanced, keep being still so abundant, and vast winter stocks leaving no apprehension of want in the spring. Wool, where holders are prudent enough to sell it, has had no

advance; and to those who keep clip after clip, it is no easy matter to find room for such an incumbrance. We have lately heard of Merino sheep in parts of the country where we had no expectation of finding them—whence, probably, a growing inclination may be inferred of a renewed attempt to improve our fine or rather short wool. The price of good horses, instead of the autumnal reduction of former days, has increased. The importation of cart, and even of coach stock, continues; and some fine strings of Belgian two years' old cart colts have been exhibited in our fairs. As a specimen of price, FIFTY guineas have been given for prime English two-year-old cart colts; yet, on the extension of common-sense by the substitution of *corn-fed* oxen for horses in farm-labour, the present deponent can say nothing. He hath, however, one novelty to record, but not with any warrant of approbation—making *wine* from mangel-wurtzel! The provident labourers must have benefited considerably by their earnings during the harvest; and their wages have advanced generally, though at no rate to a sufficient degree for their maintenance; and the ensuing winter, in all propability, will be a trying one.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 5s. —Veal, 4s. 10d. to 6s.—Pork, 5s. to 6s. 6d.—Raw fat, 2s. 4d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 52s., 78s., 100s.—Barley, 34s. to 50s.—Malt, 60s. to 78s.—Oats, 21s. to 34s.—Bread, The London 4 lb. fine loaf, 13d.—Hay 50s. to 100s. —Clover ditto, 80s. to 120s.—Straw 32s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. to 40s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, October 20th.

[ERRATA in last Report.—For *matting* read *malting.*]

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The demand for Muscovadoes has been on the most extensive scale: we estimate the sales last week, at 6,300 hogsheads and tierces. The great proportion was sold at the advance of 1s. (stated on Tuesday last); but, towards the close of the week, good Sugars realized a farther improvement of about 1s., and the rise would have been much more considerable, but for the languid state of the Refined Market, and the readiness with which the holders of Muscovadoes met the demand.

Coffee.—The demand for Coffee last week gradually improved, and all the ordinary descriptions so lately neglected sold at an advance of 2s. The request has since continued on an extensive scale; and yesterday an uncommon briskness commenced. On the arrival of the Flanders mail, a general advance of 2s. on the previous prices was readily obtained.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—In consequence of the decline in the Corn-market, the purchases of Rum have been on a limited scale: there are, however, no sales at any reduction. Some proof Leward sold at 2s. 4d.; Brandies continue to be held with great firmness; Geneva is unvaried.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The demand for Tallow, which has lately been steady and considerable, became brisk yesterday; very general sales were effected at an advance of 6d. per cwt. Hemp maintains the late rise; in Flax there is little alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2½.—Rotterdam, 12. 2½.—Antwerp, 12. 2½.—Hamburgh, 13. 13.—Altona, 13. 13¼.—Paris, 25. 35.—Bordeaux, 25. 60.—Frankfort, 151.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 2.—Trieste, 10. 2.—Madrid, 36½.—Cadiz, 36½.—Bilboa, 36¼.—Barcelona, 35½.—Seville, 36¼.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48⅜.—Genoa, 25. 40.—Venice, 47½.—Naples, 39⅝.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 46.—Oporto, 46½.—Rio Janeiro, 29½*l.*—Bahia, 34*l.*—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9¾d.—Silver in Bars, £0. 4s. 1⅞d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, 294*l.*—Coventry, 1,080*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 108*l.*—Grand Junction, 303*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 28*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 450*l.*—Oxford, 690*l.*—Regent's, 26*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 810*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, —*l.*—London DOCKS (Stock), 87½*l.*—West India (Stock), 215*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 218*l.*—Grand Junction, 56*l.*—West Middlesex, 69*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9¼*l.*—Globe, 160*l.*—Guardian, 21¾*l.*—Hope Life, 5⅛*l.*—Imperial Fire, 101*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 52¾*l.*—City, 0*l.*—British, 8 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of September to the 23d of October 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

T. Scriven, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, hatter.
J. Woolley, Denby, Derbyshire, brickmaker.

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 97.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Allen, G. junior, Ridgefield, Manchester, calenderer. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Foulkes and Son, Manchester
Allen, J. Coal Hatch-farm, High Wycombe, builder. [Newton and Sons, Great Carter-lane
Allday, T. Birmingham, butcher. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Colmore, Birmingham
Barrow, T. Manchester, and G. Geddes, Stockport, commission agents. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Grave, Manchester
Beerge, J. and R. B. Ashburton, serge manufacturers. [Wilde and Co., College-hill
Bowen, O. Crawford-street, Mary-le-bone, draper, [Ashurst, Sambrook-court
Benson, M. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Whitley, Liverpool
Baker, W. J. St. John's, Clerkenwell, orange-merchant. [Matanie, Pancras-lane
Blyth, J. Bury St. Edmunds, draper. [Ashurst, Sambrook-court
Bradley, W. Legburn, Lincoln, draper. [Wilson, Louth
Barnby, G. Spalding, grocer. [Pearces and Co., St. Swithin's-lane
Bailey, J. Bath, shoe-maker. [Mant, Son, and Bruce, Bath.
Conolly, C. Piccadilly, jeweller. [Collier and Co., Carey-street
Checkley, T. Warwick, hosier. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Tibbits and Son, Warwick
Cambridge, L. Bristol and Prince Edward's Island, merchant. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane.
Cambridge, L. and A. Bristol and Prince Edward's Island, merchants. [Brittan, Basinghall-street
Crowther, R. and F. T. High-street, Southwark, woollen-drapers. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street
Clarke, R. Ware, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Cullaway, C. Prospect-row, Walworth, carpenter. [Teague, Cannon-street
Dunlap, T. Pontefract, grocer. [Jones, Size-lane.
Day, T. Upton-upon-Severn, grocer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane
Earl, J. T. Lewisham, plumber. [Pontifex, St. Andrew's court, Holborn
Evetts, T. Birmingham, refiner of metals. [Austen and Co., Gray's-inn
Fleming, M. Fulham, spinster, schoolmistress. [Smith and Buckerfield, Red-lion-square
Fenton, F. St. James's-street, hotel-keeper. [Miller, Furnival's-inn
Fensham, J. Wardour-street, picture-dealer. [Turner, Basing-lane
Fortune, T. Highington, Durham, cattle-salesman. [Meredith and Co., Lincoln's-inn
Fox. W. B. Crawford-street, oil and colourman. [Blacklow, Frith-street
Gaisford, W. Bristol, victualler. [Bicknell and Roberts, Lincoln's-inn; Harmer, Bristol
Gosling, J. Bocking, spirit-merchant. [Browning, Hatton-court
Gilbert, H. Bishopsgate-street Without, grocer. [Gates, Lombard-street
Gibbon, J. junior, Poplar, mast and block-maker. [Atkins and Davis, Fox Ordinary-court
Henzell, E. W. College-wharf, Lambeth, coal-merchant. [Heathcote, Coleman-street
Hastings, T. Huddersfield, woollen-cloth-merchant. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield
Harley, J. junior, Northampton, plumber. [Vincent, Temple
Hammar, C. Mark-lane, merchant. [Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane
Hunton, J. Bishopsgate-street and Ironmonger-lane, linen-draper. [Osbadelston and Co., London-street
Hardin, R. Cannock, maltster and butcher. [Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Salt, Rugeley
Hales, E. Birmingham, corn-dealer. [Norton and Chapman, Gray's-inn
Horwood, J. and W. Oliver, Maddox-street, house decorators. [Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone
Hall, J. Crown Public-house, Rupert-street, Goodman's-fields, licensed-victualler. [Noy and Pinward, Nicholas-lane
Hughes, G. Upper-street, Islington, and of Spring-street, Shadwell, wine-merchant. [Lowless and Stubbs, Copthal-court
Ind, E. B. Cambridge, linen-draper. [Lythgoe and Chapman, Essex-street; Twiss, Cambridge
Jackson, J. Montague-street, Portman-square, tailor. [Hadwen, Pancras-lane, Queen-street, Cheapside
Jones, E. R. Welsh-pool, druggist. [Bartlett and Co., Nicholas lane
Jones, C. T. Lower Brook-street, horse-dealer. [Robinson and Son, Half-moon-street
Jenkins, S. Exmouth-street, ironmonger and hardwareman. [Wright, Newman street
Kendall, J. Stratford, Essex, cow-keeper. [Hodgson, Broad-street buildings
Leek, C. S. Gray's-inn-lane, wine-merchant. [Dicas, Austin-friars
Lockwood, W. East Barnet, bookseller, stationer, and schoolmaster. [Fitch, Union-street, Southwark
Miller, R. senior, and R. junior, Bermondsey, glue-manufacturers. [Wilton and Walter, John-street, Bedford-row
Musgrave, W. P. Bread-street, auctioneer. [Taylor, New-inn
Mason, G. Fiskerton, joiner. [Capes, Gray's-inn; Caparn, Newark-upon-Trent
Meyrick, W. junior, Bristol, carpenter. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street; Beddoe, Bristol
Moscrop, S. Stockport, draper. [Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Richardson, Stockport
Martin, J. Preston, corn-merchant. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Woodburn, Preston
Marsden, W. Clitheroe, Lancaster, common-carrier and butter-merchant. [Abbotson, Kirkby Stephen
Morgan, W. S. Brown's Coffee-house, Mitre-court, Fleet-street, commission-merchant. [Henman, Bond-court, Walbrook
Newman, W. Luton, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Taylors, Featherstone-buildings; Williamson, Luton
Oliver, R. Willow-walk, Bermondsey, glue-manufacturer, and Oxendon-street, Haymarket, engraver. [Brooking and Surr, Lombard-street
Peploe, G. Marsh-place, Lambeth, coachmaker. [Evans and Co., Kennington-cross

Passmore, C. Teignmouth, linen-draper. [Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter
Pain, J. Luton, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Taylors, Featherstone-buildings; Williamson, Luton
Queen, C. Liverpool, wine-merchant. [Michael, Red-lion-square
Robertson, C., D. D. Milligan, and R. M. Dalzell, Fenchurch-street, merchants. [Freshfield and Son, Bank-buildings
Rickman, H. N. Worcester-street, Southwark, brush-maker. [Russell and Son, Lant-street, Southwark
Roderick, D. St. Martin's-court, victualler. [Burgoyne and Co., Oxford-street
Rumsey, W. J. Harp-lane, victualler. [Umney, Chancery-lane
Relfe, L. Cornhill, bookseller. [Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn
Routledge, J. London, goldsmith. [Stephens, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Robinson, J. Stanhope, Durham, shopkeeper. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Shephard, Barnard-castle: Hampson, Manchester
Row, W. junior, Knott's-green, Essex, skin-broker. [Bourdillon, Broad-street, Cheapside
Rorke, E. Liverpool, merchant. [Partington, Change-alley
Rippon, R. Leeds, joiner and builder. [Robinson, Leeds
Smale, W. Bedminster, victualler. [Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings: Peters, Bristol
Stroud, E. Chatham, grocer. Clarke, Newgate-street
Syer, T. Sprowston, cattle-salesman, [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Dye, Norwich
Salmon, W. West Malling, auctioneer. [Wilton and Co., John-street, Bedford-row
Scott, D. Catharine Sluck, Northowram, York, dealer and chapman. [Edwards, Basinghall-street; Stocks, Halifax
South, S. Horncastle, brickmaker. [Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn; Rogers, Boston
Sanderson, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Skidmore, Nottingham
Southee, W. Canterbury, grocer. [Ronalds, Nicolas-lane
Sweetenham, T. Burslem, earthenware-manufacturer. [Walford, Grafton-street; Harding, Burslem
Spice, W. Chertsey, grocer. [Gates, Lombard-street
Tiffney, J. Huddersfield, woollen cord-manufacturer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Jacob and Co., Huddersfield
Tassimond, J. Leek, Stafford, silk-manufacturer. [Jenings and Co., Temple; Coupland, Leek
Tindall, T. Hastings, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Wilshere, M. Woolwich, currier. [Suter, Greenwich
Williams, W. G. Throgmorton-street, auctioneer. [Dacie, Throgmorton-street
Wilkinson, H. R. of the ship York, late of the ship Larkins, master-mariner [Atkins and Davis, Fox Ordinary-court
Worley, I. Fish-street-hill, hotel-keeper. [Holt, Threadneedle-street
Wilson, C. C. Furnival's-inn, scrivener. [Dodd, junior, Caroline-street
Winfield, W. Stoke-ferry, Norfolk, corn-merchant. [Walter, Symond's-inn; Wayman, Bury St. Edmunds
Wilmot, T. Sloane-square, broker. [Wrentmore and Co., St. Mildred's-court
White, W. H. Leominster, brazier. [Eitch, Union-street, Southwark; Coates, Leominster
Woolhouse, W. H. Darnall, Attercliffe-cum Darnal, Sheffield, cutler and victualler. [Hardy, Sheffield
Youngman, G. J. Bury St. Edmund's, grocer. [Bromley, Gray's-inn; Leech, Bury St. Edmund's.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Frampton, to the Vicarage of Tetbury, Gloucester.—Hon. and Rev. W. Wodehouse, to the Rectory of Falmouth, Cornwall.—Rev. T. Robinson, to the Archdeaconry of Madras.—Rev. F. Lunn, to the Vicarage of Butley-cum-Baltonsborough, Somerset.—Rev. J. Stanton, Domestic Chaplain to the Marquis of Northampton.—Rev. J. Johnson, Domestic Chaplain to the Marquis of Hastings.—Rev. T. Roy, to the Vicarage of Godlington, Beds.—Rev. W. Fallowfield, and Rev. C. Perring, Chaplains to the Sheriffs of London.—Rev. T. P. Pantin, to the Rectory of Westcote, Gloucester.—Rev. M. Clove, to the Chancellorship of the Choir of Hereford Cathedral.—Rev. G. Boulton, to the Rectory of Preston Capes, Northampton.—Rev. R. Venables, to the Livings of Nantmell and Llangre, Radnor.—Rev. W. Cowpland, to the Rectory of Acton Beauchamp, Worcester.—Hon. and Rev. M. Grey, to the Living of Bishopsgate, London.—Rev. W. F. Hook, to the Vicarage of the Holy Trinity, Coventry.—Rev. F. J. Newbold, to the Rectory of Stickney, Lincoln.—Rev. G. J. Cornish, to the Vicarage of Kenwyn, with the Chapel of Kea annexed, Cornwall.—Rev. R. Little, to the Curacy of Yarmouth; and the Rev. J. H. C. Blake, to the Curacy of Shalfleet, both Isle of Wight.—Rev. S. Smith, to be Chaplain to the Lord Mayor.—Rev. A. T. R. Vicary, to be Priest Vicar in Exeter Cathedral.—Rev. E. Griffin, junior, to the Vicarage of Weston by Welland, Northampton.—Rev. Dr. Radcliffe, to the Vicarage of Chute, Wilts.—Rev. W. Renton, to the Perpetual Curacy of Tilstock, Salop.—Rev. E. C. Ogle, to the Prebendary of Gillingham Major, Olim Bamsbury, Salisbury Cathedral.—Rev. W. Collett, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Mary, Thetford, Suffolk.—Rev. T. D. Atkinson, to be Minister of St. Philip's, Sheffield.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

September 24.—Arrived at Falmouth the Brazilian frigate Imperatrix, having on board Donna Maria II. Queen of Portugal, and her suite.

26.—At Waterman's Hall, 150 watermen were fined in different penalties, for not attending to the new regulations, insolence to passengers, &c. &c.

30.—Alderman Thompson chosen Lord Mayor for the year ensuing.

October 1.—One hundred pounds was voted, by the subscribers at Lloyd's, to a poor fisherman in Newfoundland, who had saved the crew of a vessel wrecked on a voyage from Ireland to Canada, and subsisted 152 survivors for some time!!!

— A letter to the Chairman of the Committee at Lloyds from the Foreign Office, informing him that His Majesty's Government had received information, that it is the intention of the Emperor of Russia to establish the blockade of the Dardanelles.

— Proclamation issued by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the suppressing of illegal meetings.

6. The Queen of Portugal arrived in London, and took up her residence at Grillon's hotel, Albermarle Street.

8.—The London University opened; nearly a thousand persons were present in the theatre of anatomy.

9.—The Clyde frigate, of 46 guns, launched at Woolwich.

13.—News arrived from Wurtemberg of the death of the Dowager Queen, Oct. 6.

14.—Orders issued from the Lord Chamberlain's Office for the court's going into mourning. Same day, the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, issued orders from the Herald's College, ordering a general mourning.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, T. Coventry, esq., to Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. Justice Littledale.—Miss Hanson, ci-devant Countess of Portsmouth, to Mr. Alder, whose name occurred during the lunacy inquisition of the noble lord, and during the subsequent proceedings in that commission.—Colonel Henry White, M.P., Dublin, to Eleanor, eldest daughter of W. S. Dempster, esq.—Lieut.-Col. R. Beauchamp, son of the late Sir T. B. Proctor, bart, to Miss Sophia Ball.—At St. James's, R. Talbot, esq., to the Hon. Mrs. E. Bouverie.—At Mary-le-bone, T. Vardon, esq., to Laura Anne, niece to the late Sir Martin Stapylton, bart.—J. Campbell, esq., to Grace Elizabeth, third daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Hay, Lieut.-Governor of Edinburgh-castle.

DEATHS.

At Kingston-house, the residence of the Earl of Listowell, Catherine Bridget, Viscountess Ennismore, relict of his lordship's eldest son, whom she survived but one year. Her ladyship was sister of the late, and aunt of the present, Lord Clonbrook.—Rev. T. H. Backhouse, brother to Mr. Backhouse, under secretary of state for foreign affairs.—At Streatham, Rev. H. Hill, chancellor of the choir of Hereford Cathedral.—Right Hon. John Thomas Erskine, Earl of Mar.—At Brompton, 71, Mrs. M. A. Beckles, sister to the late J. Beckles, attorney-general of Barbadoes.—Elizabeth Catherine, lady of Sir James Stuart, bart.—Sir George Grey, bart., commissioner of Portsmouth Dock-yard.—G. Rennie, esq., the celebrated agriculturist, and brother to the late John Rennie, esq.—At Hampstead, at an advanced age, Mr. Heaviside, the celebrated surgeon.—W. H. Ware, esq., many years conductor of the orchestra at Covent Garden.—27, Mr. R. P. Bonnington; he was an eminent artist, and his remains were followed to the grave by the president and other members of the Royal Academy.—In Regent-street, at her father's house, 17, Mlle. Verney, whose beauty had been mischievously bruited about; she died of a fever, brought on by the grief occasioned by the annoyances sustained by her father from the conduct of the populace, and from the want of an efficient police!!!—Lady Liston, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Liston, formerly His Majesty's ambassador to Constantinople.—81, Sir T. Hanmer, bart.—Maurice Jones, esq., high steward of Montgomery.—65, the Rev. T. Powell; he officiated 35 years as curate of Sedgley.—At Aswarley-house, 66, Sir Thomas Whichote, bart.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Florence, Count G. B. de Wahslatt, grandson to the late Field Marshal Prince Blucher, to Madeline, second daughter of the late Lord Chief Justice Dallas.—At Hamburgh, in presence of the British Consul, G. Anfrere, esq., to Mlle. Caroline Wehrtmann.—At Paris, British Ambassador's, Eugene Ibert, esq., son of the Rev. P. Bert, Modérateur des Vallées, to Miss H. Wallinger.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Her Majesty Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of England, and Dowager Queen of Wurtemberg.—At Paris, 75, Thomas Thompson, esq., banker of Hull; he had been M.P. for Midhurst several years.—At Geneva, the Hon. and Rev. H. A. Bores.—At Genoa, the lady of Sir H. Bunbury, bart., daughter of General Fox, and niece of the late Right Hon. C. J. Fox.—At Naples, W. T. Honeyman, esq.—At Paris, W. A. Madocks, esq., of Tanyr-Alt, Carnarvon, many years M.P. for Boston.—At Montauban, General Count Andreossi, formerly ambassador from Napoleon to the British nation.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The exhibition of pictures, by the ancient masters, from the collections of the nobility and gentry of Newcastle and neighbourhood, was opened October 8.

The aggregate amount of steam-engines, ashore and afloat, in Durham and Northumberland, exceeds the strength of 20,000 horses. The engine at the Tyne Main Colliery is 200 horse power, it works three sets of pumps, and lifts from the depth of 47 fathoms upwards of 2,000 gallons of water per minute. About 150 years ago, the High Main coal seam, in the county of Northumberland took fire, and continued to burn for 30 years.

Arrangements are making for rebuilding Sunderland theatre on a large scale.

"We were," says the *Durham County Advertiser*, of September 27, "on Tuesday last, presented with some fine ripe strawberries, part of a second crop produced this season in the garden of Mr. Hancock, of Gilesgate; they are of the early scarlet kind. In the same garden are young apples, nearly as large as hazle-nuts, growing on the same trees from which Mr. H. is now receiving ripe fruits.

A branch bank of the Bank of England is established at Newcastle. A gentleman being asked the other day what business the folks were doing, said, "They take coffee at twelve, daily."

A vessel lately arrived at Sunderland from Sierra Leone, manned with negroes; the crew, who left England with her, having fallen victims to the destructive climate.

On the same evening that the aurora borealis was observed at Ackworth (see Yorkshire), it was noticed at Durham, with very similar appearances.

A robin red breast, which has taken up its abode in Sunderland Church for four or five winters past, repossessed itself of its old quarters on Sunday morning the 5th of October, when it entertained, or rather disturbed the congregation, by the frequent exercise of its musical powers.

Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., M.P., is about to retire from the office of high sheriff of Durham; and will be succeeded by Charles Clavering, Esq., of Axwell-park.

An abundant second crop of strawberries was growing on the third week of October, in the garden of Mr. Thomas Clifford, Chester-le-street. A part were gathered that week perfectly ripe.

Married.] At St. Andrew's, Auckland, James, Appleton, Esq., to Miss Hall.—At Sunderlandt John Cook, Esq., to Miss Amelia Huntrods.—As Grindon, Mr. Wm. Sedgwick, aged 70, to Mise Ann Robinson, aged 24.—At Earsdon, Georg Willins, Esq., to Miss Ellen Parkin.

Died.] At Headlam, John Wade, esq.—At Newcastle, Mrs. Ellison; R. Wade, esq.

YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.

The receipts on account of the York Musical Festival have amounted to £16,500; those at Manchester, to about £15,000. The expenses of the former were £14,000, and those of the latter upwards of £10,000, so that, at least, the sum of nearly £7,000 has been collected for the purposes of charity, in both instances.

A public breakfast has been given at Salford, and dinners at Manchester and Liverpool, as a mark of respect to the Right Hon. R. Peel, secretary of state for the home department.

The sum of £607. 15s. 8½d. has been collected at Huddersfield, at five sermons, preached at the anniversary of the opening of the Independent Chapel.

The third Yorkshire Musical Festival was held on the 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th of September. It was attended by 21,000 persons; and the receipts was £16,000.

A beautiful exhibition of the aurora borealis was seen at the village of Ackworth, between 10 and 12 o'clock in the evening of Monday, the 29th of September. At first, it appeared like a dawning twilight, along the northern horizon, brightest to the north-west, interspersed with pillars of dim silver light. The usual height of the columns was from 30 to 45 degrees, but they sometimes darted to the zenith, and again sunk nearly away in the horizon. Occasionally, billows of light flame seemed to play over the sky, passing upwards, and from west to east, with the rapidity of flying clouds.

On the 9th of October, a singular meteoric phenomenon occurred at Springfield, near Bawtry. Mr. Hawley, of that place, was standing at his door observing the aurora borealis, when he saw a brilliant meteor pass in the direction of from east to west, and fall at about 100 yards distance. Mr. H. inspected the place next morning, and found four pieces of a substance resembling charcoal, but nearly as heavy as lead. The grass surrounding the place where these pieces were taken up, was entirely destroyed for a distance of five or six yards.

The officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the late Richmond Forested Yeomanry, which were disbanded last year, have presented their late commander, Major Hartley, with a splendid piece of plate.

At a meeting of the Bible Society at Bradford, on the 10th instant, a popish priest, Mr. Maddocks, interrupted the proceedings, by speaking against the circulation of the word of God. He described the society as the grand cause of a most fearful increase of crime which had taken place since its establishment; and also as the cause of disunion in the church. He also pursued the same course at the evening meeting, and spoke on both occasions as long as the chairman would permit him. There was to be a public discussion with the reverend gentleman on the 24th of October.

Married] At Scarborough, R. Spoffreth, esq., to Miss Jefferson.—At Ouseburn, the Rev. T. H. Croft, to Miss Thompson.—At Leeds, J. N. Briggs, esq., to Miss Sarah Maude.—At York, M. L. Dames, esq., to Miss Julia Ombler.—At Calverley, Wm. Turney, esq., to Miss Wheeler.—At Battey, Wm. Gelderd, esq., to Miss Thornton.

Died.] At Doncaster, Edward Hannings, esq.—At Rippon, J. Atkinson, esq.—At Beverley, Stephen Soame, esq.

CHESHIRE AND DERBY.

It appears from the Report made at the General Meeting of Subscribers to the Buxton Bath Charity, that, from September 4, 1827, to September 1, 1828, £601. 15s. 4d. had been received by subscriptions; and that 808 persons had been admitted within that period to its benefits, besides 394 additional patients, who had received relief in medicine and the baths, but no pecuniary assistance.

Married.] At Alderley, H. Adeane, esq., to Matilda Abigail, daughter of Sir J. T. Stanley, bart.

Died.] At Bredbury, Mrs. Betty Leech, mother of 16 children, grandmother to 120, and great-grandmother to 100.—At Mellor, 73, S. Oldknow, esq. The chapel of All Saints, in Marple, had become ruinous, and for its re-erection about £1,000 was raised; he undertook the building; and his liberal mind so enlarged on the scale laid down, as to expend nearly £4,000 above the sum subscribed; he likewise made several public roads at his own expense.

HUNTINGDON AND CAMBRIDGE.

The Recorder, at the Cambridge town sessions, congratulated the grand jury on the apparent

improved state of the town, there not being a single case of any importance brought before them.

Died.] At Cambridge, 68, Mr. J. Newby; he had been in the employ of the Society of Trinity 49 years.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The Roman Catholic Chapel at Leamington was lately opened, when Dr. Walsh, the bishop of the midland district officiated, attired *in pontificalis;* having the mitre on his head, and the crosier in his hand, he ascended the steps of the altar, and delivered an extemporaneous sermon.

The business at our Town Sessions has for some time past been extremely light; and at our County Sessions, on Thursday last, there was not a single prisoner for trial—a circumstance "past all parallel" within our recollection.—*Northampton Mercury, No.* 34, *Vol.* 108.—*Oct.* 18.

Died.] Near Birmingham, 81, T. Richards, esq.—At Silverton, 102, Mary Adams; her mother and grandmother's ages both exceeded 100 years.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The excavations carrying on by Mr. Rudge in the site of the transept of the Abbey Church of Evesham, are proceeding towards the completion of a regular plan (begun in 1811) of the whole of the church, 280 feet in length; an account of which is intended to be published by the Society of Antiquaries, as soon as the workmen have completed their final operations.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The President and Vice-Presidents of the Gloucester Infirmary have circulated an appeal for additional subscriptions, as by the addition of the new wing, the expenditure is increased £600 per annum; the building is now capable of accommodating 170 patients.

The labouring classes of Bisley and Chalford are reduced to a state of extreme poverty and distress, in consequence of the want of employment; many families being destitute of the necessary articles of food and clothing. The respectable inhabitants fear that the approach of winter will be pregnant with miserable consequences to their humble but industrious neighbours; and the minister and churchwardens will receive with pleasure, and properly apply, any sums that may be placed at their disposal.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The first pike of the new bridge over Sutton Wash was driven on Tuesday last, and the New Cut, and the works connected with this great and very useful undertaking, are in a state of rapid progress.—*Norfolk Chronicle, Oct.* 4.

We are sorry that the Bury Musical Festival did not succeed in the good intentions of its promoters, on behalf of the Suffolk General Hospital; the expences having amounted to nearly £2,400, and the receipts to only £2,192. 17s. leaving a deficiency of £207!

The New Corn Exchange at Norwich has been recently opened, and is one of the finest of the kind in the kingdom.

The Directors of the Norfolk and Suffolk Institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts opened their Gallery October 14; it contains 119 various specimens of painting, of ancient as well as of modern masters.

Married.[Rev. G. Ranking, of Ipswich, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late T. Maitland, esq., and sister of Sir P. Maitland.

Died.] At Oulton, 91, Mrs. George; leaving 83 children, grand-children, and great grand-children.—At Great Yarmouth, Mr. R. C. Smith.—At Beccles, Mrs. Farr, daughter of Sir T. Gooch, bart.

OXFORD AND BERKS.

It appears by the abstract of the treasurer's account of the disbursements of the county of Oxford, that the sum of £7,630. 2s. 5d. was expended from Michaelmas Sessions, 1827, to Trinity Sessions, 1828. Between £4 and £5,000 of the above was paid for criminal and civil jurisprudence!

Died.] At Oxford, the Rev. A. Nicoll, Regius Professor of Hebrew; 73, Mr. R. Walker, known to the scientific by his experiments and discoveries on artificial cold.—At Waterstock, Elizabeth, wife of W. H. Ashurst, esq., M.P.

BUCKS AND BEDFORDSHIRE.

The Shefford new bridges were opened to the public September 20; they are composed of iron, except the brick piers, and are very neat in appearance.

HERTFORD AND ESSEX.

A public dinner was given at the Market-house at Ware, September 23, to celebrate the anniversary of the musical festival, and the re-establishment of the market, with the building of the Market-house.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

A bronze statue of His Majesty has been erected on the Steyne, at Brighton; the artist, Chantrey.

A public meeting has been held in Basingstoke Town-hall, for establishing a pitched market, when upwards of £800 were subscribed for that purpose; and the corporation remits all tolls for 14 years.

WILTS AND DORSET.

The Chairman at the Dorchester Sessions congratulated the grand jury on the state of the calendar, which, though not light in point of numbers, yet, on comparing it with those of corresponding sessions in preceding years, might, as regarded offences, be taken as evidence of the decrease of crime in this county.

Penny posts are established from Dorchester to Charminster, Stratton, Frampton, Maiden Newton, Cattistock, and Evershot. The letters for Cerne and neighbourhood are now forwarded by a horse post, giving the inhabitants an interval of upwards of three hours between its arrival and departure; the same messenger proceeds to Sydling, with the letters for that place. Similar accommodation is extended to Winterborne, Steepleton, Martin's Town, Portesham, and Abbotsbury.

The town of Evershot was much exhilarated on Thursday last, at the commencement of a daily mail from Dorchester thither. Having hitherto had a very tardy communication with the post-office, the improvement was duly appreciated by the inhabitants, and greeted with a merry peal on the bells, and joy and exultation were the order of the

day. The inhabitants will now correspond with London in 36 hours, whereas, they have only been able to do so, hitherto, by the old channel of communication, in six days!!!

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

At the Devonshire Sessions, the Chairman, in addressing the grand jury, said, "That, in recurring to the list in the calendar, he saw, with deep regret, a great mass of alleged crime; and trifling as might be deemed many of them, they exceeded *seventy* in number; and when it was recollected that little more than *two* months had elapsed since there was a general gaol delivery, it was an amount of delinquency fearful to contemplate."—"The magistrates," he said, "had determined to give two additional general sessions in that court every year."

The Quarter Sessions for Somerset commenced at Taunton, when the grand jury were congratulated on the exceeding lightness of the calendar; "indeed much lighter than he had known it for years past," said the honourable gentleman who addressed the grand jury.

Mr. Pascoe, civil engineer, of Exeter, has furnished the Committee with a survey and plan of the new line of road from Barnstaple to Braunton, for the formation of which application is intended to be made at the next session of Parliament, by which the distance will be reduced to 4 miles, the distance by the present road being 6 miles and a half; and the intended new line will be, confessedly, one of the most beautiful that can be conceived, being close by the side of the majestic Taw, perfectly level, and nearly straight; the estimated expense £5,000.

Died.] Jane, wife of Sir Henry Maturin Farrington, bart., of Spring-lawn, Heavitree.

CORNWALL.

The Members of the Royal Institution of Cornwall held their Annual Meeting at Truro; and the support now afforded by the President of the Royal Society, the two county members, and other gentlemen of influence in the county, affords reason to believe that the Society may be enabled to display its valuable and increasing collection in a more adequate manner; and that its museum may be regarded as a proper depository for the various antiquities with which this county abounds; and that its collection of natural history may be commensurate with its native riches, and the facilities offered by the constant intercourse with foreign climes through His Majesty's packets.

There is at the present time, at the Wheal Hope Mine, a high pressure condensing engine, constructed by Captain Grose, which raises 6,400,000lbs. one foot, by the consumption of each bushel of coals, equal to the labour of eighteen men.

By the French brig Le Mercure, Cabaret, master, which recently arrived at Penzance, from Brest, nine Maltese came passengers, having been released from slavery at Tunis, and conveyed by a French frigate to Brest, and from thence forwarded, by the British Consul at the latter port, to England, as British subjects.

SCOTLAND.

In one extensive distillery in this quarter, for the year ending 11th October, 1827, there was distilled 3,844,000 gallons of wash; of which the total produce was 481,000 gallons of raw grain spirits. From the 10th October, 1827, to the present period, there have been distilled in the same work, 6,000,000 gallons of wash—the total produce of which is 600,000 gallons of raw grain whiskey; the duty on which, at 2s. 10d. a gallon, (without drawback), amounts to £85,000. The quantity of grain mashed was 7,200 bolls. Raw grain whiskey is freely selling at present at 7s. a gallon, which would make the return £210,000. The distillery never ceased working during the warmth of summer. This was accomplished by machinery being fixed in the cooling room, which, by the incessant circulation of air over the coolers, reduced the heat of the worts 10 degrees below the common temperature, and enabled the work to go on without intermission. Such is the extent of the demand for the Irish and English market, that it is in contemplation to increase the distillery one half its present dimensions. The other raw grain distilleries in the west of Scotland are also in a similar state of activity.—*Glasgow Post.*

Died.] Sir Evan Cameron, of Fassifern, N.B. bart., aged 90; Sir Evan obtained his baronetcy in consequence of the gallant conduct of his son, Colonel Cameron, "the valiant Fassifern," who fell at the head of his brave 92d, on the field of Waterloo. The title was the free spontaneous gift of our gracious sovereign, who thus sought to alleviate the sorrows of the aged chieftain, by reflecting back upon him the honours earned by his gallant son.

IRELAND.

In consequence of the agitated state of this unfortunate country, the Lord Lieutenant, being resolved to suppress and put down all illegal meetings, and to prevent the recurrence thereof, has thought fit to issue a proclamation, solemnly and strictly warning all His Majesty's liege subjects from henceforth to discontinue the holding or attending any such meetings or assemblies. It is dated October 1; and signed, by His Excellency's command, F. Leveson Gower.

Mr. Lawless has been arrested by order of government, for heading a riotous mob at Ballibay. He has been bailed, himself in £400, and two sureties in £200 each.

Dividing the population of Ireland into four grand classes, with respect to age, the last census presents to our view the following lamentable picture of the state of a country abounding with every means of industry, and with able and willing hands to cultivate it, in the most civilized period of the world:—Infants of 5 years and under, 1,040,666—one half, at least, badly clothed and fed. Children, from 5 to 15, 1,748,663—1,300,000 destitute of education. Operatives, from 15 to 70, 3,931,660—1,094,845 destitute of employment. Aged, from 70 to 100, 81,191—a great portion of whom are paupers. What claims for employment! What claims for education! not to speak of the claims of the aged and others, totally helpless, as to their own exertions, or any that their kindred (even where they may have kindred) can make for them. Something has been done in the way of employment and education; more is doing; but a thousand times more still remains to be done.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of September to the 25th of October, 1828.

Sep.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	—	—	87⅞ 88⅛	—	—	102¼ ⅜	—	—	92 94p	76 77p	88⅛
27	—	—	87¾ 88	—	—	102⅛ ⅜	—	—	—	76 77p	87⅞ 8
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	—	—	86⅝ ⅞	—	—	101½ ¾	—	239½ 241	85 90p	74 78p	86¼ ⅞
Oct.											
1	—	—	86½ ⅞	—	—	101½ ⅞	—		83p	72 75p	86½ ⅞
2	—	—	86¼ ⅞	—	—	101⅝ ⅞	—	240	85 86p	73 75p	86⅝ ⅞
3	—	—	86⅜ ¼	—	—	101⅝ ⅞	—	—	87 88p	75 76p	85⅝ ⅞
4	—	—	86¾ ⅞	—	—	101½ ¾	—	239	89 90p	75 76p	86¾ ⅞
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	—	—	86⅞ ⅞	—	—	101⅝ ⅞	—	—	89p	74 76p	86⅞ 7
7	—	—	86⅞ 87⅛	—	—	101½ 2	—	239	90 91p	75 76p	87⅛
8	—	—	87⅛	—	—	101⅞ 2	—	—	90 91p	75 76p	87⅛ ¼
9	—	—	86⅞ ¾	—	—	101½ 2	—	—	84 86p	75 76p	86⅜ ⅛
10	—	—	86⅞	—	—	101⅝ ⅝	—	—	84 86p	75 76p	86⅞
11	208½	85⅝ 6	86½ ¾	93¼	93⅜ ⅝	101½ ¾	19¼ ⅜	237	—	75 76p	86⅞ ¾
12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13	208	85⅞	86⅜ ⅝	93¼	93¾ ⅝	101⅝ ¾	—	—	—	75 76p	86⅜ ¾
14	208 9	85⅝ ¾	86¼ ⅜	—	93⅛ ¼	101½ ¾	19½ 5-16	—	85 86p	75 76p	86⅜ ⅛
15	208¼ 9	85¼ ½	85⅞ 86⅜	93¼ ¾	93⅜ 94	101½ ¾	19 3-16	—	84 86p	75 76p	86⅜ ⅛
16	208 9	84⅞ 6	85⅝ 86¼	93⅜	93⅜ 94	101½ ¾	19⅛	236½ 37½	86p	75 76p	85⅞ 6⅜
17	207¾ 8¼	84¾ 5	85½ ¾	93¼	93⅜ ⅝	101⅜ ⅝	19⅛	237	84 85p	75 76p	85⅜ 6
18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	—	84⅞ 5⅛	85⅝ ⅞	—	93⅛ ⅜	101⅜ ⅜	19⅛	—	84p	74 75p	85⅜ 6
21	207¾ 8½	85¼	85¼ 86	93⅜ ⅝	93⅝ ¼	101½ ⅜	19 1-16 ⅛	—	84 85p	74 75p	86⅛
22	—	85⅛	85¼ 86	93¾	93⅜ ⅞	101⅛ ⅜	19 1-16 ⅛	236	85p	74 75p	85⅞ 6
23	207½ 8½	85¼	85⅞ 86	93¾ ⅞	93¾ 94	101¼ ⅜	19 1-16 ⅛	236	84 85p	74 75p	85⅞ 6
24	208½	85⅛ ¼	85⅝ 86	93⅝ 94⅛	94¼	101⅜ ⅞	19 1-16 ⅛	—	85 86p	75 76p	86⅛
25	—	85½ ⅝	86¼ ⅜	94¼	94¼ ⅜	101⅞ 2	19¼ 3-16	—	86p	75 76p	86¼ ⅜

E. Eyton, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From August 20th to September 19th, 1828.

By William Harris and Co. 50, High Holborn.

September.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A.M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A.M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.
20			53	67	50	30 06	30 07	50	50	SE	SE	Fine	Fine	Fine
21			58	67	51	30 02	30 04	49	48	SE	SSE	—	—	—
22			58	66	58	29 75	29 84	47	49	S	SW	Foggy	—	—
23		○	60	68	56	30 00	30 01	50	51	SW	SW	—	Fine	—
24			61	69	59	30 01	29 97	51	52	W	WSW	Fine	—	—
25			62	68	60	29 85	29 75	51	47	W	SW	—	—	—
26			65	73	56	29 67	29 72	51	49	SW	WNW	—	—	—
27	60		64	72	50	29 76	29 71	54	53	NW	NW	Rain	Rain	Clo.
28	45		60	67	51	29 60	29 50	53	52	W	NW	Show.	—	Rain
29			62	65	54	29 45	29 43	51	56	WNW	WNW	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
30		☾	56	62	52	29 56	29 57	54	54	W	W	Fine	Fine	—
Oct.														
1			58	66	48	29 48	29 57	55	54	W	W	Clo.	—	Fine
2			56	61	45	29 68	29 81	55	54	W	NW	Fine	—	—
3			46	62	54	29 83	29 72	53	52	WNW	SW	Foggy	—	—
4	8		60	63	54	29 43	29 53	52	54	SSW	W	Show.	Clo.	Clo.
5			57	64	53	29 31	29 37	53	53	SW	SW	Fine	—	—
6			57	60	50	29 22	29 41	52	54	W	WSW	—	—	Fine
7	7		54	61	52	29 52	29 41	54	54	W	W	—	Fine	Show.
8		●	56	60	50	29 41	29 57	51	51	WNW	NW	—	Clo.	Clo.
9			56	60	48	29 81	29 96	51	54	NW	NW	—	Fine	Fine
10			53	60	51	30 00	29 95	53	55	W	W	—	Clo.	Clo.
11			53	60	52	30 14	30 25	56	55	WNW	WNW	—	Fine	Fine
12			56	62	50	30 29	30 32	54	54	W	W	—	Fine	—
13			51	60	50	30 27	30 21	55	52	W	NNW	Foggy	—	Foggy
14			52	57	52	30 23	30 24	54	52	NW	NNW	Fine	—	Fine
15			55	59	51	30 21	30 19	54	53	NNW	WNW	—	—	—
16		☽	54	63	52	30 17	30 18	55	54	NNW	NNW	Foggy	Clo.	Foggy
17			56	59	45	30 03	30 00	54	55	NW	NNW	—	Fine	Clo.
18			46	55	45	30 19	30 17	54	50	ENE	E	Fine	—	Fine
19			47	54	39	30 04	29 99	50	52	E	E	—	—	—

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of September was 2 inches and 32 100ths.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. VI.] DECEMBER, 1828. [No. 36.

THE BRUNSWICK CLUBS.

IN the spirit of Burke's immortal language—"when bad men conspire, good men should combine"—we rejoice at the establishment of Brunswick Clubs. No measure could have been more essential, for treason was already stalking through the land; and no measure could have been more suitable to the manliness of the British mind, the dignity of the cause, or the secure triumph of reason, true policy, and the uncorrupted Constitution. We saw an insolent and ignorant gang of bigots assembling daily in open scorn of law, uttering sentiments unheard of since the reign of the French revolution; and while their characters were as base, and their intentions as atrocious, as any that marked the blackest time of subversion, held up, on the one hand, as the public organs of the Irish nation, and, on the other, confidentially received and cherished by the public instruments of the ministry.

Whether the Irish government was capable of feeling the degradation of this pusillanimous and short-sighted policy, or adopted it in the mean and hypocritical deference to rabble clamour, which characterizes the tenth-rate minions of office—whether the familiar reception of individuals whom no Irish gentleman would permit to cross his threshold, were the natural impulse of manners reared in early licence, and giving proof of their origin by a career, whose description must be left to its associates and its victims—the fact was unquestionable: the reception, the gay confidence, the familiar conviviality were there, to the astonishment and alarm of every man capable of knowing right from wrong, or of estimating the irrecoverable depth into which public functionaries could be flung by the contamination of such names.

But, whatever were the results to those who thus stooped their necks under the heel of the Popish Association, its results to the country have been of the most signal value. When the intellect, the property, the principle, and the religion of Ireland—all included in the single word PROTESTANTISM—found that they were cut off from their natural connexion with the source of British polity in Ireland, they remembered the strength that was in their own manliness, union, and knowledge. Those

were strong holds, that neither the temporizing of an unpurposed cabinet, the tergiversation of lawyers who had betrayed every side in succession, nor the loose coxcombry of a legislator of spurs and feathers, could shake. In the language of a British peer, whose words will pass into a proverb, and the proverb into the principle of safety to the empire, they felt that "they must not put their trust in princes, nor in prelates—in the depositories of power, nor even in the chosen guardians of religion;" they must look to the defence of the national interests by the national vigour, and where every man had to lose by inactivity, by giddy confidence in the corrupt, or guilty fear of the overbearing, privileges without which life would not be worth preserving for an hour—they must call round them their fellow-possessors of freedom, and see how far their muster might fight the battle of the Christian faith and of the constitution of their country.

It was on those principles, the noblest that can stir the heart of man, that the Brunswick Clubs were founded; and who shall say that it was not full time? The cry of civil war had gone through the land. It was trumpeted from the lips of every orator of the Popish Association. "We are masters of the whole force of Ireland," says one—"we have all its military passes in our hands, all its provisions, all its munitions of war, all its people." "We have America at our back," says another; "and, as we once invaded America to keep up the despotism of the British government, so shall America invade us to put it down." "Let England tremble," says a leader; "let England, brutish as she is bloody, tremble—let the country of our tyrants be reduced to her original insignificance, and feel that the chains of Irishmen may be converted into their swords." "Look to the new aspect of Europe," says another authority among those infuriated fools: "with France, Austria, and Spain, popish; with the steam-vessel bringing invasion to a matter of calculation, and the English shores within sudden reach of every power of indignant Europe; are there no hopes for the renewed energies of Irish independence?—Again, look to Ireland!—was there ever a country so organized? I tell the government that the whole land is bound by a great secret confederation—that every county, every town, every village, has its leaders, and its troops - that the men of Ireland are regimented, armed, disciplined, and eager for the first summons."

The government listened to this. The language was repeated in a thousand forms; they listened still. The metaphoric treason was soon embodied into more vigorous figure. Armies of popish ruffians by the twenty thousand, breathing blood and rebellion, accoutred in the established uniform of Irish insurrection, and manœuvring with the discipline of regular troops, started up at the summons, marched in the face of day through the country, with the menaces and the power of conquerors, and gave the most insolent and ostentatious defiance to the law. Will it be believed that the government still looked on? But a memorable example soon showed what the nation can do, and must do, for themselves, if they will be saved. A tool of the Popish Association, one of the most vulgar and base of its brawlers, big with the triumph of riot, and secure in the supineness of authority, was sent—will the words be capable of credence?—"To rouse the north." He proceeded in the true spirit of his mission, and moved forward, at the head of every disturber whom he could gather, to the amount, by his own statement, of from

fifty to a hundred thousand men. He did rouse the north. But it was to a sense of their duty, as honest and brave men, who found that they must rely on no strength but that which God and the Constitution have given to every man to defend himself. The north were roused in arms —they knew the absurdity of waiting to claim tardy justice; and, on the borders of their province, the men whose fathers had bought the Revolution of 1688 with their blood, stood, musquet in hand, to repel marauding and murder, under whatever pretext their cottages were to be sacked, and their lives sacrificed.

Then the secret of this boasted heroism was found out; the Catholic army of the faith shrank at once—the brawler at their head trusted for his safety to his heels—the popish parliament suddenly discovered that the time of glory was not fully ripe, and discountenanced the warrior; and—last and most unexpected result—the dormant Cabinet opened its eyes, discovered that mobs of legislators and apostles, gathered by the hundred thousand, from the raggedness, ferocity, and superstition of the Irish hovel, were not the safest settlers of the state, and actually ordered the seizure of the defeated chieftain.

Yet even this lagging deference to common sense was due to the English Cabinet. The Irish were at the moment involved in an interchange of gracious civilities with the hero, which might have compensated a less sensitive spirit for the withering of his laurels. The young secretary, a nobleman whom we lament to see plunged from his accomplished pursuits into the mire of provincial office, was occupying his polished paragraphs in elucidating the law to the law-breaker; and the old viceroy was smilingly conducting this model of native graces into the presence of his daughters and his wife, when the missive of the Privy Council came, like a thunderclap, to break up the whole commerce of republican and royalist courtesies.

But one act of resolution, wrung from the reluctant bosom of the Cabinet, was enough for one season; and the blacker offenders are suffered still to insult the feelings of the country. The popish parliament is still furious, and labouring in its vocation of spreading fury through the land; and the whole tribe of the scribblers and spouters are hourly pouring out libels on individual character, treasons against the connexion of the countries, and open incentives to rebellion, that, in less tender times, would have summoned indignant justice to raze the walls, burn the journals, and send orators, warriors, and scribblers, to New South Wales for the term of their forfeited lives.

Under those circumstances of insolence in the aggressors and supineness in the defenders of the Constitution, the Protestant community has been compelled to take its defence into its own hands—to assemble, and show its numbers—to speak, and declare its principles—and, by its firmness and vigour, shew that it is not to be extinguished at the mercy of either indolence or bigotry. England, in conformity to her character, took the lead, and the British Brunswick Clubs already comprehend a vast multitude of the most honourable, informed, and patriotic men of the empire. The meeting on Penenden Heath, showed the actual superiority of the friends of the Constitution, in public weight and in personal respectability. Their numbers refuted, at a glance, the perpetual exaggerations of radicalism; and the myriads that figure in the speeches and journals of rebellion, dwindled down into a ludicrous

minority. The popish advocates, on the occasion, exhibited as contemptible a display as their partisans, and fully justified the long laments of the revolutionary journals on their wretched inferiority. We disdain alluding to personal defects; but what demon of burlesque could have driven that most helpless of decrepit haranguers, Lord Darnley, to expose the debilities of his understanding on so conspicuous a stage. Was there to be found among the ranks of political and personal foolery, no less palpable and notorious a subject of ridicule than this poorest of poor vilifiers of the nobility of England? Had not his annual admiralty harangues—his burlesque ignorance of every subject, beyond the details of a workhouse, or the detection of a poacher—the perpetual yawn of the House of Lords, and the general fugitation, whenever he rose, given sufficient warning against the mischief that must result to any cause, luckless enough to have a supporter in Lord Darnley?

Then came my Lord Camden. This noble lord has, by that timidity which nature sometimes gives to save men of feeble powers from utter exposure, been kept so long from the public eye, that he might have been forgotten. But his exposure was decreed, and he must exhibit himself to his contemptuous country, in the character of a popish orator. We pass over the arguments of his speech; if they could have, by possibility, convinced himself, it would be only a profounder instance of the emptiness of this venerable personage. But let us come to his *facts*—one of them is, "that he put down the Irish rebellion." With all our preparation to hear extravagance from the lips of the babes and sucklings of popery, we were not prepared for this monstrous aggression upon our understandings. Undoubtedly the newspapers say all sorts of extraordinary things, without the slightest consideration for the character of the persons into whose mouths they put them. But Lord Camden has not yet started forward to contradict this bitterest of all satires upon himself. We have heard of no sudden and indignant denial of this attribution of a public service, whose very mention should have stirred up his spirit from its lees, and made him demand whether the inventor of the tale was not actuated by a merciless determination to drag into light the public impotence of the *ci-devant* lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Camden should have recollected, that, whatever quality of his nature was adverse to the length of his memory, his failure, his recall, and the mission of the Marquess Cornwallis to Ireland, were events too near our time to afford the colouring that the fancy loves.

The Marquess Cornwallis gave the country the full benefit of contrast; he was a man of sense and spirit, who found rebellion raging, and put it down; who found the friends of the constitution shaken and scattered, and summoned them to its defence; who found Ireland a burthen to the empire, and who, by the mixture of vigour with mildness, of justice with mercy, struck a blow at Irish Jacobinism from which it never rose, till it found how ridiculous a British Government could again be made by a ridiculous representative.

The third orator was Lord Teynham. They could not have chosen a more appropriate sharer of the honour—England could not have furnished his rival. This noble personage, though not long in possession of his peerage, is already well enough known to require no description of ours. He is a peculiarly delicate topic, and we refer for his character to the newspapers.

But, far from blaming the three noble lords for volunteering in the cause of Rome, we rejoice that they have pushed themselves forward into the very breach of the time-honoured church of Mary of merciful memory. We congratulate the peerage on the line by which those heroic patriots have separated themselves from the dull defenders of the constitution, and only wish that they may long bring the vigour of their imbecility, the resources of their ignorance, and the integrity of their financial experience, to the grand alliance of popery.

So much for the cause of Rome in England. But in Ireland the advocacy is of a sterner nature. It stands forth in the real flesh and blood shape of subtle malignity and daring turbulence. It has a parliament, foaming out hourly insults against the Constitution, and a priesthood, as dark as ever were created by idolatry, as reckless as they can be made by sullen ambition, and armed with as fierce a hostility to Protestantism and Protestants as can be roused by hatred of a religion which puts their superstitions to shame, and by scorn of beings whom popery denounces as the victims of eternal fire.

The first great impediment to peace is the constitution of the Romish clergy of Ireland. The whole system was invented with the double purpose of alienating the clergy from their native land and lawful king, and of transferring their allegiance, in body and soul, in things temporal and things spiritual, in the most common relations of life as keenly as in the most ostentatious observances of their religion, to a stranger, who, being an actual potentate, may be at open war with their king, is always deeply connected with the rival sovereignties of the continent, and is, by habit and principle, the unceasing and public enemy of the national belief.

To this stranger the oath of allegiance of the popish bishop and priest is couched in the most direct terms that can bind man.

The popish bishop swears to obey the commands of the pope in all things. (No matter whether these commands enjoin him to dethrone his king.)—To keep all the secrets communicated to him by the pope. (No matter whether they are treason to his king.)—To disclose all secrets to the pope, that he thinks may be injurious to his authority, temporal or spiritual. (No matter whether the preservation of those secrets be of vital importance to his king, or entrusted to himself under the most solemn obligations of secrecy—whether received under the oath of a privy-councillor, or gathered at the confessional.)—To defend the territorial rights of the pope. (No matter whether that pope be at open war with his king.)—To exert all his efforts, personal and public, to enlarge the powers of the popedom. (No matter whether the increase of the papal power be in direct opposition to the interests, the policy, and the peace of his country, or this obedience may not be the first step to treason, the service of the national enemy, and the invasion or civil war of the land.) It must be remembered in all this, that if the pope be unlikely, from his distance and territorial weakness, to be the direct enemy of the British empire, he is the direct ally of France, Spain, Austria, the Italian States, and every other popish kingdom of Europe; that he lives on their pensions, is created by their influence, and is ready to second, by the whole weight of his authority, and the means of his perpetual connexion with the priesthood, any project of aggression which may be in the mind of the enemies of British freedom

and religion. That such a connexion with a foreign power should be suffered to exist under the British government, is one of those wonders of short-sightedness and contradiction which turn politics into contempt. Dearly has the country rued it already—more dearly still shall it rue it yet. A manly government would have at once appealed to the common sense of mankind, scorned to own the takers of such an oath among its subjects, and made the taking of it high treason by law.

With the Romish clergy themselves the whole principle of their government is the most unqualified tyranny. The pope is by the constitution of popery bound by *no law whatever*, except that of pushing the claims of his see to the utmost possible pitch. His will is the law. He has no assessor, no control, no code which he cannot abrogate at a word. His government is the most complete despotism ever known. He can impose whatever oath he pleases to-day—he can dissolve it to-morrow. Treaty with him is absurd; he can discover that it is not for the good of the church, at any time he chooses, and the treaty is *ipso facto* null and void. For the great standing canon of the Romish system is, that all obligations injurious to the interests of the Romish see are, by their very nature, extinguished. If the pope at this hour were to sanction the abjuration of papal allegiance by his Irish clergy, he might abrogate his concession in the next. But the impossibility of making the concession with any actual validity is so well known, that if the present pope, in dotage or fear, in corruption or conscience, were to make this concession, essential as it is to the safety and prosperity of Ireland, no Irish priest could be found to avail himself of it, if any Irish government could be found mad enough to confide in it. For it would be a nonentity in the very act of passing, and the next pope would unquestionably dissolve the compact. The fact is, that by this oath a grasp is laid upon the British empire which no pope can relinquish; a connexion is established by the Irish priesthood with Rome, and through it with foreign powers, which no Irish priest, in the prospect of preferments, bishoprics and cardinals' hats, will ever relinquish; and if the pope and the priests together were by miracle willing to abate the nuisance, it would be still secretly but irresistibly insisted on by the popish sovereigns, who see in it at once the means of perplexing the British government, of keeping open a point of attack in case of war, and undoubtedly, to the minds of those bigotted and priest-ridden princes, an opportunity, not yet desperate, of bringing back to Romish idolatry the Protestant portion of a country, which lay once, like themselves, in the unbroken darkness of the most sullen and merciless superstition of the world.

The tyranny of the pope binds the prelate—the tyranny of the prelate binds the rector—the tyranny of the rector binds the curate. Of all those ranks not one man can indulge in a single act of human choice, but by permission of his supreme master. His meals, his books, his hours, his habits, are all regulated for him by the ordinance of the church. He dares not eat, he dares not speak, he dares not connect himself with his country, serve his kind, or worship his God, but by the sullen and prescriptive mandate of a church, which propagates perpetual repugnance to lawful government, through the medium of perpetual submission to an *Italian* priest, and keeps its miserable adherents in the toils at once of slavery and rebellion.

Of those there are nearly two thousand parish priests officiating in Ireland. But the numbers and virulence of the Romish agency, are not to be estimated by even this formidable enumeration. The more hazardous class are the regulars, tribes of monks, still less connected with the public interests, if possible, than the parish priests, and still more bound to Rome. Those men, whom common wisdom in the government would have driven, root and branch, out of the country, plunderers and perverters as they are—the open agents of foreign influence, and the unquestionable missionaries of every doctrine that can yet grow into national disturbance—are already crowding into Ireland, purchasing lands, by what funds none but themselves can tell, usurping the education of the popish children, and, in all their proceedings, carrying on the most notorious, yet the most secret correspondence with Rome. Among those are the Jesuits, a race of criminals, whom the scorn and terror even of popish Europe expelled from every kingdom scarcely half a century since; to whom every breach of obligation, moral and divine, was familiar; and who in Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy, were alike charged with poisoning and treason—the pollution of private morals, and the assassination of kings. Yet those we have, with a negligence, which better deserves the name of frenzy, suffered to establish themselves within a few miles of the Irish metropolis, there to stimulate the efforts of papistry, to direct the progress of insurrection in Catholic rents, harangues, and rabble musters, and to be in a condition to keep up, like their missionary brethren, a perpetual and most mysterious correspondence with the general of their order, who reigns over their movements with more than kingly despotism, and who, by the laws of his order, constantly resides in the capital of conspiracy, Rome. Of the tremendous materials that are stored in these successive depositaries of public explosion, who can doubt? Or who can more doubt that there is any alternative for the British government between weakly conceding all, and wisely and manfully declaring that concession has gone to its full extent; and that the protestant laws and liberties must be no longer lowered into the toy of a faction, whom no concession would satisfy, short of absolute supremacy. But the British government can be strong only as the organ of the nation; and it is to put the government in possession of this strength, that the Brunswick Clubs have been established. When the minister comes down to the House, he will now be at no loss for the public judgment. If he waver, he will have the saving knowledge that the eyes of the nation are upon him. If he be resolute, he will have the noble confidence, that the hearts and hands of the bravest, wisest, and most honest population of the earth, are ready to sustain him in the cause of freedom and religion.

If we are to be told that those things are best left to parliamentary discussion, we must spurn the advice, let it come from what quarter it may. The man who referred the question of cutting his own throat to the wisdom of another, would be but a feeble emblem of the nation, that left it to a minister, and a House of Commons, to decide at their ease, whether it should be slave or free. On the minor questions of polity, we may defer to the experience of the Legislature. But where the most incurable evils may be the result—where the question is plain to every man—and where the God, that has put into the national heart the feeling of civil and religious freedom, has put into the

national hand the power of defending them, we should deserve our fate, if we folded our arms, and lazily lingered for the shaping of the Cabinet opinion, whether we were or were not to be undone. It is the first and most imperious call of our hazarded rights and our insulted understanding, to assemble, and, by all legitimate means, pronounce the will of the British people.

On Thursday, November the 3d, the leading Protestants of Ireland were convened in Dublin, for the purpose of forming a Brunswick Club. The assembly was immense—of the highest importance, in point of rank, property, and intelligence—and their speeches and resolutions were worthy of their character and their cause. The chair was taken by the Earl of Longford, a nobleman of large fortune, and among the most estimable and honourable of the peerage.

The Earl of Mayo, pledging himself to the firm support of "the Protestant Church, the Protestant King, and the glorious Constitution as it was settled in 1688," proposed the First Resolution:—

"That, associated as we are on the principle of defending the integrity of our Protestant constitution against the dangers to which its existence is at this day exposed, we conceive it our duty, in the present posture of affairs, to employ every means which a legal and constitutional exercise of our privilege, as British subjects, can place at our disposal, in order to effect its preservation."

The Earl of Enniskillen, declaring, "that the time was arrived when it was absolutely incumbent on every Protestant in Ireland to oppose the machinations of the enemies of the Constitution, and to stop the progress of that disaffection which they were labouring to spread through the land," moved the Second Resolution:—

"That the constitution, which we thus willingly pledge ourselves to support, was the effect of that great national Settlement of these countries, the Revolution of 1688, under which the system, designated by the law by the name of Popery, was completely excluded from the civil constitution of this country—not merely because it had been denounced as erroneous in matters of religion, but because it had been found, by experience, to involve a political system unsuited to the free spirit of the nation, and inconsistent with the independence of the crown."

This resolution was seconded, and elucidated, in a long and able speech, by Mr. Moore, one of the representatives of Dublin.

The Hon. General Taylor, pronouncing, that "the Catholic Association had usurped the Government of Ireland, that unqualified emancipation meant nothing less than the overthrow of the established Government, and that toleration was perfectly incompatible with the spirit of Popery," moved, that—

"No change whatever has taken place, that we can discover, to warrant a departure from the policy and principles which governed those who conducted the great constitutional settlement of the Revolution, investing the political power of the state in Protestants exclusively, as the best safeguard of the Protestant religion, of the Protestant establishment of those countries, of the Protestant succession to the crown, and of the civil and religious liberties of the empire."

Viscount Castlemaine moved the Fourth Resolution:—

"That, under the Protestant constitution of the state, as completed and established by the Revolution of 1688, toleration unlimited has been extended

to all religious sects and persuasions—civil and religious liberty, in the highest possible degree, possessed and enjoyed equally by all classes of his Majesty's subjects—and all the objects and purposes for which civil governments are instituted, adequately fulfilled and accomplished."

The Earl of Rathdowne, exhorting his Protestant countrymen "to be temperate, firm, and, though last not least, to be *vigilant*,"—a warning which cannot be too deeply inculcated on both Ireland and England,—moved the Resolution—

"That, in the present crisis of danger to the Protestant constitution of the realm, and from the alarm that prevails among a great number of his Majesty's Protestant subjects of Ireland, from the daring proceedings to which an unlawful and unconstitutional assembly, calling itself the 'Catholic Association,' has resorted, evidently with a view to the subversion of the constitution,—it is imperatively incumbent on all who revere the principles on which the Brunswick Club of Ireland is founded, to associate themselves for the purpose of promoting the true and independent expression of Protestant public opinion—to facilitate the progress of petitions to the legislature and the throne, and to exhibit their union of sentiment in support of our glorious constitution."

The remainder of the business consisted of arrangements for the propagation of the principles of the Club, for the holding of other meetings through the country, and the presentation of petitions to the two Houses of Parliament, and an Address to his Majesty, explanatory of the objects of the Brunswick Associations—the successive resolutions for which were sustained by a number of able and manly speeches from Members of Parliament, and other personages of public distinction, all uniting in the sentiment, that the Irish Agitators required not freedom, but subversion; that to give them the power of entering the Legislature, would be in the first place to throw the whole Irish Representation into their hands, inasmuch as the priests would not suffer the rabble of the forty shilling voters to return a single Protestant Member; and, in the next, would be the introduction of a hostile and unprincipled body of demagogues, bound together by their dependance on the priesthood, into the right of making the laws for a Protestant State and Church, both of which they were, by their corrupt religion, and by their criminal politics, pledged to embarrass, and finally destroy.

Thus far have the men of Ireland advanced in the great duty of rescuing themselves and their liberties from the hands of a furious faction. Well and wisely have they taken their defence into their own hands, waiting for no ministerial subtlety, or proud contempt of religious and moral principle, to make its bargain of their privileges with the cunning or the cupidity of Popish rebellion. Let their respect for the ability of the British Cabinet be what it may, woe be to those who leave themselves to be trafficked for in a Concordat, or bandied from Pope to Populace by a Cabinet Vote. Let the Protestants of the Empire raise their voice, and if the depositaries of power be treacherous, they will be forced to learn wisdom from fear; if they are honest, they will welcome this irresistible auxiliary. But, in all events, let the Protestants raise their voice, and their triumph is secure.

THE VISION OF TEARS.

Beside her death-pale daughter's bed
The mourning mother stands;
The day is dead—slow night hath fled—
Yet still the mother's hands,
All night and day, are lifted there
In many a soul-taught, silent prayer;
And still the sigh of dumb despair,
Love's wild farewell—the natural knell
Of hopes and hours remembered well—
Goes forth upon the sickened air,
And makes the virgin-sufferer weep
When most her lids seem sealed in sleep.

A delicate and graceful girl,
A grown-up child was she;
A clear and ever tranquil pearl
In life's all-heaving sea.
Her spirit like a flower sprung up,
In love's own light she grew;
Filling her heart, that fragrant cup,
With passions pure as dew;
But gifted with so high a sense,
Formed in such utter innocence—
So finely strung, so quickly wrung,
A whisper from an infant's tongue
Affected her with thoughts intense:
'Twas rare to see, in one so young,
That deep, divine intelligence.

And now, when death is at her side,
She grieveth less, in pain or pride,
To feel the cloud of sickness fall
Over her spirit, like a pall,—
Than for the trust, the ties that must
Dissolve upon her darkened dust.
She weeps to see her mother weep,
And sickens with her sighs;
She cannot keep her soul asleep,
Though night be in her eyes.

At length the moaning mother yields
Her grief to slumber's shadowy folds;
And lo! along its phantom-fields
A vision she beholds.
She sees a band of beauty glide,
A troop of children fair,
With snow-eclipsing brows, and hair
In heaven's first sunshine dyed.
In each uplifted white hand shews
A torch, whose flame is purer far
Than ever fell from sun or star;
'Tis Life, without its veil of woes;
The Mind that brightens with our birth,
The innate heaven of human earth.
If as a sign those torches shine,
The light within us is divine.

The mother's eye hath found
Among those angel-children one,
Her own—the death-dim child of sun.
She comes with wild buds crowned,
And every unnamed flower
That courts the crystal shower.
Along the golden ground,
That seemeth not by footstep pressed,
With many a seraph-sound
She moves more radiant than the rest.
And side by side together glide
The Mother and her Pride.

But lo! the flame so bright before,
The spirit-fire her fair child bore,
It burneth in the sighing air
A trembling token of despair.
"Ah! see, my lovely child, behold,
Thy light, thy life, is quenched and cold;
The other torches bear no blot—
But thine—it beameth not!
Some wind hath touched its holy flame,
Some dew that from the desart came.
Where nothing seems designed to fade,
Why walk'st thou in the shade?"

Strange light is in the maiden's eyes,
Sad music in her tone.
"Alas!" the virgin-victim cries,
"The shade by thee is thrown!
Thy tears, my mother, how they fall—
In glee or grief the same;
Oh! weep them, mother, on my pall;
Those tears have dimmed my flame.
Each still and solemn shower—each sigh
Hath doomed my dazzling hope to die.
These life-like fires that round thee shine
Are sudden, sacred things; but mine,
Oh! mine was formed so sensitive,
That whilst you weep it cannot live!"

The mother hears the Voice, and wakes.
The bright forms fade, the vision breaks;
But, like a bird, each breathing word
Held music which her heart hath heard.
She finds that oft our life depends
Even on the tone, the glance of friends.
She tends her child without a sigh;
She watches, and her eyes are dry.

S. L. B.

VILLAGE SKETCHES: No. XII.

Hannah Bint.

The Shaw, leading to Hannah Bint's habitation, is, as I perhaps have said before—(for really it is too much to expect one to remember one's own nonsense to the month's end)—the Shaw is a very pretty mixture of wood and coppice; that is to say, a track of thirty or forty acres covered with fine growing timber—ash, and oak, and elm—very regularly planted; and interspersed here and there with large patches of underwood, hazel, maple, birch, holly, and hawthorn, woven into almost impenetrable thickets by long wreaths of the bramble, the briary, and the briar-rose, or by the pliant and twisting garlands of the wild honeysuckle. In other parts, the Shaw is quite clear of its basky undergrowth, and clothed only with large beds of feathery fern, or carpets of flowers, primroses, orchises, cowslips, ground-ivy, crane's-bill, cotton-grass, solomon's seal, and forget-me-not, crowded together with a profusion and brilliancy of colour, such as I have rarely seen equalled even in a garden. Here the wild hyacinth really enamels the ground with its fresh and lovely purple; there,

> "On aged roots, with bright green mosses clad,
> Dwells the wood-sorrel, with its bright thin leaves
> Heart-shaped and triply folded, and its root
> Creeping like beaded coral; whilst around
> Flourish the copse's pride, anemones,
> With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
> Most delicate; but touched with purple clouds,
> Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow."

The variety is much greater than I have enumerated; for the ground is so unequal, now swelling in gentle ascents, now dimpling into dells and hollows, and the soil so different in different parts, that the sylvan Flora is unusually extensive and complete.

The season is, however, now too late for this floweriness: and, except the tufted woodbines, which have continued in bloom during the whole of this lovely autumn, and some lingering garlands of the purple wild-veitch, wreathing round the thickets, and uniting with the ruddy leaves of the bramble, and the pale jestoons of the briary, there is little to call one's attention from the grander beauties of the trees—the sycamore, its broad leaves already spotted—the oak, heavy with acorns—and the delicate shining rind of the weeping birch, "the lady of the woods," thrown out in strong relief from a back-ground of holly and hawthorn, each studded with coral berries, and backed with old beeches, beginning to assume the rich, tawny hue, which makes them perhaps the most picturesque of autumnal trees, as the transparent freshness of their young foliage is undoubtedly the choicest ornament of the forest in spring.

A sudden turn round one of these magnificent beeches brings us to the boundary of the Shaw, and leaning upon a rude gate, we look over an open space of about ten acres of ground, still more varied and broken than that which we have passed, and surrounded on all sides by thick woodland. As a piece of colour, nothing can be well finer. The ruddy glow of the heath-flower, contrasting, on the one hand, with the golden-blossomed furze—on the other, with a patch of buck-wheat, of which the

bloom is not past, although the grain be ripening, the beautiful buckwheat, of which the transparent leaves and stalks are so brightly tinged with vermilion, while the delicate pink-white of the flower, a paler persicaria, has a feathery fall, at once so rich and so graceful, and a fresh and reviving odour, like that of beech trees in the dew of a May evening. The bank that surmounts this attempt at cultivation is crowned with the late foxglove and the stately mullein; the pasture of which so great a part of the waste consists, looks as green as an emerald; a clear pond, with the bright sky reflected in it, lets light into the picture; the white cottage of the keeper peeps from the opposite coppice; and the vine-covered dwelling of Hannah Bint rises from amidst the pretty garden, which lies bathed in the sunshine around it.

The living and moving accessories are all in keeping with the cheerfulness and repose of the landscape. Hannah's cow grazing quietly beside the keeper's pony; a brace of fat pointer puppies holding amicable intercourse with a litter of young pigs; ducks, geese, cocks, hens, and chickens scattered over the yard; Hannah herself sallying forth from the cottage-door, with her milk-bucket in her hand, and her little brother following with the milking stool.

My friend, Hannah Bint, is by no means an ordinary person. Her father, Jack Bint, (for in all his life he never arrived at the dignity of being called John, indeed, in our parts, he was commonly known by the cognomen of London Jack,) was a drover of high repute in his profession. No man, between Salisbury Plain and Smithfield, was thought to conduct a flock of sheep so skilfully through all the difficulties of lanes and commons, streets and high-roads, as Jack Bint, and Jack Bint's famous dog, Watch; for Watch's rough, honest face, black, with a little white about the muzzle, and one white ear, was as well known at fairs and markets, as his master's equally honest and weather-beaten visage. Lucky was the dealer that could secure their services; Watch being renowned for keeping a flock together, better than any shepherd's dog on the road—Jack, for delivering them more punctually, and in better condition. No man had a more thorough knowledge of the proper night stations, where good feed might be procured for his charge, and good liquor for Watch and himself; Watch, like other sheep dogs, being accustomed to live chiefly on bread and beer. His master, although not averse to a pot of good double X, preferred gin; and they who plod slowly along, through wet and weary ways, in frost and in fog, have undoubtedly a stronger temptation to indulge in that cordial and reviving stimulus, than we water-drinkers, sitting in warm and comfortable rooms, can readily imagine. For certain, our drover could never resist the gentle seduction of the gin-bottle, and being of a free, merry, jovial temperament, one of those persons commonly called good fellows, who like to see others happy in the same way with themselves, he was apt to circulate it at his own expense, to the great improvement of his popularity, and the great detriment of his finances.

All this did vastly well whilst his earnings continued proportionate to his spendings, and the little family at home were comfortably supported by his industry: but when a rheumatic fever came on, one hard winter, and finally settled in his limbs, reducing the most active and hardy man in the parish to the state of a confirmed cripple, then his reckless improvidence stared him in the face; and poor Jack, a thoughtless, but kind creature, and a most affectionate father, looked at his three motherless children with the acute misery of a parent, who has brought those whom he

loves best in the world, to abject destitution. He found help, where he probably least expected it, in the sense and spirit of his young daughter, a girl of twelve years old.

Hannah was the eldest of the family, and had, ever since her mother's death, which event had occurred two or three years before, been accustomed to take the direction of their domestic concerns, to manage her two brothers, to feed the pigs and the poultry, and to keep house during the almost constant absence of her father. She was a quick, clever lass, of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride, and a horror of accepting parochial relief, which is every day becoming rarer amongst the peasantry; but which forms the surest safe-guard to the sturdy independence of the English character. Our little damsel possessed this quality in perfection; and when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage, and removing to the workhouse, whilst she and her brothers must go to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution, and, without disturbing the sick man by any participation of her hopes and fears, proceeded, after settling their trifling affairs, to act at once on her own plans and designs.

Careless of the future as the poor drover had seemed, he had yet kept clear of debt, and by subscribing constantly to a benefit club, had secured a pittance that might at least assist in supporting him during the long years of sickness and helplessness to which he was doomed to look forward. This his daughter knew. She knew, also, that the employer in whose service his health had suffered so severely, was a rich and liberal cattle-dealer in the neighbourhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant, and had, indeed, come forward with offers of money. To assistance from such a quarter Hannah no objection. Farmer Oakley and the parish were quite distinct things. Of him, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way—"a cow! any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow! she would be bound to keep it well; if she did not, he might take it back again. She even hoped to pay for it by and by, by instalments, but that she would not promise!" and partly amused, partly interested by the child's earnestness, the wealthy yeoman gave her, not as a purchase, but as a present, a very fine young Alderney. She then went to the lord of the manor, and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow in the Shaw common. "Farmer Oakley had given her a fine Alderney, and she would be bound to pay the rent, and keep her father off the parish, if he would only let it graze on the waste;" and he, too, half from real good nature—half, not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so much, that the produce of the vine seldom fails to satisfy their kind landlord.

Now, Hannah shewed great tact in setting up as a dairy-woman. She could not have chosen an occupation more completely unoccupied, or more loudly called for. One of the most provoking of the petty difficulties which beset people with a small establishment, in this neighbourhood, is the trouble, almost the impossibility, of procuring the pastoral luxuries of milk, eggs, and butter, which rank, unfortunately, amongst the indispensable necessaries of housekeeping. To your thorough-bred Londoner, who, whilst grumbling over his own breakfast, is apt to fancy that thick cream, and fresh butter, and new-laid eggs, grow, so to say, in the country—form an actual part of its natural produce—it may be

some comfort to learn, that in this great grazing district, however the calves and the farmers may be the better for cows, nobody else is, that farmer's wives have ceased to keep poultry, and that we unlucky villagers sit down often to our first meal in a state of destitution, which may well make him content with his thin milk, and his Cambridge butter, when compared to our imputed pastoralities.

Hannah's Alderney restored us to one rural privilege. Never was so cleanly a little milk-maid. She changed away some of the cottage finery, which, in his prosperous days, poor Jack had pleased himself with bringing home; the China tea-service, the gilded mugs, and the painted waiters, for the more useful utensils of the dairy, and speedily established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, honey, and poultry—for poultry they had always kept.

Her domestic management prospered equally. Her father, who retained the perfect use of his hands, began a manufacture of mats and baskets, which he constructed with great nicety and adroitness; the eldest boy, a sharp and clever lad, cut for him his rushes and oziers; erected, under his sister's directions, a shed for the cow, and enlarged and cultivated the garden (always with the good leave of her kind patron, the lord of the manor) until it became so ample, that the produce not only kept the pig, and half-kept the family, but afforded another branch of merchandize to the indefatigable directress of the establishment. For the younger boy, less quick and active, Hannah contrived to obtain an admission to the charity-school, where he made great progress—retaining him at home, however, in the haymaking, reaping, and leasing season, or whenever his services could be made available, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, whose favourite he is, and who piques himself so much on George's scholarship (your heavy sluggish boy at country work often turns out clever at his book), that it is the general opinion of the village, that this much-vaunted pupil will, in process of time, be promoted to the post of assistant, and may, possibly, in course of years, rise to the dignity of a parish pedagogue in his own person; so that his sister, although still making him useful at odd times, now considers George as pretty well off her hands, whilst his elder brother, Tom, could take an under-gardener's place directly, if he were not too important at home to be spared even for a day.

In short, during the five years that she has ruled at the Shaw cottage, the world has gone well with Hannah Bint. Her cow, her calves, her pigs, her bees, her poultry, have each, in their several ways, thriven and prospered. She has even brought Watch to like buttermilk, as well as strong beer, and has nearly persuaded her father (to whose wants and wishes she is most anxiously attentive) to accept of milk as a substitute for gin. Not but Hannah hath had her enemies as well as her betters. Why should she not? The old woman at the lodge, who always piqued herself on being spiteful, and crying down new ways, foretold, from the first, that she would come to no good, and could not forgive her for falsifying her prediction; and Betty Barnes, the flattering widow of a tippling farmer, who rented a field, and set up a cow herself, and was universally discarded for insufferable dirt, said all that the wit of an envious woman could devise against Hannah and her Alderney; nay, even Ned Miles, the keeper, her next neighbour, who had, whilom held entire sway over the Shaw common, as well as its coppices, grumbled as much as so

good-natured and genial a person could grumble, when he found a little girl sharing his dominion, a cow grazing beside his pony, and vulgar cocks and hens hovering around the buck wheat destined to feed his noble pheasants. Nobody that had been accustomed to see that paragon of keepers, so tall and manly, and pleasant looking, with his merry eye, and his knowing smile, striding gaily along, in his green coat, and his gold laced hat, with his noble Newfoundland dog, (a retriever is the sporting word), and his beautiful spaniel flirt at his heels, could conceive how askew he looked, when he first found Hannah and Watch holding equal reign over his old territory, the Shaw common.

Yes! Hannah hath had her enemies; but they are passing away. The old woman at the lodge is dead, poor creature; and Betty Barnes, having herself taken to tippling, has lost the few friends she once possessed, and looks, luckless wretch, as if she would soon die, too!—and the keeper?—why, he is not dead, or like to die; but the change that has taken place there is the most astonishing of all—except, perhaps, the change in Hannah herself.

Few damsels of twelve years old, generally a very pretty age, were less pretty than Hannah Bint. Short and stunted in her figure, thin in face, sharp in feature, with a muddled complexion, wild sun-burnt hair, and eyes, whose very brightness had in them something startling, over-informed, super-subtle, too clever for her age. At twelve years old she had quite the air of a little old fairy. Now, at seventeen, matters are mended. Her complexion has cleared: her countenance, her figure, has shot up into height and lightness, and a sort of rustic grace; her bright, acute eye is softened and sweetened by the womanly wish to please; her hair is trimmed, and curled, and brushed, with exquisite neatness; and her whole dress arranged with that nice attention to the becoming, the suitable both in form and texture, which would be called the highest degree of coquetry, if it did not deserve the better name of propriety. Never was such a transmogrification beheld. The lass is really pretty, and Ned Miles has discovered that she is so. There he stands, the rogue, close at her side (for he hath joined her whilst we have been telling her little story, and the milking is over!)—there he stands—holding her milk pail in one hand, and stroking Watch with the other; whilst she is returning the compliment, by patting Neptune's magnificent head. There they stand, as much like lovers as may be; he smiling, and she blushing—he never looking so handsome, nor she so pretty, in all their lives. There they stand, in blessed forgetfulness of all except each other; as happy a couple as ever trod the earth. There they stand, and one would not disturb them for all the milk and butter in Christendom. I should not wonder if they were fixing the wedding day.

M.

ECHARD'S CONTEMPT OF CLERGY.

Echard is one of that strange school of prose writers who flourished in the interval between the decadence of the stately style of the writers of the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the establishment, in Queen Anne's reign, of that style of writing which, with little modification, has prevailed ever since. The prose writers of the days of the elder queen delighted in long, winding, involved sentences, dovetailed with innumerable parentheses, and spun through whole pages without much regard to the niceties of punctuation. They rejoiced also in abundant quotations, and strewed their margins thickly with references. Their writings have much more a foreign than an English air, and very often sound as if the author had thought in Latin. In the midst of this, however, we very often meet with a single sentence of exquisite melody, though, in general, this occurs more in the writings of the immediate successors of the Elizabethan writers than in her own time. Spenser furnishes some such occasionally in his Dialogue upon Ireland. His description of the wild flowers of Irish poesy, for instance, is a most harmonious passage. But we seldom meet them in Sir Philip Sidney; and we believe if the most noisy admirers of the Arcadia of that mirror of chivalry were to confess the truth, they would have to avow that they often were inclined to nod over the tedious prosing of his interminable periods.

In the divines of the days of King James and King Charles I.—particularly in Jeremy Taylor—such passages abound; and even Baxter furnishes them occasionally. But still the texture of the style was coloured by their continual studies in Latin. Most, indeed, of the great prose writers of the time were accustomed to write habitually in that language. Milton's English sentences are peculiarly cast in that form, and their ruggedness forms a strange contrast to the "linked sweetness long drawn out," of his versification. The unhappy nature of the subjects on which he chose to write—the squabbling polemics and politics of the day—afforded but little scope for fine writing; but the genius of the author of Paradise Lost occasionally glances forth even in these ungenial subjects. The sentence in which he compares England to an eagle clearing his long-abused sight—that in which he gives an inkling of his future poetic labours—and some others, are now familiar to the general reader. A hundred years after they were written, they were so completely unknown, that Warburton, in his controversy with Lowth, thought himself quite secure in taking one of them *verbatim*, or at least with such alterations only as adapted it to the purpose on which he was engaged; and Lowth, a professed English scholar, actually selected it in his answer, as a point of attack, for its bombastic fustian! Even now, with the exception of these *purpurei panni*, Milton's prose works are unknown to the literary world; and it is felt a much greater task to read his English than his Latin. Without deserving the very high praise of classicality which has been poured upon them, by persons, however, not very much distinguished as classical scholars, the two defences of the English people flow in a smooth, and sometimes even a Ciceronian style. The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, the Defence of Smectymnuus, &c. are as harsh and unmusical as "a brazen canstick turned, or a dry wheel grating upon an axletree."

The circumstances of the time filled the serious writers on the parliamentarian side with Hebraisms and Græcisms; and a display of such

learning was the fashion among the sworn enemies of king and bishop. The return of Charles II. altered the mode. The imitation of the "Prick-Eared Roundheads" was out of the question: on the contrary, it was a sufficient condemnation to any thing that it had been used by them. The residence of the mimic court so long on the Continent had made French fashionable; and, unquestionably, the reign of Louis XIV. afforded admirable models of every kind of writing, except the epic and the *highest* tragic. But, unfortunately, all imitators are a *servum pecus;* and our writers did not improve by the adoption of the French style. From their plays they borrowed only the rhyme and rhodomontade, for which they did not scruple to sacrifice Shakspeare. The comedies of Molière, in the hands of his English imitators or translators, lost all their wit; and if they retained their humour, they retained it in company with buffoonery exaggerated, and obscenity added. In this latter particular, our English wits are particularly blameable. They had no model for their grossness in France, where, though society was corrupt and depraved, it assumed the mantle of decency. But, in England, a desire to shew as much detestation of the sanctimoniousness of the Praise-God-Barebones people as possible, led at once to the open expression of the utmost indecencies; and Charles had neither the taste or the decorum to repress it. On the contrary, indeed, we may see, by Grammont and other reverend authorities, that he turned his court into grossness. It would be impossible, we think, to equal, even in the most licentious writers of antiquity, the mass of abomination which Jeremy Collier raked together, when he turned his vigorous and unsparing hand against the writers for the stage.

But as we are not now considering the morality, but the style of the writers of the reigns of Charles II. and James II.—a style which lingered even into the reign of George II.—we may pass this part of the subject. A general contempt for the elder writers seized upon all the persons of quality in those days; and even Dryden himself was so far infected with the spirit of the times, that he deemed it necessary to apologize for Shakspeare's *Tempest*, which he assured his readers contained much fine poetry, though not quite polished enough, until he had taken it in hand, for the age. "As if," says Schlegel, indignantly—"as if the age of Charles II. was superior to that of Elizabeth!" Their immediate predecessors they treated as dull fops (a favourite phrase of theirs), and determined that their own writings should be distinguished by a free, airy, and jaunty manner. This was their peculiar boast—that they wrote with ease; and it was not immediately found out that easy writing was hard reading. The French, they saw, wrote as they spoke—the admirable fitness of their language for conversation putting no great difference between their written and their colloquial manner; and, accordingly, in England, their followers determined on doing the same. Our language was never, at any period, suited for this—but least of all at the very time when the attempt was made. The conversation of the very highest circles of the court itself was of the lowest description—slang, cant, selling bargains, *double entendre*, smut—every vice of vulgarity, in short, infected it. He who excelled most in these accomplishments was the wittiest fellow, the most sparkish man about town. Tom D'Urfey's songs were the fashion; and Tom dedicates his "Pills to purge Melancholy"—a collection which contains (among much curious and humorous matter, we admit) songs of the most gross indecency, and the most dis-

gusting filth—to one of our queens; with a boast, in his preface, that he had been a favourite of all the preceding monarchs of England: and he spoke the truth. Dryden informs us that he has often seen King Charles the Second leaning on Tom's shoulders, to balance his unsteady feet, while Tom held a music-book to the king, who, in that posture, sang the bass to the poet's treble, in presence of the court.

The prose-writers took care that their style should be as familiar as that of the poet. The excess of their slipslop is scarcely credible to any one who has not examined them with some attention. Their sentences continually remind us of the low drolling of hackney-coachmen, or the eloquence of Billingsgate. They appear actually to revel in nasty allusions, and are never deterred from hunting out a dirty simile to its minutest particulars, or from expatiating on a dirty story in its fullest details, from any squeamishness about a word. Swift, who was born in their time, borrowed this particular from them; and he is the last of our writers to whom the reproach applies. It is from him rather than from Addison that we should date our present prose style—though occasionally, and particularly in his earliest composition, the *Tale of a Tub*, some traces of the school of Charles are visible.

Sir Roger L'Estrange was perhaps the person who carried this mode of writing to its highest—except, perhaps, Sir Thomas Urquhart, in his translation of Rabelais. Urquhart had some apology in the original on which he was employed, though by no means so much as is imagined by those who have not examined Rabelais himself. Lord Woodhouselee would not have pronounced Sir Thomas's translation as absolutely perfect, if he had consulted the original with any care. In the boisterous and roaring parts of that strange romance, Sir Thomas is certainly at home: but he misses altogether the grave tone of Rabelais, and is quite at a loss when he attempts to convey the frequent touches of severe and stern irony, which abound amid bursts of buffoon and tumultuous merriment. But, certainly, except Sir Thomas, no other person can claim equal honour in this particular with his brother knight, Sir Roger. In his translation of Æsop, it is quite amusing to hear the language of the coffee-houses and taverns of the Strand or Fleet-street, the "bargain-selling" of the green-rooms, or the cogging language of the Mint or Southwark, then the refuge of runaway-debtors, and other persons out of sorts with fortune—put into the mouth of the wild animals roaming in the forest. The lions, wolves, foxes, and sheep of Sir Roger were all qualified, by wit and manners, to sit as critics in the first rows of the pit on the night of a new piece, and to give their opinions upon it with all the modish grace of a town gallant over a flask of burnt claret at the Devil Tavern. In serious writers the same defects were visible. Locke's style is vulgar and slovenly. Burnet is filled with low colloquialisms, which have rendered him the butt of Swift. The same might indeed be said of all writers of the time: but we intend to speak only of Echard.

Laurence Echard was born in Suffolk, in 1636, and admitted of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, in 1655. He became, in process of time, Master of that Hall, and Vice-Chancellor of the University. He died in 1697, having spent a peaceful life in literary leisure. His principal works must have cost him little trouble, being merely thrown off to amuse himself. He writes precisely in the style which we have been describing, and the subjects on which he occupied his pen were those in which it is most

successful. Well adapted for vulgar comedy, it reads as if we listened to a professional droll; and Echard's principal work, "On the Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy," is scarcely any thing else but a grave banter upon the style of education, and the manner of preaching prevalent among some divines of his time. The conception is Lucian's, and is, in a great measure, founded upon the celebrated treatise on the art of writing history by the wit of Samosata. Echard avows his strong predilection for the "prodigious Lucian," and also for the great "Don of Mancha," and had certainly studied the latter in the then popular translation of Don Quixote.

The book is hardly known now to general readers; but it made no small noise in its day. Echard, who wrote anonymously, in his preface disclaimed being a clergyman—we suppose suspecting that his performance would not be generally palatable among his clerical brethren. The preface itself is only remarkable for the following passage:—"I am not," says he, "I'll assure you, any of those occasional writers, that, missing preferment in the University, presently write you their new way of education; or, being a little tormented with an ill-chosen wife, set forth the doctrine of divorce to be truly evangelical." This alludes to Milton; and so slightingly did his contemporaries speak of our great poet! And the book which contains this sneer was published in 1670—three years after the publication of Paradise Lost! We do not remember that any of the biographers or critics of Milton have taken notice of the passage.

Echard enters into his subject at once, and takes it for granted, without scruple, that the contempt entertained for the clergy was a thing so notorious that it needed no proof. His business was only how to account for the existence of this universally-admitted fact; and he begins with the beginning. He seeks its first cause in the education which they received—finding the greatest fault with the system of confining youth to a Latin and Greek education. Since Echard's time, this most *vexata questio* has been examined over and over, and it would be useless to repeat his arguments here. He is for giving them a more practical education:—

"Or suppose, they were taught (as they might much easier be than what is commonly offered to them) the principles of *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, and such alluring parts of learning: as these things undoubtedly would be much more useful, so much more delightful to them, than to be tormented with a tedious story how *Phaeton* broke his neck; or how many nuts and apples *Tytirus* had for his supper. For most certainly youths, if handsomly dealt with, are much inclinable to Emulation, and to a very useful system of Glory; and more especially if it be the reward of Knowledge; and therefore if such things were carefully and discreetly propounded to them, wherein they might not only earnestly contend amongst themselves, but might also see how far they outskill the rest of the world; a Lad hereby would think himself high and mighty, and would certainly take great delight in contemning the next unlearned Mortal he meets withal. But if instead hereof, you diet him with nothing but Rules and Exceptions; with tiresome repetitions of Amo's and τυπλω'ς; setting a day also apart to recite *verbatim* all the burdensome Task of the foregoing week (which I am confident is usually as dreadful as an old Parliament Fast) we must needs believe that such a one, thus managed, will scarce think to prove immortal by such performances and accomplishments as these. You know very well, *Sir*, that Lads in the general, have but a kind of ugly and odd conception of Learning; and look upon it as such a starving thing, and unnecessary perfection (especially as it is usually dispens'd out unto them) that Nine-pins and Span-counter are judged much more heavenly

Employments: and therefore what pleasure, do we think, can such a one take, in being bound to get against breakfast two or three hundred Rumblers out of *Homer*, in commendation of *Achilles's* Toes, or the *Grecian's* Boots? Or to have measured out unto him, very early in the morning, fifteen or twenty well laid on lashes, for letting a Syllable slip too soon, or hanging too long on upon it; Doubtless, instant execution upon such grand Miscarriages as these, will eternally engage him to a most admirable opinion of the *Muses*."

This is a fair specimen of his style. He appears to have had a great dislike for Homer, which was a common feeling, indeed, among all the class of writers of which he was one. In his defence of his book—for he was immediately assailed—he recurs to this passage, which had been attacked by one of his antagonists:—

"And as for the business of *Homer*, if the *Answerer* will promise me not be angry, I will for once chuse rather to be of My Lord *Bacon's* Opinion than his, who tells us in his advancement of Learning, 'That he can without any difficulty pronounce, that the Fables of *Homer* (notwithstanding he has been made a kind of Scripture by the later Schools of the *Græcians*) had no such inwardness in his own meaning;' but, however, as the *Answerer* well observes, there is somewhat else in *Homer* besides *Achilles'* toes. But I profess, *Sir*, my mind did so run upon the so often commended *Movables* of the *Captain* (πόδας ὠκύς) that *I* might easily forget the *Buckle-garters*. But is there nothing else in that ancient and venerable *Poet*, but stories of *Footmanship*, and such like low accomplishment? Was it not he that laid down the first Elements of *Physic and Chirurgery;* and gave the first glimpses for scraping of *Lint, and spreading Plaisters upon Leather?* Is he to be undervalued, that is not only the most *Christian*, but most *Protestant* of *Poets;* in whose works you may not only find all *practical Divinity*, as fast as in the *little book of piety* itself; but most cases of Conscience warily resolved, and knotty Controversies acutely decided? Is he to be called a *Rumbler*, who glides as smooth as a star, or a fired Rocket of Tow?—who was not like common confined mortals, born at one dull place; but at no less than seven the most eminent *Cities* of the *East?* Is he, with whose works *Alexander* alone could take rest, whereas the whole world besides could not content him?"

After some drolling about the commentators discovering all science in Homer, and some sneers by a side-wind at Virgil, he proceeds:—

"But withal, *Sir*, I must beg leave to put in a caution or two, as to what was said a little before concerning *Homer;* and then not a word more of *Homer* all this year. And first of all I have made some little enquiry, concerning *Alexander* laying him under his pillow; and I find that the Learned differ; some placing him only upon a stool by the bed-side, and others over his Head upon a little Ridge; the ancient manuscripts not fully agreeing about ὑπο and υπερ; and as for *Rablais*, I shall not undertake for his being of the *reformed Religion;* but as to *Divine Mysteries*, I think that *Homer* and *He* may equally pretend; and though Comparisons are odious, yet I am somewhat forward to acknowledge that the mighty Spirit of *Garagantua*, declining the vulgar way of coming into the World, and cunningly crawling up the *Hollow vein*, and so making his escape under his Mother's Ear, is not much inferior either for Honour or Strangeness, to that *seven-city* Birth of *Homer*. I meet indeed sometimes with Idle, Extravagant People, that are so profane as to compare his *Poems* to *Chivy Chace*, but such I always check, shewing them plainly, that when the Poet has a mind to recreate his *Readers* to purpose, then by the elegant help of his little tickling τε S, and δε S, he could do it so effectually, that nothing ever came more delightful from the Town of *Athens*. What more *Theorbo-like* than τον δ' ἠμιβὴ ἔπειτα Πατὴρ ἀνδρῶντε Θεῶντε. But indeed when the broad sides of *Poluphloisboios*, the *Hippodamios*, and the *Poluscarthmoios*, are dreadfully discharged towards the upper end of the school,

and the noise thereof come grumbling down like a Cart over a Wooden Bridge, I will not say but that a small lad or so, of a tender constitution, may chance to creep underneath the Table. But to make an end, Sir, of this; questionless there is a very peculiar and secret worth in several authors; and if you want a bit of ancient authority, to plant *classically* upon the Title-page of your *Book*, there is none that is more fit, or has been more serviceable, than the worthy *Poet* before mentioned. Nay, so serviceable has he been in this kind, that I durst almost venture to say, that if he should by any misfortune be afterwards utterly lost, he might be so far picked up by *Pieces* out of Title Pages, that there should scarce be wanting one "τον δ' απομειθομενος."

In a similar vein he disparages the reading usual at colleges, and recommends that good English books should be substituted for the poets of Greece and Rome. We are sorry that he has not given a list of those whom he would have recommended: Milton, certainly, would not have been one. The want of reading English books, he contends, prevents youth from acquiring a good English style:—

"It is very curious to observe, what delicate Letters your Young Students write after they have got a little Smack of University Learning! In what Elaborate Heights and Tossing Nonsense will they greet a down right *English* Father, or a Country Friend! If there be a plain Word in it, and such is used at home, this tastes not, say they, of Education amongst Philosophers, and it is counted damnable Duncery and want of Phansie: because, *Your Loving Friend*, or *Humble Servant*, is a common Phrase in Country Letters; therefore the Young *Epistler* is *Yours to the Antipodes*, or at least to the *Centre of the Earth;* and because ordinary folks *Love* and *Respect* you, therefore you are to him the *Pole Star*, a *Jacob's Staff*, a *Load-Stone*, and a *Damask Rose*.

"And the Misery of it is, this pernicious accustomed way of Expression, does not only oft times go along with them to their Benefice, but accompanies them to their very grave; and for the most part an Ordinary *Cheesemonger*, or *Plumb-seller*, that scarce ever heard of an university, shall write much better sense, and more to the purpose than these young Philosophers, who injudiciously hunting only for great Words, make themselves learnedly ridiculous."

Beyond question, if they followed the dialect in which this censure upon them is written, they could not be accused of aiming at a very elevated standard of composition!

But the mischief was not confined to letter-writing. The mode of education at colleges was the cause of "the high-tossing and swaggering preaching—either mountingly eloquent, or profoundly learned:" and here begins the most amusing part of his book. He proceeds to give examples of false taste in preaching, as his model, Lucian, in the Συγγραφειν, gives examples of the false taste of his contemporary historians. First we have the metaphorical preacher:—

"For example, perhaps one Gentleman's Metaphorical Knack of Preaching comes of the Sea, and then we shall hear of nothing but *Star-board*, and *Lar-board*, of *Stems*, *Sterns*, and *Forecastles*, and such like salt-water language: So that one had need take a voyage to *Smyrna* or *Aleppo*, and very warily attend to all the Sailor's terms, before I shall in the least understand any Teacher. Now, although such a Sermon may possibly do some good in a *coast Town*, yet upward into the Country in an inland Parish, it will do no more than *Syriack* or *Arabick*. Another he falls a fighting with his Text, and make a pitched Battle of it, dividing it into the *Right Wing* and *the Left Wing*, then he *Rears* it, *flanks* it, *intrenches* it, storms it; then he musters all again, to see what word was lost, or lam'd in the Skirmish, and

so falling on again with fresh Valour, he fights backward and forward, charges through and through, Routs, Kills, Takes, and then Gentlemen, *as you were.* Now, to such of his Parish as have been in the late Wars, this is not very formidable; for they do but suppose themselves at *Naseby* or *Edg-hill,* and they are not much scared at his Doctrine; but as for others, who have not had such fighting opportunities, it is very lamentable to consider, how shivering they sit without understanding, 'till the Battle be over. The like instance might be easily given of many more discourses; the Metaphorical Phrasing whereof, depending upon peculiar Arts, Customs, Trades and Professions, makes them useful and intelligible only to such who have been very well busied in such like Employments."

After several other styles have been humorously discussed, we come to one very amusing one:—

"But for a short text, that certainly was the greatest *Break* that ever was; which was occasioned from those words of St. *Luke,* Chap. 23, Ver. 28. *Weep not for me, Weep for yourselves,* or as some read it, *but weep for yourselves.* It is a plain case, *Sir;* here are but eight words, and the business was so cunningly ordered, that there sprang out eight parts: *Here are,* says the Doctor, *eight words and eight parts.* 1. *Weep not.* 2. *But weep.* 3. *Weep not, but weep.* 4. *Weep for me.* 5. *For yourselves.* 6. *For me, for yourselves.* 7. *Weep not for me.* 8. *But weep for yourselves.* That is to say, *North, North and by East, North North East, North East and by North, North East, North East and by East, East North East, East and by North East.* Now it seems not very easie to determine which has obliged the world, he that found out the *Compass,* or he that divided the forementioned Text: but I suppose the Cracks will go generally upon the *Doctor's* side, by reason what he did was done by undoubted Art, and absolute Industry; but as for the other, the common report is, that it was found out by meer foolish Fortune. Well, let it go how it will, questionless they will be both famous in their way, and honourably mentioned to Posterity.

The ingenious divine who preached on "Weep not for me," &c. was Dr. Playfere, who flourished about the end of the reign of Elizabeth; and it must be confessed, that he and the other divines abovementioned made almost as much of their texts as the facetious John Dodd did of the short text given him by the thieves—*viz.* "Malt."

These extracts will suffice to shew Echard's style. There are many of his sketches of character, as of the dandy, the philosopher "hot from Cartesius," and others who despise the clergy, admirably well done; but we have no space to extract them. We think a book on the preaching of the present day might be made a humorous one: there is as much room for it, as there was in the time of Echard.

His other principal work is a dialogue against Hobbes (on whose steel cap, as Warburton observes, every theologian thundered), between Philautus and Timothy—the name of which, at least, was remembered by Swift, when he wrote his Dialogue between Mad Mullinix and Timothy. Echard was one of the Dean's favourite authors.

THE WINTER CRUISE.

A CUSTOM exists among the smugglers and fishermen, in the towns and villages on the Kentish coast, of engaging with shipowners residing there for the perilous adventures of a cruise to effect the landing of contraband goods on some distant shore. Ireland is chiefly the course these expeditions are bound for; and many a smuggler's wife, while listening to the dashing of the rough waves on the shore of her home, and the loud winds blowing harmlessly over the roof of her dwelling, has breathed a prayer that the same storm may be landing her husband's cargo in safety on some unguarded beach, or filling the sheets of his good ship in eluding the pursuit of a revenue-cutter. These outfits are invariably made on the approach of November, and are denominated "The Winter Cruise." The vessels are the property of individuals who have realized considerable sums in these speculations, and a fortune is frequently embarked in one vessel. The smuggler looks forward to the success of these adventures with sanguine hopes and beating heart; and, while lamenting over past favours, prays for future good luck, which, if but moderate, makes him comfortable for life. During the absence of the men, their wives are allowed by the proprietors of the vessels a weekly stipend, sufficient for their maintenance; but, on the arrival of disastrous news, the payments are discontinued. Many a hard hand has been softened by the tears mutually shed at the departures for the Winter Cruise; and many a young wife has seen all that she loved launched on the ocean, to sleep in its bosom for ever. A mother, while bestowing her best wishes for a son's success, and endeavouring to smile away her apprehensions of what might befal, has looked upon him for the last time; he has departed—hoping much, fearing little—never more to be seen or heard of.

Folkstone, the scene of this tale, is only relieved by the hereditary good-nature of the inhabitants from a prevailing melancholy which every where presents itself, as bereaved mothers are pointed out to you, and widowed homes marked in every street.

It was late one night in the month of January, when the flower of the young men of Folkstone were absent on the Winter Cruise, that four women were seated round a sea-coal fire, listening to the heavy rain falling in the street, and the scolding wind as it echoed and rumbled in the chimney of the warm fire-place. One of the party—from her occupying the low-seated, patchwork-covered chair, and the peculiar attention paid to her by an indolent cat, who stretched, and purred, and quivered her nervous tale, while peering sleepily in her protector's face—appeared to be the mistress of the house: she was a young woman, about five-and-twenty, with all the happy prettiness of a country beauty—albeit an indulged grief had thrown a pale tinge over the clear red that still shone in her cheek, as if struggling for mastery with an intruding enemy. Her features, though somewhat irregular, if but carelessly viewed, failed not to secure the beholder's stedfast observance, from the peculiar interest which a full blue eye and light arched brow lent to the *contour*. She was resting her face upon her hand, and looking at the red coals in the stove before her;—the others seemed to have just concluded a bit of country scandal, or the success of the sale of a secreted tub of hollands, from the pursing-up of their lips, and the satisfaction with which each appeared to lean back in her chair.

"There," said the young woman, "in that very hollow of the fire, I can almost fancy I see my James on the deck of the *Mary*, looking through his glass to catch a glimpse of some distant sail. Ah! now it has fallen in, and all looks like a rough sea.—Poor fellow!" This was spoken in that abstracted tone of voice, that monotonous sound of melancholy, where every word is given in one note, as if the speaker had not the spirit, or even wish, to vary the sound.

"That's what I so repeatedly tell you of," said a fat old woman of the group; "you *will* have no other thought; morning and night hear but the same cry from *you*. Look at me—is'n't it fifteen years ago since my William, rest his soul, was shot dead while running his boat ashore on Romney Marsh? and am I any the worse for it? I loved him dearly; and when I was told of the bad news, I did nothing but cry for whole days; but then it was soon over—I knew that fretting wouldn't set him on his legs again: so I made the best of a bad berth, and thought, if I should have another husband, all well and good; if not,—why, I must live and die Widow Major—and there was an end of it."

"Ah! neighbour," replied the young woman, "you knew the fate of your husband—you were acquainted with the worst—you had not to live in the cruel suspense I endure: but if I knew that he was dead"—(and her voice grew louder, while the blood rushed into her fair cheek)—"I should think of him as much as I do now, and would think and think, and try to bring thoughts every day heavier on my heart, till it sunk into the grave."

This burst of affection for her husband was amen'd with a loud laugh by a young, black-eyed, round-faced girl, sitting in the opposite corner, who, leaning over to the speaker, laying one hand on her knee, and looking archly in her face, chuckled out—"Come, come! she sha'n't take on so; if her first husband is gone, Susan shall have a second to comfort her."

"A second husband, Anne!—No! no second husband for me. I could never wake in the morning, and look on a face sleeping on the pillow beside me, where had rested the head of one I had loved, and who was dead. No—I was asked three times in church, and married to him lawfully; and I am certain that, when a couple are once joined in marriage—and in true love—their only separation is in death; and that is but for a time—they will hereafter meet, and never, never part again."—And then she looked up with her sweet blue eyes, and heaved such a sigh, and smiled such a smile, that proved to her gossips how confirmed was her innocent belief.

"How fast it rains!" ejaculated a shrivelled old woman, who had hitherto remained silent. "How fast it rains!"—and she drew her chair closer to the fire. "It was just such a night as this when—— What's that—the wind? Ah! 'tis a rough night; I suppose it must be near eleven o'clock.—Now, I'll tell you a story that shall make you cold as stones, though you crowd ever so close to this blazing fire. It was just such a night as this——"

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Susan, "I hear a footfall coming down the street so like that which I knew so well,—listen!—No, all is silent.—Well, Margery, what were you going to tell us?"

"Eh! bless us!" replied Margery, "you tremble terrible bad, surely; what's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing, dame;—go on."

"Well," said the old woman, "it was just such a night as this——"

"Susan!" cried a voice at the door, in that tone which implies haste, and a fear of being heard—"Susan! open the door."

"Good God!" shrieked Susan, "that voice!"—and all the women rose at one moment, and stood staring at the door, which Susan was unlocking. "The key won't turn the lock—'tis rusty;—who's there?" she breathlessly exclaimed, as in the agony of suspense she tried to turn the key, while the big drops stood quivering on her brow. She trembled from head to foot—her companions stood like statues—the lock flew back, the door opened—nothing was seen but the black night, and the large drops of rain which sparkled in the beams of the candle on the table.—"There is no one," said she, panting for breath; "but, as I stand here a living woman, 'twas his voice.—James! James!" she cried, and put out her head to listen. She heard quick, heavy footsteps hastily advancing at the end of the street: presently a party of six or seven blockade-men rushed by the door, dashing the wet from the pavement in Susan's face. They passed with no other sound than that made by their feet, and were quickly out of hearing.

"I wish I may die," said old Margery, "but the blockade-men are chasing some poor fellow who has been obliged to drop his tubs; for I saw the blade of a cutlass flash in my eyes, though I couldn't see the hand that held it."

"My bonnet! my bonnet!" cried Susan; "there has more befallen this night than any here can tell. 'Twas his voice—stay in the house till I come back—'twas his voice!"—and she ran out through the still driving rain, in the direction of the party that had just passed. They took the street that led to the cliffs; not a light was to be seen—lamps in a smuggling town being considered a very obnoxious accommodation; and, though there may be a rate for watching, the inhabitants take especial care there shall be none for lighting, inasmuch as a lamplighter never yet breathed the air of Folkstone. Susan reached the cliffs; the wind blew fresh and strong off the sea, and the rain appeared abating. She thought she saw figures descend the heights; and quickening her pace, stood on the edge, straining her sight to distinguish the objects flitting to and fro on the beach. She heard a faint "hallo!"—the sound thrilled through every nerve—it was the voice she had heard at her door. She returned the salute; but the buffeting of the wind choaked her timid cry. The halloo was repeated; Susan listened with her very eyes. Her distended fingers seemed grasping to catch at *sound*. A sound did rise above the roar of the breakers and the rushing of the wind: it was the report of a volley of carbines fired on the beach. Susan screamed, and sunk on the edge of the cliff, overpowered with terror and anxiety. Quickly there was seen a flashing of lights along the coast, and men running from the Martello-towers to the beach in disorder. Then was heard the curse for curse, the clashing of cutlasses and discharge of arms, and the hoarse shout of some of the smugglers, who had succeeded in putting their boat off from the shore with part of her cargo, which it appeared they had been attempting to work.

Susan well understood the import of these dreadful sounds, and recovering from her fright, was striving to ascertain from her station the position of the parties, when a hard breathing of some one, apparently exhausted, arrested her attention. It seemed to issue from beneath, and, looking over the summit of the cliff, she perceived the shadow of a man

cautiously ascending. He had almost accomplished his task, and was grasping a jutting fragment of stone, to enable him to rest a moment from the fatigue of his attempt. Susan heard him panting for breath, and, in endeavouring to discover whether he wore the jacket or the smock-frock (the latter being the usual working attire of the smugglers), heard him sigh heavily. She thought it was a form she knew: she bent over the edge, and held her breath in the very agony of hope and fear. The figure stood with his back to the cliff, and looking down on the beach, ejaculated, "Oh, God!" It was in one of those moans which betray the most acute suffering of mind, which thrill through the hearer, and create that kindred overflowing of the heart's tears which makes the sorrow of the afflicted more than our own. Susan heard the sound, and breathlessly answered—"Who is it?" The figure sprang upwards at the response, and exclaimed—

"Susan!"

"James! James!" she cried. He caught a large tuft of grass to assist him in darting into her expanded arms, when the weed broke by the roots from the light sand in which it had grown;—a faint cry, and the fall of a body, with the rattling of earth and stones, down the steep, were the sounds that struck terror, and madness, and dismay through the brain of poor Susan.

She attempted to call for assistance, but her voice obeyed not the effort, and, in the delirium of the moment, she sprang down the cliff; but, fortunately, alighting on a projection, and at the same time instinctively catching the long weeds, was saved from the danger her perilous situation had threatened: but still she continued her descent, stepping from tuft to stone, reckless whether she found a footing, or was precipitated to the base; which the darkness concealing, all below looked like a black abyss. Susan alighted in safety on the beach: an indistinct form lying on the shingle met her view.

"James! James!" she cried, "speak! let me hear your voice—for mercy's sake tell me, are you hurt?"

No answer was returned; she grasped his hand, and felt his brow; but, on the instant, started from the form in horror—the hand was stiff, and the brow was deadly cold; and then, as if all her powers of utterance had become suddenly re-organized, she broke forth into such a cry of anguish, that it pierced through the noises of the night like the scream of a wounded eagle. A pistol-shot was heard; the ball whizzed past the ear of Susan, and harmlessly buried itself in the sand of the cliff. A party of the blockade rushed toward the spot, and, by the light of a torch, discovered the poor girl stretched on the body of a smuggler. They raised her in their arms—she was quite senseless; and holding the light in the face of the man, they saw that he was dead.

"She's a pretty young creature!" said one of the men; "it's a pity she couldn't let her sweetheart come to the beach alone, for she seems almost as far gone as he is;—what shall we do with her, Sir?"

This was addressed to a young man of the group, wearing the uniform of a midshipman, and whose flushed and disordered countenance proved that he had taken a considerable share in the late desperate encounter.

"Take her to the tower, Thomas," said he; "she may assist with her evidence the investigation of this affair. The body of the man must also be carried to our station, for I dare say we shall grapple some of the rascals before the night's work is over. Our lieutenant has ordered the

boat to be pursued that put off in the scuffle; and, as some of the cargo is now lying about the rocks here, we must look out for another squall."

One of the sailors sustained the still senseless Susan in his arms, while the corpse followed, borne by four others on their carbines.

"This fun was not expected, Infant Joe," said one of the men to the gigantic figure who carried Susan in one of his arms, with as much ease as he would have conveyed a child, and who, in mockery of his immense bulk, had been so nicknamed.

"No," was the laconic reply.

"I think," continued the other, "'twas your pistol settled that poor fellow, for he lay in the very point of the woman's scream when you fired."

"Yes," said Joe with a grin, "mayhap it was; and I wish each of my bullets could search twenty of 'em at once as surely and as quickly."

"Halt!" cried the officer who was conducting the party; "if I mistake not I perceive a body of men, creeping on their hands and knees, at the foot of the cliff. Out with your torches, or we may be fair marks for a bullet."

The men instantly obeyed, and, at the same moment, discovered their progress was interrupted by a gang of armed smugglers, who instantly commenced a practical argument for the right of way by furiously attacking the blockade. At the first fire, the ponderous bulk bearing the light form of Susan reeled and fell with its burthen on the earth; and a smuggler was seen to rush wildly through the chaos of contending beings, hewing his passage with a short broad cutlass, and apparently having but one object in view. A retreat of the smugglers, and the consequent advance of their antagonists, brought him to the spot where Susan, still senseless, lay wound in the sinewy arm of the prostrate man-of-war's man. He endeavoured to disengage her from his grasp; and, on placing his hand on her neck, he felt that his fingers were straying in warm and still oozing blood. He trembled, and gasped for breath:—there were two beings senseless before him—one must be seriously wounded, perhaps dying or dead. He dragged Susan from her thrall: the action was followed by a groan from the man, who faintly rose upon his knees, and made a grasp towards the female with one hand, and drawing a pistol from his belt with the other, discharged it at random, and again fell exhausted. The report was heard by some of the still contending party, and forms were seen hastening to the spot; but the smuggler had safely ascended the cliff with Susan, and sitting on the summit, wiped the drops of agony and toil from his brow, and placed his trembling hand upon her heart. At the first he could discover no pulsation; he pressed his hand firmer against her side, and with a cry of joy sprang upon his feet—he felt the principle of life beat against his palm. He again clasped her in his arms, and, with the speed of a hound, ran across the fields leading from the edge of the cliffs, darted through the church-yard there, till his quick step was heard on the stones of the paved street. The inhabitants were at their doors and windows, anxious to catch the slightest word that might give them some intelligence of the conflict; for the reports of the fire-arms had been heard in the town, and all there was anxiety and agitation: but the quick questions were unanswered, the salutes were unnoticed—the form that rushed by them was heard to gasp hardly for breath, and they were satisfied that something

desperate had taken place. The smuggler gained the street Susan had set out from; the women, and others who had joined them, were gathered round the door of the house, waiting with breathless impatience her return, and various were the conjectures of the night's events; when a voice, whose tones all knew, was heard to exclaim—"Stand o' one side there; a chair! a chair!" They made way for him in an instant; he darted into the house, placed Susan in the arm-chair, and dropped on the floor, with his forehead resting on his arm.

"James!" the women cried, "are you hurt?"

They received no reply; but his convulsive panting alarmed them: they raised him from the ground, while one of the women lighted a candle. At that moment a scream of dismay escaped from all: those who had stood listening at the door rushed in, and were horror-struck on beholding poor Susan lying apparently lifeless in the chair, her face and neck dabbled with blood; but she breathed, and not a moment was to be lost. Restoratives were applied to both, the blood was cleansed from Susan, and, to the joy of all, not a wound could be perceived. James had now sufficiently recovered to stand and bathe her temples: he kissed her cold, quivering lips—she slowly opened her eyes—the first object they rested upon was her husband! She started from the chair, and gazed at him with a mingled expression of terror and delight. James, seeing the effect his appearance produced, pressed her in his arms, where she lay laughing and crying, and clasping him round the neck, till the shock had subsided, when she sat like a quiet child on his knee, reposing her head upon his shoulder. None had as yet ventured to ask a question, but all impatiently waited till Susan should break the silence that had now followed the confusion of cries, tears, and wonder. But she seemed to have no other wish on earth—she was in her husband's arms—beneath their own roof—and that was question, and answer, and every thing to her. James appeared restless, and attempted to rise; but the motion was followed by the close winding of Susan's arms round his neck. Then, as if suddenly resolved, and chiding himself for some neglect, he started from his seat.

"Susan," said he, "you are better now; keep yourself still till I return—I shall be but a few minutes."

"No, no," cried Susan, grasping his arm with both her hands—"not again—go not again. I shall be able to speak to you presently; don't leave me now, James."

"You mus'n't persuade me to stay," replied he; "I left the crew fighting with the blockade when I saw you in that fellow's arms; but I must go back again, for life and death are in this night's business. One of us has been shot, poor Peter Cullen drowned—he would drink in spite of our orders, and fell overboard. I tried to save him; but I'm afraid he lies dead under the cliff, just where I first saw you, Susan, when I lost my footing. But I must go back, and see the end of it—now don't gripe me so hard, Susan—I must go. I dare say all's lost—but I must go."

He struggled to release himself from Susan, when a smuggler rushed into the house, pale and exhausted; he flung himself into a chair, and throwing a brace of pistols on the ground, exclaimed—

"The boat's taken—the tubs we had worked to the foot of the cliffs are seized too: we fought hard for it, but it was of no use;"—and then he breathed a bitter curse in that low, withering tone, which seems

to recoil upon the head of the curser, and clings only to him that utters it.

"Well, it can't be helped," said James, calmly seating himself; "it's no use repining now—words and sighs won't better it; though it is somewhat hard, after cruising about for three months, to lose our cargo at sea, and when we thought ourselves lucky that we escaped Cork gaol, and got back to Holland with an empty hold, and tried to do a little business at home, to make such a finish to all as we have done to-night. Poor Peter's drowned too, Tom—d'ye know that?"

"Ah!" said the other, "I thought it was all over with him when I saw him go;—but how did you manage with him?"

"Now it's all over," said James, "I'll tell you the whole affair. When I plunged in after him, I popped a tub under my arm, thinking we were opposite a point where there was no watch; for, thinks I, if I can work a tub and save a man's life at the same time, I shall do a clever thing: but I was some seconds before I could find Peter, it being so pitch dark. At last I saw something bob up to the top of the water, close to me—it was him, sure enough; I made a grasp, and caught him by the hair—kept his head above the surface, and got ashore with him. At that moment, a blockade-man 'spied me, and fired a pistol: I heard some of them coming towards me, so I dragged Peter under the cliff, and made for the town; but the men-o'-wars-men followed me up so closely, that I was obliged to drop my tub, and crowd all sail. I got near home, and thought I could manage to drop in without being seen; but they had so gained upon me that I was obliged to run again right through the town, where I dodged them, till I found myself back again at the place where I had left Peter. I felt him, but he was stiff and dead, poor fellow. I then thought I'd try if I could hail you; but the only answer I got was a report of fire-arms on the beach: then I knew that you must be working the boat slap in the teeth of the blockade. I listened a minute or two, and all was silent; so, thinks I, they have either put out to sea again, or have succeeded in working the cargo."

"Yes," interrupted Tom, "we had worked part of it, and had hid the tubs under the cliff, when we were discovered and attacked; and three or four suddenly put off the boat, while we who were left had to fight it out, and get away as we could."

"Well," continued James, "I thought I'd mount the cliff and look out, and had got near the top—but what with wondering how you had managed, and thinking about poor Peter and our unlucky cruise, I felt very melancholy, and was pulling-up to take fresh wind, when what should I hear but my Susan's voice! That so astonished me, that I lost my footing, and was capsized plump down again on the shingle. There was no bones broke, however; and I was just about to hail Susan on the cliff, when I thought I saw some of the blockade coming; and, says I to myself, 'you mus'n't see me, my masters!'—so I crept close under the cliff, and passed them safe enough. Then, thinks I, 'I may as well find out where the lads are;' and thinking Susan would be up to the rig, and wait where she was, or go home again, I contrived to run along the bottom of the cliff, till I found myself tumbling among a lot of tubs. 'Oho!' thinks I, 'all's right yet;' and, while looking about, I perceived all of you creeping down the cliffs. You recognized me, if you recollect; and we were just preparing to clear the tubs snugly away, when the enemy's lanterns issued from a projecting part of the cliff.

Douse they went in one moment, and, in the other, there we were with the blockade, yard-arm and yard-arm; but, when I first saw the light from their torches, what should I see but my Susan stowed in the arms of Infant Joe. In the surprise, I opened a fire upon him, but took a good aim notwithstanding; I saw him fall, and laying about me right manfully, I seized upon my little brig, carried her away from the grappling-irons of the huge pirate, and towed her right into harbour—and here she is, safe and sound—there's some comfort in that, ar'n't there, my girl?"—and a hearty kiss, with a murmured blessing, escaped from the lips of the rough young smuggler, as he again pressed the now happy Susan in his arms.

Two of his companions now entered the house: they were cordially received by their acquaintances and neighbours assembled; but the hanging of their heads, the ill-stifled sighs, and the languid manner of taking the hands outstretched to welcome them, proved how severely their bold hearts felt their chilling disappointments and unrewarded toil. A dead silence followed their entrance; for what could be said? The journal of their cruise and misfortunes was recorded in every line of their brows. It was a sad meeting; and sadness and silence love to be together. At length one of them, looking at James, said,—

"We heard that you had brought down Infant Joe; but, just as we came into the town, we were told that he was only wounded, and had been carried to the tower, with a pistol-bullet in his right shoulder."

"In his right shoulder, eh?" said James, as he gave a loud whistle, and looked at Susan; "it was close chance for you, my girl. Well, I've no wish for his death; but, if we ever should meet again, I am just as likely to snap my trigger, and perhaps with better success.—But, Susan, my lass, I've been waiting all along to know how you came on the cliff at such a time; and I'm somewhat jealous, too, at that same Infant Joe, and the manner he was convoying you so snugly."

Susan smiled, and related her share in the events of the night, and concluded by entreating James to relinquish his desperate and unprofitable pursuit—to forego all thoughts of again embarking in a Winter Cruise—and, when the employment of the coast failed to procure them a quiet subsistence, to remove to some happier land, where industry may reap its reward, and the strong arm and sweating brow know their hours of comfort and repose.

J. B. B.

SOUTH AMERICAN SKETCHES: No. I.

Facundo Quiroga, Governor of La Rioja, one of the interior Provinces of La Plata.

South America, though any thing but an exhausted subject of literary treatment, in the present day, has hitherto proved a marvellously dry and dull one, chiefly by reason (as it strikes us) of the peculiar views and motives which have attracted and actuated the various travellers who have been tempted to write upon it. Those persons have, for the most part, visited South America with *trading* views exclusively; and, though views of this nature are sufficiently interesting to the individual pursuing them, and are not without a corresponding importance to the commercial departments of our community, they seldom include matters likely to afford scope for much readable writing, however well-informed the writer may be on the subject of which he treats, or however well-skilled in turning that subject to the best account. Nevertheless, to turn his subject to *some* account or other in the way of *a written book*, seems to have been a contemplated item in the calculation of every one who has lately visited this most interesting country. The consequence is, that we have more books on South American matters than can find readers, and more readers (few as there are) than can find either the entertainment or the instruction that they seek.

The writer of the Sketches now about to be laid before the reader feels himself in an altogether different position, in the above respects, from almost every other of those South American travellers who have preceded him in presenting their observations to the world; and, if for no other reason, for this simple one alone—that he visited the country expressly in search of mingled amusement and general knowledge, and entirely freed from those peculiar views which have a tendency to fix the attention to one class of information exclusively, while they not only take away the inclination, but greatly abridge the ability, of successfully appropriating or applying any other. Moreover, his desultory wanderings were undertaken after a settled residence of many years in one part of the country, cut off from all intercourse with European society, and consequently perfectly familiar with the habits, feelings, manners, and, above all, the language of the people, and enabled to assume (as, in fact, he *did* assume) the dress and appearance of the natives themselves.

These relative advantages over other travellers in South America were, perhaps, farther increased by the writer's disposition to search out and appropriate the singular and the romantic in all that presented itself to his notice, in a country where the romantic and the singular abound more than in any other on the face of the globe.

These, then, are the claims to attention which the writer of the following Sketches conceives himself to possess; and he is not without hope that they will be looked upon as some set-off against that literary inexperience of which he is far from being unconscious, and which, therefore, he has no wish either to deny or conceal.

Perhaps the English reader cannot be more promptly initiated into the manners, customs, and modes of feeling, which prevail in a particular and important district of La Plata, than by a brief biographical notice of one of the most extraordinary individuals of the present time—the facts

of which are gathered from a personal residence in the province itself, over which that individual at present

"Holds sovereign sway and mastery."

Facundo Quiroga is the son of a wealthy estate-holder of those fine plains called the Llanos, forming part of the rich province of La Rioja, in which are situated the celebrated Famatina mines. Quiroga commenced his career of personal independence, by running away from his father, and associating himself with a band of vagabonds of all descriptions—thieves, deserters, and cattle-stealers. With these companions he led a wandering life for the space of three years, at which time the greater part of them were taken prisoners, and made soldiers of. As the hue and cry followed Quiroga also very closely, he disguised himself as a *peon*, or labourer, and went to Mendoça, where he worked in a vineyard for several months.

Prior to the revolution, every working man was obliged to have a letter of licence, certifying his good character, without which he was liable to be sent to the army. During Quiroga's forced sojourn at Mendoça, an alcalde, or judge, met him one day in the street, and asked him for his licence. Quiroga hesitated at first; and then, putting his hand under his *poncho* apparently for the purpose of giving the paper, he suddenly drew his knife, and stabbed the alcalde, who fell dead on the spot. He then instantly made his escape, and wandered for more than four months among the wilds to the southward, leading the life of a savage. At length, he was tempted to return to the town, and some of his female acquaintances betrayed him.

Amongst the Spaniards and their descendants (for what reason it would be difficult to divine), murder is looked upon as a very venial crime; and it is scarcely ever severely punished. On the present occasion, the Spanish authorities contented themselves with making a soldier of Quiroga.

About six months after this event, Beresford's expedition arrived, and took possession of Buenos Ayres; when all the king's troops were collected together to drive out the invaders, and Quiroga, among the rest, was marched to Buenos Ayres. Here he remained some years, when an unforeseen circumstance caused him to desert. He was one day placed as a centinel at the gate of the *quartel* (barrack), when an officer came up, and asked him some question; to which he returned an insolent reply. The officer immediately drew his sabre, and gave Quiroga a blow with the flat of it; upon which the enraged soldier sprang at his superior, disarmed him, and cut him down. By this time, some of the soldiers had made their appearance, with the intention of taking him into custody; but his ferocious looks alarmed them, and he was allowed once more to make his escape. Having procured a horse, he again took the road to Mendoça, dressed as a *gaucho*, which was literally his own character; for he was capable of any of the feats practised by this half-savage class of the South American community: he could break-in a wild horse—lazo, hamstring, slaughter, and cut up a wild bull—fight with a knife or sabre—and endure hunger and thirst unrepiningly, when obliged by necessity. In riding, in particular, he was singularly skilful, and might almost be said to "grow upon his horse." On his road to Mendoça, so audacious was he, that he even ventured to enter the town of

San Luis, although he knew that his life was forfeited to the laws. Instead of taking a circuitous route, he rode boldly into the *Plaza*, (great square), and dismounted at the door of a *pulperia*, (low tavern), where some guitar playing and dancing was going forward. As he was known to be a stranger, an alcalde soon made his appearance, and demanded his passport; upon which he repeated his first exploit, as above alluded to. He made a motion as if to give the required document; but, instead of so doing, he drew a pistol, and shot the alcalde dead. He then instantly jumped upon his horse, and attempted to escape; but his beast was flagged, and fell with him, so that he was taken without difficulty.

As usual, he was put in prison, and his associates there were a number of the common soldiers belonging to the old Spaniards, who had been taken prisoners by San Martin in Chile. The ill-treatment which these men experienced had induced them to form a plot for the purpose of breaking out and taking possession of the town. This was at the time San Martin's French agent, Dupuis, was the governor of the province of San Luis. This plan was soon communicated to Quiroga, who immediately entered into the plot with them, but with a purpose very different from that which actuated his new companions. Having procured files, the party disencumbered themselves of their fetters in the course of the night; and, when the turnkey entered in the morning, he was instantly killed. Quiroga played what seems to have been his favourite part in this affair. On rushing out with his fetters in his hand, he used them as a weapon, fracturing, with one blow of them, the skull of the sentinel at the gate. He then seized his musket and bayonet; and, while the Spanish soldiers, to the number of about a hundred, ran along the streets, tumultuously shouting "*Viva el Rey!*" Quiroga remained in the rear, and, whenever any of the Spaniards lagged behind, he ran them through the back with his bayonet. In this way he had slaughtered upwards of twenty, before they found out the nature of his designs; but then it was too late to revenge their murdered companions, as the troops of Dupuis approached in front, and engaged their attention.

The half-armed Spaniards were now soon massacred, Quiroga being one of the most eager in their destruction; and, for these services, Dupuis rewarded him by giving him a lieutenant's commission, with which, together with his freedom and these new honours, he soon afterwards returned to La Rioja, and arrived there just as an expedition was preparing by Davila, the then governor of that province, against a military chief named Corro, who had just before revolutionized the province of San Juan, and rendered himself absolute. In this service, Quiroga soon attained the rank of captain; in which capacity he contributed so much to the success of the enterprise against Corro (who was defeated and shot), that the governor gave him a commission, as second in command of the troops of the province—the governor's brother, a gallant young man, being the first in command.

Quiroga now, for the first time in his life, began to entertain ambitious views, and to see the possibility of making himself absolute in his native province; and the tyrannical conduct of the two Davilas, soon afterwards gave him the opportunity of putting his views into effect. The Governor had, just at this time, forced such heavy contributions on the inhabitants of the province, that all but those immediately connected with the government offices were inimical to him; and Quiroga, who was very popular

among the *gauchos* of the Llanos, soon found that they would prove willing assistants if he attempted a revolution.

After intriguing with his friends for a short time, he threw off the mask, and took the field against the Davilas, at the head of about three hundred gauchos, half of whom were armed with sabres, and the remainder with knives and lazos. The governor became alarmed at this formidable conspiracy, and held himself aloof from action; but not so his more gallant brother. The latter, finding that his number of men was far inferior to those of Quiroga, left him in possession of the city of La Rioja, and retreated to Chilecito, where, having procured some old church bells, he caused four rude cannon to be cast for him by a silversmith, with balls formed of the same metal. The balls and cartridges were packed up in boxes, placed on low wheels, so that they could be drawn along with a lazo fixed to a horse. To prevent the boxes from splitting, they were bound up with raw hide; and, when Quiroga suddenly made his appearance one morning, unexpectedly, at the head of his mounted *gauchos*, neither ball nor cartridge could be come at. However, the appearance of artillery made the *gaucho* cavalry keep their distance, and at last the boxes were opened; but a worse error was now discovered, for they found that the balls were too large for the bore of the cannon. Quiroga's party finding they were not fired at, again put their horses to their speed, and came to the attack; but a discharge of blank cartridge put them all to flight. They again rallied, and a second discharge again dispersed them; but they now found that the cannon were harmless, and, on the third attempt, they closed with their opponents, and rode down the artillerymen. Davila's troops now all dispersed; and their commander, finding that he was left alone, reined round his horse, with the intention of flying; but it was too late, a party had cut off his retreat, and all that remained for him was to sell his life as dearly as possible. He, therefore, placed the rear of his horse against a mud hut, and killed his two foremost assailants with pistol-shots, stunning a third with the pistols, which he threw at him. A fourth he cut down, and his horse then fell dead under him, killed by a carbine-shot. He now disengaged himself from the fallen animal, and made it serve him as a rampart, over which the other horses would not charge for some time; but the unceasing efforts of the *gauchos* at last obliged them. Davila now cut down his fifth opponent; but his sabre breaking with the effort, he remained disarmed, and retreated into the hut. The *gauchos* with a furious shout of merciless exultation, now dismounted from their horses, and, rushing into the hut, after a vain struggle on his part, dragged him out by his long hair, on which he had greatly prided himself. One of the strongest of them then seated himself on the carcass of the dead horse, and, throwing Davila on his back across his knees, drew his head down by the hair, and after feeling the edge of his knife, with all the coolness of an experienced butcher, deliberately severed his head from his body; for, before the fight commenced, Quiroga had given orders to his men that Davila should have no quarter. As soon as he was dead, they disfigured his body most brutally.*

The governor, when he heard the news of his brother's defeat, fled away to Catamarca; and Quiroga, who was anxious to extinguish the

* This fact was communicated to the author in the village of Chilecito, by Dona Manuela Davila, the beautiful and accomplished sister of the unfortunate commandant.

family, tried a great many arts in order to procure his return, promising to treat him kindly. But Davila was too well acquainted with the object of his opponent to again trust himself within reach of his sword.

The members of the Cabildo now begged of Quiroga to take upon himself the office of governor; but this did not, at the moment, coincide with his views. He considered that it was better for the present merely to retain the command of the troops; by which means he would be more absolute than the governor himself, whom he might displace whenever it answered his purpose. He, therefore, with much pretended humility, told the Cabildo that an ignorant man like himself was not qualified to fill so important an office, and that they had better elect some one else: at the same time, however, he took care to have it privately intimated to them on whom it was that he wished their choice to devolve. This was a man named Agueros, who had, during many years, been a travelling pedlar, and who possessed all the cunning and chicanery of his profession. This plan succeeded to his wishes; and Quiroga's influence was now unbounded. He also, by this time, possessed enormous estates—almost half the Llanos being his property—with a large number of cattle and horses; so that he left Agueros at full liberty to exercise what peculation he pleased in his office, and turn it to the best account, so long as he took no political measures which were disagreeable to his employer.

Quiroga now caused his house in the Llanos to be fitted up as a kind of fort, whither he removed Davila's four unfortunate cannon, and sent to Cordova to purchase 300 muskets and sabres, on the state account, which were also deposited in his house. He now ruled with absolute authority, there being no appeal from him, even on a matter of life and death. He also maintained a body of twenty mounted *gauchos* constantly about his house, as a sort of body-guard, who were ready, on all occasions, to ride and do his bidding. At two hours' notice he could, at any time, have 500 militia cavalry in readiness at his doors, to take their arms, and obey all his orders without questioning them; and, to prevent the possibility of these men being tampered with, he always retained the arms in his own custody when there was no necessity for taking the field: in fact, no eastern pacha could be more absolute. At the same time, he did not disdain those arts which tended to make him popular among the people on whom he depended for support. His dress and amusements were constantly those of the *gaucho;* and, whenever any dispute occurred before him, in which a rich and a poor man were concerned, he invariably took the part of the poor man, and decided in his favour, right or wrong; so that the poorer classes all spoke loudly in his praise, as the only refuge of the oppressed. He would sometimes kill a bullock, and set a barrel of wine running, to feast the *gauchos*, when they were collected together, and, by this means, rendered them devoted to his service.

Although Quiroga is, in person, a small, spare man, with a downcast countenance, he is possessed of great muscular and constitutional strength; and, owing to the influence which a strong mind always possesses over weak ones, he governs his followers as much by fear as by attachment. On one occasion, a man from the country came before him with a large sabre-wound on his arm, which he complained had been given him by one of the *gauchos* then on guard, without any provocation. Quiroga ordered the guards into the apartment; and the wounded man pointed

out the *gaucho* who had struck him. Quiroga addressed the *gaucho* as follows: "I shall punish you for two reasons; first, for the injustice you have done to this poor man; and, secondly, for not having used your sabre more dexterously than in the infliction of a mere flesh-wound, which is a disgrace to a soldier of mine." He then snatched a sabre from the man who stood next to him; and the *gaucho,* fearing what was about to take place, lifted his arm to protect himself—when Quiroga severed his arm from his body at a blow, and it fell powerless on the floor.—"Take him out," he added, as the man was bleeding to death, "and let the rest of you learn, from my example, how to strike." The infliction of such a blow from a small spare man like Quiroga, appeared to the men like the effect of magic, and they conveyed their dying comrade out of the apartment without a word.

Like most South American landholders, Quiroga does not despise any means of gain, however small; and, therefore, he keeps a shop at one end of his house, supplied with all the articles in request amongst the *gauchos*—as Manchester prints, men's coarse clothing, shirts, jackets, drawers, ponchos, red baize for making them, brandy, wine, *Yerva de Paraguay,* sugar, dried meat, bread, salt, red pepper, lard, tallow, candles, died fruits, knives, flints and steels, tinder-boxes, tobacco, paper, small common prints of the Virgin and saints, shoes, bridle-bitts, stirrups, hide-reins, lazos, balls, and every other article in request. Of course, all the *gauchos* who wish to stand in favour with him purchase their necessaries at his shop, in which one of his relations serves. By this means, he has a constant supply of ready money to pay his workmen, and the people about him; and his profits are about cent. per cent. He kills one or two bullocks every day, and all the superabundant meat is sold in the shop. On one occasion, a poor man who had been to the shop passed by, with a very discontented air, the front of the house where Quiroga was sitting. The latter called him, and asked what was the matter; he replied that the *Capataz* (bailiff) had refused to sell him a *medio's*-worth ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) of beef. "Where is your money?" replied Quiroga; and the man gave it him. He was then ordered to throw his lazo over the horns of a fine fat ox in the corral, worth seventeen dollars; he did so, and brought the animal to Quiroga, who said, "Take him home, and kill him, that you may eat beef." The poor man in astonishment replied, "But, my patron, how shall I ever be able to pay for it?"—"Why," replied his patron, "I have got your *medio,* and you have got my ox; if you are satisfied, I am; if not, I will return the money." The man went away, and spread the story of Quiroga's generosity far and near, who was more than repaid for his outlay in the popularity it procured him.

Such apparently generous acts as these, occasionally performed, enable Quiroga to rule, as an absolute and merciless tyrant, with impunity. No one dares to steal any of his herds, which wander unmolested through the plains; but if, by chance, such a thing occurs, the offender is instantly brought to his house, and shot without mercy, frequently upon the bare allegation of a spiteful neighbour. But, as a compensation for this, the country people are allowed to plunder any of the other estate-holders *(estancieros)* whenever they can, with impunity. Quiroga is also a perfect adept in gambling, and constantly contrives to have some of the militia officers in his house to enable him to follow this pursuit, which he also turns to profit, and wins the whole of their money; after which he lends them more, only to follow the same road; and thus he contrives to keep them

continually in his debt. Sometimes he will remit a portion of what is owing; so that, partly by fear and partly by affection, he keeps them all dependant on him. Whenever he visits the town of La Rioja, he is almost constantly at the billiard-table, and is the best player there. Occasionally, when a player has nearly lost a game, he will purchase his chance of him, and invariably turns the tables on his antagonist.

While Quiroga was leading the kind of life described above, the pedlar-governor, Agueros, was also busy in his department, making the most of his office, which he was conscious he only held at the pleasure of a demi-savage, who could depose him with the same facility with which he had placed him in power, whenever his caprice or interest prompted him so to do. The mint of the province consisted of a coarse wooden frame, through which a coarser iron screw worked with a double lever, weighted with lead. This rude machinery served to cut out the planchets, and also to stamp the coin, which was performed by the repetition of two or more strokes. A mud furnace, a hammer, and anvil, for making the plates from the ingots, a pair of hand-shears, and a small laminating-mill, worked by hand, completed the equipment. At this elegant establishment, the miners had formerly been permitted to have their bullion coined, at a moderate per centage; but the governor now took the concern into his own hands, and coined for the state, buying the bullion of the miners at his own price. For gold he paid at the rate of 14 dollars per ounce, which, when coined, produced him about 19 dollars. Silver he purchased at 6 dollars per mark, and it produced him 9 dollars in the state of coin. And against this species of plunder the poor miners had no remedy; for, if they went to the shopkeepers to purchase goods with their bullion, they had to pay for them at a greatly increased rate. About a twelvemonth after the period of Agueros taking the coining department into his own hands, a man in Chilecito finding what enormous profits were made by the governor, contrived to procure some files, hammers, chisels, stamps, and an anvil, with the intention of making money on his own account; but the governor hearing of it, went and took possession of the whole plant without ceremony.

Things were in this state until about the beginning of June 1825, when the wife of the governor, Agueros, wrote a letter (a great indication of superior education) to a friend in the Llanos, in which she descanted very freely on the character of Quiroga, saying, that both her husband and herself considered him as a savage *gaucho*, without any pretensions to the station which he held. This letter, by some chance, fell into the hands of Quiroga, who opened it without hesitation, and read it. He then sealed it up again, and sent it forward to its destination; so that nothing was known of the discovery he had made. But, from that moment, he determined in his own mind the deposition of the governor, for which he only wanted a convenient plea. This soon presented itself. On the pretence that it was necessary to lay out a new town for the residence of the miners, who were now increasing in numbers, Quiroga caused it to be intimated to the new governor that he wished this to be done. The governor, delighted at the idea of being able to execute his master's wishes, and thus curry favour with him, proceeded to the performance of the task with all the fawning complaisance of a slave. He certainly selected the best situation for such a purpose, *viz.* the site of a small village called Anguinan, situated about a league to the south-west of Chilecito. This village, composed of a

number of straggling huts, containing about 150 souls, descendants of the indigenous inhabitants, or Indians, of the country, was situated in a small plain, through which ran a fine rivulet, serving to water a number of corn-fields, vineyards, orchards, &c., disposed in irregular figures, according to the fancy of the owners. The governor now applied to these poor people for their title-deeds, or grant *(merced)* from the king for the possession of their lands; but they had none to produce, as they merely possessed them from their forefathers, by the right of inheritance, without ever considering that the King of Spain had any thing to do in the matter. This was sufficient for Agueros, who immediately turned them out of their possessions, without giving them any remuneration whatever, and commenced the business of laying out and cutting streets through the cultivated grounds of the poor Indians, which just at the period had green crops upon them. The consequence was that the cattle got in, and every thing was destroyed. The governor then returned to La Rioja, applauding himself on the dexterity of his plan, without reflecting on the misery of the poor families whom he had reduced to a state of starvation. But retribution was hanging over his head.

The Indians, as their only resource, went in a body to the Llanos, to complain to Quiroga of the outrage. The cunning soldier had from the first foreseen what would happen. Though he did not consider the misery the Indians endured as of the slightest importance, still it was an excellent pretext for crushing the governor; and he forthwith sent an order to Agueros to restore the Indians their possessions, which he complied with in fear and trembling. About a week afterwards, Quiroga appeared in the suburbs of the town, at the head of about 200 *gauchos;* and, ordering them to halt, he rode forward to the governor's house alone, where he dismounted at the door, and entered in a *gaucho*-dress. Agueros immediately received him with the greatest humility, and desired him to be seated. "No!" replied Quiroga; "it does not become a vulgar countryman, so clownishly dressed, to sit down in the presence of my lord governor." Quiroga's pretended humility satisfied the governor that it was all over with him, and he began to deprecate his anger in the most abject terms. Two *gauchos* entered at this moment with a pair of fetters *(grillos)*, which, by Quiroga's orders, they instantly placed upon the quondam governor, who was declared to be deposed; and Quiroga then seated himself in his chair, saying, he did not now break through the rules of etiquette, in sitting down, as the governor was once more a private citizen. He then commenced a strain of coarse invective on the deposed puppet — telling him of his villany with regard to the coin, swearing that he should pay the poor Indians the damage he had done them, and that he would never leave him till he had stripped him of all his ill-gotten plunder. This, however, was not to be got at; for Agueros, who had been in the constant expectation of such a mischance as now befel him, had taken care to remove his pelf out of reach. He was now carried across the *Plaza*, and thrown into the common prison (which, in Spanish towns, is almost always opposite to the governor's house), amidst the shouts of the common people, who rejoiced over the fall of the petty tyrant—forgetting that he, by whose means he had been deposed, was a greater tyrant still. The province now remained for upwards of a month without a governor, Quiroga transacting all the public affairs, without holding any cognizable situation, except that of commander-in-chief.

Nearly two months after the deposition of Agueros, he was suffered to retire from the province; and the Cabildo met for the purpose of electing a new governor. Their choice, as might have been expected, devolved upon Quiroga; but he again declined the honour, as an office he was inadequate to discharge with credit to himself, or benefit to the community. They sent a deputation to him a second time, but he still refused; and a third deputation was sent in vain. Like Cæsar on the Lupercal,—

> "They thrice presented him a kingly crown,
> Which he did thrice refuse."

In fact, Quiroga was not disposed to give up the actual power he possessed for any such puppet-like office. The Cabildo, finding that he was not to be prevailed upon, then sent him another humble deputation, saying that they felt themselves perfectly incompetent to the office of electing a governor, if *he* would not accept the offer; and they begged that he would name one for them. This was precisely what he had been aiming at; and he accordingly appointed to the office one of his ignorant *gaucho* neighbours—a man who could neither read nor write. When some of his confidants inquired of him the reason for so extraordinary an appointment, he replied with much *sang froid*, "A governor is a kind of animal, who will never cease to rob as long as he has an opportunity; no threat of punishment will deter him from it, or keep him honest. Now my friend, Silvestre Garban, would be as great a rogue in the office of governor as any other, but that, fortunately, he has been brought up entirely in the Llanos; so that he does not know how to steal any thing but cattle. Now, as there are no cattle to steal in the town of La Rioja, the presumption is that he will be an honest man, from want of temptation." And, as Quiroga had predicted, Silvestre Garban proved a very excellent King Log sort of a governor; making his *mark* occasionally, when a public document required it—like the lion's paw dipped in ink, recorded in the Turkish tale.

At the period of which we are now speaking, the brave and patriotic citizens of Mendoça had, with admirable good sense and resolution, freed their native province from the species of tyranny which had so long been exercised, and their writers had incited the neighbouring province of San Juan to follow the example, so that a free government was established therein. About this time the war with Brazil had caused a national congress to be assembled in Buenos Ayres, to which the provinces sent two members each. They had hardly been in session three months when they received the news that the priests and fanatical party in San Juan, having conspired with the troops, had seized the person of the liberal governor, and formed a new despotism, on the old model, against the will of the people; and, at the same time, calling on the neighbouring provinces to assist them in purging the land from infidelity and atheism (liberalism!). The province of San Juan borders on that of La Rioja; and therefore Quiroga, now the virtual governor of the latter, secretly rejoiced at the change which had taken place, so congenial to his own views, but hesitated to make any open manifestations, wishing to see the farther result. Immediately upon the receipt of this intelligence, the congress sent orders to Mendoça to march a body of troops forthwith to San Juan, for the purpose of restoring the liberal government, and punishing the fanatical authors of the revolution. The orders of the

congress were obeyed by the Mendoçinos; and a desperate battle took place in the environs of the town of San Juan, in which the fanatics, headed by a furious priest named Astorga, after fighting with all the fury which bigotry could inspire, were defeated and taken prisoners; after which they were banished across the Andes to Chile.

Some time after this, Colonel Araoz de la Madrid, a gallant officer in the service of Buenos Ayres, was sent to recruit for the Brazilian war in his native province (Tucuman), which bordered on that of La Rioja. Having delivered to the governor (Lopez) a large sum in dollars for bounty-money, the latter misapplied it; and La Madrid, in revenge, fomented a revolution amongst the indignant soldiery; and, after a pitched battle with Lopez—who, being defeated and severely wounded, took refuge in Salta—he was elected governor in his room. The congress would gladly have punished La Madrid for this act; but, as it was a time of public difficulty, and he was moreover a zealous advocate for Buenos Ayres, his offence was overlooked, and his new dignity confirmed.

Soon after this, the provinces of San Luis, La Rioja, Catamarca, Santiago del Estero, and Cordova, entered into a sort of treaty of alliance, professedly in defence of their religion; but, in reality, it was an agreement between their despotic governors to assist each other in maintaining their authority, in case congress should shew any disposition to put them down. Of Buenos Ayres, they entertained little dread, on account of the distance between them; but the provinces of Tucuman and Salta were as thorns in their sides, on account of their vicinity, and the known liberal principles of their respective governors. A very short time elapsed before a quarrel took place between La Madrid and Quiroga; and, with all the bravery and confidence of a veteran warrior, the former entered the territories of his enemy at the head of 200 men, and approached the Llanos, or plains of La Rioja, without any opposition, when he was suddenly met by Quiroga, at the head of 400 of his well-armed *gauchos*. The conflict was long and bloody, and, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, La Madrid made frequent charges with such success that victory had well nigh declared for him; when a chance carbine-shot struck him in the sword-arm, and thus rendered defenceless, he was instantly sabred by several of his surrounding opponents; on which his followers, struck with a sudden panic at seeing their hitherto invincible chief fallen, turned their bridles and fled. Upwards of sixty of Quiroga's men perished in the battle, and darkness put an end to the pursuit. Quiroga bivouacked for the night round a large fire, surrounded by his people on the open plain; and, in the morning, news was brought him that La Madrid, though dreadfully mangled, still breathed. Several of the *gauchos* started from their recumbent postures, and their half-unsheathed sabres announced their savage resolves. "Stay!" cried Quiroga; "by the Virgin of the Holy Rosary, I will cleave to the girdle the first man who moves. La Madrid is a gallant foeman; and, by Heaven, I am prouder of having conquered him than if I had been elected president of the congress. Let none harm him, and let him be treated with every mark of respect. Call all the surgeons of the province to his assistance, and, if they save his life, I will not forget their reward."

Thus did this barbarous chief exhibit a trait of magnanimity which could not have been exceeded in civilized life, and that towards the foe

he had most reason to dread, at a time when, to hold up his finger would have sealed his fate, without any odium attaching to Quiroga himself. As soon as La Madrid could be removed, Quiroga caused him to be carried to his own house, and carefully attended for several months; when, being in a state of convalescence, he gave him his passport and an escort, with which he reached in safety the province of Salta. Since that period, Quiroga has remained in a state of quietude; and it is probable that his authority will endure to the end of his life, as he will most likely conciliate the congress, rather than set them openly at defiance; and surrounded as he is by men of great physical powers, and equally great mental ignorance, who possess rude feelings of attachment to him from having been long accustomed to regard him as their protector, it would be no easy matter to extinguish his authority with the strong arm of power alone. A. G.

STANZAS,

Containing an exact and *literal* Account of the Behaviour and Fate of Abraham Isaacs, of Ivy Lane, who died of excessive Brandy.

"True 'tis a PT—PT 'tis, 'tis true."—Shakspeare.

In IV-lane, of CT fame,
There lived a man, DC;
And AB I6 was his name—
Now mark his history.

Long time his conduct, free from blame,
Did merit LOG;
Until an "evil *spirit*" came
In the shape of O D V.

"O! that a man into his mouth
Should put an NME,
To steal away his brains:"—no drouth
Such course from sin may free.

Well, AB drank, the oT loon!
And learned to swear, *sans* ruth;
And then he gamed, and UZ soon
To DV8 from truth.

And when his better ½ would cry,
"O! leave the O D V:"
He'd only growl, "'Tis all my I,"
Or hiccup, "U B D——!"

An hourly glass with him was play;
He'd swallow that with phlegm:
Judge what he'd MT in a *day*—
"*X PD Herculem.*"

Of virtue none to sots, I trow,
With FEKC prate;
And 0 of NRG could now
From AB MN8.

Who on good liquor badly dote,
Soon poverty must know—
Thus AB in a CD coat
Was shortly forced to go.

From poverty DCT he caught,
And cheated not FU,
For what he purchased paying 0,
Or but an "I O U."

Or else, when he had tried B4
To shirk a debt, his wits;
He'd cry, "You shan't wait NE more:
I'll W, or quits."

Thus lost did I6 now APR:
Then said his wife, says she,
"If U act so, your fate quite clear
Is for 1 2 4C."

His inside soon was, out and out,
More fiery than KN;
And, while his state was thereabout,
A cough CVR came.—Then

He IPKQNA tried,
And linseed T, and rue:
But 0 could save him—so he died,
As every 1 must 2.

Poor wight! till black i' th' face he raved—
'Twas PTS 2 C:—
His latest spirit "spirits" craved—
His last words, "O D V!"

MORAL.

I sha'n't SA to preach and prate,
But tell U, if U do
Drink O D V at such R8,
Death will 4stall U 2.

O U then who A Y Z have,
Shun O D V as a wraith;
For 'tis a bonus to the grave,
A S unto death.

G. D.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS: No. III.

British Sub-ways.

"Thus far into the bowels of the land."

Among the many projects for digging and diving, for mining and under-mining, for watering and lighting, and paving and building, which characterized those eventful years of speculation, from 1822 to the end of 1825, when so many of these schemes vanished into air, "into thin air," but, alas! unlike Shakspeare's cloud-capped towers, left many a "wreck behind," that of Mr. Williams, for the erection of sub-ways in the British Metropolis, had there been a possibility of its accomplishment, would have been one of the most useful to the city, and acceptable to its inhabitants. When they are told that one of his great objects was to get to the sewers, the water, and the gas pipes, without breaking up the paving, we are quite sure that there is not a hackney-coachman, or a cabriolet-driver in the metropolis, who would not have voted for, and subscribed, in assistance of the measure. We have, ourselves, in the course of the last summer, driven up the Strand, and been baulked at every turning, till we came to Temple Bar, and were actually compelled to go from Charing Cross to Chancery Lane, before we could find a clear way into Holborn, at a period when every minute was worth an hour to us. How did we then wish the rammers, and paviors, and diggers, at the bottom of their own sewers, and the *pipers* blown up with their own gas, and how sincerely did we lament the failure of Mr. Williams's scheme, the excellence of which presented itself to our mind at every disappointment we experienced, as our half-turned horse was obliged to resume the direction of the Strand, at the appearance of those ropes, boards, and workmen, in St. Martin's Lane, Bedford, Southampton, and Newcastle Streets, which forbade our access up any of these outlets, from the great thoroughfare between the two ends of the town. Mr. Williams's project had for one of its objects the prevention of this inconvenience, which, since the introduction of gas, in addition to the water service, and the necessary repairs to sewers, has become so great as to be a general, and almost perpetual nuisance. In addition to this, however, the proposed plan was intended to convey, with greater certainty and purity, both water and gas into the houses of the metropolis.

Anxious to accomplish so desirable an object, Mr. Williams spent much time in taking levels, forming plans, calling general meetings, making estimates, petitioning parliament, and procuring patrons, but all would not do. Our water still comes in the same muddy stream—our gas-pipes are still buried just under the kennels; and there is not a defect in a sewer, however trifling, that does not stop the passage of a whole, and perhaps an important street, for days together, before it is repaired. The fact is, we believe, that such a project should *precede*, rather than *follow*, the construction of a city. Our metropolis has grown, by degrees, to what it is; and it has been impossible to connect its different parts, so as to form one general and efficient drainage, or supply. Previous to the construction of a city, the plan might be easily executed; but, in the present extent of our metropolis, there is so much

private property to be interfered with—the foundations of so many buildings to be endangered, and such a general turning up of our pavement, that the undertaking appeared too extensive, and the project fell to the ground. As a memento, however, of his plan, Mr. Williams has published an octavo history of his exertions, which do great credit to his industry, talent, and perseverance, and which may one day form data for a more successful attempt. The object of this volume being to provide a remedy for the inconvenience the public suffer from breaking up of streets, &c., and to suggest various plans for the improvement of public works connected with our sewage, and the service of water and gas. Mr. Williams says, "That it is respectfully submitted, not as a work calculated for criticism—not as claiming any merit for classical composition, or literary research, but as a plain tale, by a plain man, amusing himself in a little leisure from his accustomed labours, in search of increased comforts."

It is rather remarkable that as the ancients scarcely ever erected a city without sub-ways, that the moderns, who have imitated them in so many things of lesser moment, should have neglected their example in such an important point. It is not a *great many* years ago that Holborn was nearly one general stream of water and mud, from the want of drainage; while, at the same period, a journey from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, in wet weather, was a source of peril from the same deficiency. The ancients, in erecting their sub-ways, built them certainly upon a more magnificent scale than modern means might have permitted; yet they might have been judiciously imitated upon a smaller scale. In many instances these sub-ways of the ancients, as at Rome, remain a model of their wisdom in their municipal regulations, and are still an object of curiosity and interest to the scientific traveller. Mr. Williams's project was to remedy this grand defect in our metropolis, and to erect dry tunnels, forming habitations for the water and gas-pipes, and having communications with the sewers beneath, so as to resemble the Cloaca Maxima, or great water-way of imperial Rome.

Warm in his project, and sanguine in his hopes of its success, Mr. Williams issued prospectus after prospectus—summoned a public meeting, and procured introductions to the members of his Majesty's government. His plan met the approbation of the scientific; architects lauded the sub-ways to the skies; his majesty's ministers acknowledged the public benefit of the scheme, and "Recommended the formation of a public company to carry it into effect." This was, in our opinion, a genteel way of getting rid of the question; as a theatrical manager dismisses a candidate for histrionic fame, with high encomiums on his talent, and a recommendation to try it in the country.

In consequence of this recommendation, another meeting was summoned, at the City of London Tavern, when the London Sub-way Company was resolved to be formed, under the auspices of Alderman Garratt, who presided as chairman—an odd name, by-the-by, to have been president on such an occasion;—but this resolution, unfortunately for the project, was never subsequently acted upon, and the project fell to the ground.

To account for this "suspension," as Mr. Williams terms it, of his project, he subsequently states that "A remarkable period in British history, commenced some time after the sub-ways came forward. In consequence of the abundance of capital in the kingdom, and the want of

adequate employment for it, projects were presented daily, if not hourly, in the city, for both of these purposes. Some of these were highly laudable, and gave activity to thousands; while many, on the contrary, were suggested in fraud, for foreign purposes, and produced great distress and ruin."

Just at this period Mr. Williams, who had procured a patent for his sub-ways, proposed to sell the license for the use of this patent in the different districts of the metropolis, and accordingly advertised the particulars of the sale, which was intended to have taken place, by public auction, at Garraway's, on February 10th, 1825. The scheme of this sale does certainly appear to us a little Utopian; for we here find a private projector dividing, allotting, and selling, the different districts, like a potential monarch. He does not, however, attribute the failure of the sale to any deficiency in the plan itself. "At the period of the sale," says he, "numerous endeavours were made among the brokers, and others, at the Stock Exchange, to bring forward sub-ways with the view of speculating in the shares; but the object having nothing speculative in it, they could not succeed." A little farther he adds, "The immense quantity of these projects soon overwhelmed sub-ways. They were lost, and literally buried under a mass of evanescent matter, which, when cleared away at some future period, after the fever of speculative intoxication shall have subsided, will again appear like a mine of gold, for sober and enlightened construction." Such was the end of the project as it was then brought forward; and we feel very much inclined to agree with Mr. Williams, that the great cause of the failure of a plan, pregnant with such general utility, if properly and efficiently carried into effect, arose, perhaps, more from the circumstances of the times, than from any radical defect in the proposition.

The nuisance, both private and public, of the present system must be too generally acknowledged, not to admit of the utility of some such project, and were its tendency to preserve the pavement of our streets, the only use to be derived from it, it would have our most hearty concurrence, and as large a subscription as our pockets could afford. That our pavement in itself is very frequently bad, there is no doubt; but a contractor has no chance, when his street is monthly, nay, weekly, liable to be disturbed by those autocrats of filth, the Commissioners of Sewers. The continual repairs that are necessary, and the frequent excavations that are made for this purpose, leaves the pavior nothing but hastily made ground, very frequently of soft materiel, to bed his granite upon; and this is one main reason for a defective state of the pavement, which renders it not only a nuisance, but, in many instances, absolutely dangerous. This subject has occupied the attention of many scientific men, while parochial and other authorities, constituted for the formation and repairs of streets, have made experiment after experiment, and have found the one only more successless than the last. Our streets are either clouded with dust, or inundated with mud, while, at every step our horses take, the unfortunate carriage perambulator runs the risk of dislocation, and the coach-makers are the only persons benefitted by the miscarriage of our road-makers.

Upon this subject Mr. Bryan Donkin read a paper before the Society of Civil Engineers, in 1824, and Mr. William Deykes published some "Considerations on the Defective State of the Pavement of the Metropolis," in the same year.

The first of these gentlemen considers that the carting away the accumulation of mud, occasions a very great portion of the defect in our pavement. "Few are aware," says he, "of the source whence the vast quantities of mud are derived, which we see daily taken from the streets; but the truth is, the foundations of our pavements are actually carried away as a nuisance;" and this is, no doubt, in a great measure, the cause, but were the mud not carted away, it would be blown away on the first day dry enough to convert it into dust. The second gentleman gives a most feeling description of the state of our streets, the truth of which must be acknowledged. "The dust, in dry weather," says Mr. Deykes, "is greatly annoying, and highly injurious to goods and furniture, to say nothing of personal feeling and annoyance, in having the eyes blinded, and the mouth choked therewith; and no sooner is there a wet day, than the streets become ponds of mud. By the time the accumulation is almost intolerable, the scavenger commences the annoyance of sweeping, and scooping it into his carts, and splashing and bespattering every passer-by, not prudent enough to cross out of his way, and be content to be covered over the ankles with mud, rather than over neck and ears." Now nobody can deny the nuisances complained of in this feeling description, by Mr. Deykes, but we must say a word or two in favour of our friends the "mud-larks," as the scavengers are facetiously termed, and rescue them from the unmerited blame of unskilfulness, of which Mr. Deykes would accuse them; for, we confess, we have often been led to admire the adroitness with which the slush and mud is thrown into the carts by these purveyors of cleanliness; and many, as must of necessity, being Londoners, have been the times that we have passed these mud carts, in the midst of the operation, although we may have trembled as we have seen the uplifted scoop brimful of M'Adam's mud, and heard it slush into the vehicle, yet we never remember to have received a spot of its contents to soil either our face or our clothes. No; the scavengers certainly perform this operation scientifically, and it is our province to give men of science their due. That the cleverness with which this operation is performed is the effect of practice, and is considered as "*something*" in the science of scavenging, may be deduced from the fact of our having once overheard two of these persons discussing the merits of a contemporary—when one of them exclaimed, "Why, yes, he's clever enough, as you say—he may do very well for the broom—but, bless ye, he'll never do for the scoop." This is a distinction in scientific operation, of which, perhaps, our readers in general are not aware. They are, however, perfectly sensible that scavenging is not the only instance in which men of science throw mud at each other, as witness the many learned and scientific controversies, in all nations, and in all ages.

In addition to the efforts of Mr. Telford, and M'Adam, we have "M'Carthy's Patent Pavement"—iron pavement—"Robertson's Practical Instructions;" "Maceroni's Hints to Paviors;" and a variety of other works and inventions, that prove how widely the nuisance has been felt, and how deeply it has been considered, by many who are well qualified to advise upon the subject. But we are ourselves convinced that the pavement of no metropolis can be certain of good preservation, while continually liable to disturbance, occasioned by the repairs of the works beneath it; and nothing would prevent this perpetual nuisance, but the adoption of sub-ways, similar to those proposed by the present plan. The disturbance of pavement for these purposes alone, annually

costs the enormous sum of 26,330*l.*, taking an average of the last seven years, and this expense is incurred for removing pavement which does not require repair, but which is only rendered necessary to get at the pipes and sewers beneath it.

It seems to have been the demolition of the London Bridge water-works, in 1822, and the works resulting therefrom, that first suggested the idea of the sub-ways. At this period the streets of the city were rapidly torn up, to remove the pipes of the old company, and lay down new ones for the New River water; so that the entire city appeared to be preparing for a siege, and nothing but submission to the evil was allowed to the universal lamentation of the people.

"At this moment," says Mr. Williams, "when Cornhill was laid open, and the dirt piled six feet high on both sides of the streets, the subject revived in the mind of, and the remedy presented itself to, the author and compiler of this volume, who, in October 1822, took out a patent, "For a Method to Prevent the Frequent Removal of the Pavement and Carriage Paths, for Laying Down and Taking Up Pipes, and for other Purposes, in Streets, Roads, and Public Ways."

What necessity, or, indeed, right, there could be for a patent for the mere construction of passages under ground we are at a loss to guess; and, we think, there might have been found more effectual, as well as more proper means for remunerating Mr. Williams, had his plan been carried into execution, than those which the exclusive and generally monopolizing rights of a patent could bestow; and the object proposed was, certainly, one of such general utility, that we can scarcely imagine there would have been an individual who would have excited John Bull's proverbial privilege of "grumbling," at any Rate which its adoption might have imposed.

In the construction of these sub-ways, Mr. Williams proposed to open the ground to the required depth, say of ten feet; to lay a course of bricks, stones, or iron, nearly level, or rather curved, on the ground, five feet wide, with drains to go into the sewers; to raise a wall on each side, five feet high, and arch it over, so as to leave the heighth, in the centre of it, seven and a half feet clear; openings of nine inches were to be left in each upright wall, at the distance of every twenty feet, three feet from the base; from these openings, tunnels were to be carried to the sides of the streets, and at the ends of the tunnels, gratings, or doors, were to be placed, to be opened from the inside; while similar openings in the top of the arch, at the distance of every hundred feet, were to serve for the admission of light and air. Doorways, five feet high, by three feet wide, were to be placed in each side wall, where these openings were made.

The entrances to these sub-ways were proposed to be at the sides, by doors and passages, wherever required from the houses and buildings in the streets and roads, in the same manner as into cellars that are under the streets and the main pipes, for every purpose, might be placed therein, on iron cradles, or otherwise; and the service pipes, for the supply of the public, through the tunnels, or openings, in the side walls. These passages might also be formed double, one for water, and one for gas.

"From these Sub-ways, and Passages," Mr. Williams observes, "access may be had into the sewers and drains, or springs, and wells of water; and for almost every purpose for which the pavement, and carriage paths in the streets, roads, and public ways, have hitherto been

opened." And this observation the author and patentee finishes with the following quotation:—

"Thine was the work, Almighty Father,
The thought, the gift, was thine."

This is almost equivalent to making the Supreme Being chief commissioner of sewers.

After this description, Mr. Williams has favoured us with plans and sections of his proposed constructions, all formed upon the most scientific principles, and all of which shew the minute attention he has given to his subject.

By the variety of matter, and of evidence which he has collected together, the impurity of the present supply of water to the metropolis is fully proved; and, as far as human conjecture can go, it certainly appears that the construction of these sub-ways, by affording passages for the pipes, without their being bedded in the earth, would greatly remedy this defect; since, by the investigation of our supply of water in 1826, when it seemed *satisfactorily* proved (such are the words of the report), that we cooked our victuals, mixed our wine, and made our punch with water, that was little better than poison, it was stated in the Parliamentary Water Report, that the iron pipes separate themselves by contraction, in 300 yards, and a considerable leakage of water takes place during its passage under the streets, after it leaves the reservoirs, as appears from the evidence of Mr. Milne, and others, in that report. If, then, the pipes let the water out on an average at every 300 yards, this escape, being multiplied by the number of miles the pipes extend to in London, the purest water going into the pipes, at the fountain head, will become foul, from the entrance of the soil and mud in which the pipes lay, at the apertures where the water goes out. It, therefore, becomes necessary to place the whole of the pipes in clear, dry, sub-ways, to prevent the fine water being contaminated in its flow from the fountain to the table.

All this appears reasonable, and that the plan would, likewise, tend to the preservation of pipes—the prevention of the escape of gas, and afford a hundred other advantages, which are denied by the present system, is certain. The arches might, likewise, be made to afford a more solid bed to the pavement, and much greater facilities might be given to the obtaining of water in cases of fire.

Such are the manifold advantages which the plan for sub-ways present, and we regret that we think we see far more imposing obstacles to their construction than the mere failure of an attempt to form a company. We allude to the interference with private property—to the vast number of vaults with which every street in London is intersected, in many instances, meeting each other; and also, to the evident danger that must result to the foundations of a multitude of houses in the metropolis—for the arguments of Mr. Williams, on this point, are unfortunately more than met by the fact, that even in the repairs, and constructions of the present sewers, buildings are very frequently endangered. As instances of this, look to the two houses lately shored up opposite the Green Park, and two or three in one of the streets leading out of Oxford Street, in each of which instances, the Commissioners had nearly to rebuild the premises which their excavations had injured. We are afraid, therefore, that, as far as the interior of the Cities of London and Westminster are concerned, they must be left to the present authorities

of the Commissioners of the Sewers, who, to give them credit, do every thing their great powers will allow them to do, to remedy the defect of the present sewerage of the metropolis—and would be inclined to do a great deal more, but that their powers, despotic as they are, are limited to the repair and the rebuilding of *old* sewers. They are not only debarred from constructing new ones, however necessary they may be, but even from contributing to the expence, should any private individual be inclined to undertake a work of the kind. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the large sewer, which has lately been built in Catharine Street, in the Strand. There was a sewer, running from Russel Street, and Covent Garden, to the middle of Brydges Street, with no communication into the Strand, and, consequently, with no sufficient drainage. The proprietors of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, were willing to rebuild this sewer, and to make it effectual for the whole neighbourhood, if the commissioners would enable them to do it, by constructing a sewer to communicate with the Strand. This, however, their powers would not permit them to do, as there never had been a sewer there before. Their surveyors acknowledged the necessity, and the Commissioners regretted their inability. At length, that an object so desirable to the whole neighbourhood should not be abandoned, it was agreed, on the part of the Commissioners, that they should take up, and re-build, that part of the sewer which the proprietors of the theatre proposed to construct, and which their powers enabled them to do, only because there had been a sewer there before; and that the proprietors should build the connecting new sewer to the Strand, without which everything would have been ineffectual; and thus this very desirable object was attained.

But whatever obstacles the present part of London may offer to the accomplishment of this plan of Mr. Williams, there can be none in the numerous and increasing neighbourhoods which are growing up around it, and increasing its boundaries. When we see squares and streets, rising simultaneously in all our out-skirts, we regret that the Legislature has not compelled the adoption of some such plan; and, we most earnestly recommend to the agents of Lord Grosvenor, and of the Bishoprick of London, to see that some effectual method is adopted, to ensure the health, convenience, and comfort, of the future tenants of the magnificent places which are building in the neighbourhoods of Pimlico and Bayswater.

To these rising and increasing neighbourhoods we would recommend Mr. Williams to direct his attention. There his plan is feasible, and its adoption so much to the advantage of the estate, that every landlord ought to give it his serious attention; and we are assured no tenant would begrudge the payment of a rate, which was to ensure him so much convenience.

At all events, the public ought to be obliged to Mr. Williams, for the industry with which, in his volume, he has collected everything that has been said and done in the metropolis of late years, with regard to sewage, gas, water, and pavement, perfection in all of which is so essential to a great city. Though upon water, it is but a dry subject to have spent so much time upon; and we heartily hope that some future period will, at least, see a partial adoption of his plans, and that the supply of *pure* water will enable him to mix the "*dulce*" with the "*utile*" of a scheme, which might be rendered so beneficial to the inhabitants of London.

S. S.

ROUSSEAU: HIS ELOISE, AND CONFESSIONS.

THERE never yet existed an author who so completely divided the suffrages of the literary world as Rousseau. By one party, he has been cried up as an angel; by another, he has been written down a dæmon. One class says he is above all praise; another, beneath all contempt. This reader finds in his ethics the very perfection of nature; that, the utmost plausibility of art. Meanwhile, all agree in this one point—namely, that, whether justly or unjustly, he has exercised a despotic influence over his age; taught the most indifferent to feel, the shallowest to think, the most abject to stickle for freedom of thought and action. Unlike Voltaire—who disseminated his most pestilent doctrines, and broke down the barriers of truth, reason, and moral and religious rectitude, by dint of searching irony—Rousseau enforces his opinions by the most winning and specious sensibility. He reaches the reason through the heart, or as he himself says, in his mistaken character of Lord Edouard, "C'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie." We do not, in the following cursory sketch, intend to be the apologists of this extraordinary writer—to palliate his glaring obliquities of thought, his insidious sentiments, or distorted truisms: these sufficiently condemn themselves without our aid; all that we here profess to do is to account for their origin, to trace their progress, and to shew how, notwithstanding their apparent moral beauty, they led, as they must always lead, from sophistry to doubt, from doubt to despair, from despair to utter, irretrievable desolation.

From his earliest infancy, Rousseau, who inherited from nature the utmost fragility of constitution—which, by the way, is one of the strongest fosterers of intellect—was, by the force of circumstances, thrown upon himself for his amusements. At an early age, he was apprenticed to a clock-maker at Geneva, whom he describes, in his Confessions, as a man just sufficiently intellectual for his occupation, but nothing more. With this person he could of course hold no communion—no interchange of thought or sentiment; his extreme delicacy of frame, nervous to a degree bordering at times upon madness, equally forbade his engaging in the usual sports of childhood, and he was consequently thrown upon books for his recreation; which books, had they been supplied to him by some sound, well-ordered, and enlightened individual, might, in due course of time, have given a philosopher instead of a sophist to the world. Unluckily, they were all, with one or two exceptions, of a chivalrous and romantic cast—there was little or no equipoise to counteract their effect; and it may readily be conceived what impression such works, fascinating at any period of life, must have made upon the unformed mind of a youth, who had never known the salutary restraints of scholastic discipline, had never been taught to bridle his passion, to tame his enthusiasm, or square his imagination agreeably to the dictates of a healthy judgment. Of course, the first effect produced by such books was a disgust for his mechanical occupation. We do not remember the precise way in which this aversion shewed itself, or whether Rousseau's father were living at the time; but we distinctly recollect that the embryo sophist ran away from his employer, and pursued his course, unaccompanied, except by a bounding heart, and a slight—a very slight—stock of money, over the heaths and mountains of his native land. In one of these excursions, he chanced to light upon two young ladies,

whom he assisted over a running stream, and at whose house—"*si ritè audita recordamur*"—he spent one or two delightful days. This incident, though trifling and scarcely worth mention in itself, is important as it regards Rousseau. His ever-creative mind, fascinated by the courtesy of these fair Unknowns, at once robed them in drapery selected from the wardrobe of a well-filled fancy; and, as the reality of their appearance wore off, it laid the foundation of that beautiful idealism, which Madame de Warrens strengthened, Madame de Houdetot confirmed, and which afterwards shone forth, to the admiration and regret of thousands, in the unequalled character of Eloise.

It was some time after this rencontre, that, fatigued with walking, hungry, penniless, and dispirited—the past wretched, the future a blank—the young Rousseau knocked for charity at the gate of a good-natured widow lady, named De Warrens, who at once, with all the generous inconsiderateness of a woman, listened to his petition, gave him good advice, supplied him with food and money, and sent him home. To this acquaintance—thus strangely commenced—must be traced much, indeed the greater part, of those singular obliquities in judgment and feeling which deformed the otherwise acute mind of Rousseau. Circumstances, or as he himself would call it, destiny, threw him, some years afterwards, when a youth of one or two and twenty, for the second time into the hands of this lady. But, alas! at this period his acquaintance was not without dishonour. By degrees he secured for himself an interest in her heart, which, however, in the headlong infatuation of the moment, he was content to share with another. From this hour, his mind received a warp; from this hour, he learned to become sophistical, in order to justify his own excesses, and opinions insincere at first, acquired by long habit, and by being perpetually brooded over, an air of decided truth.——— The daily romance of his life—for Rousseau now lived wholly with Madame de Warrens, unoccupied, except in rambling about his sublime neighbourhood, where he familiarized himself with the loftiest forms of natural beauty, and fed and strengthened a strong but diseased mind—confirmed these opinions; until, at length, all that was sound and sterling in thought gave place to art and sophistry. This meditative and impassioned mode of life, which, while it strengthens the sensibility, wholly unfits it for society, was pursued by Rousseau for many years. Occasionally, indeed, he visited Paris, where his exquisite relish for music, and the circumstance of his having composed a successful opera, procured him admittance into the highest circles; but his mind could not adapt itself to the etiquette of a court, his pride, too, forbade all approach to friendship, and he lived a hermit even within the atmosphere of Versailles. Before this, we should observe, he had, from some cause or other, separated himself from Madame de Warrens, and now lodged in the house of a Swiss family, with one member of which, a girl named Theresa, about nineteen years of age, he carried on a dishonourable intercourse. As if this in itself were not sufficiently degrading, he rendered it still more so, by sending the poor offsprings of his guilt to the Foundling Hospital at Paris, upon some plausible plea, which he had the insufferable audacity to defend in conversation, and also at considerable length in his "Confessions." Meanwhile, to satisfy his notions of independence, and secure what he called "freedom of thought and action," he employed himself in copying music, by which drudgery he contrived to earn a decent subsistence up to the moment

when he was taken under the especial protection of the august family of Montmorenci. Shortly after his introduction to this family, at their express desire, conveyed to him in the most flattering terms, Rousseau quitted Paris, and went to reside with them at a small cottage, built for him near their own mansion; where, partly to beguile leisure, partly to put forth his peculiar notions on all subjects where the heart is concerned, he engaged in the composition of Eloise, which, when published one or two years afterwards, turned the hearts and heads of France, and rendered its author an object of universal attraction.

It was about this period that the fatal warp in judgment, of which we have before spoken, put forth in Rousseau's mind all its most diseased and humiliating eccentricities. Nursed in solitude, he had formed notions of friendship which reality was sure to disappoint. He had expected to meet in life with the "faultless monsters" of fancy. Every fresh acquaintance was accordingly hailed at first with the utmost enthusiasm, which, however, soon subsided; disgust ensued, then suspicion, then alienation, and, finally, invincible aversion. It was in this way that his connexion with Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Saint Lambert, Grimm (to whose gossiping memoirs we owe so much delightful scandal), and a hundred others, began: in this way, too, it terminated. Even the noble family of the High Constable—to whom Rousseau was indebted for almost every comfort his hypochondriacal temperament would permit him to enjoy—were not secure in his mind from reproach. This evinced itself in the most petty and humiliating manner. If they ever invited him to the château, it was, he said, to make a butt of him; if they respected his infirmities and his solitude, they treated him, he would add, with contempt: either way, they were sure to be wrong, and himself the injured party. Such feelings—which, though carried to the extreme in Rousseau, are by no means restricted to him—are the necessary results of an ill-balanced temperament. While youth lasts, they are in some degree kept under by the generous buoyancy, and freedom from distrust, of that age; but as years roll on, and the simplicity of life becomes discoloured with the taint of the world, the counteracting power is lost, and the mind compelled to drift headlong at the mercy of a wild, capricious, and jaundiced disposition. Rousseau's invariable defect was the substitution of feeling for principle. He had few speculative opinions independently of sentiment: this with him was every thing; it made him the leading writer of his age, and it made him a wretch. He seemed altogether to throw overboard the notion that man is as much a creature of reason as of sensibility; he objected to Hume that he was dispassionate, and to Voltaire that he was a wit—as if such peculiarities were not strictly within the province of nature, as much, and even more so, than his own forced and heated fancy. But he paid the penalty—and a dreadful penalty it was—of this infirm quality of mind. After hurrying from place to place—from Geneva to the Hermitage, from the Hermitage to the Boromean islands; after being driven from one country with contempt, and received in another with enthusiasm; after wandering for years over Europe, and even venturing into the extreme recesses of Wales—this poor, wretched misanthrope—alone, forlorn, deserted in his age, owning kindred with none, rejecting pity with scorn, and repaying kindness with distrust; a pensioner, yet professing independence; a slave, yet a braggart of his freedom—returned once again to Paris, from which, after a brief, restless stay, he finally set out for one of the adjacent provinces, there to close his eyes and die.

The manner of his death has been variously related. Some say that he committed suicide; others, that he was attacked with a fit of epilepsy; others, that he fell a victim to that unconquerable dejection which for years had been preying on and withering the energies of his mind and body. In this state of doubt we shall, as a matter of course, incline to the charitable side, and take as our guide a slight memoir penned a few days after his decease, and widely circulated throughout Paris. According to this narrative, Rousseau had been ailing for some weeks; but it was not until within a day or two of his death that he anticipated the slightest danger. His love of nature—and this, be it said to his honour, was an enthusiastic passion that neither age nor infirmity could quench—remained with him to the last. He rambled daily to a summer-house situated at the bottom of his garden, and there, seated with some favourite book in his hand, would send his thoughts abroad into eternity, on whose threshold he was even then unconsciously standing. A few friends who lived near him, and who, by respecting his infirmities, had, somehow or other, contrived to preserve his good opinion, occasionally called in to see him; and to them only was his approaching change apparent: he himself was alternately sanguine and desponding to the last. On the morning of his dissolution, he had risen sooner than usual, and after passing the earlier parts of the day in pain, grew considerably better towards evening, and requested to be wheeled out in a low garden-chair towards his favourite summer-house. The day until twelve o'clock had been clouded, but it cleared up at noon, and the freshness of the air, the hum of the insects, and the fragrant perfume of the flowers as they lifted up their heads after the rain, revived the languid spirits of the invalid. For a few minutes he remained absorbed in thought, in which state he was found by a neighbour who had accidentally called in to pay him a visit. "See," said Rousseau, as he approached, "how beautifully the sun is setting! I know not why it is, but a presentiment has just come over me, that I am not doomed to survive it. Yet I should scarcely like to go before it has set, for it will be a satisfaction to me—strange, perhaps, as it may seem to you—that we should both leave the world together." His friend (it is he himself that relates the story) was struck by the singular melancholy of this remark, more especially as the philosopher's countenance bore but too evident an impress of its probable truth. Accordingly, he strove with officious kindness to divert the stream of Rousseau's thoughts: he talked to him of indifferent matters, hoping thereby that he would regain his cheerfulness, but was concerned to find that every attempt was vain. Rousseau, at all times an egotist, was now solely occupied in the contemplation of himself and his approaching change. His thoughts were immoveably fixed on death: he felt, he repeatedly exclaimed, that he was fast declining; and, every now and then, after closing his eyes for a minute or so, would languidly open them again, as if for the purpose of remarking what progress the sun had made towards the west. He remained in this state of stupor for a considerable time, when suddenly he shook it off, gazed about him with nearly all his wonted animation, and after bursting into a feeble rhapsody about his unwearied love for nature, turned full towards the sun, with the devotional aspect of a Parsee. By this time, the evening had far advanced, and his friend endeavoured to persuade him to return into the house. But no; his last moments, he was resolved, should be spent in the open air. And they were so. Scarcely had the sun set, when the eyes of Rousseau

began also to close; his breath grew thicker, and was drawn at longer intervals; he strove to speak, but finding the effort vain, turned towards the friend at his elbow, and pointed with his hand in the direction of the red orb, which just at that moment dropped behind the horizon. This was his last feeble movement: an instant longer, and Rousseau had ceased to live.

We stop not to detail the particulars of the sensation that his death occasioned throughout France; but, contenting ourselves with this brief and meagre, but impartial memoir, come at once to the consideration of his character as an author. And here, if we could forget the insidious principles that every where pervade his works, and lurk like thorns beneath the flowers of his intellect, our task would be one of unmixed praise. But we cannot do so; a regard to the decencies of life compels us to remember that the writings of Rousseau teem with the most pestilential doctrines, couched in language so beautiful, so eloquent, that the fancy is flattered, while the judgment is wheedled on to its destruction. The Eloise—that unequalled model of style and grace—is full of a certain captivating simplicity that seems the inspiration of an unsophisticated nature. But it sets out on wrong principles; it requires the reader to grant that female modesty and virtue are consistent with immoral indulgencies, that vice is only vice when detected, and that the heart is the best and most correct moral guide through life. This last is an extravagant Utopian doctrine, at variance with principle, at variance with all that has made society what it is, and still contributes to preserve its decorum. Yet it is the key to unlock the mysteries of Eloise. The heroine is there represented as a young lady full of superlative sensibility, without judgment, without principle, though eternally boasting of both. Attached enthusiastically to Saint Preux, the friend and instructor of her youth, she is yet compelled, by the force of circumstances, to link herself and fortunes to an atheist. By this person she has a large family; but, though guiltless of infidelity towards him, her mind has received a taint: she is, in fact, a speculative adultress, from whose impassioned soul the wife is unable to root out the mistress. Her very last letter—that affecting composition which it is scarcely possible to read without tears—though dated from a death-bed, breathes the spirit of guilty and incurable infatuation. To make matters worse, the object of this infatuation returns, after a long absence, from abroad; and, notwithstanding that his presence must be a perpetual memento of the past, replete with danger, Madame de Wolmar (the married name of Eloise) receives him with unfeigned ecstasy, and not only insists on his taking up his abode exclusively with her, but (grateful, no doubt, for the valuable moral principles which he had instilled into her own mind) is indiscreet—not to say mad—enough to propose him as a tutor to her children. As if her own invitation were not sufficient, her husband is persuaded to add his intreaties, even though that husband has been previously made acquainted with the circumstance of Saint Preux's former intimacy with his wife. Now all this, we roundly assert, is monstrous, and has no prototype in nature. When we say no prototype, we would be understood to mean that it has never been, and never will be, found connected with that refined sensibility and exquisite sense of decorum with which Rousseau has invested these inconsistent creations of his fancy. A wife anxious for her children's morals, proud of her husband, and passionately devoted to the pure and

simple enjoyments of home, would never peril her own reputation, or that of her family, by encouraging an attachment framed in guilt, and at variance with the most obvious duties. If, however, she did encourage such attachment, she would not rest satisfied, as Eloise—and herein lies an additional violation of nature—is represented to have been, with the mere theoretical enjoyments of guilt: she would at once reduce speculation to practice. In like manner, a husband described as being endowed with an almost romantic sense of honour, and even with a sceptical turn of mind that had its origin in principle, would never, consistently with these qualities, look with indifference on the hazardous condition of a wife who trod daily on a precipice enwreathed with flowers: he would either snatch her from the brink, or perish with her. But, supposing he relied on her virtuous self-possession for her safety, he would then shew himself utterly unacquainted with the human heart; so that, in either sense, whether viewed as a man of the world, or a man of honour, (and Rousseau invests him with both qualities in the extreme), Monsieur de Wolmar must be set down as a picturesque but ludicrous anomaly.

As the characters of the Eloise are unnatural, so also are the sentiments—those, at least, which profess to adapt themselves to reality. They are couched, as we before observed, in sweet and honied language, yet inculcate the most pernicious morals. They bubble up with apparent artlessness from a good and benevolent heart, yet are tainted all over with miasma. Vice is taught to lisp the sentiments of a generous wisdom: the language of the Cecropian Pallas is mouthed by the Cyprian Venus; Eloise prates of chastity, Saint Preux of reason, and both, of the charms of patriarchal innocence and simplicity. It was upon a principle pretty similar to this, and at least with equal sincerity, that the Gracchi complained of sedition. It has been the object with many undoubted moral authors, to paint the fascinations of vice in the most alluring colours, in order to contrast it afterwards with the penalties it must pay perforce to virtue, and thus to work out a more obvious and impressive homily. This is not the case with Rousseau. Vice, throughout his Eloise, robed in the garb of modesty, is triumphant; she is even pitied, and monopolizes the tears due to her celestial adversary. Who, except by the determined efforts of a strong mind, can bear for an instant to condemn Madame de Wolmar—the beautiful—the sensitive—the confiding? Who can forget her high-wrought, impassioned youth, her exceeding love of nature, of art, of all, in short, that contributes to the grace, the ornament, and the simplicity of existence? Even up to the present moment, though years have elapsed, fashions have changed, and literature has diverged into new channels, she is ever visibly before us. The rocks of Meillerie breathe of her—Clarens is eloquent of her name—Vevay whispers it through all her woods—and the evening breeze, as it sighs over the blue waters of Geneva, repeats the last parting that rent the souls of herself and her unforgotten lover. She has a distinct—a separate—an undivided existence in our memories: for the Eloise, be it observed, is not a book to be laid aside with childhood; it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength; we abjure its principles, but, despite ourselves, we hug its sensibility to our hearts; and even when we repudiate it as the true *Liber Amoris*, or Book of Love, it puts forth new claims to our admiration by its exuberant fulness of ideas, its ingenious sophistry, and

faultless style. We own throughout its pages the presence of a powerful and analytical mind, that has studied—deeply studied—the origin and progress of even its slightest emotions, and noted them down, fresh as they rose, one after the other, from patient and acute investigation, with all the overwhelming earnestness of sincerity.

The "Confessions," like the "Eloise," abounds in impassioned sentiment, but possesses in parts a vein of indignant sarcasm, of which the other is devoid. It is the history—and a mournful one it is—of Rousseau's own mind; of his progress from childhood to age, from first enthusiasm to final despair. It is full of detailed accounts of his connexion with Madame de Warrens, Therese, and his unrequited fondness for Madame de Houdetot, the plain but faithful mistress of Saint Lambert. It is, in fact, the autobiography of an ardent, self-willed mind, at one time capable of the loftiest flights of virtue; at another, equal to the most contemptible misdeeds. What can be more inconsistent than the candour that could afford to acknowledge that, in order to avoid punishment, it falsely accused a poor, unfriended maiden of theft, and the meanness that could stoop to act so? But, from first to last, Rousseau was the child of caprice: his actions were all impulses—they could never be relied on.

With regard to the literary excellence of his Confessions, it is lavish and splendid in the extreme. Each chapter abounds (as suits occasion) in passages of unaffected simplicity, of glowing declamation, of energetic scorn, and sweet descriptive beauty. In proof of this, we may adduce Rousseau's account of his first introduction to Madame de Houdetot—of his solitary walk every morning, to steal one kiss from this idol of his enthusiasm—of his proud expectations—unwearied attachment, which neither absence on his own part, nor indifference on that of his mistress, could extinguish—and of his subsequently blighted hopes. Nor is that passage to be forgotten wherein he describes his ecstatic feeling of enjoyment, while sailing about at evening in his boat, far away from the sight of the human countenance, and surrounded only by the grandest forms of nature—the towering mountain, the shrubless crag, the soft, luxuriant meadow, through whose daisied herbage wound a hundred silver rivulets, sparkling in the red sunset, and lapsing on their course in music and in happiness. Yet the whole passage—beautiful as it undoubtedly is, and conceived in the rapt fervour of poetic inspiration—is false to nature, and equivocal in sentiment. It is in direct contradiction to the experience of ages—surely entitled to some little deference even from so headlong a reformer as Rousseau—which has left it on the records of a thousand volumes that the unreasonable indulgence of solitude is a factitious feeling, engendered by a diseased, and confirmed by an unsocial intellect. Amid passages, however, of such doubtful (to say the least of them) sensibility, it is delightful to catch now and then glimpses of another and a nobler nature. It is like the bursting in of sudden sunshine upon November's gloom. Of such a redeeming character is Rousseau's account of the periwinkle, which by accident he picked up in one of his Alpine botanical excursions. His simple exclamation of delight at the recognition, "Ah, voilà la pervenche!" goes deeper to the heart than a thousand elaborate homilies. It was not the mere flower itself, but the associations thereby engendered, that filled the philosopher's eyes with tears, as he pressed it with fervour to his lips. Eight and thirty years before, while rambling with Madame

de Warrens through the same neighbourhood, he had gathered that very flower. Time had nearly effaced the circumstance from his mind —age had crept over him—the object of his unceasing attachment had been long since consigned to earth; but here was a talisman to recal the past; this little simple mountain-plant bore about with it a magic power that could roll back the wheels of time, and array a haggard soul in the same sweet freshness which it wore in the morning of existence. As regards the pervading spirit of the Confessions, it is a work which sets out in a pensive vein of reflection, and terminates in the darkest, the fiercest misanthropy. Yet, whether for good or evil—whether to sear with scorn, or melt with tenderness—the spirit of a mighty genius moves along each page, free, undisguised, and unchartered as the wind. Indeed, had Rousseau shewn but half as much talent in palliating misery as he has shewn in forestalling and aggravating it, he would have been the greatest man that ever existed. But baneful as is the character of his productions, they inculcate—the Confessions more especially—an impressive, but unconscious moral. They convince the unformed, wavering mind, that true happiness is only to be found where it holds in respect the social and the moral duties; that sensibility, without principle, is like the tower built by the fool upon the sands, which the very first wave swept into annihilation; and that every departure from reason is a departure from enjoyment, even though companioned by supreme abilities.

Having thus discussed impartially the character of Rousseau's chief works, it remains, as some slight apology for their obliquities, to say a few words respecting the age in which he flourished. He wrote at a period when the French mind, drugged with a long course of anodyne literature, made up from prescriptions unchanged through a tedious succession of ages, was eagerly prepared to receive any alterative that might exhilarate its intellectual constitution. Previous to his time, France was trammelled by Aristotelian regulations, which, whether for the drama, the closet, or the senate, prescribed one uniform style of composition—correct, but cold—polished, but insipid; founded essentially on the imitative, and deprecating—as was the case with the Augustan age in England, which derived its mental character from the French court—any departure from the old established classics of Greece and Rome as downright unadulterated heresy. Voltaire was the first to break through the ice of this formality: he threw a vivifying power into literature, which sparkled with a thousand coruscations, and drew forth the dormant energies of others. Rousseau was one of the master-spirits thus warmed into life: his predecessor, by his novel and brilliant paradoxes, had triumphantly led the way; France was henceforth prepared to be astonished—overwhelmed—electrified; and Rousseau answered every expectation. This, perhaps, is but a poor apology for vice, that it adapts itself to the taste of the day; nevertheless, every man is more or less fashioned by the age in which he lives—few having, like our divine, unsullied Milton, the fortitude to precede it;—and if the gross immoralities of Beaumont and Fletcher, and still worse, of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, are excused from consideration of the period in which they flourished, surely the same extenuating principle may with justice be applied to Rousseau? In addition to this, it must not be forgotten that his sentiments, however revolting they may appear to Englishmen, were, literally speaking, the received opinions of his country. They grew out of a courtly system of fashion which winked at adultery, discovered the

refinements of morality in the grossness of an *ad libitum* intercourse with the fairer sex, and visited only with condemnation an uncouth person, bad address, churlish temper, or clownish dialect. At such a demoralized period—the necessary precursor of a revolution which should clear the polluted atmosphere—a man of first rate ability, a pander to the elegant sensuality of the age (which, according to Burke, lost "half its danger in losing all its grossness"), and an unflinching philosopher of the new school, was not likely to pass unnoticed. Rousseau felt this, wrote accordingly, and rendered himself immortal and a wretch. The secret of his success he has himself explained in a published conversation with Burke, wherein he observes, that finding that the old vehicle of literature was crazy and worn out, he took upon himself the task of renewing the springs, repainting the panels, and gilding the whole machine afresh. In other words, he resolved to extend the pathetic, deepen the unsocial, and pervert what little was left, of moral and religious sensibility among his countrymen. In this he too happily succeeded; but what were the penalties he paid for such success? The answer is tremendous! A shipwrecked character—a broken heart—a brilliant but unenviable immortality.

One word more. Rousseau has been frequently styled the champion, the apostle of freedom. Mr. Hazlitt, in particular, who in his clouded moments has much of his manner, has thus loved to designate him. This is certainly a saving clause, with nothing to disturb its effect but the circumstance of its utter falsity. The philosopher's independence, like his sentiment, was purely a factitious feeling. It was not the healthy, progressive growth of reason, but the forced production of sophistry. It could stoop to be the slave of the most effeminate, demoralizing vices, and—to adopt a sportsman's phrase—was begot by Irritability out of Selfishness and Egotism. Far different is the nature of the true apostle of liberty. The materials of his magnanimity originate with himself, they are beams reflected from the sunny purity of his own heart, and are mixed up with, and give a tone and colouring to, his most trifling actions. To be the true asserter of public freedom, the man himself must be free. No unworthy suspicions, no rash misanthropy, no prurient fancies, no truckling to sensuality, simply because it is clothed in the borrowed robes of sentiment, must be permitted to interfere with, or influence his opinions. His mind must tower above the ordinary level of mankind, as much in conduct as in intellect. It is not enough that he possess the ability to discuss; he must add the heart to feel and the disposition to practise, the mighty principle in its minutest as well as in its most comprehensive sense, for by the union of worth and genius alone—either of which, when disjoined, is useless—is the world's conviction ensured. Milton, whose ethics were so sublime, whose daily habits were so stainless, spoke from the heart when he declared himself the sworn foe to despotism; the Tell of private life gave abundant evidence of the public patriot; the moral influence of Washington as a dictator, was the necessary consequence of his worth as a man; but Rousseau, though he fled from clime to clime the fancied martyr to his virtue and his independence, wrote only from the promptings of an excited, a distrustful, and a dissatisfied mind. D.

AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

Commenting upon matters which are yet in operation, every body knows, is a hazardous undertaking: not so much, however, from the uncertainty of human affairs—for we take them to have very little of the quality of uncertainty about them—but from defect of intelligence. A want of accuracy marks the communications of most men, and especially their *written* communications on passing topics, even where there is no design in them to deceive, nor bias to mislead;—but where the very object of the communicator is deception, the sources of uncertainty are of course multiplied, and no absolute trust can be placed in any thing but *accomplished* events. Yet people cannot always suspend their speculations and thoughts till the arrival of facts; nor need they. The more acute and sharp-sighted—the more vigilant at least—will sometimes pierce through the obstructing clouds, and let in rays of light, where others find nothing but fog and obscurity. The bulletins of the Russians are become as notorious as the far-famed Brussels Gazette of old; and the Turkish bulletins—a new feature, by the way, in Turkish affairs—on one occasion lately observed, "The grand vizier is advancing towards Varna, and, in the mean while, the capidan pasha is amusing the Russians with negotiations." This was not simplicity, but rather deep duplicity. The Turks are supposed, like children and fools, to tell truth; and, being aware of the general impression, take advantage of the prejudice to *amuse* the world. One half of the statements and reports, again, which we find in the continental papers from Vienna, Berlin, and Holland, are the wily productions of interested persons—stock-jobbers and loan-mongers;—or, if they be the collectings of news-purveyors, the managers of public prints must trust, for the most part, to they know not whom or what—to vague rumours and flying reports; and, from their known cravings, are a thousand times more liable to be duped than any other class of men in the world.

Though not essentially mistaken, last month, as to the check and retreat of the Russians, the fact is not yet true that they withdrew to the Danube, or but very partially true. Luckily for them—for the preservation of a remnant of credit—Varna has fallen into their hands, and enabled them to close a mortifying campaign with the capture of a fortress, never captured before, instead of an actual flight. Though checked and cut up, beyond all former experience in Turkish warfare, they have announced a succession of victories from beginning to end—have made a steady, though slow advance—and if not actually arrived at Constantinople, they are far on the road to it; they can talk of moderation and love of peace—of their wish to bring the Turks to reason, and the observance of treaties, being far stronger with them than the desire of conquests; and, if the Turks are still obstinate, of inevitably reaching the capital in another campaign. This is all very well for bulletins and bravados; but the conquest of Varna contributes nothing to their glory, and, we add, little to the accomplishment of their ultimate aims. Possession was gained by treachery, not by fighting; and they have been unwise enough to blazon the means, and receive the traitor with honours and distinctions at Odessa. The true course would have been to dismiss him quietly, and not lay bare what exposes their own nakedness: if they had not made a bridge to it with their gold, it is pretty obvious their iron shot would have made none. The emperor has returned to

his capital, and the season for action is over; no reinforcements are heard of, and a winter campaign must be an idle thought. The result, then, only strengthens our anticipations; and we do not believe the Russians will again renew their attempt. The possession of Varna will enable them to treat on better conditions—by the exertions of the commissioners of England and France, a bargain will be eventually struck—the provinces north of the Danube (which had, in fact, before ceased to belong to the Turks) will be yielded up to them in full sovereignty—and the troops south of the Danube will be withdrawn, and Varna restored. Russia will thus, by this attempt of hers, have withdrawn the veil—made manifest her ambitious projects—shewn her real feebleness—and proved her former formidableness to have rested in the union and seconding of others;—she will have betrayed her state-secret, and the fears of Europe be quenched, as we said before, for half a century.

Of the blockade of the Dardanelles we hear no more, nor are we likely now. We question if even it ever was seriously thought upon, or, at all events, only in prospective—should they reach, that is, the neighbourhood of the capital. The Morea is now at length completely cleared of the Egyptians—intelligence has just arrived of the surrender up of Patras. Will the activity of the allies stop at this point? There is no calculating. The confederacy formed by the treaty of the 6th of July is one of the most anomalous things that ever was heard of in the records of diplomacy. It neither makes war, nor keeps peace. It is alliance, and no alliance. With the exception of the affair of Navarino, the parties have never acted fairly together; and then it was the commanders who united, and not the governments. One of the parties makes open war on its own private account, and still professes itself a member of the peace-compelling confederacy. This, no doubt, the Russians had a right to do, if the others chose to consent; but why should England and France keep up the ambiguous and discreditable connexion? When a partner in a mercantile house enters upon private speculations, or connects himself with another house, he is usually got rid of; and the moment Russia opened her private scheme, independently of the general purposes of the confederacy, she should have been dismissed, and not suffered to undertake an adventure, the results of which were likely to be at variance with the object of the union, and certain of producing no advantage to the firm. Since Navarino, indeed, Russia has scarcely taken any share in the old concern; and England and France have plainly had great difficulty in understanding one another. First, the English commander concludes a treaty with the Pacha of Egypt, by the terms of which the Egyptians were forthwith to evacuate the Morea, leaving—for what final purpose is incomprehensible—1,200 troops to occupy the fortresses. Then come the French, with a force of ten or fifteen thousand men, the commander of which superintends the evacuation; and, moreover, compels the fortresses to surrender, and the 1,200 to take wing after their brethren. The French commander then prepares to advance to Athens, to expel thence, in like manner, the Turkish garrison; when the English step in, and forbid the execution of his design. The French long to be a-doing, because they have with them wherewithal to sweep the north of Greece of the Turks; but the English, nobody knows why, oppose any farther movement. The object of the original confederacy was confessedly to force a peace, or at least a cessation of hostilities; and how was this to be accomplished, but either by

holding a rod *in terrorem*, and pouncing upon the offending party, to flog him for fighting, or—what was surely more rational, because more effective—by separating the combatants at once, and compelling them to an understanding and terms? The French are obviously inclined to the latter course, and we to the former; but we—*we*, the individual—go entirely with the French, for there is decision with them, and something like a tending to conclusion. On our scheme, we might go on on for twenty years, and be just where we were at the beginning; but then we should be able to employ those who are importunate for employment—and that is all consistent enough with our policy, domestic and foreign. The French, we are persuaded, will not long consent to keep in this lingering, vacillating course. War must soon burst forth between France and Turkey, or a compromise between Turkey and her old subjects be brought about.

Of our other foreign relations, Portugal still presents nothing decisive. Miguel is apparently consolidating his power and party; and we have no doubt at all, he has not only the numerical majority of the country, but of the influential part of it, with him. Not only the nobles, the clergy, the military, but all, save and except what may be termed the English interest, and a few political philosophers, who hope to profit by the change, and are restless and fretful, because they cannot carry all their own way. Pedro is manifestly unpopular with his countrymen—he is, first, identified with the constitution which they abominate; he has, next, done his best to degrade Portugal into a province; and, finally, attempted to impose a sovereign whom they do not want—three very unwelcome facts to the sober and substantial part of the Portuguese. Miguel is avowedly the patron of old times and old ways, and is warmly seconded by all who have any thing to lose—certainly by all the wealthiest and most powerful, who cannot, with any toleration, look upon the Brazils as their superiors, or even their equals. Pedro has got into a puzzle; he has been duped by his Brazilian courtiers into the belief that he could dispose of Portugal as he pleased; they have taught him to suppose the constitution was desired by a very strong party, which, if they were indulged in their wishes, would, in common gratitude, be bound by such an act to the maintenance of his daughter's rights; and he was not insensible, it may be inferred, to the glory of conferring upon his daughter a crown which he could not himself retain.

He has himself no forces at his disposal, or at least no resources to maintain them; and cannot, therefore, dream of a distant expedition to enforce what he chooses to call his daughter's rights. He has done infinite mischief, it must be confessed, by this foolish act of consigning to her the queenship; the poor young lady will always be a rallying-point for the disaffected and ambitious, and the evils of a disputed succession be thus entailed upon the nation for her life, and perhaps longer. If Pedro was really disposed to resign the crown of Portugal, or found he could no longer retain it unless he returned—which we conclude was the case;—if he could not retain *both* crowns, it was wise to resign one—the choice was with him; but then he should have left the other to the disposal of the Cortes, and not have intrigued with other nations, and tempted an English orator with the bait of a constitution, to get him to enforce it with English bayonets. Left to their own inclinations, the Portuguese would certainly have taken Miguel at once, and legitimated his right by the best of all sanctions. For our own parts, Miguel appears

to us to be one of the most legitimate sovereigns in Europe. We are perfectly weary of the foolish ravings of the *Times*, and cannot believe one fact out of ten announced by its correspondents. If Englishmen will be busy in foreign countries, they must take the consequence of interfering, and giving licence to their tongues. The wisest thing this country could do would be to seize the first fair opportunity to resume the usual relations kept up with a friendly state. Nor can we even see any significant objection to the *proffering* of such resumption; we stand too high, and are really too powerful, to have such an act imputed to sinister motives; nobody could suppose it prompted by fear—nor could it be so construed by Miguel himself. There could, therefore, be no degradation; and as to Pedro—what could he do but fume a little?

When will the intercourse of governments come to be conducted on the principles of common sense, and the file and the portfolio be treated with the contempt they deserve? If we are for ever to act according to precedent, the hope of amendment must be abandoned; and none are fools enough to suppose the established system of intercourse is unsusceptible of improvement. We would have matters, even of international concern, be determined by circumstances, and take at once the best result they will admit of; and not wait till they fall into some form into which they have fallen before. Jealousies, and misunderstandings, nine times out of ten, might thus be removed; and wars would at least less frequently rise from the infractions of the rules and precedents of office. The little queen is, we suppose, at Laleham; or, for any thing now heard of her, at St. Helena—it is quite immaterial; only the sooner she returns to her father's court the better, to waive the crown, and wait till some continental prince wants a wife, and demands her.

Of Spain it is surprising how very little of late we hear. The cause of constitutionalism we may conclude does not visibly progress; but a few months may bring about some sudden change. Nothing but the destruction of more armies apparently will convince Ferdinand of the impossibility of recovering the colonies, for large preparations are making for another attempt. Two-and-twenty thousand men are now, it is said, on good authority, assembled at Cuba, of which ten thousand at least are Europeans; and their destination Columbia. Columbia has been distracted a good deal of late by divisions, which has probably given rise to these preparations; but her chief is plainly on his guard. On the 10th of August, Bolivar, who is now dictator again, issued an order for the immediate assembling of forty thousand men, to be distributed into four divisions; and will, no doubt, with the energies and indignations of the nation to back him, readily repel the enemy, land where they will. Cut up more European troops, in this way, by some signal defeat, and it will present, by the new ground of dissatisfaction it will give, especially among the military, a grand opportunity for the constitutionalists to better themselves, and they are, no doubt, far more numerous, proportionally, than among the Portuguese. This would be a lucky event for the Spanish exiles, who are again—or rather *still*, for we do not know that they have at any time been otherwise—in a miserable state of destitution, and, unhappily for them, are fast wearing out the compassion and sympathy of the country.

It is always an invidious thing to seem to repress any thing like kind feelings towards the necessitous; but these persons, be it remembered,

are the victims of imprudence, though they cover it with the glory of patriotism; and charity begins at home. This, though apparently a cold and churlish maxim, is a very wise one, and the wisdom of it is the more irrefragable and imperative in a country, where misery spreads among the natives to the sad and deplorable extent it does in ours—blurring and blotting the splendors which exorbitant and ostentatious wealth gathers round it, and flinging disgrace upon its rulers. We have no desire to check in any degree—just the contrary—the disposition to distribute; but we would remind the distributor, that *native* misery has the prior claim.

The twenty, or fifty pounds given, to be blazoned in advertisements, to foreigners, is, in numerous cases, just so much withheld from home distribution. It is a stain and a stigma upon a man to give, where poverty and want exist, for instance, on his own estates. The vehemence of the old *Times*, the great patron of the Spanish and Italian refugees, is quite importunate, and almost offensive, and especially by the grounds on which he frequently presses their claims of relief. They are gentlefolks—high-minded and high-spirited, many of them ennobled by a long line of illustrious ancestors—brought up to nothing—lapped in luxury, and cradled in indulgence—delicate in frame, and refined in sentiment—who cannot work, and ought not to work—who would sooner starve than beg, and die than dig—with abundance of similar nonsense. A most felicitous and novel mode of pleading a case of suffering, it must be allowed! We wish them a better advocate. The subscriptions come in but slowly, though the *Times* prints all the morcels of eloquence that usually accompany them. Here is a choice specimen:—

"Respected Sir:—When the better feelings of our nature sanction the call of the necessitated, and prompt the affluent to acts of humanity, how transcendent is the conclusion!—it is nature that is acting upon the mind with all the beauties of her inexpressible excellence. Under these considerations, I beg that your commendable spirit will appropriate this half-sovereign, though trifling, to the alleviation of the distressed Spaniards.—Your's, &c.

"An American."

But subscriptions of all kinds go on heavily, we perceive. The Tunnel, which required 100,000*l.* to enable it to proceed, stopped short at 15,000*l.*, and the Committee, in despair, have actually passed a vote to *return* the donations, and cancel the debentures. King's College, which asked 100,000*l*, and actually got *names* for the full amount, and was tempted, by the extraordinary facility with which they were given, to beg another, has not been able to add 5,000*l.* to the sum during the whole of this month, with all the wealth, rank, and station of the country to back them; and we now begin to augur ill of the result, and suspect they will soon be obliged to follow the example of the Tunnel-folks. The Church-building society, too, we observe, has met with frequent rebuffs—in one parish, not far from Cambridge, *three farthings* were collected.

And as we have thus incidentally been led to mention this society, we cannot forbear a word or two on the spirit in which its recent collections have been pursued. Not content with enforcing the necessity and the virtue of contributing to the building of churches, and collecting the fruits of pulpit eloquence at the church doors, the clergy, accompanied by the parochial officers, in many parishes have gone from house to house,

and that too in parishes where already were exacted an old church-rate, and a *new* church rate ;—and not content, again, even with this importunity, they have marked those houses where they did not find the occupier at home, and actually sent a printed circular, announcing that they had called for 'your subscription,' directing it to be paid according to a given address. Now, this we consider as perfectly inquisitorial and abominable—it is depriving the individual of his option. Had these persons any sense of delicacy, they might conclude, in many cases, it was not convenient to contribute—or the party might not approve of the object, and yet not desire to be conspicuous in refusing, nor wish at all to give expression to his disapproval ; and, at all events, would not wish to have a *mark* set upon him. The virtue and beauty of contribution is the voluntariness of it. When a plate is held at the church door, the passer-by may give or not give, without being very remarkable, though even there he is often *noted ;* or he may absent himself, and leave the field fairly open for the willing and the ostentatious.

But this collection, moreover, was under the sanction of what is called the King's Letter, which was represented as carrying with it authority ; though unquestionably it is no legal instrument, and any attempt to give it that character is wholly unjustifiable. It is placing the King's name in a very invidious light ;—if money be wanted for public purposes, the Commons, in Parliament assembled, have alone the power of granting. With very many persons, a demand made in the King's name, unsanctioned by an act of Parliament, would be a reason for rejection—and justly, for it is to raise money on false pretences. As head of the Church, the King's rights and privileges are strictly defined, and confer no power to raise a penny arbitrarily. In matters of this kind, the King's authority is absolutely nothing, and his example entitled to no weight whatever. The truth is this :—the King's Letter was one of the ways and means of the Church Committee, and granted at their solicitation. More churches are petitioned for than they can build ; but they are eager—the reason is obvious—to build all, and therefore ingenuity is racked to suggest new expedients for raising funds. Parliamentary grants, and private subscriptions, renewed, and renewed, are all insufficient, till one, more cunning than the rest, starts a King's Letter ;—the Archbishop is applied to—the application is of course, without difficulty, complied with, for fees spring out of it. The letter, accompanied with the Bishop's mandate, circulates among the clergy, who enforce it publicly and privately —some pique themselves on the amounts collected—some are eager to exhibit their zeal, or to shew their influence—and importunity follows, in season and out of season—careless of the offence they give, and the odium they incur, so that they make themselves conspicuous at head-quarters.

Is there to be no end to this rage for building new churches? None—so long as money, by any means, can be screwed to build them. Every incumbent in the kingdom, if a decent pretence can be found, will desire to have a *second* church, for it gives him patronage—it enables him to provide for a son, or a nephew, or a cousin. The church is now inundated with candidates for preferment—for every new church there are forty new clergymen.

An attempt, we observe, has been made, to represent this King's Letter, of which we have been talking too long, as a substitute for the Church briefs lately abolished. These briefs were abolished very pro-

perly; because, from their numbers and periodical recurrence, they had come to be regarded with contempt, and had in fact often scarcely produced enough to pay the expence of printing, and machinery of clerks and commissioners. But why should there be a substitute? For a national purpose, let, we repeat, the national purse be opened. Keen-sighted, as some love to represent the clergy, we verily believe them the blindest of the blind;—they always pursue a favourite object through thick and thin—they never look beyond their noses—and never see how offensive is their interference in political matters, and especially, how invidious is any fresh attempt to raise money, be the object what it will, in which they are the agents. The means by which they are, for the most part, supported, is odious, however groundless the odium; and they should, above all men, be cautious of stirring up unfavourable feelings;—their usefulness depends entirely upon the respect in which they are held by those about them. Otherwise, as one of themselves once well said—they are doing and undoing—killing and curing—doing good with one hand, and mischief with the other.

Turning from the Churches to the Courts, we were at once amused and annoyed, by a case, Daniel against Robinson, the other day, in the Exchequer Court. The defendant had married the plaintiff's daughter without his consent, and, as the plaintiff alleged, illegally. The young lady died soon after the marriage, and the father sued for her *trinkets*, on the plea, that the marriage being illegal, the property could not vest in the husband. The plaintiff's ultimate object was to establish the illegality of the marriage; and at the last Gloucester assizes he obtained a verdict. In the Exchequer, the defendant has moved for a new trial, on three several grounds, all of them of considerable weight, which shews how carefully matters are settled at Nisi Prius—first, that the marriage was valid, for the main objection to its validity was the mis-spelling of the lady's name, Daniels instead of Daniel; and it was proved on the trial, that the members of his own family could not agree on this point; and even the brother of the lady, who was present at the marriage, and witnessed in the register, added the *s*, as well as herself. The second ground was the misdirection of the judge, for he had begged the jury to observe the parties were not residing in the parish where the banns were published—whereas, it is expressly provided by the last marriage act, that such non-residence shall *not* impeach the marriage. But the third ground is, if not the strongest, at least the most whimsical, and, in a graver view, the most abominable. The jury could not agree on their verdict, when one of them recollecting a case where the jury was said to have tossed for a verdict, proposed to do the same; but the rest, more squeamish, rejected the proposal with some indignation—till at last, another of them, more ingenious than his brethren, and sharpened by the prospect of eight and forty hours confinement—for the next day was Sunday—suggested *drawing lots*, by two slips of paper, a long one and a short one. This being a mode of solution which none of them had heard censured, like tossing, was gladly embraced, and a verdict was returned *accordingly*. A new trial was granted, and the verdict will of course be set aside.

But that is all that will be done—no attempt will be made to guard against such abuses. We record this case to be remembered hereafter; for the day of reformation must come. Generally gross cases of this kind are quoted as old stories, as if they were good things to tell, and people of course question the truth of them; but here is one which

occurs within our own experience, and cannot be contested, and cannot be exceeded in absurdity. If all the tales and manœuvres of juries were told, that might be told, we must laugh the institution to scorn. It is, indeed, fitted for nothing but facts, on the face of it, and not always we see for that. It is just possible, and no more, that twelve men shall be uniformly impressed by the same evidence—in cases, that is, where the evidence is as striking as if the fact were committed in the court, and before the eyes of the jury; but, suppose a man from perversity, from prejudice, from favour, or any other unequitable feeling, determined to carry the verdict *his* way, the chances are a thousand to one against his encountering another as pertinacious as himself, and then he gains his point. We have heard, more than once, of persons fortifying themselves with a good store of sandwiches, to enable them to persevere, and starve down more improvident opposition; and the fact is notorious, that wrong-headed people, with prejudices against particular offences, go into jury boxes with a determination to convict. To oppose, then, the obvious modification which the existing system calls for, is sheer pig-headedness—nothing more is required than a majority instead of unanimity—two-thirds, or three-fourths, with a limitation as to time; for, if the jury, after hearing evidence, and the law, are not in a state to return their verdict within half an hour, they will not be at all. The longer they deliberate, the more likely they are to get into jangling, into angry feelings—to lose sight of facts, and indulge in conjecture, and interpretation, and subtlety—and then they blunder. Under such an arrangement, tossing, and drawing will, at all events, be superfluous; and no man, again, will have it in his power to force another into a change of opinion by dint of working on the imbecility or the cravings of his stomach. We should not hesitate to say, indeed, that if the opinion a man forms at the conclusion of the trial, be changed *after* withdrawing, it will be changed upon wrong grounds, and then, so far as he is concerned, injustice is done; and we are, for our parts, thoroughly satisfied there could be no better way, than taking the aye, or no, of each juryman, *on the spot*, and determining the verdict by a majority of two-thirds.

But we have a word or two with the practice of the courts, for demanding a peremptory verdict—guilty, or not guilty—which involves, at once, law, fact, and inference, and carries absurdity, often, on the face of it. A man commits an act—the evidence that he commits it is good, but the design with which he commits it may not be clear—nor, again, that he commits it in the teeth of any law; yet the jury are required to pronounce, by one word, upon the whole. The judge says he cannot admit special verdicts. We refer to a recent case to illustrate our meaning—Hunton's. He is charged with an act of forgery—with performing an illegal act, and, moreover, with doing it with a fraudulent intent. The act of forgery was manifest—that is, he had made use of other persons names, or fictitious ones—and presented bills with these names, purporting to be real ones, to his bankers to be discounted—intending, apparently, to take them up when they became due. But the mere act of employing fictitious names is not enough to complete the act of forgery, in the legal sense—the fraudulent intention must be fairly and distinctly inferrible. In the case to which we are alluding, such intention was absolutely negatived, for the prosecutors were actually in possession of a counter security; and it would have been their own faults if they had ventured to discount beyond the value of the security, and they

could have had no claim of satisfaction for the effect of their own carelessness. The judge, indeed, in directing the jury, only noticed the security, to annihilate, if possible, the effect of it. There was no evidence, he said, to shew it was worth a farthing; by which was manifestly implied his conviction, that if it were of value it would go to negative the fraudulent intent, and, of course, the *guilt* of forgery; and surely it was for him, with this feeling working in him, if not from common equity, yet as counsel for the prisoner (of which we hear so much, and see so little) to call for evidence to shew the value. Instead of which, when the fact of security was drawn out by the cross-examination of the banker, the judge was perfectly silent, though then was the time for him, seeing the prisoner omitting it (he had no counsel to suggest to him), to ask the value, or nature, of this security. Had it been shewn to be *probably* sufficient to cover the amount of the forged bills, the jury would not even have gone out of court. In delivering their verdict, they gave it *special*—guilty, but without a fraudulent intent. "No," replies the judge, "I must have a peremptory verdict—guilty, or not guilty."—"Not guilty," they were unwilling to pronounce, because the man, to their feelings, had evidently *done wrong*—morally; and, therefore, and under the frown of the court, they consented to say guilty, coupling it with a recommendation for mercy. The understanding of jurymen is perpetually bothered by the term *guilty*, which is a technical word, and means an act done—done against law—done by design—and done with a fraudulent view. The popular notion—and no other is usually thought of—of guilt, is a wrong act, with very little definite, and scarcely any legal meaning connected with it.

To hang this Hunton—especially after Savary's commutation, seems to us impossible. Though condemning the man for a fool—for a man even who no longer deserves to be trusted—we can scarcely bring ourselves to contemplate him as committing an act which ought to have been brought into court at all. To hang him is horrible—to hang any man for forgery is offensive to the common feelings of justice and humanity. Murder—violence—these are the sole justifiable grounds for legal executions; anything short of these offences should have other punishments assigned them, and there *are* other punishments as likely to deter from forgery, as death. *Deterring* is the only justifiable ground of human infliction; and yet almost every body, and especially the wronged person, is always talking about satisfaction—about desert—about offended justice, and similar stuff—though thinking all the while, perhaps, upon *revenge*. These are principles with which courts of justice have nothing to do; and we doubt not, if it were distinctly and habitually inculcated, that *deterring* is the only proper object of punishment, we should soon come to abandon "death." Many of our cotemporaries, we observe, confine their vituperations against the law of forgery, because the severity of it defeats its object, by preventing prosecutions. We doubt, exceedingly, whether people are so prevented to any considerable extent; we observe those who are exposed to losses by acts of forgery, pretty active in bringing the offenders to justice, as they phrase it; but be the fact so or not, we prefer enforcing the common sense of the thing—the only justifiable ground of punishment; and, we add, forgery is repressible by other means, and among them, by *restitution to the utmost extent, on conviction, and by liability to restitution to double the amount, to the end of life.*

Hunton is a Quaker; and recently another Quaker is reported to have forged to a large amount, upon some of his own fraternity—a house of bill-brokers. The religious principles of the parties, in this case, checked the prosecution, and not the severity of the law; the act, we confess, drew our admiration; and we could not but think it a ridiculous piece of refinement, to be censuring them for disregarding the security of society. *They* were the real losers; and the act is little likely to find many imitators; nor will it encourage any one soul breathing to practice a similar fraud upon any body *else*. If the act be of evil tendency, and exposes Quaker property to extraordinary hazard, that is their concern; and we feel confident they are as likely, as any persons in the world, to find a remedy as effective as the sanguinary punishment of the law of forgery. The bankers' society, say the papers, have determined upon prosecuting these bill-brokers, for compounding felony. This, we may presume, is said without knowledge—compounding felony is, where a party receiving back his property, or having some amends made him, engages not to prosecute. It is not, we conclude, known, on what conditions this man was allowed to go scot-free; and for the concealment of the offence—for forbearing from prosecution, we know of no law. The recent cases of the country bankers, and the jeweller in the Strand, were acts of direct and open *compounding*, but no prosecution ensued; and, indeed, it is much too invidious a thing for anybody to do, except a *society*, which is a modern contrivance for subduing all sense of proper feeling and proper conduct. It is too much to expect individuals shall make sacrifices for a visionary object, under the imposing name of public good; let every body look first to his own advantage, and it follows, the general advantage will be well and best promoted—unless the general advantage is something quite distinct from *individual*. A man loses 10,000*l*.—the alternative, perhaps, is, recovering with the loss of 2,000*l*., for instance; or prosecuting, and losing the whole—with more for the expences of justice. Who hesitates?—nobody; and so the offence of compounding felony, though still sticking in our statute books, is fast falling, by the convictions of men, into discredit and oblivion; and no harm, we venture to add, will follow.

We are dwelling too long upon matters of law and justice; but a case of adultery drew our attention lately, and we must add a word or two. The offending party was a clergyman, which, of course, excited a superabundance of zeal and vituperation among the laity, and, especially, the *radical* laity; who, as usual, shewed a raging desire to fling the stigma upon the 'cloth'—as if there were either sense or justice in such an attempt. The clergy, now-a-days, abound more and more; and, though we may occasionally conflict with them, chiefly on political grounds, yet we think it but fair to express our conviction, that, taking numbers for numbers, in any class, or any profession, the clergy come less frequently before the public, ten-fold, for acts of criminality and shame, than any other body of men whatever. It should, moreover, be recollected that, though the clergy have, of late years, augmented by some thousands, the means of provision and preferment have not grown in equal proportion; and that, consequently, great numbers are thrown upon the world, and take to a variety of means for a livelihood, which clergymen did not use to do, and are thus more exposed—surrounded by fewer checks—are less teachers and examples by station—less clergymen, in short. Great num-

bers have no professional engagements, and, unable to turn, perhaps, to other occupations, are poor, get into debt, or are estranged from their profession, and fall into coarse and corrupt habits; and are, nevertheless, when brought before the courts, treated as clergymen, and their particular offences eagerly seized upon by the prejudiced, who blazon forth the baseness and profligacy of individuals, and are pleased to consider them as *general*, and almost peculiar to the profession. This last case has called forth a number of "leaders," which are calling aloud for making adultery a criminal offence. Now this we think absurd; for we have no doubt the existing law and practice is as well calculated to DETER—the proper principle of punishment—as anything that can well be imagined. The injured husband gets rid of a worthless woman—the seducer (who is often the seduced) is mulcted of a sum he can seldom spare, and if he can spare, is, in most cases, linked with a woman of whom he is, for the rest of his days, ashamed—who can no longer be restored to society, and who proves to him, most likely, a curse, and a clog for life. If this is not a more effectual deterring than a twelvemonth's imprisonment—or loss of money, in the shape of a fine to the king—or loss even of honours—and we can imagine nothing else, except such as the state of society will not tolerate—we will give up speculating upon such matters for ever.

The London University goes on swimmingly. The whole set of professors are reported to have 394 pupils distributed among them; we are not sure that the same individual, by attending three or four lectures, does not count for three or four. The spirit of puffery, so visible in the whole concern, ever since it began to get into activity—by the endless advertisements and paragraphings—will excuse us, with sober people, for occasionally withholding our credit from their statements. To the medical school are assigned 120; and to the natural philosophy, chemistry, Latin, Greek, and law chairs, each from 60 to 70; many of them, it appears, are elderly gentlemen. One professor, we know, has two pupils; and another, we hear, is likely, very shortly, to make a beginning with one. Of the medical professors, we have before expressed our conviction, that nothing could be less called for. We are disposed to think the same of others, especially those of the modern languages, and natural philosophy, and chemistry—for lecturers on these matters abound. We do not think so of the law-lectures. The means of obtaining legal knowledge, or at least beyond the mere technicalities of practice, are inaccessible to young men, in attorneys' offices. This very illiterate class, by an enlightened and fearless individual, may be essentially improved and civilized—there is an opening. An account of Mr. Amos's introductory, given in the *Times*, amused us. Mr. Brougham sat on the right of the chair, *representing*, it was stated, the bar; and Mr. W. Tooke, on the left, representing, in like manner, all the attorneys and solicitors—whilst Lord Auckland was *in* the chair, representing, we suppose, the aristocracy, who, of course, will feel themselves greatly honoured and obliged. But the idea of hearing lectures by 'representatives,' is quite a novel invention, and worthy of a university, which is to be the focus from which are to spread and radiate, superior knowledge and *practical* usefulness. The mathematical introductory, we hear, was distinguished for 'brilliancy of imagination,' whilst one of the classical, we forget which, was as conspicuous for a skeleton dryness, that must have been meant for the diagrams. These mistakes will happen. Mr. Dale

poured forth a great *dale* too many flowers, and Dr. Dionysius Lardner caught, we know not precisely how many rays of illumination, from the bright luminary, then *in* his eye (Mr. B.)—dazzling him with excess of light—which any one might swear could come only from the 'gem.'

The Zoological Society have had their nerves horribly shaken—not by any outbreak of the tigers, but the presumption of a 'fellow,' who keeps a tea-garden in the New-road, or somewhere within a reachable distance of the Menagerie-grounds. This 'fellow,' it seems, being of a speculative turn, as well as the managers, paid his guinea to the society, and by virtue of the said payment, affixing to his name of John Johnson, or something of the sort, F.Z.S., or some other equally good-looking initials, announced, on his cards, by way of proving some superior accommodation at his house of entertainment, that tickets for the Zoological might be had on application; and, accordingly, he issued his 'orders' to all comers and bibbers, and contributed largely to the daily forty-pound receipts of the society. But, instead of being grateful for this interchange of benefit, the aristocracy of the institution, in alarm, summoned a special meeting—Hannibal ad portas—and at a very full assembly, agreed *nem con.* to return to Mr. John Johnson, or whatever his name may be, his subscription-money, and inform him, they had for ever erased his ignoble name from the honourable and right honourable lists. But, seriously, though the fact is correctly true—can any thing be so absurd as the scheme of the Zoological, to require an introduction, and then demand a shilling? It is, however, completely English, of the modern school, combining foppery and meanness—money-making, never out of thought, whether east or west of Temple-bar. If any desirable object could be gained by excluding the vulgar, then let the managers be content with the introduction—let them be satisfied with the honour of conferring a favour, and take a leaf out of our neighbours' book—the Menagerie of Paris is open to all the world, without any paying at all. Committees are now appointed—such has been the abundance of their receipts—to consider upon the means of disposing of the money, and, of course, they will very soon have monthly or weekly dinners, and get rid of some of the superfluity that way. This, of course, they have a right to do—only, say we, if they take money, let them throw the gates open to all, like any other shilling show. Thanks to Mr. John Johnson—'this will end it.'

Justice again—we do not learn that the little German literato has yet been discharged. The reader would observe in the police reports, an account of a man who walked into a bookseller's shop of the name of Wilks, and asked for employment—any thing of any kind—he was in distress. The bookseller, it so happened, was also a book-maker, and had just written a hundred folios (sheets) to establish a claim to the late Baron Maseres' enormous property, of which he contended Mr. Fellowes had got unjust possession. Distrusting his own talents, and delighted at the opportunity of catching a poor devil of an author, evidently in want of a shilling, he put the said MS. into his hand, desiring him to look it over—and, expressly or by implication, nobody can doubt, engaging to make some compensation. Precise particulars are of course not to be got at from police reports, but the result was, the little man refused to give up the important MS., unless he was on the spot indemnified for his labour. Mr. W. does not pretend he *had* given him any thing, and it may be concluded he had refused to pay what the other

demanded. The little gentleman was tenacious of what he deemed his rights, and distrusting Mr. W.'s generosity or justice, he refused to re-deliver but upon payment. After a good deal of wrangling and contradiction, an act of robbery was sworn to, and the article being valued at three-pence, the poor fellow was actually committed to prison. Yet theft there could be none—at the utmost, the man *detained* what had been voluntarily put into his hands; and the remedy was by action. Criminal the act could not be; and we trust he will be able, by himself, or by some friend of justice, to take up his cause, and demand and obtain reparation from all concerned. The magistrate—the one to whom we allude is full of indiscretion—ventured in the course of the examination to speak of the little man as a *miscreant*, at which he naturally fired, and read the magistrate a lecture. In another paper, the little man is represented as calling the complainant a *rascal*, and when the magistrate haughtily checked him for his want of respect to the court, he replied, *rascal* was not so bad as *miscreant*. It is astonishing, after all the talk we have of the correctness of reports, and rather discreditable, to observe how unfairly they are often given. They depend, manifestly, on the temper or views of the reporter. The *Times* makes the story tell against the magistrate; and the *Morning Herald* against the little German; though the main facts are still essentially the same, and nobody can doubt but the poor man has had hard measure—the case cries aloud for satisfaction.

The rectorship of Glasgow has of late years become an object of ambition among literary men. Poet Campbell, every body knows, was chosen rector two years ago; and he is again a candidate, and with him Lord John Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord John Russel. Eventually Lord John Campbell gave way to Scott, and the other Lord John to Campbell. The election, the reader will remember, is in the hands of what is, ridiculously enough, called the four 'nations'—constituting the body of the students. Scott and Campbell had each two, though, in point of individual votes, Campbell had 263, and Scott 200; but the votes go by 'nations,' and each, as we said, had two. The casting vote lies with the last rector, that is, in this case, with Campbell himself; but custom has so settled it, that he shall not exercise his privilege to his own advantage, and the right was then supposed to devolve on the Vice—who has decided for Scott. But according to an act of royal visitation in 1727, it is expressly stated, that if the last rector be absent, or, we suppose, disqualified by custom, the *penultimate* rector shall have the casting vote; and that is Brougham, who will probably replace his friend, and Scott must retire—which we are not sorry for; for why should he, or any one else, oppose Campbell, when it was manifestly the wish of the majority to keep him another biennium?

Tales of the Great St. Bernard, 3 *vols*, 12*mo*; 1828.—This series of tales is the production of Mr. Croly, a gentleman, we need not add, after his brilliant and successful tale of Jewish story, of great and admitted talents. The volumes before us present the same energy and distinctness of conception which distinguished the Salathiel—the same copiousness and truth of description—the same fertility and splendour of language—the same facility of illustration—the same happy knack of throwing in a quaintness of phrase that surprises and delights—the same vigour and vivacity that bounds along with a subject with the consciousness of inexhaustible power, but at the same time with a fulness that sometimes overpowers, and a breadth of colouring that occasionally approaches to caricature.

The machinery of the series is this—a number of travellers, of different nations, are surprised and detained by snow-storms on Great St. Bernard, and while sharing the hospitality of the monks, relieve the ennui of their position by a succession of narratives, relative to the characters and manners of their several countries. The first is told by an Englishman, who has piqued curiosity by declaring himself an absentee, not from taste, but absolute compulsion—too lucky, too important, and too rich to be able to live at home, and going abroad to be nobody, to be good for nothing, and to be happy. He had been bred to the bar, but though getting early into something like practice, he grew disgusted, and especially with the tricks of the profession, and withdrew to an estate of £500 a-year—drawn thither, moreover, by the charms of the curate's daughter. In a woodbine cottage, in a state of unusual connubial tranquillity, making no shew nor pretending to any—with a son and two daughters, brought up in a style only not of the coarser character—absorbed in the quiet pursuits of literature, he lived an easy and contented and indolent life for nearly twenty years—troubled only, occasionally, by the annoyances which his wife and family sometimes experienced from the magnificent and mortifying superiorities of an opulent neighbour—a sugar-baker, making some £50,000 a-year.

Just as his family were growing up into men and women, an old uncle, with whom he had had no sort of intercourse for years, and from whom he expected nothing, died and left him £10,000 a-year; and though he himself would have taken the matter quietly enough, the family were bitten with the mania of eclipsing the sugar-baker. All sorts of absurdities ensue—jealousies are excited, and enemies are made on all sides; their fine servants laugh at them—till the climax is completed by a masqued ball, into which the whole county make an irruption, and conspire in a general devastation and smashing of the accumulated splendour. Plucking up a little resolution, the good man takes his family to Bath, to separate them for a while from the scene of disgrace, and reduce the scale of his establishment; but here, again, the importunities of his family, and his own facility betray him quickly into fresh mortifications and exposures. With new resolutions to be master of his own concerns, he has scarcely commenced operations, when another uncle dies, still richer than the former; and he now becomes a baronet with £30,000 a-year. Instead of removing to the county where this vast property lay, he is persuaded to return to the old neighbourhood, and, in spite of all expostulation and resolve, the family again enter the lists of rivalry with the sugar-baker, backed by the advantages of title and hereditary estates.

But the fates are against him. Thirty thousand a-year make him too conspicuous an object to live as he chooses—every body forms designs upon him, public or private—he is forced into the office of sheriff—and drawn, in defiance of all his caution and resistance, into a contested election for the county—spends twenty or thirty thousand, and half as much more to establish his election before a committee, and thus gets involved in all sorts of county business, and plagued and solicited and harassed at every turn. In the meanwhile his family are breaking out into a thousand absurdities—among others, a French lady is introduced to polish their persons and manners: she has a brother and cousin—the lady runs away with the son, and the gentlemen are on the point of starting with the daughters, when, luckily, the plot is detected, and the ladies rescued. Just at this period parliament is dissolved; he feels himself released, makes one desperate effort—breaks from all restraint, and finds himself at Great St. Bernard.

The Wallachian's tale is illustrative of the force of gratitude. A young Greek girl—a foundling—is brought up by a Wallachian noble, as his daughter. For years he had lived upon his estates, unobserved, or at least undisturbed; but by degrees the fruits of his industry—the indefatigable cultivation of his property—became conspicuous, and he was compelled to take office in the court of the hospodar. By the intrigues of the seraglio, he is finally beguiled from home, seized and carried to Constantinople, and thrown into prison; his estates the meanwhile exposed, of course, to devastations. The young and charming Greek, though brought up in softness and indulgence, and now deprived suddenly of all personal accommodations, resolves to attempt his rescue; and the difficulties she encounters, baffles, and surmounts, form the

body of the tale—closing with the scenes of the seraglio, which involve the death of Selim and Mustapha, and the preservation of Mahmoud, the present very extraordinary and almost European sovereign of the Turks.

A love tale is, of course, mixed up with the leading incidents, but constituting a very small part of the interest; and some scenes of the marvellous are introduced, which lead to no results, and are left undecyphered. The whole tale discovers great familiarity, however acquired, with the manners, country, story and character of the Turkish provinces. Pieces descriptive of natural scenery occur of great magnificence, and episodical narratives of singular vivacity—particularly the story of the boatman on the Danube, who had been high in office in the divan, and who afterwards figures as the dethroner of Mustapha, and the Vizier of Mahmoud. We have alluded to the descriptive—we give an instance. Hebe, the heroine, is with a priest on Mount Athos.—

I have yet (says he) one grand curiosity to show to you. Follow me, and see the true wonder of the Hayon Haros (Mount Athos)—the most magnificent sun dial in the world.

They passed through a thicket, in which the caloyer had collected the finer varieties of the Greek and Asiatic rose; and after some turns round the spiral of a little path, cut by his hands in the rock, stood at the foot of the great central pinnacle of the mountain.

This, said he, is the gnomon of our dial; and when those clouds below clear away, you shall see its plate.

The increasing glow of the morning had begun to dissolve the vapours, which hitherto lay in enormous fleeces on the sea as far as the eye could reach; and a slight breeze soon catching them, developed the horizon of waters, lying with the smoothness of a mirror, and blue as the heavens.

"There," said he, "is our remembrancer of the passing of time. Follow the shadow of the pinnacle, it is sixty miles long."

Hebe saw, with delight and wonder, the phenomenon. A stupendous pillar of purple shade lay upon the deep, slowly pointing round, as the sun moved about the mountain; and touching, one by one, a circle of small islands, that gleamed across the distant view like so many floating pearls.

"Our dial," said he, "is alone among wonders. The sunrise throws the shadow to Salonika; the sunset throws it round to Lemnos. Islands are our hour-marks; and the circumference of our dial is three hundred miles."

There are five other tales, together occupying little more than a volume, which have all of them, the author observes, appeared in 'a more hasty shape in scattered publications.' Of these the best probably is, the Married Actress, entering, as it does, into feelings by no means of an obvious or hackneyed cast. The introductories to these tales are all of them exquisite morsels—the reader will not fail to distinguish the 'Italian,' which describes the miserable influence of the Piedmontese government.

Mémoires sur l'Impératrice Josephine, &c. 1828.—The writer of these memoirs is, no doubt, very well known at Paris, but the name has not reached *us*. She speaks of herself as belonging to an émigré family, and as born in exile—in 1794 quite a child. Her friends were musical, and able, fortunately, to turn their talents to account, successively, in England, Hamburgh, and Copenhagen. Under the Consulate they returned to Paris, but the state of the mother's health, and the fortunes of the family, compelled them to retire to Geneva. Here, after a residence of some continuance, they were presented to the Empress, who had gone to Geneva, on her divorce, to meet her son from Milan. They were before known to her, and she now cordially invited them to come and see her at Navarre. To Navarre they accordingly went, and remained till the Empress returned to Malmaison; to which place, though holding no office in the Imperial establishment, they still accompanied her, and there also the present volume leaves them, soon after the birth of the King of Rome.

The anecdotes are not of Josephine only, but of everybody of whom anything can be recollected; beginning in England, and accompanying the family migrations to Hamburgh, Copenhagen, Paris, Geneva, Navarre, and Malmaison, and making an agreeable volume, which any one may skim with pleasure. Many concern persons, who are of no historical, or even of colloquial distinction; but by far the greater part *do* concern persons of whom the world has heard a great deal, and may very allowably desire to hear more; and, certainly, the general value of the collection is rather above par than below. The style of communication is easy and graceful, and the writer's admiration for Josephine, though enthusiastic, is very excusable—it is expressive of the feelings of a grateful protégée. She was introduced to her when very young, and distinguished by her in circles of splendour and scenes of gaiety, and naturally dwells with fondness on her recollections. She deprecates, very uselessly, the supposition of any undue bias—by birth and connection she was a Bourbonite—had peremptorily refused an honourable appointment in the court of the Queen of Naples, but Josephine was irresistible.

We shall notice a few matters, as they occur, on turning over the leaves, without any effort at combining.

While in England, Dussek and Cramer were visitors of the writer's friends. On one occasion Dussek was behind his appointment. "What delayed you?" asked Cramer. "I have been composing a little piece," said he, "with which I was very much pleased; but I threw it in the fire." "And why?"—"Why, there was a devil of a passage in it, which I have been labouring in vain, for hours, to execute; and I knew

you would do it the first trial, and so I resolved to escape the mortification." This quaint confession of inferiority was made in the presence of thirty persons.

At Hamburgh she saw Lady Edward Fitzgerald—Madame Genlis's protégée, who was there the object of general admiration. The Duke of Richmond, she says, had offered to marry her, as soon as the period of mourning was past, but she refused, because she did not like him, and was afterwards married to M. Pitcairn, the Dutch Consul, at Hamburgh. We did not know what became of Pamela.

At Paris, Madame Montesson is the leading figure. Bonaparte, in his Consulate, trusted to her influence for the reintroduction and maintenance of better manners, after the rough style of the revolution. She was the widow, by a sort of left-handed marriage, of the Duke of Orleans, the father of Egalité, and known, also, as the aunt of Madame Genlis. She kept up a sort of state, and in a period of returning ceremonial, as a person of royal connection, asserted a species of supremacy, to which every body submitted. She was the centre of the élite of existing society—collected around her the literati and artists, and was inflexible in exacting the observance of propriety. She gave the grand ball on the marriage of Louis Buonaparte with Hortense. This, it seems, proved but a miserable match; Louis was a quiet, retiring person, and fond of books, and made no great figure in society, and Hortense wanted to see him another Napoleon. Two letters of advice from Josephine, to her daughter, are given, in one of which she alludes to the supposed fondness of Napoleon for her. "How," says she, "can it have entered into your imagination, that I share in certain ridiculous, and, probably, interested opinions? Do not think I consider you as my rival: we have both a hold upon the same heart, but by different ties, though equally sacred; and those who can see, in the Emperor's affection for you, anything but the feelings of a friend and a father, will never understand him. He rises too much above the vulgar to be the slave of his passions. His glory absorbs him too much, perhaps, for our repose; but glory, at least, inspires no low desires. This is my profession of faith in him."

The Emperor insisted on Talleyrand's marrying Madame Grandt—a very beautiful woman, but a mere fool, and perfectly incapable of estimating her husband's superiority. Somebody asking Talleyrand how he could tolerate her conversation—"*She does not fatigue me*"—was his reply. "What beautiful diamonds you have got," said she, to a Russian princess. "If you admire them, no doubt M. de Talleyrand would be delighted to present you with some equally beautiful." "What nonsense," cried Madame Talleyrand, "do you think I married the *Pope*?" Somebody, who squinted excessively, addressing Talleyrand, at a critical period, asked him how affairs were going on—"*as you see*," was his laconic answer.

The day on which were appointed the archi-chancelier, and archi-tresorier—"I prefer," said Brogniart, a celebrated architect—"being archi-tete—he is not so easily made as either of the others."

An amusing account is given of the aristocratic feelings of the Genevese—of the vulgarity of the lower, and the fashion of the upper part of the town. The author's family had taken a very handsome residence, and cheap, in the lower part, but were obliged to migrate to the upper, to avoid being altogether cut by the inflexible fashionables of the town. A miserable place was with difficulty procured in the favoured spot. To console them, however, they were told they were occupying Calvin's apartments. The drawing-room is frightful—but it was Calvin's. There's no seeing. Calvin, however, found light enough to write all his books. The noise of the prison is intolerable—the singing of the miserable wretches—the barking of the dogs—the swearing of the keepers—we shall get no sleep. Nonsense, Calvin slept very well. The argument was irrefragable and universal.

At Geneva, Madame de Stael was, of course, the great lioness. Though no great beauty, her hands were good, and she contrived to make them conspicuous, by constantly twisting a sprig of poplar round her fingers, while talking. She spoke of it, as an indispensible accompaniment, and in the winter substituted a slip of paper. Wherever she visited, she was presented with something of this kind to twiddle with, which served her for the evening. The writer very correctly adds, she never *talked*, but harangued, or pleaded, and then, only, when there were present a good body of male listeners. Though she knew, or believed herself constantly under surveillance, she was perpetually criticising public measures, and was delighted with the thought of exciting the fears of *Robespierre on horseback*, as she called Buonaparte. At Copet, she gathered round her a society of men of letters, and seems to have treated the customary proprieties of society with great contempt. She married Rocca, an officer, who had seen a good deal of service—a very fine looking fellow—with a large scar from a sabre wound, on his face, but not otherwise remarkable.

At Geneva, the writer's family visited Huber. He had been blind from his seventeenth year, at which early age had been formed a passionate attachment to a young lady, whose friends opposed the union. But when he lost his sight, and all hopes of recovering it were abandoned, the noble girl determined nothing should separate them; and, resisting the opposition of her family, as soon as she was of age, she mar-

ried him, and spent her life in contributing to his comfort. Her affection for him found a thousand resources of enjoyment. During the wars, she stuck pins of different sizes upon paper, and traced with him the campaigns. She contrived a little machine to enable him to write. She modelled, in relief, the neighbourhood of their residence for miles around. Huber's taste had led him to Natural History, and even in this pursuit she facilitated and promoted his wishes. She read indefatigably to him books on the subject, and, particularly, such as regarded bees. Under his direction, she examined, with a microscope, the several parts of the bee; and, through her eyes, he was finally enabled to draw up his very curious history of the bee, which is very highly and deservedly valued. "If I had not been blind," said he, "I should never have known the happiness love is capable of producing. My wife, too, is always young, fresh, and lovely—*that* is something."

At Navarre, the country seat of the Empress, in the neighbourhood of Evreux, the author found Madame Gazani, who held the office of reader to the Empress. This lady was a Genoese, the daughter of a public dancer. Buonaparte had seen her in Italy, and was so enchanted with her beautiful figure, that he undertook to provide for her and her husband, and she was accordingly placed, to save appearances, on the Empress's establishment. The ladies of honour refused to associate—she appealed to the Emperor, and he insisted on their receiving her. But he resisted her blandishments. Two months after her arrival, fearing, says the writer, she was getting too great a hold upon him, he came suddenly to the Empress—"Send away Madame Gazani—she must go back to Italy." "No, Sir, I will keep her near me; you must not plunge into despair a young woman, whom you have torn from her duties. I shall myself soon, perhaps, be as unhappy as she (there were already whispers of the intended divorce). We shall weep together—she will understand me—I will keep her with me, which will certainly prevent your Majesty *meeting* with her."—"Well, as you please, but let me see her no more." The Empress, after her divorce, is represented as finding consolation in the society of this lady—as one who had the same feelings for her husband as herself. This is really a very droll story, and could have entered into the head of nobody but a young French girl. The nonsense of modern sentiment, among ourselves, shews at least, a little more healthy vigour.

Of Maria Louise, it is observed, no one phrase, or sentiment, was ever quoted, which shews distinctly there was really nothing to quote. Her conduct in 1814 sufficiently measures the extent of her sensibilities.

Several music composers are spoken of. Paesiello once said, singing required taking a hundred parts—ninety-nine *voice*, and one *skill*. How many are singing without any *voice*, and yet think they are doing admirably. Napoleon once made some remarks to Cherubini on his music, as being, probably, too learned. "General," said he, (it was in the time of the Consulate)—"do you win battles—that is your business; leave mine, about which you know nothing, to me." Napoleon never forgot this rudeness; and long after, peremptorily refused Mehul, who wished to associate Cherubini with himself in the office of maitre de chapelle—"do not name him—I cannot bear him."

"Science, science, nothing but science—that is all you give us," said Napoleon, to Mehul; "of grace, gaiety, melody, you French know no more than the Germans." Marsollier and Mehul got up a little plot. Mehul composed a new piece. Marsollier presented it as a charming thing he had just received from Italy. The Consul engaged to be present at the first performance, and took Mehul with him. He was delighted with the music, and exulted over Mehul, till the end of the performance, when the author was called for, and Mehul presented himself. The Consul met the dénouement very well. "Catch me always in the same way, and I shall enjoy your glory, and my own pleasure." Mehul, in repeating this story, used to speak of Napoleon's astonishment, and the sort of hesitation which preceded the compliment.

The old story is here repeated, and from the mouth of Josephine, of the prophecy given by the old negress. It was in these terms. "You will marry very soon, and your marriage will be happy. You will become a widow, and then—then you will be queen of France; you will spend some glorious years, and then you will perish in a commotion." In prison, with other royalists, she heard of Beauharnois' death, and the prophecy seems then to have seized her. The ninth thermidor came—"I am not guillotined you see—I shall be queen of France." When relating these things to her suite, at Navarre, she said, "This is exactly the prophecy. The *end* troubles me. I am here calm and retired; I concern myself with no public matters—I do all the good I can, and so I hope I shall die in my bed. It is true, Marie Antoinette"—here she stopped, and her attendants hastened to change the conversation.

The mention of the guillotin reminds us of what is said of the inventor. M. Guillotin, an intelligent physician, invented it about two years before the revolution, to abridge the sufferings of criminals. It was seized by the revolution to accelerate the dispatch of the unfortunate. "I knew him," says the writer, "in his old age—he could never console himself for the involuntary stain upon his name. His venerable figure bore the impression of deep sorrow, and his hair, perfectly white, *attested* his sufferings. He wished to relieve, and he contributed to destruction." Had execu-

tions been less rapid, the people had been sooner fatigued with what they ran to as to spectacles.

Madame Tallien separated from Tallien, and was married to the Prince de Chimaye. "She will always be Madame Tallien, nevertheless," said Tallien. "That name will always be more conspicuous than Princess de *Chimere*."

The style in which the Empress lived at Navarre, was, in the highest degree, splendid. Twenty-two tables were kept, which seems, at length, to have distressed her, and by an effort, they were reduced to sixteen. On the birth of the King of Rome, she gave a magnificent entertainment to the citizens of Evreux; and, on her return to Malmaison, had an interview with Napoleon. The Empress received him, *par une délicatesse digne d'elle*, in the garden. They sat together, in view of the windows, but at too great a distance to be heard. On parting, the Emperor kissed her hand, and Josephine, through the day, appeared well content with the interview, regretting only her inability to do anything for this *heureux de la terre*.

Present State of the Tenancy of Land, by L. Kennedy, and T. B. Granger. 1828.—Customs are local things, and, in all parts of the world, are found to be of equal force with written laws, and often controlling them. Any one, of course, would be apt to think that, on the matter of tenancy, there was one law for the whole kingdom; and that what was not determined by law, was arranged by specific agreements between landlord and tenant. But there are scores of things, with which neither general laws, nor specific agreements have anything to do, and which depend, wholly, on local custom. The period of entrance upon a farm is fixed on custom, and varies in different counties, and even in different parts of counties — what, again, the outgoing tenant shall leave, and the incoming take—the circumstances in which either party shall have an option—in some places the out-goer is entitled to the coming crop, and in others not—sometimes the in-comer is allowed to plough the land before possession, and, in others, not, or subject to the caprice, and, probably, sulkiness of the out-goer; and may, by possibility, be prevented from getting a crop for eighteen months, &c. These things, which are everywhere regulated by custom, it is of importance to landlords and farmers to be acquainted with; a book of reference, for the whole country, seemed, to the compilers, a work of utility, and they have, accordingly, supplied one. Every county is carefully gone over, and the general customs of tenancy stated—accompanied with a slight sketch of the surface—the productions, soils, manures, and systems of cropping.

To these statements—which have plainly their use, and not merely to the farmers and landlords, but, also, to men of inquiry, whose object is to understand thoroughly the state and condition of the country, though such knowledge may not immediately touch their interests, or be directly convertible to practical purposes—is prefixed a very long dissertation upon what may be termed Agricultural politics. The authors, we presume, are surveyors, and the interests of the landlords, who, of course, are their employers, it is natural for them to consider of the first importance. Accordingly, in discussing these matters, they are advocates for Corn Protecting Duties, on the grounds, mainly, of the great burdens which press upon the land—tithes, rates, taxes, roads, &c., but which, really, seem scarcely to afford any pretence; and we venture to recommend to the authors, if they have any desire to be corrected, supposing them wrong, a perusal of Captain Potter's recent pamphlet.

There, are, however, some points very well urged—first, upon landlords, to give *leases* to their tenants, if for nothing else, to insure justice to the land—to exert themselves to relieve the out-going and in-coming tenants from annoying and injurious practices—and next upon the farmers, to rescue the miserable labourer from parochial dependence, and abolish the practice of paying labour out of the rates. The prodigious difference of cultivation in the north, and south, they attribute, mainly, to the difference in the customs of tenancy. In the northern counties leases are general; the new comer is not shackled by being compelled to take what he does not want, and his capital is thus more at his command. To this, also, they trace the increase of the poor rates, for it is observable these two things go together—the tenant is crippled at the outset, and, with his capital locked up, he is driven to encourage the parochial system—the consequence of which is, the labourer is degraded, the farmer embarrassed, and the *land* beggared.

The Anglo-Irish, 3 *vols*, 12*mo*., 1828.—This is a pleasant vehicle for the discussion of Irish affairs, and, obviously, the production of a man who knows what he is talking about. The object is to correct the existing prejudices against the Irish—the old native Irish, and the old English colonists. The hero of the tale is the son of a peer, who had been an active coadjutor of Lord Londonderry, in bringing about the Union. The youth himself is born and bred in England, in the full fastidiousness of English aristocratic feeling, and in contempt and loathing for everything Irish in manner and sentiment, and above all, Irish *expression* of sentiment. The family are, of course, absentees, and the property managed by Scotch stewards. Though entertaining a perfect horror of the Catholics, and their Associations, they are politically disposed to Emancipation, in the hope ap-

parently of quieting restless spirits, and, especially, because they believe the Union had been finally consummated with this understanding. Lord Londonderry is made to say, not that Emancipation was stipulated, but that the Catholics, and Irish leaders, were *allowed* to deceive themselves on this point. The panacea for all evils is to make the Irish English. The hero of the tale is the representative of English and Orange prejudices against Ireland. This change of sentiment is, of course, to be accomplished by the agency of love and the ladies.

At school, and at college—in the streets, in the country, he is meeting, perpetually, with Irish, and always accompanied with something to heighten his disgusts. On his father's death, he is left to the guardianship of Lord Londonderry, and a Mr. Keightley, a cousin, an Irishman, and descended from the early English colonists, who, whether Protestant or Catholic, amalgamate well with the original, and "mere" Irish. The vulgarity of this guardian, or, at least, his obvious disregard of English proprieties, revolts the youth, and disgusts him with the very name of Keightley. At his first school vacation, he goes to visit his sister, then an invalid in Devonshire, and under the care of the wife of this Mr. Keightley, and his younger daughter. This daughter is a very extraordinary specimen of Irish vivacity—beautiful as a seraph, but her freedoms with his sister, are excessively offensive to the niceties of his dignity. When at Cambridge, he again encounters numbers of his countrymen, and again receives new disgusts, and, especially, from their forward and bragging manners. Coming to London, he dines with Croker, and meets with more Irishmen—chiefly those connected with the press—reporters, editors, leader-writers, &c., who were, of course, not likely to efface unfavourable impressions. The dinner affords an opportunity of shewing up the late admiralty secretary, and this is done at considerable length, and not unsuccessfully. The secretary is exhibited scribbling in the drawing-room, whilst the party are assembling, a sheet for Murray's Quarterly—talking of one thing, and reviewing another—deprecating the very natural constructions of his guests—no affectation—the imperativeness of business, &c. After dinner, and at table, we find him doing the same thing, or something like it—begging the company to proceed with their conversation—they know he can very well follow two trains of thought; and, when going to the drawing-room, suddenly recollecting and sending for *his* secretary, to tell him he shall want him in the morning, just to go to the Mediterranean, and beg him to be ready, &c. This, it might be supposed, is intended to quiz the funny pretensions of the ex-secretary, but a great deal of it is evidently sober admiration of his extraordinary versatility and promptness.

The youthful hero now comes into parliament, and arranges for a political career, and the acceptance of office. His interview with the minister is attended with some unsatisfactory conversation, but the consequences are suddenly broken in upon by a little private fracas. He falls desperately in love with a married lady, or rather she—she is an Irish lady—falls desperately in love with him, and he has a narrow escape. Irish-like, she precipitates too much—he hangs back—her impatience breaks out—she bursts into unlady-like violence—flies from him and her husband, at once—throws herself into the arms of a Methodist preacher, and is overtaken by the raving husband (an Irishman, of course), who pistols the miserable preacher; and then, binding the maniac wife to the corpse, shoots himself through the head. But though the hero (the Honourable Gerald Blount—we cannot do without his name) thus escapes—it is not without being drawn into a duel, in which he kills, or rather believes he kills, his antagonist.

Luckily the peace of 1814 was just concluded, and he flies with his second, Captain Flood, to Paris, to be out of the way for a time. Here, at *Père la Chaise*, he enters into a conversation with a French lady, full of mystery—she knows everything about him, but he can get no clue for her. Napoleon returns; and Blount, with the rest of the English, flies to Brest—sees the *Père la Chaise* lady's head, from a window—gets up the next morning too late for the packet—pursues it in a boat—climbs up the ship's side—misses his hold—catches another glance of the lady, and falls into his own boat again. The next day he sails in another for Bristol—is overtaken by a storm—driven out of his course, and wrecked upon the Irish coast. After a marvellous escape, he is taken up exhausted on the beach—opens his eyes—sees again the fair vision—faints—is conveyed to a hut, and provided with, he knows not how, proper comforts, and a direction to remain quiet till the next afternoon.

Finding, however, to his horror, that he is in Ireland, and on his brother's property, his first thought is to get out of it; and, in spite of his unknown friend's written direction, mounts the coach which was passing for Dublin. The coachman is an old tenant of his brother's, or his own, turned out by the tyranny of the agent; and, while telling Blount the story, in a fit of emotion overturns the coach, and smashes his own thigh, and breaks Blount's arm. To Dublin, however, he at last gets, by post, and is confined at Morrison's for some time with his broken limb. By degrees he is able to look about the town, and is, reluctantly enough, compelled to confess its beauties. By-and-by, also, he attends a debate of the Catholic Association, and, by a little anachronism, listens to O'Connell and Shiel; is struck by the style of their discussions, and somewhat

shaken in his prejudices against the Irish. He was, however, on the point of quitting Ireland, when, in the company of a Mr. Gore, a man in office, an acquaintance, who had in London borrowed money of him, in a very Irish off-handed manner, he meets with a lady—a daughter, indeed, of Mr. Gore's—who looks very like the *Père la Chaise* lady; and is, for some time, by little artifices of hers, a good deal perplexed—she is, and is not the lady, and the reader himself can make little or nothing of the matter. His admiration of her keeps him in Ireland, but the society of Gore and his friends, thoroughly disgusts him with the *Orange* party, and he is led, step by step, to wish to see himself the real Irish. His sister is now residing on her own property, in the very neighbourhood of the family estates, and of the Keightleys, against whom, it has been seen, Blount was exceedingly prejudiced, chiefly as being Irish, and, as he believes, low Irish. To visit this sister he is finally determined, by the impulses of the ambiguous lady, who, at length, frankly confesses she is not *the* lady, and assures him he will find her at his sister's.

In the coach, which conveyed him to the south, he meets with an elderly gentleman, and entering into a long and serious discussion of Irish affairs with him, is argued out of some more of his prejudices; and, on taking leave, has reason to believe his convincer was his old guardian, Mr. Keightley. Proceeding now to his sister's residence, he falls into the hands of the Rockites, and is, for some time, kept in durance; but luckily, by his sister's popularity, and the influence of the Captain Rock of the neighbourhood, his old acquaintance, the coachman, who had overturned him, he is conducted to his sister's, where he is reconciled to the Keightleys—introduced to the eldest son, who is on the point of marrying his sister, and proves to be the person he believed he had killed in the duel—and, finally, to the *Père la Chaise* lady—the original Miss Keightley, the beautiful seraph whom he had first seen in Devonshire. Intimations are given of his future marriage with this lady—the death of his brother, by which he becomes Lord Clangores—and his final and entire conversion on a full knowledge of the Irish character.

With a very considerable knowledge of life and manners, instances of ignorance, or, perhaps, forgetfulness, occur, which were little to be looked for. Mr. Blount talks of his delightful rambles at Cambridge, in *August*—Captain Blount, at Paris, parades, in his habitual dress, the uniform of the 10th Hussars—and, in the year 1814, we hear of a purse of *sovereigns*, &c.

Memoirs of General Miller, of the Peruvian Service, 2 vols, 8vo. 1828.—The subject of these memoirs was born about the end of the year 1795, and, at fifteen, entered the British service, in which he was uninterruptedly engaged till the peace of 1815; having been present at the sieges of Cuidad Rodrigo, Badajos, and San Sebastian, at the battle of Vittoria, and the investment of Bayonne—witnessed the fall of General Ross, at Baltimore, and accompanied the troops destined to act against New Orleans. The two following years were spent on the continent, partly in a French mercantile house; but, disliking the employment, and yet unwilling to be idle, and the necessity of doing something, probably, pressing upon him, he bent his steps towards South America; and, as his good luck would have it, preferred Buenos Ayres, where few, it appears, had gone, to Colombia, which was overrun with English adventurers. Fortunately, he got a favourable introduction to Puyrredon, the supreme director, and, within a month, was presented with a captain's commission, and directed to join the army, then encamped near Val Paraiso, and preparing to assist the Peruvians, under the command of San Martin. This was in January 1818; and, through the whole war, to the battle of Ayacucho, which, in December 1824, finally secured the independence of Peru, was Miller actively employed, by sea and by land, under Cochrane, San Martin, and Bolivar—several times severely wounded, and rising, successively, through the gradations of major, lieut.-colonel, colonel, and general of brigade. At the conclusion of the war, he was appointed, first, governor of Puno, and then of Potosi, in which latter office he continued till October 1825, when his health failing, and compelling him to return to Europe, he was presented with 20,000 dollars—leave of absence for two years, and a testimonial of service, couched in the most honourable terms, by Bolivar.

The memoir is written by a brother of the general (the swelling title has something unduly ostentatious about it), the details of which are collected from his private papers, journals, and recollections: the writer himself has visited a considerable part of the scenes he describes—and contain a pretty full account of the war of independence, in the provinces of Rio de la Plata, Chili, and Peru—the whole interspersed with descriptions of the country, and manners of the people, and, particularly, with accounts and anecdotes of all the leading personages of South America. Though little can be said for the skill with which the book is constructed, it is a very useful one; for we scarcely know where the details of these wars can be gathered with any completeness. Though things are exhibited not in the clearest manner, nevertheless, with a little patience and perseverance, a fair and distinct account may be extracted, for the book is not deficient in fulness. The author, too, sticks to his business; and, whatever he writes, the reader may be certain it is all about South America: and

we assure him, on our own view of the matter, he may, with the exception of Columbia, get to understand the story, and course of the revolutionary war very well. He will, perhaps, accept our help.

The first movement in Chili, was in July 1810, when the captain-general, Carrasco, was displaced by Count de la Conquista, who favoured the appointment of a junta in September, which acknowledged Ferdinand, and its own authority was immediately recognized by all, high and low. During the election of the Congress, which assembled in June 1811, an attempt to re-establish the old government failed, and the ringleader was shot. The Congress itself, however, in December, was dissolved by the sudden usurpation of the three brothers, Carrera, one of whom assumed the supreme authority, and exercised it with great cruelties. The dissatisfaction excited by the tyranny of this man, prompted Abiscal, viceroy of Peru, to invade Chili, but he was successfully resisted by Carrera, aided by the patriots, among whom O'Higgins and M'Kenna were conspicuous. About the end of 1813, Carrera was ousted, and O'Higgins took the command of the army, and had some successes against the Peruvians. At this time, Captain Hillyear, of the English navy, mediated between the parties, and the Peruvians agreed to withdraw; but, before the terms of the treaty could be executed, Carrera again got the government into his hands: and scarcely was he in possession, when intelligence arrived of the Peruvian government's refusing to accede to the treaty, and of the Peruvian forces being close at hand. O'Higgins sacrificed his resentments, and united once more with Carrera to repel the enemy again. But their unlted exertions were this time in vain. Osorio, the Peruvian commander, carried all before him, and O'Higgins, in October 1814, fled with a considerable body of emigrants to Mendoza, where San Martin was encamped, with the forces of Buenos Ayres. Chili was ruled successively by Osorio and Marco, with extraordinary severity, till San Martin's invasion in the beginning of 1817. At the time O'Higgins fled to him for refuge, San Martin had just been appointed to the government of Cayo, on the frontiers of Chili; and, from that moment, he bent all his energies to the assembling of a force adequate to the recovery of Chili from the hands of the viceroy of Peru. Full two years were spent in preparations for this enterprise; but, almost immediately after crossing the Andes, one fortunate battle, that of Cachabuco, gave him the sovereignty of Chili. He, however, declined the honour the Chilenos would have conferred; and O'Higgins was, in consequence, named Supreme Director. Inflamed with success, San Martin resolved to push forward the cause of independence, and carry his successful arms into Peru. He flew to Buenos Ayres, laid his plans before the government, was furnished with some additional troops, and in January 1818, when Miller joined him, was encamped near Val Paraiso, preparatory to his advance upon Peru.

But just at this period came back, with considerable re-inforcements, Osorio, to re-invade Chili; and marching upon the capital, was encountered by San Martin and O'Higgins, and finally defeated at the battle of Maypo, which fixed (says Miller) the destinies of Chili. Fresh assistance was required, before he could venture with his reduced force into Peru, and he accordingly returned once more to Buenos Ayres, to solicit a new reinforcement. In the meanwhile an expedition was dispatched by the Chilenos, to intercept some vessels, bringing supplies to Peru from Spain, which succeeded. This was in January 1819, by which time Cochrane arrived, and new expeditions were planned along the coast, especially to Callao, most of which failed, but finally one against Valdivia accomplished its purpose. The capture of Valdivia, February 1820, the only place of strength which had remained in the royalists' hands, left San Martin, who had, by this time, returned from Buenos Ayres, at full liberty to pursue his plans upon Peru; but unluckily, just at this period, broke out disturbances in the Plata provinces—Tucaman, Cordova, &c., and San Martin was commanded to proceed thither, and bring the revolters back to submission. Resolute, however, not to be diverted from his favourite object, he refused obedience—but refused on the ground, that such was the unsettled state of the government, he knew not whom to obey; and, forthwith—knowing perfectly what he was about—he resigned his command into the hands of the soldiers, who, of course, re-appointed him.

By these several impediments, the liberating army, as it was now termed, amounting to 4,500, was unable to embark before August (1820). The royalist force in Peru, at different points, was calculated at 23,000; but the commanders, Laserna, Valdez, Penuela, were notoriously not acting very cordially together. Landing at Pisco, after encountering sundry obstacles, and a variety of fortune, in the following May (1821), they advanced within two leagues of Lima. An armistice was instantly agreed upon, and terms of accommodation proposed. These, however, were finally rejected by the royalists; and, in July, hostilities re-commenced, and so actively on the part of the patriots, that the royalists, finding their supplies cut off, were compelled to abandon Lima. The capital was immediately seized by San Martin, who forthwith declared himself Protector of Peru (August 1821). At Lima he remained with a part of his troops; and, while Las Heras was dispatched to harass the retreat of the royalists, he took possession of Callao, to prevent Cochrane seizing the castles, which he was disposed

to do, for the exclusive advantage of Chili. Cochrane made demands upon San Martin, which he was either unwilling or unable to comply, and they separated in anger, and Cochrane proceeded to California.

By this time Lima was heartily sick of San Martin, and his unoccupied troops; and, appointing Torre Tagle *supremo delegado*, he sailed to Guayaquil, to confer with Bolivar, and when they at last met, July 1822, the meeting was productive of little satisfaction. The two eminent leaders could come to no agreement—Bolivar insisting on uniting Guayaquil to Colombia. Returning to Lima, San Martin resumed his authority; but in September, the Congress assembling, he resigned his office, and being honoured with the title of Founder of the Liberties of Peru, and a pension of 25,000 dollars, he finally withdrew from public life, and going to Europe, settled at Brussels.

The Congress now appointed an executive committee; and, under the command of Alvarado, an expedition was sent to Intermedios Puertos, which finally failed at all points. A president, Riva Aguero, was named (Feb. 1823); and, under his direction, another effort was made, with 5,000, for the same object, commanded by Santa Cruz. In the meanwhile Cantarac, the royalist commander, finding sundry things operating against the patriots—their recent defeats—the unsettled state of Chili—the anarchy of the Plata provinces—the misunderstandings of Peru and Colombia—determined on advancing again upon the capital. Before this, however, could be accomplished, 3,000 Colombian troops had arrived from Guayaquil. Bolivar had been invited—and Sucre (a diplomatic agent from Colombia) had been appointed Commander-in-chief.

At the head of not more than 5,000, Colombians and all, Sucre could not venture to meet Cantarac, who immediately re-entered Lima at the head of 7,000, (June 1823). This occupation of the capital, however, by Canterac, was of short continuance. The successes of Santa Cruz, in the south, compelled the royalists to muster all their strength against him, and Cantarac again evacuated the capital; and, to shorten the story, by October, completely destroyed Santa Cruz's army.

But soon things turned again in favour of the patriots. Bolivar—the only man who could save them—arrived at Lima, in September, and was forthwith invested with supreme authority, civil and military. His first cares were directed to settling the disputes of the chiefs, which were, at last, happily arranged, by banishing the late president—his next to the suppressing a mutiny among the troops. In February, 1824, he was named Dictator, and the Congress dissolving itself, left him absolute. His whole force was now directed against the royalists; and, with 6,000 Columbians, and 4,000 Peruvians, the career of success was scarcely interrupted, up to the battle of Junin, in August; when leaving the army, under Sucre, he returned to Lima to attend to affairs on the coast, and hasten the re-inforcements from Colombia. Sucre was ordered to avoid engagements, but the advance of the royalists left him no alternative; and, in December, he fought the decisive battle of Ayacucho, in which the viceroy was taken, and after which the royalists were no longer able to muster or rally again.

In February 1825, a new Congress was assembled, and Bolivar resigned the Dictatorship, and was with difficulty persuaded to continue at the head of affairs. In April, he set out on a sort of tour of inspection, along the coast, to Arequipa—from thence to Cuzco la Paz, Puno, and in October to Potosi, where Miller received him, and obtained from him leave of absence, and, as has been stated, an honourable testimonial of conduct.

On Bolivar's return to Lima, some jealousies arose, and the Peruvians were disposed to get rid of the Colombians. Bolivar wished to impose on them the code Boliviano.

The members of the Congress, about to assemble on February (1826), were desired to submit to Bolivar their qualification; they refused—and he threatened to abandon Peru. Petitions were got up—the deputies returned home without assembling—he consented to stay, and was named *President for Life.*

By this time, affairs in Colombia demanded his presence: for Paez refused to obey Santender, the president in Bolivar's absence (Sept. 1826). Once out of the country, the party opposed to Bolivar, and *foreign* influence, quickly gathered courage, and spoke out. The general feeling was the Code Boliviano, and Bolivar himself had been *forced* upon the Peruvians. Elections for a new Congress took place, which assembled in June 1827, deposed Bolivar, and elected La Mar president.

To return for a moment to Chili—O'Higgins, who, as we have seen, was named Supreme Director, after the battle of Cochabucho, continued in that office till June 1823, affecting, on many occasions, and by sundry changes, to give his fellow-citizens a constitutional government, till at last, wearied by the delusions practised upon them, and exasperated by the tyranny, not of himself, but of his agents, the people rose in tumults, and drove him from his throne. A Congress followed, and General Freyre was elected Director, who finally captured the island of Chiloe. In 1826, Freyre resigned and Admiral Blanco soon after. The office is now held by General Pinto, a man, it seems, of liberal sentiments, and a cultivated mind.

From Miller's book, some account, also, of the changes and progress of Buenos Ayres, and Bolivia, or Upper Peru (consisting of what were formerly Plata provinces) might be obtained, but not with the

same authority, or clearness. We shall soon have an opportunity of supplying the deficiency.

Nollekens and his Times, by T. Smith. 2 vols. 8vo.—Nollekens was one of the most successful makers of busts and sepulchral monuments in his day—a dextrous and felicitous transferer of likenesses—but as little entitled to class with intellectual artists of ancient or modern times, as any man who ever gained a reputation without deserving it. He was indeed a man utterly without cultivation; with no defined notions of the principles of his art; perfectly ignorant of its history—insensible to the beautiful conceptions of antiquity, and quite incapable of appreciating their superiorities. He had no reading in him, or literature of any kind—no romance—no poetry—no visions; but looking upon his profession as a mechanical trade—a business of manipulation—piqued himself upon his executions in the very spirit with which a shopman might on his dexterity in packing a parcel. A pains-taking fellow, in short, who was able to model what stood before him. Of all feeling of the ideal he was totally destitute—his notion of perfection was limited to the production of the truest copy of the figure before him. The rule and compass did every thing for him. Born and bred among statues and paintings, he had some tact in selecting figures and attitudes; but his very Venuses, for which he at one time gained some celebrity, have all the faults of individual nature. His stooping Venus has thick ancles—imperfectly formed thighs—defective, that is, in the filling up of the Greek statues—a bad abdomen—but a back of unrivalled beauty—all nicely and accurately copied from the female who stood before him. The toes alone were taken from the Venus de Medici—those of his living model were of course, like all women's, crippled from the compression of tight shoes.

The history of an artist, is, somebody says, the history of his works, but those of Nollekens could furnish nothing of any interest; for they were none of them works of fancy or adventure (save only the Venuses before alluded to), but pieces made according to order. The character of the man, and that was of the coarsest and most sordid kind, accordingly supplies the materials of *his* biography. He was nothing but a grovelling miser—his whole soul was bent upon money-making, and he could not part with money even for his own gratification. He matches Elwes in sordidness, but Elwes was a gentleman in manners and cultivation, to which Nollekens had no pretension whatever. He was low and vulgar without redemption — conceited — jealous — suspicious—detractive—and full of the most unmitigated prejudices. Of Flaxman, he once said—"I don't like him; he holds me very cheap, and he's always talking of the simple line in the antique; why, he has never been at Rome; he has never been over the Alps; he has never been at the top of Mount Vesuvius, where I have washed my hands in the clouds: what can he know about the matter? he never stays a minute longer than to speak to Smith, when he comes into my studio."

Nollekens was born in 1737. His father and grandfather were painters, and natives of Antwerp. He himself was born in London, and at thirteen placed with Scheemaker, then, probably, the best statuary in the metropolis, and with him he continued for ten years, working always, and indefatigably, in his vocation, but only working manually—doing nothing to enlighten or enlarge his experience, nor mixing with any capable of supplying his manifest deficiencies. The Scheemakers lived grubbingly, and Nollekens knew no other mode of life, nor ever after regarded any other. He very early started for the prizes of the Society of Arts, and gained several of them. At three and twenty, with the little money he had thus acquired, he went to Rome, and forthwith turned his talents to account. In conjunction with antiquity dealers, he restored mutilations, and fitted heads and limbs to torsos—bought up terracottas—and puffed off modern fabrications—thus gaining considerable sums—and all the while living in the most beggarly style of sordidness. One hit produced 1,000 guineas—a botched Minerva, now at Newby Park, in Yorkshire. While at Rome, Garrick recognized him, with—"What, are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?" He employed him forthwith to make his bust—Nollekens's first; and Sterne soon after did the same—which brought him into notice.

On his return to London, he came quickly into full employment; and though still living in the most hugger-mugger style, he was known to be wealthy, a holder of stock to some amount—a thing so rare among artists, that it gave him consideration among his fraternity. He was soon admitted into the Academy, and patronized by the king. He now married a daughter of Welch—a man who succeeded Henry Fielding as a magistrate, and whose name and fortunes are familiar to the readers of Johnson's biographers. The lady was the Pekuah of the Rasselas, of whom Johnson used to say—"Yes, I think Mary would have been mine, if little Joey had not stepped in." She shared to the full all Nollekens's propensities; and one of the volumes is half filled with specimens of their miserableness. She used to walk round Oxford Market, when she went to the butcher's, several times, to give her dog an opportunity of picking up scraps, till her purpose was detected; and she was assailed with, "here comes Mrs. Nollekens and her bull-bitch." Both of them had a taste for spices—Nollekens pocketed nutmegs at the Academy dinners; and she, when she visited the grocer's, had

always some "disagreeable flavour in her mouth," for which she begged the shopman to give her a clove or a bit of cinnamon. The dialogues between them are not to be tolerated.

Perfectly unlicked as Nollekens was, some of his uncouthnesses are somewhat amusing—

When I was modelling the king's bust, I was commanded to go to receive the king at Buckingham-house, at seven o'clock in the morning, for that was the time his majesty shaved. After he had shaved himself, and before he had put on his stock, I modelled my bust. I *sot* him down, to be even with myself, and the king seeing me go about him and about him, said to me. "What do you want?" I said, "I want to measure your nose. The queen tells me, I have made my nose too broad."

West was sitting once to Nollekens, when the Dukes of York and Cumberland came in—

"How's your father?" asked Nollekens. To which the duke, with his usual condescension, adds Smith, smilingly informed him the king was better. The Duke of Cumberland then asked Nollekens, "Why a man of his years wore so high a toupee to his wig?" Instead of answering, Nollekens wished to know why *he*, the Duke of Cumberland, wore those *mustakis?* The Duke of York smiled, and said, "You have it now, Cumberland."

I remember, says Smith, his once requesting a lady who squinted dreadfully, to look a little the other way, for then, said he, "I shall get rid of the shyness in the cast of your eye;" and to another lady of the highest rank, who had forgotten her position, and was looking down upon him, he cried, "Don't look so *scorney;* you'll spoil my busto, and you're a very fine woman; I think it will be one of my best bustos."

Once, when modelling the bust of a lady of high fashion, Nollekens requested her to lower her handkerchief in front; the lady objected, and observed—"I am sure, Mr. N., you must be sufficiently acquainted with the general form; therefore there can be no necessity for my complying with your wish." Upon which N. muttered—"There is no bosom worth looking at beyond the age of eighteen."

Of his entire want of the commonest advantages of the commonest education, these phrases may sufficiently show—I *sot* him down—they went and washed *their*selves——*arter* all, &c. Some specimens of his spelling are—*yousual*—*sarvices*—*jenerly* (generally)—*could* (cold)—*facis*—*cupple*—*boath sexis*—*ould mades*—*lemman*—*yoummer* in his face—*chimisters*, &c.

When he was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons on the Elgin marbles, the following question was put—"Do you think that the Theseus is a closer copy of fine nature than the Apollo?" "No, I do not say it is a *finer copy of nature* than the Apollo." "Is there not a distinction among artists, between a close imitation of nature and ideal beauty?" "I look upon them as ideal beauty, and closeness of study from nature." Manifestly he did not know what was meant by ideal beauty—

Once a lady, with her three daughters, visited Mr. N., to shew him the drawings of her youngest, who was a natural genius. Upon his looking at them, he advised her to have a regular drawing master; "and I can recommend you one; he only lives over the way, and his name is John Varney." The lady asked him if he were a man of mind? "Oh, yes," said N., "he's a clever fellow, one of our best: I'll ring the bell and send my maid for him; *he'll soon tell you his mind.*"

Yet some person of distinction, after surveying his studio, observed, "*What a mind that man must have.*" And Dr. Johnson went no farther than—"It is surprising how much ignorance upon points, we find in men of eminence."—

Nollekens was once at Burney's musical parties.—"Dr. Burney," says he, "I don't like this kind of music; I heard a great deal of it in Italy, but I like the Scotch and English music better." Dr. Burney, with some degree of irritation, stepping forward, replied, "Suppose a person to say—well, I have been to Rome, saw the Apollo, and many fine works, but for all that give me a good barber's block." "Ay, that would be talking like a fool," replied the sculptor.

Of all his female figures, the one with the sandal, carved for Lord Yarborough, was considerably the greatest favourite with the public; but that, on which he chiefly plumed himself, was seated with her arms round her legs. This was purchased at his sale by Lord Egremont, who engaged Rossi to execute it in marble, with strict injunctions to make no alteration. Though defective in many points, the attitude was a natural one, and acquired by mere chance, as good attitudes often are, observes Smith. The woman from whom it was modelled, after standing for some time to Mr. N. for parts of a figure upon which he was then engaged, was desired to dress; and upon her seating herself on the ground, to put on her stockings, her posture so pleased the sculptor, that he immediately cried—"Stop, don't move, I must model you as you now sit," &c.

In the same way, after a great deal of anxiety and trouble about the drapery of the king's bust, and throwing the cloth once or twice every day for nearly a fortnight, it came excellently well, by mere chance, from the following circumstance.—Just as he was about to make another trial with his drapery, his servant came to him for money for butter; he threw the cloth carelessly over the shoulders of his lay-man, in order to give her the money; when he was forcibly struck with the beautiful manner in which the folds had fallen; and he hastily exclaimed, pushing her away—"Go, go, get the butter." He often said—"This drapery was the best he ever cast for a bust."

Half-witted as he was, there was occasional sharpness even in his replies. Jemmy Boswell once met him at the Pantheon—"Why, Nollekens, how dirty you go now!

I recollect when you was the gayest dressed man in the house." "That's more than I could ever say of you," was N.'s reply; "and certainly," adds Smith, "Boswell looked very badly when dressed; for as he seldom washed himself, his clean ruffles served as a striking contrast to his dirty flesh."

My Lord Somebody, with a friend, was once sitting to Nollekens, and something in the sculptor's dress excited their smiles—which at last he observed—when thrusting his thumb into the mouth of the model, he impetuously exclaimed—"*If you laugh, I'll make a fool of ye.*"

His treatment of his workmen, to whom he was indebted for so much of his fame, was miserably sordid; and even of the poor girls, who stood for his Venuses—witness this expostulation—"I'll tell his worship Collins, in another place, what a scurvy way you behaved to young Bet Balmanno yesterday. Why the girl is hardly able to move a limb to-day. To think of keeping a young creature eight hours in that room, without a thread upon her, or a morsel of any thing to eat, or a drop to drink, and then to give her only two shillings to bring home. Neither Mr. Fuseli, nor Mr. Tresham would have served me so. How do you think I can live and pay the income tax," &c. ?

Nollekens was in possession of a set of those extremely rare engravings, from the Aretin subjects, so often mentioned by print collectors; but it so happened, as he was glancing at them one day, his confessor came in, who insisted upon them being put into the fire, before he would give him absolution. I once saw them; and he lent them to Cosway, to make tracings from them. However, this loan Cosway stoutly denied, which, when N. heard, he exclaimed—"He's a d—d liar—that every body knows; and I know this, that I could hardly get them back again out of his hands." Upon N. being asked how he could, as an artist, make up his mind to burn them, he answered—"The priest made me do it." And he was now and then seen to shed tears for what he called his folly. He was frequently questioned thus—Where did you get them, Sir? Whose were they? His answer was, "I brought them all the way from Rome."

But once—this priest being detained by the rain, till N.'s dinner time, he sat down with him to a pheasant. After dinner, a bottle of wine was brought, and N. taking one glass with him, dropped asleep. Waking up again, he begged the priest to take another—

"Tank you, Sare, I have a finish de bottel." "The devil you have," muttered N. "Now, Sare, as de rain be ovare, I vil take my leaf." "Well, do so," said N., who was not only determined to let him go without his coffee, but gave strict orders to the maid not to let the old rascal in again. "Do you know," says he, "he ate up all that large bird, for he only gave me one wing; and he swallowed all the ale; and out of a whole bottle of wine, I had only one glass."

A word or two should be added of Smith—the author. He was himself a pupil of Nollekens—had known him all his life, and had expected some considerable share of his enormous wealth; but was finally cut off with the appointment of executor, and £100. The great mass of the accumulations fell, perhaps accidentally, to Douce, who, in conjunction with a Mr. Balme, was appointed residuary legatee; and on Balme's death, was coupled with Beechey and Smith, in a new appointment of executors—and no mention of *residuary* legatees. Out of his recollections, Smith of course will get a trifle. He is now keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum—a hunter up of modern antiquities—very curious about the residences of persons formerly distinguished—especially about St. Martin's Lane and Covent Garden—much of which he has sprinkled over the volumes—"and has enough to fill two volumes, containing," he says, "some curious collections towards the history of that most frequented of parishes, which he hopes, with the blessing of health, and continuance of memory (for the possession of which organ, the friendly Dr. Spurzheim has given him some credit—but what does he want with *memory*, when the collections are already made ?) to live to see published." The reader sees what he has to expect.

These volumes, on the whole, will very well match with the recent memoirs we have had from the theatre. The tone is precisely in unison with them from beginning to end. The greater part of the second volume is occupied with sketches of cotemporary sculptors and painters—and we had marked several scraps—some of them remarkable enough—but we cannot find room. Fuseli's repartees, though occasionally smart, are rather rude and rough than well pointed.

A New System of Signals, by which Colours may be wholly dispensed with; Illustrated by Figures, and a Series of Evolutions; describing in a Familiar Manner the General Movements of a Fleet. By Rear Admiral Raper, London, Saunders and Ottley.—This work has excited in us, and will, too, in our readers, unusual surprise. In the first place we are astonished that a *British admiral*, employing his abilities and experience, when unoccupied in the active duties of his profession, should find any difficulty in obtaining an immediate and thankful attention to any suggestions for the benefit of the naval service he may please to communicate to the admiralty. Admiral Raper, an experienced and distinguished officer, has to apply, year after year, for a hearing. In 1815, the gallant officer says:—

I showed my system on this principle to a distinguished flag officer, then a Lord of the Admiralty, whose talents are still in the remembrance

of the service and of his friends. He thought so favourably of it, that, having suggested one or two alterations, which I effected to his satisfaction, he directed me to deliver it to the President of a Committee of Officers then engaged on signals; but it was returned to me in a few days without its having been even taken into consideration; a circumstance I have since had occasion to recal to the recollection of Lord Melville.

In 1822, another distinguished flag officer kindly offered to recommend it to Lord Melville, as an acquisition to the service; but here I was again disappointed, on receiving it some months afterwards from Vice-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who informed me that the Board had no intention of changing the signals then in use.

In 1825, I obtained permission to see the signals then in use, which had been adopted in 1815; and after having carefully examined them, I again transmitted my system to the Board of Admiralty, and pointed out the numerous advantages it possessed over those signals; and farther represented, that as my code required less than half the number of flags and pendants, an important economy would result from the adoption of it.

On that occasion their lordships honoured me with a letter of thanks, and my code, together with two others, composed also by admirals, was submitted to a committee of flag officers, one of whom, after having had our signals under his examination for about a month, resigned his seat, and gave in a code of his own.*

As soon as the deliberations of the Committee were terminated, I addressed a letter to the Board of Admiralty, requesting to be informed whether or not my code had been adopted; I received for answer, that no one code had been adopted, but that the Committee were directed to select from the several propositions such as might form the best general system of signals. In a subsequent letter, I was informed that no part of my code had been selected for adoption; and that the only point of coincidence between my code and the one recommended for adoption was in a single signal; viz. the use of the ball to direct the distant signals to be employed; and that the use of this ball had suggested itself to their lordships, and, they believed, to some members of the Committee, without reference to my proposition.

This use of the ball is explained in the general view, facing page 1; it has always formed a striking peculiarity of my system; it had already been submitted to the same Members of the Board of Admiralty in 1822; and in testimony of its utility I must add, that an eminent flag officer on seeing it, for the first time, in my code, declared to me that it was an improvement which had been always much wished for by Lord Nelson.

As soon as I was informed that it was adopted for the service, I urged my pretensions to the merit of the discovery; and on subsequently requesting to be informed of their lordships' decision on my claim, I received for answer, that they did not consider that point of such importance to His Majesty's service as to require them to enter into any investigation as to whom the priority of invention belonged, or of any particular mode of its application.

Such unworthy treatment, savouring as little of personal justice as of true patriotism, or public duty, arouses the indignation of the worthy officer, and compels him, in his own defence, to take out a patent, "in order to ensure to himself the merit of an invention, which had been the result of many years' assiduous application."

The improvements in our navy have been few, and those very slowly adopted. The causes are numerous. Some are known, and others remain veiled in the mysteries of a public office. Among the causes is this glaring error. Every mechanical improvement, adapted to the *navy*, is submitted to a trio, or a board, of superannuated old *military* engineer officers. We beg to inform our readers that, however efficient that splendid corps is, in performing all the arduous duties of military engineering, that it by no means follows that the officers are really engineers, or have a profound knowledge of those philosophical mechanics which such a board should have. Another cause is the general ignorance of natural philosophy, on which every improvement must be founded, among officers of every denomination; so that when an improvement, built on the truest philosophical principles, is proposed, it is a mere chance if it is understood, and a yet greater odds if it be adopted. The *Barbaric* method of measuring tonnage, pursued with blunder-headed perseverance, has been one cause of the injuries which the proprietors of our mercantile navy have suffered, and are suffering. Until the scientific method, introduced by Chapman into Sweden, is followed by us, our mercantile navy must be inferior in construction to those countries who take science for their guide. The gunnery of the navy is yet in a very backward condition, and the carriages of the guns as rude as in the days of Elizabeth. All those ships' companies, which have been distinguished for the accuracy and rapidity of their firing, were indebted to the skill and knowledge of their respective captains, and not to the Admiralty, for either a system of scientific rules, or for powder to practice the men. If our limits would permit us, we could greatly extend our observations on this subject, so deeply interesting to the country; if an opportunity offers, we shall consider ourselves in readiness to enter very fully into the matter.

Now to the work under our observation. Admiral Raper, in common with every other naval man, is aware of the great importance of ships communicating with each other; and, being acquainted with the imperfect method now pursued in our navy, has offered a more easy, comprehensive, and perfect method than has yet been made known. The chief improvement, a very great one, though very simple, is in superadding *forms* to *colours*. In the present imperfect system, colour only is used—so that when the distance is too great, or

* "Myself in counsel his competitor."—*Shakspeare.* EDITOR.

the atmosphere too unfavourable to distinguish colours, there are no means of communicating intelligence. If we could laugh at such absurdity as the following, we would, but it is too contemptible even to smile at. In the old system, there is a signal, consisting of *colour only*, to inform a ship, which has made signals, that their signal is not visible! Where such absurdity originated we leave the admiralty to determine.

The chief framer of the system, now in use, was Sir Home Popham.* The errors in this system are palpable and numerous, and have called on the attention of the Board of Admiralty more than once for improvement. The principal objections are—1st, the blended use of *numerals* and *letters*, which cause a superfluity of flags, which must create confusion and delay:—2d, the making signals of *a negative import* follow *affirmative*. Thus, "Can come up with the chace"—"Cannot come up with the chace"—"In condition to renew the action, 2, C, D,"—"Not in condition, 2, C, E."—3. In using interrogatories, numeral, and orthographical flags. Besides these glaring faults, there are many more of minor importance, all of which have been avoided by Admiral Raper.

As we before remarked, the system proposed by Admiral Raper, consists, principally, in superadding form to colour. It seems to us, from the author's own analysis of his system, that *colours are actually superfluous*. First, we have a complete series of numeral *flags*, each numeral denoted by some specific colour; thus, No. 1, red, with a white cross, and so on. Next, a series of *pendants*, indicating, in the same way, the numerals, substitutes, &c. Then, we have the *great improvement*, a combination of flags, and pendants, of *different forms*, which indicate the numerals, substitutes, &c. Now it is clear that, if by these combinations *any signal* can be made, there is no need of *colour*. This combination enables ships to communicate with each other, when *colour* is not to be distinguished, and, consequently, when it can be distinguished the communication must be yet more easy. We, therefore, at once, say, that the gallant admiral is not aware of all the benefit he has conferred on the navy. He has completely shewn the *inutility* of making colour a means of receiving, or communicating intelligence.

The importance of this discovery can only be fully appreciated by naval men. The saving, during war, in particular, would be considerable, and the labour of working signals materially diminished.

We may now offer a few observations on the combinations of colours hitherto used by the navy. The *prismatic colours* only should have been used, as all mixtures vary materially, according to the medium through which they are seen. Flags pierced with other colours, must, at a moderate distance, become indistinct; those crossed are liable to the same objections; others composed of *colours*, which, by becoming blended from different tints, must create doubt. All these are serious errors, and their effects must have been often felt, and that, perhaps, in trying situations. The substitution of combinations of forms sweeps, at a single stroke, all these evils into the deep. Where forms only are used, the flags may be all lighter (in weight), a point of importance when blowing hard, or when great celerity is required. The *two colours best discerned* on the ocean are *white* and *black*. *White* has rather the advantage in clear, fine weather. Black can be seen at *dusk*, or in dark cloudy weather, better than any other; and, therefore, we think that all the bunting used in the navy for signals, should be either *black* or *white*—we should prefer the former. There should always be on deck two sets of signals, one much smaller than the other, which ought to be used in port, in fleets, during fine weather, and by ships, in blowing weather, when near enough for the forms to be distinguishable.

We observed that the interrogative flags, and pendants, were superfluous—the admiral removes in a masterly and simple observation, all the difficulties which might be apprehended from the want of them.

As certain combinations are assigned to the exclusive use of the Admiral, if a ship of the fleet employs any one of them in his presence, with or without her own distinguishing pendants, it becomes at once Interrogative; and the same argument applies to the signals assigned to the use of the ships of the fleet when employed by the Admiral. Thus, for example, the signal which signifies, "I can come up with the chase without parting company," when addressed by the Admiral to a ship *in chase*, demands of the chaser whether he can come up with the chase without parting company.

By this means, the whole of the signals are rendered interrogative without employing an additional symbol; and thus Interrogation, when colours fail, which has never before been practicable, is expressed by the distant signals with the same facility as any other communication.

Another improvement must not be passed over unnoticed—that of uniting specific combinations with specific purposes. Thus, a triangular flag, *over* or *under* a flag, indicates distress. For example, a triangular flag over Flag No. 1, means, "The ship on fire;"—over No. 2, "No hope of extinguishing the fire"—over No. 3, "Not in a condition to renew action." It is clear, that in such circumstances, simplicity of communication is of vital importance.

We shall not presume to speak of the tactical part of the work, which refers to the evolutions of fleets. It would not in-

* A new code nas lately been issued to the navy; but as it appears to differ only in a slight degree from that of Sir H. Popham, it is plain that the system still pursued is that introduced by the above-mentioned officer.

terest our readers, and it could not be explained accurately, and in detail, without engraved diagrams. We can only say, that they appear to us excellent.

We are conscious that the foregoing remarks are rather desultory and general, and we have made them so on purpose, since a dry dissertation on telegraphic communications, could not have interested our readers, or conveyed the kind of information we are desirous of giving. Enough has been said to shew the importance of the subject, to point out the absurdities and evils of the existing method, and to demonstrate the great improvements of Admiral Raper's system; and we now terminate our observations, by congratulating the navy, and the nation, on the publication of this important work, in which a complicated subject is treated with perspicuity, and expressed with an elegance of diction, and correctness of collocation, not often found in the lucubrations of the "University bred" practised writer, and which demands the immediate attention of the Admiralty, and the support of every naval officer, who can feel for the victim of the slights and impertinencies of office, and appreciate improvement in his high profession.

Life in India. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1828.—The great business of life in India, as well as elsewhere, in the world of novels at least—ay, and in the world of realities too—is still to be matching and marrying. In England, the ladies must wait and watch, but in India, they are snapped up at once, and the connubial knot is tied with a celerity proportioned to the speed with which death steps in to loosen it again. No where in the world is it less "indissoluble."

The passengers of an Indiaman consisted principally of Colonel Howard, of the India service, his two nieces, the Miss Percys, charming girls both, full of wisdom and virtue, and two other young ladies, one a Miss Hume, still wiser than they—prudence, indeed in her own person—and a Miss Panton, a lively girl, and a little of the giddiest—returning to their friends, and all of them under the care of Colonel Howard. Besides this party, there were two or three other ladies—a few officers, whose leave of absence had expired—and of course a batch of writers and cadets. Long before they reach the Cape, one of the officers, a Captain Bently, and the youngest Miss Percy, are deeply smitten with each other; though no formal declaration takes place; at the Cape appears a Mr. Fortescue, who also seems a little struck with the eldest; and Miss Panton loses no time in flirting with any body who will flirt with her. Between the Cape and Ceylon they are overtaken, and taken—it was in time of war—by a French frigate, the Captain of which, as if he had been the Grand Signior himself, insists upon all the ladies, to the exclusion of the gentlemen—the distress of Colonel Howard, and, of course, the distraction of Captain Bently—being taken on board his own ship, though he had really no manner of accommodation for them. Scarcely were these luckless damsels on board, than an English ship of force comes in sight, and recovers the captured vessel; but the French frigate, without loss of a moment, claps all sail to, and escapes; and, after cruising about for a time, lands the ladies at the Isle of Bourbon, where, at length, a cartel of exchange arrives, and after getting new rigged, and a few female comforts about them again, they finally reach the Hoogley and their friends.

In the meanwhile, however, Colonel Howard and Captain Bently had been dispatched to the Nepaul war; but a Mrs. Russel, a relative of the colonel's, a leader of fashion at Calcutta, introduces the Misses Percy to India life. Mr. Russel is in the civil service, and keeps a large establishment, gives gay parties, and visits the governor; and the splendid interior of government-house is thrown open in magnificent fetes. Opportunities are seized of alluding to, and explaining native customs, such as suttees—the scape bull—exposure of female infants, &c. The business of match-making is indefatigably pursued by all parties from the very moment of landing. Miss Eliza Percy—she, of course, thinks of nothing but Captain Bently, and searches the Gazettes for the killed and wounded. Mr. Fortescue re-appears from the Cape, and in the midst of his marked attentions to the elder Miss Percy, suddenly becomes mysterious, and almost shuns all approach to her. Miss Hume, though a very grave young lady, is speedily caught up by a countryman, a Major Melville; and Miss Panton, though thinking now and then about West, one of her shipmates, accepts the proposals and the pearls of a Mr. Marriot, the resident of Cawnpore, mainly because his are the first offers. Dispersions now take place; first, Mrs. Melville goes with the Major up the country—then Mrs. Panton accompanies the resident to Cawnpore; and very soon Captain Bently gets wounded, gets well, gets leave to come to Calcutta, gets Eliza Percy's consent and the Colonel's, gets married—and then, also, proceeds northward, accompanied by his wife and her sister Charlotte, who *languishes*—Fortescue is more and more mysterious, more and more irresistible—more and more withdrawing.

Captain Bently and the two sisters—Charlotte in a separate boat—are now pulled up the river, and all the perils, which that turbulent and unruly stream can fling in the way of passengers, are encountered, and poor Charlotte, but for the very timely and most unexpected appearance of Fortescue, must have become food for the sharks. What brought Fortescue there? He was on his way to Cawnpore, where a very lamentable affair had just occurred.

The resident, jealous, or at least suspicious, of his giddy wife—at least not well pleased with her levities—had provoked her, by some very reasonable expostulations, to fly into the arms of West, her old shipmate, who unluckily happened to come in the way, and in a manner forced the poor man to take her with him. The astounded Cornuto sunk under the shock, and the fury of his feelings, and the fervours of the climate, conspire in a few days to send him to the grave. Fortescue was ordered to take his duties.

But Mrs. Marriot's violence produces more miserable consequences, and some which eventually pressed heavily upon her friends. West had the charge of some treasure for the Nepaulese army, and through her waywardness he neglects to keep a good look out; and Omeer Sing, a celebrated Pindaree, surprises the party, and gets possession of the rupees. In despair West blows out his brains, and for some time Mrs. Marriot is heard of no more. Omeer Sing must be pursued; and Major Melville, unluckily—nobody else being at hand—though an employment somewhat below his rank—is despatched for the purpose of overtaking the plunderer, and is thus separated from his newly-married lady. Omeer Sing is like an eel, perpetually slipping from the Major's grasp, and at length completely baffles his pursuer. Extraordinary exertions soon affect the Major's health, and he is taken seriously ill, but getting a little better, he hastens to return to his wife. On the road he relapses, and the miserable wife, alarmed by the delay, sets out to ascertain the cause, and meets him within a day or two's march, just in time to receive his last breath. The attendants of both were all Hindoos, and of course fly from the pollution of death; and the poor forlorn lady is left to dig with her own hands a hole in the sands, and bury the body. In a state of raving insanity she is at length found by a neighbouring indigo-planter, and by dint of kindness and good nursing is brought back by degrees to her senses; and in the same house finds the now miserable Mrs. Marriot, to whom she endeavours zealously to minister relief, physical and spiritual; but she is still self-willed, and, in an act of violence, bursts a liver abscess, and dies.

In the meanwhile, Captain Bently is commanded to supply the place of Major Melville, and, if possible, seize Omeer Sing; and nearly a whole volume is occupied in threading the shifts and manœuvres of that very subtle and illusive person, who t last after the most miraculous escapes, at the great fair of Hurdwawe, in the vicinity of Delhi, gets pistolled, as well as his coal-black steed—another Pegasus—in a conflict, and thus restores Captain Bently to his bride. By this time, Fortescue's mysteries began to clear away. An uncle of his had insisted, on his death bed, on a pledge to marry his daughter; and whichever refused to complete the contract, was to forfeit the very ample fortune he bequeathed. Till Fortescue saw Charlotte Percy, he had no desire but to marry his cousin, though he had not seen her since she was eight years of age, and she was now eighteen, the very age fixed upon for the marriage. The cousin had been too young to have a will of her own—had acquiesced in the arrangement, and was now on her way to India to complete it. By relinquishing the property, Fortescue might have released himself, but the lady was coming, and he was of course too delicate to hurt her delicacy, though dying with love for Charlotte Percy, and she, indeed, though he could only guess at that, for him. By the greatest good luck in the world, when the young lady came to Calcutta, Fortescue was at Cawnpore, and before he could return, she found time to like somebody else; and promptly taking her own measures, she wrote to her cousin, and frankly telling him she liked another, resigned her claims to him and the property. This was a charming solution of all embarrassments; he flies to Charlotte, explains, and is accepted on the spot. Captain Bently returns from his irksome service; and Mrs. Melville has a charming little boy, which gives her something to love, and she is comparatively happy—along with every body else connected with them—as happy as a residence in India—in the Upper Provinces—remote from European society—with the augmenting uncertainties and vicissitudes of such a country—can suffer them to be.

Though understanding, no doubt, the country, and the scenes, and the society, which the writer undertakes to describe, it is scarcely possible for any thing in the shape of a story to be less fixing. Nevertheless, more is to be learnt of the domestic condition of Anglo-Indians in this way, than by a score of books of travels, and for such a purpose, it is well worth a perusal. Omeer Sing occupies too much of the tale.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE chief exploit of Drury Lane, during the month, has been the production of Mr. Knowles's play of "The Beggar of Bethnal Green." It is no pleasure to us to speak of the ill success of any man, and it is always a matter of regret to speak of the failure of an ingenious and industrious writer, who must have feelings enough of his own to satisfy, at seeing the toil of months undone in minutes.

But even our respect for Mr. Knowles goes far to qualify our regret for his failure. He ought not to have produced such a Drama as "The Beggar of Bethnal Green." A writer who had the power of speaking the language of our established dramatists, ought not to have humiliated himself to the vulgar babble of this dull performance. If he must be a borrower, he ought to have borrowed better; and, while the hundreds and thousands of extinguished plays lay before him, if he would but take the trouble to dig them from their cemeteries, he should not have fixed his affections on a subject that no ability could revive: a story of the hovel, common-place, tiresome and incapable. Under what impulse "The Beggar of Bethnal Green," vulgarized by our street ballads, and intrinsically one of the most stupid and foolish attempts at low romance, attracted Mr. Knowles's attention, it is difficult to conceive. But we must acknowledge, that nothing could have been farther from alleviating any of the insipidity of the original, than the present mode of its transmission to the Drama. The play opened with a display of the extravagant admiration of three London apprentices for the beauty of the Beggar's daughter, which was succeeded by the appearance of their three masters to drive them from the pursuit, which three masters likewise found the irresistible nature of her charms, and fell in love on the spot, which three again were hunted by their wives, jealous of course, and delivering the general enchantress up to the parish beadle, who, in his turn, felt the force of Cupid, let drop his official wrath, and followed in the train: the matchless mendicant following the persuasion of her eyes by the persuasion of her voice, an experiment which was most injudiciously urged on that very graceful and popular actress, Miss E. Tree, and which for the honour of melody, we hope she will be advised never to make again.

This specimen of the pleasantries and probabilities of the play was nearly enough for the audience, and disapprobation soon began to transpire, gently at first, but intelligibly. The effect of this intimation on the actors was so obvious, that thenceforth it might be only fair to discharge the author of a large portion of his responsibility. In the scene in which the dramatic interest naturally was to be concentrated, the interview of the lovers, one was asleep by the author's will, and the other, the lady, seemed to be as completely asleep by her own. But in the interval of this somnolency on the stage, the audience were fatally awoke, and the evidences of their opinion were of the most unequivocal order. Mr. Mude, to whom, by the ill-omened destiny of the piece, the task of explaining the emotions of the lovers, sleeping and awake, was confided, declaimed at such intervals as he could, with much more industry than effect, and the uproar of the theatre at length put an end to one of the most unaccountable scenes of love-making, that was ever presented since the invention of slumber.

Mr. Cooper, then relieved of his passion and his age, came forward to propitiate the audience, and by his respectful and well expressed address, obtained a reprieve for the child of his adoption. But the public mercy had no more healing effect upon the play, than upon other culprits. Scene after scene prolonged its existence only to increase its sins, and the curtain fell in the midst of decided condemnation. Mr. Cooper, on his return to announce the next night's performance, certainly rather failed of his managerial pledge, which had been, that if the audience disapproved of his Beggar, he should beg no more at that theatre. After standing the helpless mark of every species of public opinion, he announced the repetition of the fallen drama. But a wiser council was held behind the curtain, and Bethnal Green no more finds its hero upon the stage.

It gives a curious conception of theatrical sagacity, to tell, that this play had been actually received at both theatres, honoured by the undoubting approbation of the arbiters of taste in both, and when withdrawn from one theatre on account of some financial matters, was welcomed, what is more to the purpose, paid for, by anticipation, at the other. Such is the tale. Not that we object in the slightest degree to Mr. Knowles's getting as much for his labours as he can; nor to the adoption of the perfectly fair custom of securing an author, at least in part, against a failure, in which others may be alone to blame. But the circumstance is curious still, and would lead us to think that in some instances the judges of stage authorship are too much enamoured of the title page, to put themselves to the pain of cooling their passion by dipping into the work.

We trust that henceforth Mr. Knowles will turn from the treacherous foundation of other men's building, to some substratum of his own. He has hitherto laboured wholly and solely upon re-edification. He has never ventured, in his boldest attempts, to go beyond the brick and mortar limit of some mouldering predecessor. His Virginius,

William Tell, and Gracchus, have been all reconstructions, not copies, for they have not soared to the originality of a copy; they have been re-raisings of the fallen material, in the fallen shape, and on the spot where it had fallen. We must reprobate this practice, because, were it to go on to the world's end, it would add nothing to our mental wealth—it would be but Voltaire's conception realized, of filling one bottle by emptying another; the literary feast would be a perpetual *réchauffé*, growing more flavourless at every new warming. And the vexation at this indolence or inauspicious activity, is the more perplexing, when the writer is capable of something better. We have no doubt that Mr. Knowles could invent something of bolder pattern than the plot of any tragedy that he has patched, since the first æra of his taking the needle in hand; and speak in his own person, sentiments more natural, worthy of his understanding, and suitable to the principles of a British subject, than the best raving that flourishes in the mouths of the best of his heroes, Swiss, Roman, or Bethnal Green. He has more poetry in him, too, than he could find in the whole turgid and trite vocabulary of the last age of the drama; and we earnestly entreat him, as he values his reputation, and hopes to efface the memory of his mendicant, to apply his mind to the straight-forward course of inventing for himself, and seeking, in his own feelings, the only source of dramatic power which can last beyond the crash of the orchestra, or the daubings of the scene painter.

Drury Lane has made a valuable addition to its popularity, in Miss Phillips, the new tragedian. It is so long since an actress of any tragic promise has appeared, that this young person has been welcomed with lavish panegyric. She undoubtedly deserves a considerable degree of public favour. Her appearance is advantageous. Her height, countenance, figure and movement, are suitable to the stage. Her voice has the rare and valuable quality of combined softness and clearness, and her judgment evidently leads her to avoid outraging nature, the common fault of tragic *débutantes*. She resembles Miss O'Neil more than any of that actress's crowd of imitators, and her performance of Miss O'Neil's principal characters, has exhibited the mental likeness no less than the personal.

To Mrs. Haller, on the stage, or off the stage, we have all along objected. The whole conception of the character is repulsive and unnatural, the passion extravagant, and the action improbable. But Sheridan's skill in spurious sentiment—that language which was familiar to him through life, and which was at once his talent and his disgrace, the source of his popularity and his ruin—has introduced eloquence and feeling into the lips, that in actual society must have been stained by grossness or imposture. The offence of the guilty wife and mother, is covered by the sorrow, the trials, and the surviving affection of the penitent; and the stage wife becomes a model of virtue, where society would have stamped her with the lowest degradation of a corrupt heart—and the stage husband flourishes as a model of delicacy, when the true state of the case would have branded him as the mark for perpetual scorn.

But Miss O'Neil's tears, and Miss Phillips's, in due succession, subdue the audience; and Mrs. Haller triumphs in renewed saintship, and the honours of society.

Braham, the Atlas, or Colossus of opera, alternately, as he bears it on his shoulders, or sees it creeping at his feet, has displayed his powers, in the old and favourite performances of "Guy Mannering," and the "Lord of the Manor." A new opera, from the French, in two Acts, is in preparation, of which he is to play the hero, and will, we may fairly predict, be the supreme stay.

French translations are the order of the day. Some of the critics are indignant at this system of smuggling. But on the true principles of political economy, it is folly to manufacture the commodity that we can buy at less expense. The French farces are ready for our use. Why exhaust our faculties in producing a home fabric, that would, probably, be not half as well received in the market? Another grand consideration is, also, before us; that, probably, not two, out of the two hundred who supply this demand, would be capable of any other traffic. On the whole, the only parties aggrieved are the French scribblers themselves, who see their little ingenious inventions nightly maltreated on the English stage; and, in the spirit of Sheridan's jest, "disfigured, by our adaptors, like stolen children, to make them pass for their own." As the matter stands, a Parisian melodramatist is no longer in a condition to ascertain the quantity of hissing that is destined for his laurels. Once he bore the agonies of but one sibilant spot in his own noisy and theatre-hunting capital. Now he is hissed through the twelve millions of Great Britain, and the seven millions of Ireland, simultaneously. He is hissed through America, with its twenty millions, from the bitterness of Hudson's Bay criticism, down to the fat and foggy insolence of the Floridas. New South Wales, with its incipient empires, is next the place of his penalties; and he is fortunate if he has not the additional and deeper excruciation of an amateur performance by the officers, civil and military, of a hill post in Hindostan, or a stockade in Birmah.

At Covent Garden, a very melancholy, and very formidable train of circumstances has put the drama to flight for a while. The late combustion of the gas and oil, from the reservoirs, is too well known for our entering into the detail. But pained as the public must be, by any loss of life on the occasion, there are other remarks which the case

fully merits. It would be desirable to know whether some very singular carelessness has not been displayed for some time as to the state of the gas. Certainly no one could have sat in the dress circle for the last year, or gone down the stair-case leading to the piazza, without ascertaining for himself, that the material of some most pernicious effluvia was at work below. Whether managers ever made the discovery for themselves, every passer-by might "nose it in the lobby;" and there the nuisance remained, poisoning the air, and the audience along with it, month after month. The employment of gas in houses, where it must often be enclosed in unventilated apartments, has been so often shewn to be hazardous by its explosion, that it must be difficult to justify its employment in a building, where not merely a few tables and chairs, but the lives of some thousands, must be risked; and we shall rejoice if this accident, perilous and painful as it is, should be the means of expelling gas from the interior of every public building, where it can escape unfelt, and be undiscovered, till some thoughtless hand touches it into explosion. Its uses are fairly defined; it is an admirable street-illumination; it may light our signal posts, and beacons; in open shops, and other places, exposed to a constant communication with the external air, nothing can be safer or more serviceable. But, in our churches, our ware-houses, our dwelling-houses, and, above all, in our theatres, the chances of explosion are so many, the difficulty of providing against it so great, and the loss of life so menacing and sweeping, that its use becomes scarcely less than a public crime.

The managers and proprietors of the theatre, have distinguished themselves, in the present calamity, by very meritorious exertions; and we are much gratified by saying, that their efforts to alleviate the distress of the hurt survivors, and their families, have been considerably successful. The transfer of a portion of the company to the Lyceum, has been well received. Kean's performance has revived in its popularity, by the greater facility which the size of the theatre offers; and the usual favourities of the audience have played with an increased effect, which we hope will some time or other teach managers the advantage of limiting their theatres to a size, in which an audience can hear without a trumpet, and see without a telescope.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Ulric's Chronometer.—A most important improvement, or rather combination of improvements, has lately been effected in time-keepers, by a German of the name of Ulric, who has succeeded in reducing to practice several theoretical improvements, which had hitherto defied the skill of our most experienced artists. In the patent marine time-keeper we are now describing, the irregularity, arising from inequality in the power exerted by the main spring, is prevented by the transfer of the motive power to a spring lever; which, capable of receiving only a certain portion of power from the spring, can only impinge on the balance axis with a certain and determinate force. This force, invariably the same, will, of course, always impel with the same effect. To secure an isochronous motion, the spiral, or pendulum spring, is made perfectly taper, an object obtained only through the medium of an elaborate tool, constructed for the express purpose of reducing them to this form. The variation between the sea and land rates, in the best chronometers hitherto constructed, is remedied, by the introduction of a balance, without iron or steel, consequently free from magnetic properties, or influence, yet possessing a compensating power, considerably more sensitive, and more active, than any previously used, without any liability to permanent distortion of its true figure, by any transition from one temperature to another. The imperfection, technically called tripping, and which is so frequently the cause of much error and miscalculation, is entirely prevented; nothing short of a violence sufficient to destroy the machinery of the time-piece can cause it to trip. They admit of being cleaned without the danger of disturbing their rates, and, indeed, without disturbing those parts on which the accuracy of their movement depends; a quality which every one, who has the use or care of chronometers, will be able to appreciate. The most inexperienced person may be safely intrusted to wind them up, no change of position being necessary, and no possibility of over winding or winding wrong, existing. An increased solidity is introduced into every part, diminishing almost to annihilation the risk of accident by any ordinary occurrence, and, consequently, removing one very fruitful source of anxiety to the navigator. We are happy to bear personal testimony to the unreserved and courteous manner in which Mr. Croucher, who has obtained the patent from Ulric, submits these valuable instruments to the inspection of all who feel interested in the subject.

To harden Plaster Casts and Alabaster.—The following process has obtained a patent in France. The piece of plaster, or alabaster, after being shaped, is put for twenty-four hours into a furnace. If the piece is only eighteen lines thick, three

hours in the furnace, heated up to the temperature required for baking bread, is sufficient: if thicker, it is left in for a proportionably longer time, at the end of which it is withdrawn with caution, and cooled, after which it is put for thirty seconds into river water, withdrawn for a few seconds, and then, again, immersed for a minute or two, according to its thickness. The piece is then exposed to the air, and, at the end of three or four days, has acquired the hardness and density of marble. It may then be polished.

To Destroy Flies.—During the course of the last summer, numerous accidents to children were recorded, in consequence of a deleterious composition, generally king's yellow, a preparation of arsenic, being employed for the destruction of flies; this object may be accomplished very safely, and completely, by a strong infusion of quassia wood sweetened with sugar.

Encke's Comet.—On the second or third of the last month (November), Encke's comet, the original discovery of which we owe to the sister of the late Sir William Herschel, and the return of which has been recently expected by astronomers with much anxiety, was found by Mr. South, in that part of the heavens exactly, which theory had assigned as its place at the time. As this nebulous body is much too small to be visible in any ordinary telescopes, we only notice its return as indicating, in an extensive degree, the perfection to which the science of astronomy is brought.

Fall of an Aerolite.—The following account of an aerolite, weighing thirty-six pounds, which fell at 11, A.M., September 14, 1825, at Vaigou, one of the Sandwich Islands, is given by a lieutenant of Captain Kotzebue, in his voyage round the world. A short time previous to its fall, the sky became charged with clouds, until the whole island was covered with a dense black veil. The fall of the stone was immediately preceded by a violent gust of wind from the N. W., and, even at sea, sounds like those of thunder were heard. Immediately after these detonations, the aerolite fell in the middle of the village of Ganagauro, and broke into pieces on touching the ground. The Russian travellers gathered many of these pieces, one weighing fifteen pounds. They resemble the aerolites generally known.

German Method of Expediting Vegetation.—A branch, proportioned to the size of the object required, is sawn off the tree, the flowers of which are to be produced, and is plunged into a spring, if one can be found, where it is left for an hour or two, to give time for such ice as may adhere to the bulb to melt, and to soften the buds; it is then carried into a chamber, heated by a stove, and placed in a wooden vessel, containing water; quick lime is to be added to the water, and left for twelve hours. The branch is then to be removed into another vessel, containing fresh water, with a small quantity of vitriol to prevent its becoming putrid. In a few hours the flowers will begin to appear, and, afterwards, the leaves; if more quick-lime be used, the flowers will appear quicker; if, on the contrary, none be used, the branch will vegetate more slowly, and the leaves will precede the flowers.

Observations on Amber.—It is well known that amber is most commonly found in brown coal, and that it has been observed in the trunk of a tree, lying in a mass of brown coal. There is no doubt whatever of this fossil resin having been originally a vegetable product. The numerous bodies found inclosed in it, as, for example, spiders, wings of all sorts of insects, a corolla, perfectly blown, impressions of bushes and branches, which are not uncommon, sufficiently prove that amber, like common resin, originally flowed in the state of a balsam; and that it afterwards hardened into the form of a resin; which, on analyzing, is found to contain, at least, five different substances:—1. An odoriferous oil in small quantity:—2. A yellow resin, intimately combined with this oil, and which readily dissolves in alcohol, ether, and the alkalis, which is very fusible, and resembles common resins not of fossil origin: 3. A resin, difficultly soluble in cold alcohol, better in boiling alcohol, from which it separates, on cooling, in the form of a white powder, and which dissolves in ether and the alkalis. These two resins, and the volatile oil which ether extracts from amber, form, after the evaporation of the ether upon water, a natural viscous balsam, of a strong smell, and a bright yellow colour, which, subsequently, hardens, preserving a portion of its odour. There is every reason to suppose that this body is precisely what amber originally was, but still, perhaps, less rich in essential oil than then, and that the insoluble parts of amber have been formed, by time, from the alteration of this balsam, a portion of which has been enveloped, and defended from further alteration. The fourth substance contained in amber, is succinic acid, which is dissolved with the balsam by ether. The fifth substance is insoluble in alcohol, ether, and the alkalis, and bears some relation to the matter which has been found in gum lac, and which has been designated as the principal of lac; this is found in the greatest quantity when this resin is dissolved by an alkali, and bleached by chlorine and precipitated.

Influence of Radiation on Malaria.—A theory of very considerable importance has recently been laid before the public, by Mr. Addison, the ingenious author of a dissertation on the Malvern Water, that the radiation of caloric from the earth has great influence in determining the site of malaria. The following is a brief summary of his views on the subject: viz. all those situations where the radiation of caloric goes on

with rapidity, are occasionally, if not at all times, extremely unhealthy; while others, where this process is diminished, are, on the contrary, much less obnoxious to disease: debilitated constitutions are invariably found to regain the tone and vigour of health, much more perfectly and more quickly, in places little influenced by radiation, or removed from the sphere of its effects, than in others exposed to the depositions which it causes from the air; and in the radiation of caloric may be found the cause of the activity of those exhalations with which the sun in tropical climates, especially, saturates the air: in fine, that in this important process, one of the principal causes of malaria will be found.

Useful Cement.—A useful cement, for general purposes, is composed of two parts of rosin, melted over a slow fire, into which one part of the quantity of plaster of Paris is to be introduced, and well mixed by stirring them; add two parts of shell lac, and the whole being in a fluid state, constitutes a firm and durable cement.

Gouty Inflammation cured by Vaccination.—The following cure, from the North American Medical Journal, deserves to be noticed.—A lady of hereditary gouty diathesis had been inoculated for the small-pox some fifty years ago, and had it severely. Some time since, Dr. Coxe was requested by her to vaccinate her servant girl, which he did, and successfully. She was, herself, labouring at this time under a severe attack of gout in her right wrist, which was swollen and extremely painful, her system being feverish, &c. He inserted, with her permission, a portion of the virus into the affected part, with the view of ascertaining whether she could take the vaccine disease, and if so, what effect it would produce upon the gout. Somewhat to his surprise, and greatly to his satisfaction, she not only had the genuine disease, but the swelling and pain immediately left her arm, and long before the scab, which was green, had dropped off, she was as well and as comfortable as she had ever been in her life. The cicatrix remaining is of the genuine porous kind.

Cure for Bugs.—It has been supposed that the cimex lectularius, or house-bug, was unknown in England before the fire of London, in 1666, and was introduced in some foreign timber employed in rebuilding the city; but we are told by Mouffet, that in 1583, Dr. Penny was sent for in great haste to Mortlake, in Surrey, to visit two noble ladies, who thought themselves affected by the plague, but whom he found had only been severely bitten by bugs. These insects are exceedingly prolific, as the female lays numerous eggs in the cavities of walls, or wood work; and these are hatched in about three weeks. In order to clear a house of bugs, the leading point is cleanliness in every respect. The first young begin to burst from the eggs early in spring, frequently even in February. At this season it is that the greatest attention is required. The bed infected by them ought to be stripped of all its furniture, which should be washed, and, if linen, even boiled, or if stuff, hot pressed. The bedstead should be taken in pieces and dusted, and washed with spirits of wine in all the joints and crevices, for it is in these parts principally that the females deposit their eggs. This done, all the cavities should be well filled with the best soft soap mixed up with verdigrease and Scotch snuff. On this composition the young will immediately feed, after leaving the eggs (if any escape the cleaning) and will be destroyed, as will also such of the old ones as happen to be left. But for destroying the larvæ of perfect insects, nothing answers better than oil of turpentine impregnated with camphor. It is probable that the bulb of an onion or garlic, which, cut and applied immediately to the place stung, instantly removes the pain occasioned by the sting of a wasp, would be equally efficacious with regard to the bite of bugs.

Steam Machinery for Stone-cutting.—About twenty years since some machinery was erected in Dublin for the purpose of cutting and polishing stone; from the want, however, of a demand for the article when so elaborated, the undertaking failed, and the projector, we believe, was made a bankrupt: a patent has recently been obtained in this country for the application of a steam-mill to the same object, and the machinery is now in operation in Westminster. The process of cutting up the stone is very much expedited, while it is done with greater facility and exactness, and the polish is far higher and more durable than can be communicated by men's labour. We have mentioned the existence of this factory, in the hope that, as the means of enriching our domestic architecture are thereby considerably reduced in price, they may become more extensively known, and more frequently adopted.

Easy Method of Preserving small Birds.—Birds to the size of a pigeon may be preserved from putrefaction by an easy process, and by a method which will effectually guard them against the attack of insects. Carefully remove the abdominal viscera at the vent, by means of a wire bent to a hook at one end; then introduce a small piece of the antiseptic paste, and afterwards as much clipped cotton or tow as may be thought sufficient, with some of the paste mixed with it; remove the eyes, and fill the orbits with cotton imbued with the paste; draw out the tongue, which remove, and pass a wire from the mouth into the cavity of the cranium, merely to give the antiseptic access to the brain: bind a piece of thread round the rostrum, another piece round the body and wings, then hang it up by the legs, and pour in at the vent from half an ounce to two ounces, according to the size of the bird, of alcohol; let it be hung in an airy situa-

tion, and it will soon dry without any unpleasant smell. The antiseptic paste is made by mixing eight parts of finely powdered white arsenic, four parts of Spanish soap, three parts of camphor pulverized in a mortar, with a few drops of alcohol, and one part of soft soap.

Chinese Horticulture.—The following method is described as being practised by some Chinese, retained by Count Linhares in Brazil. The tree practised upon was a Brazilian myrtle. The branch to be separated and planted, already some inches in thickness, was surrounded by a band of straw, mingled with horse dung, forming an envelope five or six times as large in diameter as the branch itself; then an annular incision was made below this part, and water was allowed to drop from a considerable height on to the wrapped part. The vessel is usually a cocoa-nut shell, pierced with very fine holes. In about two months the branch is separated from the tree and planted. To obtain rapidly growing trees, the Chinese choose the upper smaller branches; but for more production, and better trees, they choose stronger branches that are nearer to the earth.

Common Salt in Chili.—An incrustation of salt, 30 miles in length and several miles in width, is found on the coast of Chili to the south of Coquimbo. It has the appearance of that compact ice which forms on the surface of lakes and rivers in America towards the middle of winter. The thickness is about two feet. When a block of it is removed, the space is soon filled up by new salt. The great road runs for a considerable distance along the edge of this curious formation. It has frequently happened that when mules, horses, and even men have died in this part of the route, their bodies have been perfectly preserved for a long time afterwards.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Life and Times of Francis the First of France. In 2 vols. 8vo.

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geveen on the Greek Particles. Translated into English, and Abridged for the Use of Schools.

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The Annual Biography and Obituary for 1829, will soon be ready.

The second Volume of Mr. Sharon Turner's Modern History of England is in the press. It will contain the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; with chapters on the Corruptions of the Ancient Catholic Church which occasioned the Reformation—On the Rise and Progress of Luther—On the History and Proceedings of the Council of Trent—and on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

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LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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10. R. Dickenson, Esq., London, *for improvements in the manufacture of barrels and other packages made of iron or other metals.*

— R. Salmon, Woburn, *for improved movements and combinations of wheels for working cranes, mills, and all sorts of machinery, either portable or fixed.*

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12. H. J. Winter, Dover, *for his method of giving effect to various operating processes.*

15. J. C. Dyer, Camden Town, *for additions and improvements on machinery for the manufacturing of cards for carding wool, silk, tow, and other fibrous materials of the like description.*

— J. F. Wyatt, London, *for an invention of a new kind of bricks or blocks—one for fronting houses, one for a new method of binding brick-work; also for paving floors, and for stairs.*

20. W. Everhard, London, *for an improvement in the manufacture of soap.*

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— J. Vallance, Brighton, *for an improved method of constructing casks and vats, and cocks.*

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27. J. White, London, *for a new and improved method of making candles.*

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The fortunate conclusion of wheat sowing was the signal for expediting what remained of getting up the potatoe crop, and storing mangel-wurtzel. Next in order came ploughing up the stubbles for spring fallows, which is, generally, in great forwardness, as have been all our autumnal occupations. Some partial and temporary interruptions to getting in the wheat seed occurred, from the dry and bound state of the soil, which was fortunately relieved by intervening showers; indeed, this drought was a feather in the scale of interruption, compared with, we are almost ashamed to repeat, the nearly universal foul state of the lands, the report of which is echoed from one end of the island to the other. The couch grass and weeds bore such a luxuriant head, in many parts, that it was found no easy matter to cover the seed: and on such lands the young wheats have come up so thin and poor, that it has not been judged prudent to risk the crop: it has been ploughed up, and, in all probability, the season and the labour have been lost. These foul tilths, besides abounding in couch grass, afford a most nourishing and convenient harbour for the slugs, which also generally abound on clover leys. The great moisture of the summer season contributed infinitely to the increase of these vermin, the most effectual method for the destruction of which is heavy rolling, and treading with sheep. The greater part of the young wheats, however, fortunately, have the most promising appearance; and on the best lands there is some apprehension of over luxuriance. The opinion formerly given seems universal, that the shortness of the late crop, and the favourable state of the weather for sowing, have had such a powerful influence on the farmers, that a greater breadth of land has been sown with wheat, during the present season, than was ever before known in Britain. It is averred that one-fifth of the crop of wheat has been expended in seed.

To recur to the late crops—we stated in our last, to the utmost verge of probability, the satisfactory reports; some of them, indeed, of a very flattering nature. On the other hand, it must not be concealed, that as we advance in experience of the quality and produce of the new wheats generally, the original opinion is fully confirmed of their deficiency in both respects. The uncommonly great quantities threshed have afforded very ample opportunities of forming a judgment. It is said that unusual quantities, for the season, of new barleys, likewise, have been at market. The acreable quantity of barley was no doubt large, but the quantity of fine malting barley is at no rate so: and good samples of both wheat and barley must inevitably bear a high price, whatever quantity may be imported; for weight and quality are peculiar and governing objects in this country, as the immense difference in prices, and the neglect of inferior samples, even in times of scarcity, amply testify. Both oats and beans bear a great price, notwithstanding their very considerable crops; and potatoes, though abundant, are said to be dear in the country, as they certainly are in all large towns. From their excellent quality, potatoes will prove a rare addition to the stock of bread, and great quantities will be used

as cattle food. Foreign wheat being now admissable at the low duty, one shilling per quarter, has, for the present, considerably reduced prices. Clover seed was well harvested, but the crop has nothing to boast of, whether in regard to quantity or quality. The crop of hops is full as large as was expected, and good samples are in request at a considerable price. The holders of wool say, there is as little demand for it, as though the article were out of use ; nor is there any prospect of a change, unless some improvement can be made in our British short wools, on which subject we recommend to our flock masters a perusal of Mr. Trimmer's pamphlet, published by Ridgway.

The dryness and fineness of the season has had a material good effect on the grass, rendering it more nutritious to cattle than latter grass usually is found ; but, in low situations, there is much risk with sheep upon the meadows ; this circumstance has contributed to enhance the price of cattle, particularly cows, which bring great prices : those forward in calf, indeed, are very dear. The rot in sheep, most unfortunately, considering the dearness of provisions, has made an alarming progress upon all unsound lands, and its usual concomitant, the foot-rot, is also complained of. For the first, when the constitution is thoroughly affected, there is no remedy ; but timely care will remove the foot-rot, a species of chilblain, the ancient and effective remedial process for which, is well known to all shepherds ; but being attended with considerable trouble, they are not always disposed to take time by the forelock. The feet of those that appear to limp or halt, must be carefully examined, and washed clean with soap and warm water, and the animals housed a while upon a dry floor, spread with fresh slacked lime. Should, subsequently, inflammation continue, with the growth of fungous flesh, the usual escharotic, butter of antimony, may be moderately applied to the parts, with a feather ; finally, and most materially, the convalescents, when turned off again, should be provided with dry and sound pasturage ; and the disease being infectious, separation is of the utmost consequence.

Upon arable farms, the luxuriance of the young stubble grasses has produced a great and wholesome resource for stock. The quantities of all kinds of cattle and sheep food for winter supply, hay, straw, late grass, roots, are immense ; but the feeders complain that they have thence been compelled to purchase their stores at too high a price ; nevertheless, they who are fortunate in the improvement of their cattle, will scarcely fail of an indemnification in the spring markets. The horse market has undergone no change, nor is it probable, from the enormous destruction and consumption of that most unfortunate race of animals. Pigs, which had given way some time since, are again rallying in price, and it is said the country is yet understocked with that important species.

Wishing to impress upon the minds of those, in whose power the remedy, if any there be, must lie, we make a quotation from our October report : " It is, in fact, a strange occurrence, that the most important occupation, in the most flourishing and opulent country upon the face of the earth, should be so managed as to be incapable of giving bread for the labour it requires. Something, surely, must be radically wrong—must be rotten to the core, in such a state of things." Here we have one, if not the principal cause, of that excessive demoralization which has so long prevailed among the lower classes in the country. Our correspondents, particularly from the west, express much alarm from the distress which may be expected among the labourers, during the coming winter, assuring us, at the same time, that it is utterly out of the power of the tenantry to make any addition to the present rate of wages, however insufficient. Perhaps ancient custom weighs too powerfully with them, and they do not make a fair balance of the account, as connected with the heavy expence of supporting paupers. A due consideration of the old plan of allowing the labourers each a small quantity of land, which has lately, in several parts of the country, been successfully experimented, is submitted to the serious consideration of land-holders and the heads of parishes. For examples, we refer to the course adopted by the worthy Rector of Sutton, Birmingham, Notts ; and to that at Gotham, by a benevolent member of the Curzon family, chief proprietor of the parish. Such a scheme may not be needed, or may be impracticable in many parishes ; but experience has proved that it would, in some situations, be highly advantageous, both to the labourers and the community.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. to 5s. 6d.—Dairy Pork, 6s. to 6s. 2d.—Raw fat, 2s. 5d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 60s. to 92s.—Barley, 33s. to 45s.—Oats, 20s. to 35s.—Bread, London 4 lb. fine loaf, 1s.—Hay 50s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 70s. to 110s.—Straw 34s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 38s. to 42s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, November 21st.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The Sugar Market was in a very languid state all the last week; the purchases did not exceed 1,500 hogsheads, yet the prices did not recede; the holders were very firm, and if there were any alteration, we think that higher prices were paid for good and strong descriptions above 60*s.*: at the close of the market, the estimated sales of Muscavadoes, this day, were 700 hogsheads. Lumps continue scarce.

Coffee.—The public sales of Coffee, last week, were inconsiderable: the holders were not inclined to sell to any extent, and as the buyers could only purchase with difficulty at former prices, the latter were not eager to buy. Jamaica and Demerara sold also with briskness at very full prices; British Plantation at former prices: market heavy.

Rum.—The speculators continued to buy every parcel of Leeward Island Rum that appeared on the market last week; they purchased nearly 500 puncheons, and there were no further supplies. Jamaica Rums continue neglected.

Brandy.—This market which has been firm, has received a further impulse by the declared price, 115 for new, and 125 for old—the latter is much higher than last year: the general request appears to be checked by the late advance.

Geneva.—In Geneva there are few sales, and no alteration in prices.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The demand and prices of Tallow continue to fluctuate considerably, the price of Yellow Candle Tallow had advanced to 40*s.* 3*d.* and 40*s.* 6*d.*, at which extensive sales have been effected, and the prices have since declined 9*d.* to 1*s.* per cwt. Hemp and Flax are higher; the letters from St. Petersburgh are dated 31st ult., Exchange, 10. 7-16. Tallow, 103; Casks bought, 600; bought, not shipped, 1,500; shipped off, 153,000. Freight, 37*s.* 6*d.*

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 2¼.—Hamburgh (Marco Banco), 13. 13.—Altona (ditto ditto), 13. 13¼.—Paris (three days' sight), 25. 45.—Bordeaux, 25. 70.—Frankfort-on-Main, 151.—Petersburgh Rble. (3 lbs.), 10.—Vienna (effective), 10.—Trieste, 10.—Madrid, 37—Cadiz, 37½.—Bilboa, 36¼.—Barcelona, 36.—Seville, 36¼.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48⅜.—Genoa, 25. 40.—Venice, 47½.—Naples, 39¾.—Palermo, 121.—Lisbon, 46.—Oporto, 47.—Rio Janeiro, 31½*l.*—Bahia, 36*l.*—Dublin (21 days' sight), 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9⅞d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 4s. 11⅞d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, 294*l.*—Coventry, 1,080*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 109*l.*—Grand Junction, 302*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 27¾*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 455*l.*—Oxford, 700*l.*—Regent's, 25¾*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 810*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 255*l.*—London Docks (Stock), 88*l.*—West India (Stock), 217*l.*—East London Water Works, 118*l.*—Grand Junction, 56*l.*—West Middlesex, 69*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance, 9¼*l.*—Globe, 158*l.*—Guardian, 22*l.*—Hope Life, 5½*l.*—Imperial Fire, 105*l.*—Gas-Light Westminster Chartered Company, 53*l.*—City, 0*l.*—British, 11 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of October to the 23d of November 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

S. Moscrop, Stockport, linen-draper
G. A. Baker, Blackman-street, Southwark, cheesemonger
H. Cooper, Snow-hill, St. John-street, stationer
E. B. Skelton, M. M. Skelton, E. Skelton, H. Skelton, Southampton, stationers and booksellers
L. Moris, Bristol, tobacconist
E. Darby, Pimlico, oil and colourman
J. Farrar, Liverpool, merchant.

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 133.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Allen, F. Newbury, tea-man. [Hadwen, Pancras-lane, Cheapside
Ascough, G. C. North Shields, tinman. [Lowry and Co., Nicholas-lane
Burnell, J. Bishop Auckland, tallow-chandler and grocer. [Trotter, Bishop Auckland; Griffith, Gray's-inn
Beckton, J. Manchester, shoemaker. [Claye and Thompson, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Burnell, J. Rotherhithe victualler. [Kelly, New-inn
Baylis, J. junior, Kidderminster, victualler. [Collins, Doctor's-commons
Bockham, E. Old Kent road, Camberwell, builder. [Shebbeare, Child's-place
Bentley, J. Ipswich, turner. [Nelson, Milman-street
Brett, S. Manchester, merchant. [Fyson and Beck, Lothbury

Burton, W. Breightmet, whitster. [Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Banks, J. B. Gutter-lane, lace-dealer. [Leigh, George-street, Mansion-house
Boyce, W. C. Worcester, silk-mercer. [Platt, New Boswell-court; Welles and Dicken, Worcester
Brown, D. Halifax, merchant. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Alexander, Halifax
Brown, P. Scarborough, linen-draper. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Heap and Co., Scarborough
Burton, R. Little Bolton, cotton-manufacturer. [Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Higginbotham, Ashton-under-Lyne
Briggs, T. E. St. James's-street, feather-manufacturer. [Abrahams, Clifford's-inn
Bury, W. Notting-hill, dairyman. [Johnson, Chancery-chambers
Brain, R. Great Tower-street, broker. [Bousfield, Chatham-place
Bissell, J. Tipton, baker. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Parker, Birmingham
Boddington, G. Giltspur-street, victualler. [Downs, Furnival's-inn
Bushby, T. Green-street, Kent, grocer. [Ronolds, King's-arms-yard; Ward, Sittingborne
Blackwell, C. Bedford-court, cutler. [Sutcliffe and Co., New-bridge-street
Bartram, J. Alfreton, mercer. [Bromley, Gray's-inn
Cotton, R. T. Worthing and Great St. Helen's, surveyor and builder. [James, Bucklersbury
Cooper, E. Leamington-priors, grocer. [Burbury, Warwick; Meyrick and Cox, Red-lion-square
Clark, T. Union-street, Blackfriar's, victualler, and Bridge-road, Lambeth, and Chatham, linen-draper. [Dax and Son, Gray's-inn
Camara, A. da, and Julio da, Old Broad-street, and Madeira, kingdom of Portugal, Madeira wine-merchants. [Lewis, Barnard-street
Chesters, G. Ellesmere, maltster. [Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn; Griffithes and Co., Oswestry
Clark, T. and G. Bryson, Bridge-road, Lambeth, and Chatham, linen-drapers. [Ashurst, Newgate-street
Dobson, L. Leeds, woollen-cloth-merchant. [Wilson, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury
Drinkwater, W. Manchester, woollen-draper. [Makinson and Saunders, Temple
Deakin, J. Crawford-street, linen-draper. [Turner, Basing-lane
Dennis, W. Emsworth, linen-draper. [Farrar, Godliman-street
Durham, W. Hoxton, merchant. [Williams, Copthall-court
Eyre, E. Well's-street, blind-maker. [Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence-lane
English, E. and A. B. Becks, Bath, upholsterers. [Frowd and Rose, Essex-street; Crutwell, Bath
Edgley, T. G. Essex-wharf, Strand, coal-merchant. [Hoppe, Sun-court
Eales, W. Crawford-street, linen-draper. [Smith, Walbrook
Fridy, T. Boughton, Kent, grocer. [Ogden, St. Mildred's court
Ford, R. junior, Commercial-road, Limehouse, carman. [Wells, York-terrace, Commercial-road
Goodhugh, W. Oxford-street, bookseller. [Bartley, Somerset-street
Giles, G. L. and J. T. Douglas, Commercial-place, City-road, cotton-wadding-manufacturers. [Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane
Gillham, S. Christ-church, Surrey, baker. [Howard, Bouverie-street
Gregory, A. Torquay, milliner. [Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter
George, P. Bow, linen-draper. [Ewington and Co., Walbrook
Green, R. Birmingham, halter. [Holmes and Co., New-inn; Bartleet, Birmingham
Greenfield, F. Whitecross-street, surgeon. [Hall and Co., Salters'-hall
Highmore, A. Royal Exchange Gallery, merchant. [Nind and Cotteril, Throgmorton-street
Hawke, C. M. Old Broad-street, stationer. [Winter and Co., Bedford-row
Haynes, J. Ratcliffe-highway, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Hands, I. junior, Aston, Warwick, brass-founder. [Austen and Robson, Gray's-inn; Palmer, Birmingham
Hewlett, T. Week, St. Lawrence, Somerset, linen-draper and grocer. [Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol
Harris, E. Worthing, linen-draper. [Turner, Basing-lane
Hopkins, W. Oswestry, ironmonger. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Holden, Liverpool
Harker, G. Langthorpe, coal-merchant. [Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Hirst, Boroughbridge
Haden, S. junior, Worcester, scrivener. [Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn; Parker and Smith, Worcester
Hatch, J. Pershore, rope and twine-spinner. [Bodenham, Furnival's-inn; Woodward, Pershore
Havard, T. Bromyard, victualler. [White, Lincoln's-inn
Johnson, W. Goole, druggist. [Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn-lane
Jeffery, R. Abchurch-lane, merchant. [Haynes, Fenchurch-street
Jacobs, S. Fleet-market, salesman. [Matanle, Pancras-lane, Cheapside
Johnston, T. Cheapside, warehouseman. [Hurd and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester
Jarrin, W. A. New Bond-street, confectioner. [Hitchcock, Davies-street
Jameson, J. senior, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen-draper. [Bell and Brodrick, Bow-church-yard; Brown, Newcastle
Jones, W. Kidbrook, hay and cattle-dealer. [Alexander, Clement's-inn
Jones, H. Great Russel-street, Bermondsey, leather-dresser. [Ashurst, Newgate-street
Key, J. Newcastle-under-Lyme, grocer. [Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Plant, Newcastle-under-Lyme
Kirby, J. and J. Thomas, Knightsbridge, linen-drapers. [Davison, Bread-street
Lewis, W. St. Martin's-lane, pianoforte-maker. [Davidson, St. Swithin's-lane
Lander, J. Birmingham, and W. Benbow, Liverpool, merchants. [Tooke and Carr, Bedford-row
Lambert, R. Preston, innkeeper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Troughton and Sons, Preston
Lovatt, S. Derby, cabinet-maker. [Fox, Ashburne; Barbor, Fetter-lane
Lindgreen, H. J. Commercial-chambers, Minories, broker. [Batho, America-square
Lacy, C. Tottenham and Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Hamilton, Manchester
Littley, W. and T. Parker, Bath, builders. [Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath
Love, B. L. Great Yarmouth, merchant. [Francis, New Boswell-court
Looder, W. Watford, ironmonger. [Ashley, Royal Exchange
Lomas, J. Westminster-bridge-road, tavern-keeper. [Edis, Broad-street-buildings
Moseley, E. Camberwell, coal-merchant. [Meymott and Son, Great Surrey-street
Manley, G. Suffolk-street, wine-merchant. [Orlebar, George-street, Hanover-square
Moraira, G. Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, merchant. [Holmes, Liverpool-street
Manby, E. Long-acre, chemist. [Spyer, Austinfriars
Meadowcroft, T. and R. H. Millner, Liverpool, merchants. [Chester, Staple-inn; Gandy, Liverpool
Meredith, S. Manchester, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Morgan, J. Bromyard, butcher. [Woodward and Stanley, New Broad-street
Martin, T. G. Threadneedle-street, broker. [Scargill, Hatton-court

Nickson, R. M. Chesterfield, mercer. [Lowes, Temple; Calton, Chesterfield
Nicholas, E. Newport, Monmouth, bookseller. [Williams, Verulam-buildings; Davis, Abergavenny
Newland, J. Liverpool, shoemaker. [Tooke and Carr, Bedford-row; Capper, Birmingham
Osborne, T. and J. K. Richards, Lombard-street, engravers. [Richardson, ironmonger-lane
Poole, S. A. Exeter, dyer. [Turner, Milman-street; Turner, Exeter
Possman, C. B. Stafford, scrivener. [Dickinson, Gracechurch-street
Patrick, D. Hereford, draper. [Robinson, Pancras-lane, Cheapside
Paxton, J. Waterloo-road, parchment-dealer. [Brookes, Lincoln's-inn-Fields
Parry, T. Caecrugog, Hope, Flinstshire, drover. [Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; Rowlands, Mold
Peakman, J. Redditch, needle-maker. [Benbow and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Vernon and Co., Bromsgrove
Parkes, J. Mark-lane, sacking-manufacturer. [Currie and Co., Lincoln's-inn
Pinder, E. Warwick, builder. [Meyrick and Cox, Red-lion-square; Bury, Warwick
Pyke, T. Henley-upon-Thames, draper. [Ashurst, Newgate-street
Ryle, J. B. Manchester, ironmonger. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester
Robinson, J. Moushalm, Chelmsford, tea-dealer. [Bell and Co., Bow-church-yard
Rees, C. G. Tokenhouse-yard, broker. [Brooking and Surr, Lombard-street
Slater, J. and F., and G. J. Skilbeck, King-street, Cheapside, and Manchester, fustian-finishers. [Whitelock, Cateaton-street
Smith, E. Cheltenham, silk-mercer. [Bousfield, Chatham-place
Simpson, G. East India-chambers, Leadenhall-street, insurance-broker. [Ogle, Great Winchester-street
Sykes, J. Driglington, maltster. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Alexander, Halifax
Simpson, J. Caistor, victualler. [Fawcett, Jewin-street
Smith, W. B. Horsley, clothier. [Beetham and Sons, Freeman's-court; Wathen, Stroud
Stodart, J. Tooley-street, linen-draper. [Turner, Basing-lane
Shipley, W. Bagshot and Staines, coachmaster. [Bousfield, Chatham-place; Richings, Staines
Shaw, W. Leicester, horse-dealer. [Austen and Hobson, Gray's-inn; Freer, Leicester
Smith, R. Birmingham, victualler and watergilder. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Parker, Birmingham
Taitt, J. S. Liverpool, miliner. [Falcon, Temple
Thompson, T. G. Piccadilly, saddler. [Mathews and Randall, Castle-street, Holborn
Tanner, E. Tower-street, wine-merchant. [Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard
Tilney, J. C. Castle-street, Holborn, wine-merchant. [Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn
Thomson, J. Liverpool, brewer. [Kearsey and Co., Lothbury; Williamson, Liverpool
Tomkins, T., J. Buckler, and F. Thomas, Packer's-court, Blackwell-hall, factors. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street
Tordoff, J Bradford, grocer. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Bloorne and Co., Leeds
Turner, J. Hatherleigh, spirit-merchant. Luxmore, Red-lion-square; Darke, Launceston
Tomson, T. Cambridge, stone-mason. [Coe, Hatton-garden
Ward, J. R. Bermondsey-street, chemist. [Bowden and Walters, Aldermanbury
Womersley, D. and T. Lambert, Love-lane, hat-manufacturers. [Clutton and Co., High-street, Southwark
Wigham, M. Red-lion square, apothecary. [Taylor, New-inn
Wadsworth, T. Bolton-upon-Dearne, butcher. [Capes, Gray's-inn
Welcher, M. Lower Grosvenor-street, lodging-house-keeper. [Nicholson, Lancaster-place, Strand
Warr, J. Aylesbury, saddler. [Jones, Birchin-lane
Womersley, E. Little Guildford-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer. [Fitch, Union-street, Southwark
Walker, J. Leeds, stuff-manufacturer. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Morris, Bradford
Williams, J. Bristol, woollen-draper. [Dashwood, Three-crown-square, Southwark
Walls, R. Ponder's-end, carpenter. [Whittington, Dean-street, Finsbury-square
Walker, J. Ormskirk, draper. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple
Young, R. otherwise R. S. Young, otherwise R. S. Young Mearing, formerly of Threadneedle-street, since of Kingsland-road, afterwards of the East India-chambers, Leadenhall-street, since of Kingsland-road, afterwards of Liverpool, and late of Laurence Pountney-square, merchant. [Jones and Howard, Mincing-lane.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. F. H. Brickenden, to the Rectory of Hoggeston, Bucks.—Rev. W. H. Edmeades, to the Rectories of Nursted and Ifield, Kent.—Rev. J. T. Maine, to the Rectory of Husband's Bosworth, Leicester.—Rev. G. Lavington, to the Vicarage of Wrookwardine, Salop.—Rev. W. H. Parry, to the Rectory of Holt.—Rev. E. Marsham, to the Rectory of Stratton Strawless.—Rev. P. Gurdon, to the Rectory of Southbergh.—Rev. J. Nelson, Domestic Chaplain to Lady Suffield.—Rev. S. Tillbrook, one of H.M.'s Preachers at Whitehall.—Rev. G. Butland, to the Rectory of Ringmore, Devon.—Rev. W. Brook, to the Curacy of St. Maurice, Winchester.—Rev. W. Hilyard, to the Rectory of Market Deeping, Lincoln.—Rev. E. Palling, to the Vicarage of Cuckney, Notts.—Rev. G. Freer, to the Living of Yaxley.—Rev. W. Colville, to the Rectory of Bayham, Suffolk.—Rev. F. Leighton, to the Rectory of Cardiston, Salop.—Rev. J. Browne, to the Curacy of Milton, Hants.—Rev. E. J. Moor, to the Perpetual Curacy of Kesgrave, Suffolk.—Rev. C. B. Bruce, to the Rectory of St. James, South Elmham, Suffolk.—Rev. G. P. Richards, to the Living of Kew and Petersham.—Rev. W. Young, to the Rectory of Aller, Somerset.—Rev. S. H. Banks, to the Vicarage of Dullingham, Cambridge.—Rev. W. Birkest, to a Prebendal Stall in the Collegiate Church of Wolverhampton.—Rev. S. Revell, to the Living of Wingerworth, Derby.—Rev. W. Bowe, to the Prebend of Compton Dundon, Wells.—Hon. and Rev. E. Grey, to the Rectory of St. Botolph, London.—Rev. C. Webber, to the Deanery of Rippon.—Rev. J. G. Dowland, to the Vicarage of Brodwinsor, Devon.—Rev. T. Salway, to the Rectory of St. Florence, Pembroke.—Rev. J. Monson, to be Chaplain in Ordinary to the King.—Rev. J. Procter, to the Curacy of Horendy.—Rev. N. Jebb, to be Chaplain to the Bishop of Limerick.—Rev. J. Topham, to the Rectory of St. Andrew, Droitwich, Worcestershire.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

October 23.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

— The new church of St. Paul, Islington, consecrated.

— Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 25 received sentence of death, 80 of transportation, and 92 to hard labour and imprisonment.

25.—The ceremony of opening the St. Katharine Docks, near the Tower, took place. At two o'clock the dock gates were opened, and nine vessels, dressed in the colours of all nations, entered, whilst a small park of artillery discharged repeatedly during their entrance, and four bands of music contributed their aid to announce the event, and during the ceremony.

27. Parliament prorogued to December 18.

30.—His Majesty has given a donation of £200 towards completing the repairs of the German Lutheran Church in the Savoy.

31.—Intelligence arrived of the Turks surrendering Varna to the Russians.

November 10.—Lord Mayor's Day celebrated in the most splendid manner; most of His Majesty's ministers attended at the dinner at Guildhall, which was decorated in the most tasteful and elegant style.

18.—An accident, accompanied by the loss of three lives, and the serious injury of several individuals, took place in Covent-garden Theatre, owing to the explosion of one of the gasometers, which several workmen were employed in removing.

19.—The Lord Mayor laid the key-stone to the last arch of London Bridge.

— Mr. Justice Parke, the new judge, took his seat in the Court of King's Bench.

21.—Averages attained such a height, that the ports, for the admission of foreign grain, were opened, upon payment of 1s. per quarter for wheat; 3s. 4d. for barley; and 7s. 9d. for oats.

22.—The London Committee for the subscriptions in behalf of the distress caused by the malignant fever at Gibraltar, published an address, informing the public of the great alleviation their bounty had already effected, with strong claims for its continuance.

MARRIAGES.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Montresor to Miss Fairman.—Sir C. Dillon, bart., to Sarah, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Miller.—J. Broadhurst, esq., to the Hon. Henrietta Mabel, daughter of Lord H. Fitzgerald and Baroness de Roos.—Hon. W. Pole Tilney Long Wellesley to Helena (Mrs. Bligh) third daughter of Colonel Thomas Paterson.—Lord Howard de Walden to Lady Lucy Cavendish Bentinck, third daughter of the Duke of Portland.—Captain Franklin, R.N., to Jane, daughter of J. Griffin, esq.; it will be recollected that Captain F.'s first wife (Miss Porden) expired on the day after he departed on his late Arctic expedition.—Charles John, second son of W. Manning, esq., M.P., to Catherine Sophia, daughter of Major Gen. Sir R. D. Jackson.—Viscount Ingestrie, eldest son of Earl Talbot, to Lady Sarah Elizabeth Beresford, only daughter to the late Marquis of Waterford.—H. T. Jones, esq., to Caroline, widow, of Sir R. Hardinge, bart.—R. Davies, esq. R.N., to the Dowager Lady Kircudbright.

DEATHS.

In Alfred-place, the Hon. E. Rodney, son of the late Admiral Lord Rodney.—At Wembly-park, 82, J. Gray—At his son's house, Mr. James Hansard, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square, Luke Hansard, esq., 79, printer to the House of Commons.—In Newman-street, G. Wilson, esq., 74.—In Grosvenor-street, Mrs. Combe, widow of H. C. Combe, esq.—Mrs. E. Fisher, sister in law to the Bishop of Salisbury.—Sir W. Forbes, bart.—Catherine, only sister of the Right Hon. J. Calcraft, M P.—Hon. H. Savile, brother to the Earl of Mexborough.—At his seat at Hagley, 66, George Fulke, Lord Lyttleton.—Dr. George Pearson, senior physician to St. George's Hospital.—At Parham, Lord de la Zouch, 74.—Corbyn Lloyd, esq., of Lombard-street, banker.—At Laxton-hall, Lady Carbery, 60.—Major Charles Stewart, 95, Royal Marines.—S. Marryat, esq., 67, one of H.M.'s counsel.—Rev. J. L. Moore, 77, who performed the duties of Bengoe (Herts), for 52 years, was chaplain of the county gaol 41, and formerly master of the Free Grammar School, Hertford.—At Brighton, Harriet Laura, second daughter of Sir E. Bacon, bart.—At Windsor, Margaret Frances, 36, the only child of the late Richard Tunnacline, esq., of Manchester.—Lady Caroline Dormer, 76, sister to the late Earl of Dorchester, at whose death the title became extinct.—At Woolwich, the Rev. J. Messitor, 65.—In Great Mary-le-bone-street, B. Pereirar esq., nephew of Sir Manasseh Lopez, bart.—At Brixton, aged 28, after six months severe suffering, which she bore with the most exemplary patience, Caroline Martha, only daughter of Charles Ball, esq., deceased, of Merroe, and widow of Francis Collins, of Dorset-place, who, with two infants, died a short time before her lamented death. Highly accomplished and with a mind the most susceptible, she possessed all the dignified character of a female, united to the most amiable simplicity of manners and ingenious heart.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Florence, the Earl of Dartmouth to the Hon. Frances Barrington, second daughter of Viscount Barrington.—At Munich, Y. Brown, esq., to the Hon. Steuarta, fifth daughter of Lord Erskine, H.M.'s minister plenipotentiary to the King of Bavaria.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Madeira, Captain Canning, of H.M.'s ship Alligator; he was the eldest son of the late minister, and was drowned while bathing.—At Paris, Frances, the wife of the Hon. Henry Count Dil-

lon.—At Toulouse, the Hon. E. Stourton, son of Lord Stourton.—At Genoa, the Hon. T. Howard, son of Lord and Lady Howard, of Effingham.—At Valence, on his way to Nice, Captain Bligh.—At Vienna, General Mack, who, since his surrender of Ulm to Napoleon Buonaparte, lived in the greatest privacy on a pension from the Emperor of Austria.—At Sierra Leone, Lieut.-Col. Lumley, lieut.-gov. of that place.—At Lausanne, Catherine, wife of J. W. Fane, junior, esq., and daughter of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, bart.—At Paris, M. Mazue, inspector-general of the University, and author of "L'Histoire de la Révolution (de 1688) d'Angleterre."—At Grand Cairo, Mr. J. Webster, in consequence of the fatigues occasioned by a visit to Mount Sinai.—Lately at Gibraltar, of the plague, the venerable Archbishop of Elvas, who, some months ago, had taken refuge in that fortress from the usurpation of Don Miguel.—At St. Petersburgh, the Dowager Empress of Russia, widow of the eccentric, but unfortunate, Paul.—At Dresden, the Dowager Queen of Saxony, 77.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

Notice is now given officially of an intention to apply, in the next session, to Parliament, for an act for forming a railway between this town and the city of Carlisle; the facility of communication which the rail-road will afford, must increase immensely every description of trade between Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, while it will become, as it were, the high road between Newcastle and Liverpool, and so open an easy intercourse with Ireland, by joining the canal which extends from Carlile to the sea.

The Marquis of Londonderry's projected harbour, at port Seaham, is now proceeding with uncommon expedition, and will be ready to receive a small number of vessels before the close of the next year.

Green peas, grown in the garden of a person named Brittlebanks, in Gilesgate, Durham, were sold in the market of that city on the 3d of November, for 5s. a peck. Ripe strawberries were gathered in a garden in Durham on the 6th of November.

A most horrid murder was committed at Thorp, near Stockton-on-Tees, on the 10th of November. The son of an aged farmer, named Hutchinson, whilst the family were at dinner, seized a poker, and struck his brother so violent a blow on the head, as instantly to deprive him of life. He then took up a hatchet, and struck his father till he was dead. He has been committed to Durham Gaol. He has been occasionally afflicted with insanity; and the exciting cause of the paroxysm on this occasion is supposed to have been some family dispute about money matters.

A requisition was in a course of signature, the last week in November, calling a meeting of the county of Northumberland to express its opinion on the Protestant Question.

The 20th instant, about 3 o'clock p.m., the Eye Pit at Washington exploded. The heavy frame work erected at the pit's mouth, with the large pulley wheels attached to it, were thrown down, and the whole of the machinery destroyed; corves and other missiles were projected from the bottom of the pit, and scattered in the surrounding fields. An immense cloud of smoke issued from the shaft, accompanied with a report surpassing that of the largest piece of artillery, which was heard through all the surrounding villages. By this catastrophe 14 persons have been deprived of life.—*Tyne Mercury.*

Married.] At Heighington, the Rev. C. P. Vivian to Grace Anna, second daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Aylmer.—At Aycliffe, W. Robson, esq., to Miss Robson.—At Warden-church, E. Johnson, esq., to Miss Atkinson.

Died.] R. Wharton, esq., of Old-park, Durham, formerly joint-secretary of the Treasury, and 18 years M.P. for Durham.—At Berwick, Mr. Miller Ritchie, 77, formerly a printer of eminence in London.—At Newcastle, Mr. Bewick, 76, the celebrated engraver on wood.—At Durham, J. Hobson, esq.; Miss Anne Jane Trotter.—At Chester-le-street, J. Wolfe, esq.—At Trewhitt-house, J. Smart, esq.

YORKSHIRE.

At a recent meeting (October 17), of the town and neighbourhood of Huddersfield, it was unanimously resolved to establish an infirmary in conjunction with the present dispensary, on such a scale as may be adequate with the resources of the district, and the wants of its diseased poor, and that it be denominated "The Huddersfield and Upper Agbrigg Infirmary;" and such has been the munificence of the contributions, that upwards of £8,000 have been already subscribed for that purpose, besides annual subscriptions amounting to £600!!!

It is in contemplation to cut a new canal from the Stamforth and Keadly navigation, to commence near the new Wike at Thorne, and to join the Goole Canal near Pollington. This will open an easy communication between the Trent and the West Riding of Yorkshire.

On the 1st of November, John Bugg, of Catfoss, gamekeeper to Richard Bethell, esq., shot a white robin red-breast. The little stranger is about as white as a canary-bird (so says the "Hull Advertiser"); (we always thought a canary had been yellow), and has a shade of red on the breast. The bird will be preserved.

On the 12th of November, a hare was shot upon the Duke of Devonshire's estate at Landsborough, the head, breast, neck, one ear, and both fore legs, were perfectly milk-white; and all the other parts a beautiful grey.

On the night of the 1st of November, a man named Thomas Hudson, living at Leeds, seized a neighbour's wife, called Susannah Almond, and pricked her in the arms and various parts of her body with pins. When taken before the magistrates, his defence was, that she was a witch: and he said she had put the evil spirits into him, which could only be got out by drawing her blood; and he wanted the magistrates to let him prick her a bit. He was bound over to keep the peace.

On the 10th of November, a Brunswick Club was formed at Leeds: and on the 19th a similar institution was set on foot at Ripon.

Efforts are making to establish a Deaf and Dumb Asylum in the county of York. The Earl of Fitzwilliam will give £500 towards the building fund, and Lord Milton £100, besides becoming annual subscribers.

Benjamin Golt, esq., has presented to the Leeds Museum a meteoric stone, which is said to be the largest in this kingdom, one only excepted. It fell in a shower, in France, on the 26th of April, 1803, at Aizle, in the department of Orme.

Married.] At Pontefract, the Rev. E. Walter to Miss Pyemont.—At York, the Rev. E. T. Leigh to Miss Barlow.—At Halifax, Captain Sutherland to Miss Walker.—At York, Mr. T. Fisher to Miss Charlotte Benton.—At Leeds, T. Brooke, esq., to Miss Higham.—At Skelton, W. Lake, junior, esq., to Miss Thompson.—At Ripon, R. Pearson, esq., to Miss Lax.—At Hull, Mr. Rees Davies to Miss Dean.

Died.] At Leeds, Mr. G. Webster, 68.—At Ashram Richard, J. Chivers, esq.—At Wensley, the Rev. J. Costobadie.—At Finkley-hall, S. Were, esq.—At Richmond, G. Smith, esq.—At Methley-park, the Hon. H. Savile.—At Doncaster, Captain Maquill.—At York, Captain Sutton.—At Norton, T. Ewbank, esq.

CHESHIRE.

A resolution was passed by a numerous bench of magistrates, assembled at the late General Quarter Sessions, held at Knutsford, expressing a decided opinion that it would be extremely desirable for the county of Chester to be included in the circuits of the judges of Westminster Hall, provided that such arrangement would not interfere, in other respects, with the constitution of the Palatine Courts, which have some advantages of importance to the county.

At a meeting of the broad silk weavers of Macclesfield, held November 3, it was resolved, "That the distressed situation of the silk weavers of Macclesfield, in consequence of the gradually increasing importations of foreign wrought silks, renders it necessary that their embarrassed state should be faithfully represented to the Board of Trade—That the direct tendency of the present Free Trade System is to reduce the wages of labour, and support the price of the necessaries of life; and under this pernicious system, the wages of the silk weavers of Macclesfield have been reduced 40 to 50 per cent., thus introducing want and misery even when in full employment, and deteriorating the condition of the labouring poor without receiving any equivalent from foreigners in return.—And that a memorial, founded upon the foregoing resolution, be sent immediately to the Board of Trade, praying that the Honourable Board would immediately recommend to his Majesty's Ministers to abandon the present ruinous measures, and adopt the long-tried and better known system of prohibition, under which the silk trade flourished so many years."

Died.] At Stockport, Mrs. Claye.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The Birmingham School of Medicine and Surgery has been recently opened, when an introductory discourse was delivered by Dr. R. Pearson, in which he offered some remarks relative to the origin and formation of this praiseworthy establishment, alluding also to the various literary and scientific institutions that have sprung up within these few years in all parts of Great Britain, not forgetting the two new universities.

A meeting has been held by the inhabitants of the hamlets of Duddeston, Nechells, and Oston, when it was resolved to apply for an Act of Parliament, for lighting, watching, paving, and otherwise improving the aforesaid hamlets.

Died.] At Braybrooke, 65, the Rev. Dr. R. Young, 23 years rector of that parish and of Great Creaton.—At Birmingham, Mr. T. Morela, 70 years a resident of Digbeth and Bromsgrove-street.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

At a meeting held at Halesworth for the purpose of forming an association for the protection of property and prosecution of thieves, Lord Huntingfield, in the chair, said, "I do not see how a labourer, his wife, and three children, can live on 10s. a week, especially considering the price of provisions. The state of parts of the agricultural population is deplorable, and the fields are crowded not only by our own parishioners, but by those of other parishes, for gleaning, which will force the complete suppression of the custom." A series of resolutions were passed for an association, but none of the money allowed for prosecutions founded on the Game Laws!

At the sessions held lately for Norfolk, a motion was made and carried by a majority of *one* (46 *pro* and 45 *con!*) "that reporters for the newspapers be admitted into the grand jury chamber when the magistrates assemble there at the quarter session, for the dispatch of the business of the county."

Married.] At Eccles-hall, S. N. Dashwood, esq., to Caroline, daughter of P. Hamond, esq.

Died.] At Hargham, Mrs. Howard, daughter of Sir T. Beevor, bart.—At Ipswich, Mrs. Raw.—At North Walsham, Mrs. Crane, 96.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

At a public meeting held at the Guildhall, Worcester, Nov. 7, it was resolved that an Infant School be opened for the reception of the children of the labouring classes in that city and neighbourhood; and a ladies committee be appointed to assist in the management of the school.

The numbers of Salmon taken from the Wye, in the neighbourhood of Hay, Builth, and Rhayader, this year, have greatly exceeded the quantity taken in any preceding season for the last twenty years, and it is conceived (the obstruction of the new weir being removed) that if effectual measures were adopted to prevent the highly destructive system of spearing the old salmon when in the act of spawning, which at this time of the year is but too prevalent, not only in the Wye, but also in its tributary streams, there is little doubt that those rivers would again afford a plentiful supply of that delicious fish.

Married.] At Hereford, the Rev. H. Allen to Anne Caroline, sister to Lord Southampton.

Died.] At Wolverton, R. Styles, 83; he died at W. Acton's, esq., in whose service he had lived 60 years!—At Thorngrove, Mr. Durino, who acted as interpreter to Lucien Buonaparte (Prince Canino) when he resided there.—At Canon Pion, D. Thomas, esq., 84.

GLOUCESTER.

November 13, Colston's Anniversary was cele-

brated at Bristol, when the following collections for charitable purposes were made:—Dolphin Society, £612. 14s.—Anchor, £415. 7s. 6d.—Grateful, £300. 10s. How honourable for Bristol that it should *thus* annually celebrate the memory of this great and good man!

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Died.] On the 9th, at Harpur-place, Bedford, the Rev. W. Hooper, in his 87th year. He was a man universally respected and greatly beloved by his parishioners. In his conduct through life he was highly exemplary as a Christian minister, and his worth, amiable qualities, and benevolence, will be long remembered by his friends. He was upwards of 60 years rector of Chellington, and upwards of 57 rector of Carlton, in Bedfordshire. Three rectors have now held the living of Carlton for the incredible number of 196 years.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The new county gaol, at Leicester, is at length opened for the reception of prisoners; it stands upon three acres of ground, and is circular; the governor's house is so constructed as to afford him occasion of viewing every prisoner's yard without quitting his residence; escape is impossible. The chapel contains pews for 150 persons, and is so constructed that they cannot see each other out of their own pew. This edifice has cost £55,000.—*Leicester Chronicle*, Oct. 25.

A white marble statue of the late Duchess of Rutland, size of life, has been lately placed at the head of the new drawing-room at Belvoir, on an elevated pedestal of the same material.

STAFFORD.

A gang of bull-baiting wretches, who purchase the poor animals, and then take them from place to place to be baited, and obtain considerable sums by their inhuman vocation, have, at Lichfield, received their deserts in part, as eleven of them have been committed to prison for three months; which examples, we trust, will have the effect of preventing the repetition of similar brutality.

The parish church of Wednesbury, considerably enlarged and improved, so as to contain nearly 600 additional sittings, was re-opened November 9; the exterior is richly ornamented with a stone battlement, and has a very imposing appearance. This gothic church, nearly all re-built, is in the form of a cross, and has a beautiful chancel, ornamented with painted windows. The sum of £288 was collected at the church-doors, &c. It has cost upwards of £5,000, which has been raised by the inhabitants for the purpose, except £500 allowed by government.

The iron trade of this neighbourhood still continues in a healthy state; the price is steadily advancing, and there is every appearance of a good winter trade. The quantity of iron made continues to increase, several new furnaces having very lately been put in motion; and the facility of meeting an increased demand is a further proof of the mineral resources of our country, and the personal exertions of its manufacturers. What may be the extent of this trade it is impossible even to conjecture, if by a liberal interchange of commodities with France and other foreign countries, a free exportation of iron to them could be effected. By the present restrictive system it is loaded with heavy duties on its arrival at a foreign port, which in France and America amount to a prohibition of its import; where, but for these duties, we are informed, the consumption of English iron would be immense.—*Wolverhampton Chronicle.*

Died.] At his seat, Loton-park, Sir Baldwin Leighton, bart.

LINCOLN.

It is with extreme pleasure we notice the noble example of the Earl of Cardigan, in allotting to each poor person, in the parish of Deen Thorpe, half an acre of land for the purpose of cultivation. We understand it is his lordship's intention to appropriate twelve acres of land in the parish of Glapthorne, near Oundle, to a similar purpose. This plan, if generally followed, would excite a spirit of genuine industry among the peasantry, and tend more than any other to the suppression of pauperism.—*Lincoln Mercury.*

Married.] At Leadenham, Lieut.-Col. Chaplin, M.P., to Millicent Mary, daughter of W. Reeve, esq.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

November 5, Axbridge again witnessed the barbarous exhibition of bull-baiting. After the rabble had enjoyed their cruelties, and the poor animal had lost an eye, and the civil officers, with the mayor at their head, assaulted, they returned triumphing at their infringement of the laws; but as they were watched, the next day several of the miscreant ringleaders were convicted, and fined according to the statute. At the Episcopal City of Wells, some dozen ruffians were allowed, on the 5th of November, the *privilege* of tormenting a bull up and down the streets for three or four hours, and then permitted to tie the animal to a ring fixed in the ground, in the market-place, to be there baited by dogs, for the *enjoyment* of numbers of brutal bipeds!!!

We are sorry to hear that the silk trade at Taunton is notoriously in a state of unusual depression, both as to its weaving and throwsting branches, and its future aspects are of a very gloomy description.—*Taunton Courier, Nov.* 19.

By official accounts, the trade at Plymouth port has nearly doubled within the last 30 years, and the increase during the last 10 years bears a much greater proportion than any former 10 years of that period. The quantity of shipping has increased in a proportionate rate, the number of vessels at present registered at our Custom-house exceeding 220, most of which are employed in the foreign trade, either to this or other ports in the kingdom. The Mediterranean, Baltic, and British North American trades have been as yet our principal channels of commerce. The West India trade has opened lately, and we hope may be ultimately established. The quantity of tonnage now discharging, &c., from Sutton Poole alone, exclusive of the traders at Devonport and Stonehouse, is at this moment upwards of 4,200 tons.—*Trewman's Exeter Flying Post.*

Died.] At Stonehouse, Major Archdall, 83, many years inspector-general of barracks in the western district.

CORNWALL.

At Penzance, November 8, it blew a perfect hurricane, with a tremendously heavy sea running. About 20 fishing-boats, of from 15 to 20

tons burthen each, were at their moorings in the Road. Of this number, 9 broke adrift; 2 of them were got in without loss, and one partially injured, but the other 6 were completely wrecked, thereby occasioning a loss to their unfortunate owners of more than £700; one boat, the Nelson, of 25 tons register, would have readily sold for 200 guineas the day before. It is remarkable that every one of the boats that broke adrift had *chain* moorings only; whilst those with *hemp cables* rode out the gale extremely well. Some that had one cable of hemp, and another chain, broke their chain, and owed their preservation to the hemp mooring. This fact may, perhaps, be considered of some importance to the shipping interest. A collection is now making in aid of the poor fishermen, who are thus suddenly bereft not only of property of considerable value, but are also thrown out of employment, and we cannot too strongly recommend their case to the notice of the public.

Died.] At Holwood, the seat of John Rogers, esq., John Daw, aged 113, as appears by the parochial registry of baptisms. For upwards of 100 years he resided in the same house, the faithful and attached servant of the family; having been, when very young, bound an apprentice to an ancestor of Mr. Rogers, by the parish of Quethiock, and having lived to see the estate in the successive possession of four generations. He had three times received the reward adjudged to the oldest servant in the county, whose character had never sustained a blemish!!!—At St. Juliot, 70, Joanna, wife of Wm. Bath, yeoman. She was carried, by her own desire, to the grave by her six sons, followed by three daughters and their husbands, with a great number of grand-children.

WALES.

At Swansea Quarter Sessions, the following memorial was agreed to, and signed by the chairman and 25 magistrates of the county:—"To the Hon. the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the return of the Courts of Law in England and Wales, with a view to their improvement.—We, the magistrates for the county of Glamorgan, assembled at their General Quarter Sessions, beg leave to submit to you our firm conviction, that the abolition of the provincial judicature of Wales, and a participation in the benefits derived from the authority of English judges, is a measure anxiously looked for by the owners of property and principal inhabitants of this county; and that we are well satisfied it would be productive of large benefits in the administration of justice, both as it regards the acquiescence of suitors in the decision of their judges, the economy of its executive department, and the diminution of frivolous litigation. The details of evidence of the Committees of Parliament, and the statement derived therefrom, and other authentic sources, set forth in the very able letter of the Earl Cawdor to the Lord High Chancellor, render it quite unnecessary that we should enter into any matters of detail; we therefore humbly trust, that the Commission which His Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint, may be enabled speedily to point out the best practicable mode of effecting so desirable an object."

A Common Hall has been held at Carmarthen for the purpose of considering the expediency of applying for an Act of Parliament to enable the borough magistrates in Sessions to try for petty larcenies, &c., and to hold their sittings four times a year. J. Jones, esq., M.P., showed strongly the advantages that would result from such an arrangement; and, at his suggestion, it was unanimously determined to apply for an Act to effect that.

A new road is about to be made from Rhayader, Radnorshire, to Llangerrig, near Llanidloes Montgomeryshire. Nothing could be more desirable than this to travellers; the present road is highly dangerous. A bill will be brought into Parliament the ensuing session to effect this important work. The effect of the improvements already made, is evinced in the increased value of land; an instance of which was given at the sale of the lots of *common land* (disposed of under the Rhayader Inclosure Act), for which the following extraordinary prices were obtained, many of them, as will be seen, having been sold at the rate of 40*l* per acre! *Common Land:*—1 rood 19 perches sold for 60*l*.; 1 rood for 69*l*; 14 perches for 35*l*.; 16 ditto for 30*l*.; 15 ditto for 29*l*.; 17 ditto for 34*l*.; 14 ditto for 36*l*.; 12 ditto for 34*l*.; 12 ditto for 33*l*.; 15 ditto for 37*l*.; 16 ditto for 41*l*.; 15 ditto for 23*l*.; 20 ditto for 33*l*.; 2a. 3 r. 24p. for 260*l*.; 4a. 1r. 20p. for 210*l*.

Died.] At Llanio, Cardiganshire, in her 67th year, Mrs. Jones, relict of the late T. Jones, esq.—At Llandinam, Montgomeryshire, Mr. E. Ashton, in the 96th year of his age.—82, Mrs. Jones, relict of the late J. Jones, esq., Penybryn, Ruabon.—Mr. J. Jones, of Chester, 88; this gentleman has bequeathed 20*l*. for the support of the Wesleyan Sunday School, John-street, Chester; 20*l*. to the Sunday School in Trinity-street, Chester; 100*l*. to the mayor and sheriffs of Chester, the interest of which is to be annually divided among five of the senior gownsmen; likewise his estate, near Ruthin, the rental of which is to be applied to the gratuitous education of poor children of the parish of Llanfair-Dyffryn Clwyd.

SCOTLAND.

It gives us great pleasure, as regards the progress of improvement, to be able to announce that an experiment was made yesterday of a steam-boat on the Forth and Clyde Canal, from which the most satisfactory results are expected. The boat tried was the Cupid, which has been plying during the season on Loch Fine, and she is not of course adapted for the canal—yet, making due allowance for the various imperfections she labours under, the experiment demonstrates, most decisively, the practicability and vast utility of steam on such a canal; and when the improvements which are contemplated, as regards the construction of boats for passengers and towing, and the banks, are carried into effect, we have no doubt the results, as regards expedition and economy, will be very important to the public and the Canal Company.—*Glasgow Journal.*

The Commissioners of the Northern Light-houses have ordered their Secretary to give notice, "That a Light-house has been erected upon Cape Wrath, county of Sutherland; the light of which will be exhibited on the night of Thursday, the 25th day of December, 1828, and every night thereafter, from the going away of daylight in the evening, till the return of daylight in the morning." The lantern light room is elevated 400 feet above the medium level of the sea. The light-houses now erecting upon Tarbetness, in Cromartyshire, and Mull of Galloway, in Wigtonshire, will be lighted in 1829, of which due notice will be given.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of October to the 25th of November, 1828.

Oct.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27	—	85⅛ ⅝	86⅛ ⅜	94 ¼	94⅛ ⅜	101⅞ 2	—	—	86 87p	75 76p	86¼ ⅜
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	208½ 9	85½ ⅞	86¼ ⅝	94⅞ 5	94½ 5	102¼ ⅝	19⅛ ⅜	235¾ 6½	85 86p	74 75p	86⅜ ⅜
30	209 10	85⅞ 6	86⅝ ⅜	95 ¼	94⅞ 5½	102½ ⅜	19⅜ ⅜	—	87 88p	74 76p	86⅜ ⅜
31	209½ ¾	85⅝ ⅞	86⅜ ⅜	94¾ ⅞	94½ ¾	102½ ⅝	19 5-16 7-16	236 7	87 88p	75 76p	86⅜ ⅜
Nov											
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	209	85⅜ ½	86⅛ ⅜	—	94½ ½	102¼ ⅜	19¼ 5-16	237	86 87p	75 77p	86⅛ ⅜
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	—	85⅜ ⅝	86⅛ ½	94½ ⅝	94½ ½	102⅛ ½	19⅛ 5-16	—	85 86p	75 76p	86¼ ½
7	208 9	85½ ⅝	86⅜ ½	94⅝ —	94⅜ ½	102⅜ ⅜	19¼ 5-16	—	86p	75 76p	86⅜ ⅜
8	—	85¾ ⅝	86⅜ ⅜	—	94½ ⅜	102½ ⅝	19 5-16 ⅜	238	86p	75 76p	86½ ⅝
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	208 ½	86⅛ —	86⅜ ⅞	94⅜ ⅞	94⅞ 5	102⅝ ⅜	19⅜ 7-16	—	85 86p	75 76p	86⅜ ⅞
12	208⅜ 9	85⅞ 6½	86⅛ ⅞	95 —	94⅝ 5	102½ ⅜	19⅜ 7-16	238½	85 86p	75 76p	86⅝ ⅞
13	208¼ 9	86⅛ ⅝	86⅞ 7	95¼ —	95 ¼	102⅝ ⅞	19 7-16 ⅜	—	—	75 76p	86⅝ 7
14	209 ½	85⅝ 4	86⅞ 7⅛	94¼ ⅜	95¼ ¼	102⅜ ⅞	19 7-16 ½	—	—	75 76p	86⅝ 7⅛
15	—	86⅛ —	86⅜ 7	—	95 —	102¾ ⅞	19 7-16 —	—	87 88p	75 77p	86⅞ —
16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	86⅜ ½	86⅛ ¼	—	95¼ ¼	102⅞ 3	19 7-16 ¼	242¼	86 88p	76 77p	87 ⅛
18	—	86⅜ —	87⅛ ¼	95¼ ⅜	95¼ ¼	102⅞ 3	19 7-16 ¼	242 3	87 88p	76 77p	87⅛ ¼
19	209⅛ ¾	86⅞ ½	87 ¼	95 ¼	95¼ ¼	102⅞ 3	19 7-16 ⅜	—	84 87p	74 76p	87 ¼
20	208½ —	86 ¼	86⅜ 7	95 —	94⅞ 5⅛	102⅝ ⅞	19 7-16 ½	242½	84p	72 75p	86⅜ 7
21	209 —	85⅞ 6	86⅜ ⅜	95 —	94⅛ 5	102⅝ ⅜	19 5-16 ⅜	242	77p	65 70p	86⅜ ⅜
22	208¼ 9	85⅝ ¾	86⅜ ½	94⅝ ¾	94⅜ ¾	102¼ ⅜	19 5-16 ⅜	241	74 75p	64 66p	86⅜ ½
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	207 8	85⅛ ⅜	85⅞ 6⅛	—	93⅞ 4	101⅞ 2⅛	19 3-16 5-16	240	70p	48 58p	85⅞ 6⅛
25	207 8	85⅜ ⅜	86 ⅜	94 ¼	94 ⅜	102⅜	19 3-16 5-16	—	48 52p	45 55p	86⅛ ½

E. EYTON, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From October 20th to November 19th, 1828.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co. 50, High Holborn.

October.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A. M.	Barometer. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P.M.
20			40	53	45	29 99	29 99	53	54	E	E	Fine	Fine	Fine
21			52	58	46	29 99	29 94	56	65	E	N	Foggy	Fine	Foggy
22			55	63	54	29 80	29 69	62	63	E	WSW	Fine	Fine	Fine
23		○	58	59	42	29 60	29 78	64	65	WSW	NNE	Rain	Rain	Clo.
24	16		44	52	38	30 01	30 04	64	60	N	NW	Fine	Fine	Fine
25			42	55	43	30 07	30 15	61	55	W	SSW	Foggy	Fine	Fine
26			48	52	48	30 11	30 08	61	65	SSW	SSW	—	Rain	S.Rain
27			50	53	50	30 06	30 16	65	66	SE	SE	Rain	Rain	Rain
28	21		51	54	40	30 28	30 32	68	65	ESE	E	Clo.	Fine	Fine
29			46	53	42	30 34	30 24	61	58	E	E	Fine	Fine	Fine
30		☾	45	52	39	30 17	30 18	55	58	E	E	—	—	S.Fog.
31			42	51	45	30 14	30 15	60	60	ESE	ENE	S.Fog.	Fine	Clo.
Nov.														
1			47	52	46	30 14	30 11	60	58	ENE	NNE	Foggy	Fine	Clo.
2			48	53	45	30 10	30 16	56	58	N	NNE	Fine	Fine	Fine
3			46	52	42	30 20	30 20	60	60	NNE	ENE	Foggy	Fine	Fine
4			45	53	40	30 14	30 07	62	62	ENE	SE	—	—	Foggy
5			42	53	40	30 04	29 99	63	63	SE	SSE	Fin	Fine	Clo.
6			45	53	40	29 99	29 96	65	66	SSE	SSE	Foggy	Foggy	Foggy
7		●	46	46	35	29 90	29 81	67	60	SE	SE	Fine	Fine	Fine
8			37	45	34	29 80	29 77	55	53	ESE	ESE	—	—	—
9			36	44	36	29 60	29 50	55	57	ESE	ESE	—	—	Foggy
10			39	38	34	29 40	29 38	60	63	ESE	ESE	Foggy	Fine	Clo.
11			36	31	26	29 44	29 50	65	64	E	E	—	Foggy	Foggy
12			28	34	28	29 51	29 51	64	66	ENE	ENE	—	Foggy	Foggy
13			38	46	45	29 55	29 56	68	70	E	SW	Fine	Fine	Fine
14		☽	48	45	40	29 39	29 24	71	74	SE	S	Foggy	Rain	Clo.
15	40		45	54	48	29 21	29 24	75	72	SSE	SW	Rain	Clo.	Clo.
16			41	54	47	29 20	29 18	72	70	SW	W	Rain	Rain	Rain
17	43		50	56	41	29 50	29 66	70	72	NNW	WNW	Fine	Clo.	Fine
18			45	50	41	29 80	29 92	71	68	WNW	NW	Foggy	Fine	Fine
19			45	50	40	29 81	30 06	66	65	NW	NW	Fine	—	—

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of October was 0 inches and 52 100ths.

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